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THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VIII.
JANUARY TO JUNE, 1874.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
1874.

CAPE TOWN:

SAUL SOLOMON AND CO., PRINTERS,

ST. GEORGE'S-STREET.

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THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Travels in Circassia and the Caucasus.*

A FEW copies of this valuable work have just been received in the Colony. It is written in a pleasant, genial style, and without being too diffusely picturesque, professes to give a plain and accurate account of much that will be new and interesting to the general reader. In connection with the development of Russia's influence and resources, and the habits and customs of wild nomad races lately brought into subjection to the Czar, the book is very modestly conceived; and appropriately dedicated to the Duke of Cambridge, under whose immediate command the distinguished author had the honour of serving in the Crimean War. It abounds with practical hints on modern warfare, and gives ample evidence of a quick eye and a liberal mind in pursuit of health and knowledge under difficulties. For a military observer, our present Commander-in-Chief is a man singularly free of prejudice. Without being weakly gushing or sternly censorious, he holds the balance of criticism in a very steady hand. He writes like a gentleman who has seen the world, and mixed with the best of official society; and has thus imparted a fine manly tone to his record of travels that is sure to secure for it a hearty reception by an English public. In the present state of our knowledge about Russia and her subject races, this book will do much to clear away the mists which have exaggerated the evils and coloured the merits of an autocratic mode of government, and is well worth reading.

Free institutions are not of necessity the very best for everybody under the sun; and while the breath of liberty inflates our English lungs and fills us with aspirations under which we flourish and thrive, it seems by no means certain that it will develop the same political health in barbaric or very ignorant races. In the management of the vast hordes who are ranged under her banner, Russia has shown so much worldly prudence and *savoir faire*, that it is worth while studying the subtle processes by which she has neutralized an-

* Travels in the Eastern Caucasus, in Circassia, and on the Caspian and Black Seas, by Lieut.-General Sir Arthur J. Cunynghame, K.C.B., F.R.G.S., &c., &c.

tagonistic interests, and created the massive power that bids fair to overawe the world. Her modes of proceeding have been different to either Dutch or English rules of government; and it is in the contrast afforded by the working of several systems side by side, that we see what a large element religious prejudices form in the management and restraint of uncultured people.

In the brief preface to this book the author says that he has there "endeavoured to play the part of an observer rather than that of the politician—to relate rather what he has seen than what he supposes—to record facts, not to labour to account for them." In accordance with these views, Sir Arthur Cunynghame determined, in the summer of 1871, to revisit the Crimea, in company with his son—who was wanting a holiday after hard work at Cambridge—and to take a rapid tour through the country of the celebrated Schamyl, and see what sort of people were to be found in regions hitherto unexplored by inquisitive Englishmen. He had considerable difficulty in procuring any books of information respecting the Caucasus, and therefore felt all the more grateful to the many courteous Russian officers who supplied him during the whole of his trip with every assistance in their power. Especially does he bear witness to the frank, generous way in which they freely placed men and horses at his disposal, and saved him from the exactions to which all travellers more or less are always liable to be exposed while journeying in wild and mountainous parts. In fact, we are made to see Russians in quite a new light, and to appreciate Tartar hospitality at its true worth.

On the evening of Friday, the 9th of June, 1871, the small party left London, arriving at Antwerp the following morning, and having a late breakfast at Brussels, they reached Aix-la-Chapelle on Saturday evening. Late on the evening of Sunday, the 11th, they strolled up to the railway station of Cologne, and were particularly struck "with many points of a military character connected with the arrangements of the Prussian army. The dress, both of officers and men, was sensible and soldierlike, and the body of men about to proceed to Berlin were embarked in the train in the most orderly manner. All the officers, with the exception of the general and his staff, travelled in the second class; there was but little personal baggage, as uniform is the sole dress of the officers of this army; and so easy and so convenient is it in its form, that no dress would be adopted by themselves in preference to it. A hearty good-will in the profession appears to pervade all ranks, and a thoroughly military spirit to reign supreme. Their sober earnestness, devoid of all hurry and confusion or frivolity is peculiarly striking. A Prussian officer is bound at all times to appear in uniform. Even at the races at Berlin the Emperor is displeased unless the officers of his army who ride do so in their *undress regimentals*, and not in a jockey turn-out; and on one occasion he was dreadfully annoyed with a young noble who transgressed his wishes in this particular."

What a picture of Prussian rule have we not here!

Next day the travellers started for Munich and Vienna, and witnessed the following curious phenomenon :—

"At Aix-la-Chapelle we had witnessed a severe storm, accompanied by torrents of rain ; this storm was travelling towards the East at the rate of about ten miles per hour. We overtook it at Darmsdadt, as we were travelling at the rate of twenty miles ; we accompanied it as far as Munich. On the following day we overtook it at Salsburg and Linz, and finally again at Vienna. It was most singular thus to trace, right across Europe, the progress of a storm—continually overstepping it by the greater rapidity of our journey, and then, while resting at these cities, to watch its forward progress in one unvarying course towards the East."

On the 15th of June they reached Vienna, where they stopped a few days, and saw much to admire in the wonderful progress made by that city towards perfection. While inspecting the Arsenal and the Rodolph Caserne, he observed that the same system obtained amongst the Austrians which he had some years previously observed to be practised in the Turkish army, that is, of not removing the litter of the horses more frequently than once in three or four weeks, thereby effecting a very large saving of straw, &c. Oddly enough, this plan is still practised amongst our more ignorant Cape boers, who thereby lay the foundation of thrush, and seriously injure the hoofs of valuable horses through their abominable folly.

After a passing tribute to the extreme beauty of the women of all classes in Vienna, Sir Arthur takes boat on the Danube to Pesth, and fairly was astonished at the rapid strides made by the Hungarians since the Austrians have recognized their national existence.

"About five o'clock we reached the city of Pesth, on the left bank of Danube, and Buda, or Ofen, on the right bank. The appearance of these cities is really magnificent, from the height and splendour of the new buildings, the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that little more than twenty years since these cities were almost entirely destroyed by a bombardment, which was continued without ceasing, the fire raining upon these from the upper forts for twenty-four hours, a calamity soon after succeeded by the heaviest floods within the memory of man, the Danube laying waste all the lower parts of these cities.

"The improvements date from the grant of a separate Government and Parliament to the Hungarians, from which time a vast amount of English capital has flowed into this country, assisting in the development of its great natural resources. Splendid store-houses and immense hotels line the bank of the Pesth side of the river. The magnificent suspension bridge is perhaps the largest in the world, allowing the ice to pass freely through at the breaking up of the winter, and so probably preventing all further inundations. A pair of monstrous lions, one on either side, command the entrance to the bridge. These were carved by an Italian artist, and it is said that soon after they were placed in their position it was pointed out to him that he had omitted the tongues of these animals, which so distressed him that he threw himself into the Danube and was drowned."

"The inhabitants of Pesth excel those of Vienna in the love of plea-

sure, making it, as far as their means will allow, the business of their life ; and the laxity of morals in the capital of Hungary is proverbial even in Austria."

"In a few years Pesth will probably become one of the largest cities in Europe ; it has every condition of position, of mineral and vegetable production within its command, which should give it a considerable trade ; and the intelligence of its inhabitants, together with their present freedom of institutions, and their own Parliament, bids fair to ensure its success."

"The agricultural wealth of Hungary would appear enormous. As far as the eye could reach over this boundless plain, as for hours and hours we travelled on, we could see crops of grain, Indian corn, wheat, rye, and barley, with occasional interruptions by patches of red chilies, and a few vineyards. Enormous sheds were erected at the railway stations to shelter this produce when in course of transmission to the markets of the world. Many flocks of geese were feeding near the villages, and great numbers of sheep, cattle, and horses, were grazing upon such lands as were not adapted for cereal productions."

"In conversation with some of the intelligent people I met at Basiasch, they gave great credit to the English, as being the first to develop the resources of Hungary. The productive mines of coal were first opened out at the instigation of the English, and with their capital, doubtless with a view of obtaining a large interest for the investment ; but it has resulted in immense benefit to both parties. The engineers on the steamboats and railways were at first all English. Now, however, that the natives have been instructed by them, this well-paid service has very naturally been placed in their hands. It is quite evident that large returns can be obtained for capital judiciously laid out in Hungary, whether it be in Pesth itself (which cannot fail in a few years to become a magnificent and enormous city), or in the country, where the industry in mines, in vineyards, and in agricultural products is receiving every day greater development."

Omitting the account of the journey down the Danube to Kalafat, as foreign to our purpose, we will only allude thus much to the Roumanians, that they appear to be remarkably energetic as compared with the Turks, and are everywhere adopting English machinery, and going ahead like genuine Yankees. As they dwell on opposite sides of the Danube, the difference is strongly accentuated, and nowhere was this more strongly shown than at Bucharest, where our travellers arrived on the 27th June. It is a city of 180,000 inhabitants, and enjoys a climate so variable that at 1 p.m. the thermometer in your room, looking northward, may be 81 deg. Fahrenheit, while at 5 p.m. it may fall to 50 deg.—a difference of 31 degrees in five hours.

"Until lately great dissatisfaction existed throughout all Roumania in regard to the tenure of land. The Boyards claimed the entire right of the soil. Had this been insisted on a revolution must have occurred. The matter was adjusted by an arrangement that after ten years one-fourth of the land should be in fee simple the actual property of the occupier. This at first much alarmed the owners, and they thought they should be

ruined, as they felt that the one-fourth alone would be cultivated, and no labour would be obtainable to cultivate the remainder. The result, however, differed widely from their anticipations; for the tenants now finding that they had a personal interest in the soil, not only laboured zealously on their own allotments, but, in addition, hired the portions which the landlords had retained, and thus both parties have benefited—a result which, it may be hoped, will be produced by our recent legislation in Ireland."

"The education of the upper classes is now much attended to. Colleges are being erected for the young men, many of whom have hitherto been compelled to receive their education in Western Europe, which is said to engender a distaste for their native country on their return home."

"As far as accomplishments go, the ladies also receive great attention. In the wealthy families it is the habit to engage French, Italian, and sometimes English governesses and servants, and thus a large amount of colloquial knowledge in languages is secured; and, as they are naturally very quick and apt pupils, the rapidity with which they acquire it is quite astonishing. The geographical position of the country, moreover, renders a knowledge of languages almost obligatory, and thus a Roumanian, who has the slightest pretension to a position above that of a peasant, can always speak at least two languages besides his own; and in consequence of the Parisian model which they have adopted, one of these is generally French, and the other, from the influence of religious sentiment, is generally Greek."

"In character the Wallachians more resemble the Greeks than any other nation. Like them they are very quick and clever, and somewhat cunning, and are accused of being not wanting in deception. Like them they have been for generations slaves to the Mussulman, and it must take many years to produce in them that freedom of mind which is scarcely to be found in any country which has not for generations had the responsibility of self-government."

Apropos of the progress made by the Turks since the Crimean war, Sir Arthur says that the ladies of Turkey have discarded the thick "yasmak" or covering for the face, which years of use have established as indispensable for old and young, handsome or ugly, and in its place now wear a pretty thin pink veil, which is tied under the most becoming little French hat, and through which their generally pretty features can be seen, and their dress is gradually being adapted to a European style, their boots being now small and high-heeled, and even fitted sometimes with a sort of sham brass spur! The men seem to have changed also, and, with the exception of the "fez," dress very much like gentlemen of the West, but in financial recklessness they surpass their former selves, borrowing in every direction.

In pursuance of his plan of travel, our author left Odessa in the Russian steamer for the Crimea, and next day entered the harbour of Sebastopol, where things looked very much as they did when the English left it in 1855. The town was still one vast ruin, and had scarcely 8,000 out of its old population of 80,000. On reaching the town of Balaclava, it was with mingled feelings of pride and pain that he showed his son over that field of battle, and pointed out the various

spots, which he was still able to identify with ease, where so-and-so fell. In his mind's eye, although all this fair country was now in peace and abounding with corn, it was still covered with the groaning, the dying, and the dead, as he had seen it seventeen years before. Looking on it now, it all felt like a dream, and yet never could he forget the terrible scenes of that day. Diverging from their direct road they visited the French cemetery, and can scarcely find words strong enough to condemn the action of the English Government in setting up no record or memorial to the bravery of the illustrious dead interred in the English burial-ground.

"The Russians have built a most costly, highly-decorated, and substantial monument to their dead—a chapel in the form of a stunted, hollow pyramid, built rather to defy the waste of ages than for external beauty. The interior, however, is gorgeous ; and on slabs of polished black marble are the names of those illustrious men who, commanding her troops, so worthily died in defence of their country. The French have walled in a large piece of ground and erected small mausoleums, each dedicated to a regiment of that army which carried on the siege so obstinately, and with such terrible losses, on which are recorded the names of the leaders of her troops who fell in victory. Where is the British record of our hard-won field—of all our sufferings ? Nothing but a few mounds in detached places. No general memorial that shall stand for ages, and be visited by posterity. The subject, however, I was informed, was under the consideration of the Foreign and the War Offices ; and as it has already now been thus for seventeen years under consideration, it may be hoped that ere very long it will receive some satisfactory solution."

So long as Mr. Lowe has anything to do with the government of England, it is not likely any money will be spent upon a mere sentimental wrong; but still it does seem to be a crying shame that we are so very apathetic about the claims of dead defenders. At page 113 there is a very interesting account, too long to transcribe here, of the share that Sir Arthur Cunynghame had in turning the tide of battle at Inkerman by suggesting the planting of the memorable 18-pounder guns under the care of Col. Dickson. It shows how trifles may lead to very important results when rightly seized and grasped in all the full meaning of opportunity. And what a very decided step it was on the part of Lord Hardinge at the very last moment to arm the English troops with Minié rifles instead of smooth bores, and thereby at Alma and Inkerman decide the fortunes of the day. Sir Arthur does not think that the Russians will get much benefit from the fort of Kertch, which has already cost four millions of pounds and ten years' continuous labour, unless they secure the control of the Black Sea.

"An enemy might effectually seal this fort from all aggressive movement by a line of torpedoes laid down across its entrance, and out of the range of fire from the fort ; and thus, however impregnable in itself, it could be rendered quite harmless, and be compelled to waste its latent

energies in forced inactivity. There exists in England a wide-spread opinion that the time is not far distant when Russia will take the first favourable opportunity of attacking Turkey, and snatching that valuable and long-coveted prize,—Constantinople; and that the first step towards this end will be the creation of a powerful fleet of ironclads in the Black Sea. If such is her secret determination (which is quite possible, as her counsels lie hid in the breast of one man), it will be long before she can carry it out, unless, as before observed, she is permitted to procure those vessels elsewhere, and to pass them in through the Dardanelles or the Bosphorus; for it must be many years before she can hope to build in the Black Sea such ironclads as the Turks now possess, anchored near Constantinople."

To give some idea of Astrakhan and the Volga, we have extracted the following succinct account:—

"The city of Astrakhan stands upon an island surrounded by the waters of the Volga. It is dusty in summer, windy in autumn, frozen up in winter, and knee deep in mud in spring. There are no trees, no pleasant fountains, and no pavements to the wide, rugged roads. The houses are mostly built of wood, there being but a very few of stone."

"One point in Russia that especially strikes the stranger is that everything is commenced on a large and pretentious scale, and then badly carried out and half finished. All Russian towns cover an enormous extent of ground, imperfectly filled. Russian gardens are frequently wild parks. Russian rooms too frequently are large barns; and indeed I think that Russians generally lay out plans too vast and too grand for their powers of execution. Again, Russia is spreading over a vast territory, and wasting power which might be spent in improvements at home. She is laying, it is true, the frame-work of a mighty monarchy; but when the building will be covered in, no one can foretell. Her empire would be far more formidable if of half the size and better developed. In this rambling, dusty, wooden city there are 60,000 inhabitants, of which not 10,000 are Russians. The rest of the population is very various. There are Tartars, Persians, Armenians, Kalmuchs, a few Kirghes, &c. Thus there are many religious persuasions, such as Roman Catholics, Protestants, Lutherans, Greeks, Armenians, Mahommedans, and Buddhists."

We hear more of these Kalmuchs further on, when on a visit to the Mongolian settlement,—Sir Arthur inspects their belongings, and falls in love with their huts, which he thinks worthy of adoption by all armies in the field.

"These Mongolian Kalmuchs are a wild nomad tribe, but are partly settled in villages. They live in most ingeniously constructed huts made of lattice-work, which folds up into a very compact form for easier carriage. When placed in its position, about four pieces form a circle, fully fifteen feet in diameter; the walls of the tent are about five feet six inches high; this is surmounted by a sort of crinoline, which is then covered by thick felt, lashed down with a strong elastic cord made of camel's hair * * * * Had we possessed hut tents of this kind in the Crimean war, it would have saved much of the misery endured by our army during the first winter of our occupation. We

were very curious to know if they could be readily packed for a march. The family to whom the tent belonged were alone allowed to perform the process of taking it down and packing it. In a very short time the roof was stripped, the felt folded up, the light roof was then released from the walls in four pieces, which were shut up after the fashion of umbrellas devoid of their silk. The walls then collapsed exactly the same as the cross-bar woodwork which fits so prettily round flower pots, and in a very short time (in less than twenty minutes) the entire tent, with all its contents, was packed on the camel's back. Having served a considerable time in Canada, and travelled much in the west of America, I may observe that I never saw a tent-hut so well adapted as this in all points—either for a sporting or a military expedition—possessing as it does the properties of easy transport, great warmth, plenty of space, and astonishing durability."

The religious arrangements of these people are very curious. They appear to have forgotten or lost the clue to their religion, so that they have not the remotest idea of the meaning of what they do; and go through their exercises from long habit, without knowing any reason for their acts. Poor people!—they are said to be harmless and inoffensive; so much so, that they even consider it a crime to kill a flea! What would be the effect of introducing a few of them to our Diamond-fields, to practise their philanthropic creed?

It was not till the 21st August, 1871, that our much-suffering travellers started for Guinib, the celebrated stronghold of the famous Circassian chief, Schamyl. On their road, leading to Girgibil, they passed a flock of sheep, with enormous tails, containing probably five or six pounds of fat each. In India they are called "doombas," and are probably identical with the old Cape sheep of this Colony. All the Circassians met with were armed with long daggers, and dyed their beards blood-red, and possessed withal a most determined and warlike appearance. The women did not possess the handsome figures or features of the men, and this might be accounted for by the abject servitude in which they are obliged to pass their lives. To the men are recorded the honour and responsibility of defending their homes; upon the women devolve not only all the household labours, but also the greatest portion of the culture of the fields. The heavy burdens they are compelled to carry, the exposure to the weather, and early marriages, make them prematurely old and bent; and it is from these causes that the noble race of the mountaineers of Daghestan is said to be degenerating.

"There is no part of Daghestan so replete with interest as the heights of Guinib. It is a huge mountain, isolated from all those around it, and about 5,000 feet above the sea. It is about five miles long and by three broad, and possesses a natural castellated wall of a gigantic type on its northern face, and on the other a parapet of equally gigantic proportions. On all sides it has a natural wall, the rocks being scarped directly down, in heights varying from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. It has only three possible approaches by which man can enter, and each of these most difficult of access, even where no resistance is offered. It was in this natural fortress

that Schamyl, in 1859, made his last stand against the Russian forces. The Russians, having gained the information that Schamyl had eluded them in the west, and had entered the Guinib, determined at all hazards to secure him there. With this view General Prince Baryatinsky surrounded the mountain on all sides with an enormous force. His object was to draw as large a portion of the force of the enemy as possible to one point, and in broad day two battalions resolutely climbed up a mountain road to the wall. Fully two thousand feet up did these resolute soldiers advance, almost the whole time under a galling fire from above. Numbers fell, but still they pressed on, until at length the height was won, and Schamyl forced to surrender, after losing two-thirds of his men. While they were all fighting in front Colonel Raditsky scaled this natural fortress from behind, and so placed Schamyl between two fires. Upon the parade at Guinib may now be seen sixteen brass guns, and two hundred and forty-four iron shot, taken in the assault, a puny armament against such a mighty power as Russia, with her million of soldiers, but suggesting how careful a nation should be not to get entangled in a mountain warfare against brave men such as these, whom all the resources of this mighty empire could not subdue in thirty years."

This warning is not without its lesson to us in our Abyssinian and Indian Hill expeditions as well as in our present troubles with the Ashantees and Fantees.

Sir Arthur mentions that a very curious custom is said to obtain in the Leoghian district of the Caucasus; where the son of the Prince, soon after his birth, was carried from village to village over the entire of his Government or Khanite, and was suckled by every woman who had a child at her breast. This custom was supposed to be the means of establishing a brotherhood between the Prince and his subjects! So honourable are these mountaineers in keeping their word that it not unfrequently happens that a murderer will himself come and report his crime, having done which, he will return home and there await his sentence, when, if it be exile to Siberia, he will personally attend, when required by the commandant of the district, and will then, proceeding alone, carry to Temir-han-tsura—the head-quarters of Daghestan—his own arrest, and personally deliver himself at the gaol. These men must be splendid horsemen, and may be said to live in the saddle, being utterly regardless of what sort of ground they went over. Stones, rugged holes, ditches—nothing seems to interfere with the power with which they command their horses or go through the most astonishing exhibition of skill and daring in their mimic warfare and games. They must also be very tough—sleeping outside, wrapped in their sheep-skin cloaks and head-pieces, even when near the summit of a pass 13,000 feet high, and where a running stream was frozen hard during the night. As a rule, Russian general officers are very young and very wiry, going through enormous fatigue and thinking nothing of riding sixty miles a day on Tartar saddles! In common with all their countrymen they keep very late hours, seldom retiring to bed before 2 or 3 a.m., which naturally causes them to be late risers. The usual family habits of the Russian appears to

be to rise very late in the morning, and soon after to take tea with a simple biscuit in their bed-rooms, but not a set-down meal, as with us. At one o'clock they dine. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, and in fact continually during the day, hot tea is served up in tumblers, but no cream or milk. The supper is not held till about ten o'clock at night; it is a repetition of the dinner.

Our space prevents us from making many more extracts from this most charming book of travels. We shall therefore not follow our author and his son into the more picturesque portions of their journey—through the Pass of Dariel, and so on to Tiflis and the Dardanelles. Suffice it to say that much of the courteous reception met by them everywhere, especially at the hands of high-born or military officials, must be clearly put down to their own tact and good breeding, and to recognition of their position as a Lieutenant-General in the English service, and a representative of the Earl of Glencairn. Those who may be disposed to follow in their footsteps, and spend four months in these Russian and Circassian Highlands, would do well to learn Russian and behave themselves as English gentlemen. The ordinary tourist would very soon find himself in "queer-street" if he attempted any of the high jinks in which he is only too apt to indulge in more beaten paths of travel. We will therefore now take leave of these most agreeable *compagnons du voyage*, heartily thanking them for the pleasure derived from their account of their wanderings, and from the very perfect and beautiful sketches supplied by the younger of the two. To them, Daghestan was, but a short time since, a *terra incognita*, surrounded by mysterious difficulties, respecting which no information could be obtained; but determination and perseverance overcame them all. Perhaps in a few months more Sir Arthur may extend his wanderings to our Kafir fastnesses, and write another book of travels equally accurate, pleasant, and interesting, as any of his previous works on China or the great western Republic. May he succeed in securing an artist as clever as his son to accompany him!

Recollections of a Country Agent.

No. 2.

HANS BROUWER'S LAST WILL.

MANY, with me, will remember the time when all Colonial, underhand wills required the signatures of at least *seven* witnesses, in order to be valid. To secure the presence of so large a cluster of individuals, at the elbows of the testators, to witness their signatures as soon as made, was originally a matter of frequent and serious difficulty in the country. Nay, on isolated farms this difficulty was often absolutely insurmountable, the more so as the subscribing witnesses were not allowed to be related to the testators. It is not

surprising, therefore, that in those days many a husband and wife, albeit "of sound and disposing mind, memory and understanding," found themselves virtually doomed, by law, to die intestate. In fact, intestate estates became the order of the day; and, as would naturally follow, sworn appraisers of the Orphan Chamber (the then Master's Office), were driving a roaring trade. This sad state of things would, in all probability, have remained unalterably chronic, but for a happy idea (as the story goes) of one Stalknecht, a country schoolmaster, that led to his inaugurating a system of "will-making made easy," which, being rapidly adopted far and wide, effectually checked this evil of enforced intestacy.

Stalknecht, it appears, had come over to the Cape with General Janssens, in 1803, as head butler. In a fit of military ardor he had volunteered into the noted Waldekker batallion, and after their ignominious flight at the battle of Bluebergen, and the consequent change of regime, had turned pedagogue in the country. He wrote a beautiful hand—"like copperplate,"—which was no little recommendation to him in his new avocation. Having become possessed of a form of a "mutual will," he used it scrupulously whenever his services in that line were called into requisition. His system—one so simple, that the wonder is that it had not been practised sooner—was this: the will having been fairly copied out by him, the signature of the *testator* was affixed—sometimes with his assistance; then came that of the *lady*, which he used to declare almost always gave him much the greater trouble, and was frequently not accomplished until the day after. Then he headed the list of seven witnesses, and if, perchance, there was a *bywoner* on the farm, *he* followed suit. Then the precious document was locked away in the wagon-chest, to abide the arrival of a visitor or traveller, when the paper was produced to *Neef*, or *Oom*, (such being always the designation of the new comer as he was, young or old), with a polite request to append his signature. This was never refused, the more so as the guest, provided he was able to write, could not well make a smaller return for the hospitality he was receiving, and which was unbounded in those days. The will was then locked away again as before, and similarly produced, until, *in process of time*, the whole of the seven names of witnesses stood forth (the ink being not always the same) in all their quaint and motley companionship: and that this is no mere figment, a cursory inspection, in the Master's Office, of the signatures to country wills of from thirty to fifty years ago will render abundantly evident.

Mais nous avons changé tout cela. From the 1st of January, 1844, all underhand wills require the attestation of only two witnesses, provided they see the testators sign, and therefore sign in their presence, and in the presence of each other. It is to this latter class of wills that my recollections particularly extend: and it has often struck me that an enumeration of some of the incidents connected with wills that have come under my notice would not only be

curious and interesting, but also characteristic of some of the class of people with whom I have come in contact in the remote parts where I live. To give a few examples at random, premising, as a set-off, that in the farmer mind I have very often met with notable proofs of striking intelligence and common sense. One day an old widower came to me with the request to make a will for him. I had soon taken down the particulars of his disposition, which appeared to me both fair and judicious, when I asked him finally who was to be the executor in the estate? "Executor!" he repeated interrogatively, and in an evident state of sudden alarm; "well, you must say that as long as *I* live, *I* am to be the executor." And it was only after my explaining to him that during his lifetime he would have the uncontrolled possession of his estate, which, I should add, was very considerable, that he consented to name one of his sons as his executor testamentary.

On another occasion, a widow, without any children, came to me to have a will made for her. "And who are to be your heirs?" I naturally asked. "Why," she said, with an eye, no doubt, to re-marriage, "you had better leave that out." "If such be your wish," I suggested, "you should rather make no will at all for the present." "Well, then, please put in my brothers and sisters." "And who is to be your executor?" I further asked. "Can't I be executor?" she inquired most naïvely. "But you will then be dead," I replied, as seriously at I could. "True; I had not thought of that: then, put in my eldest brother as executor."

I had drawn a will for a farmer and his wife, which the latter was to take out with her, in order to be signed on the farm where her husband had remained ill in bed. The exact spots where the respective signatures were to be made having been duly marked by me in pencil, and everything that was to be done explained, the lady asked me for a little ink to take out with her. "Have you no ink at home?" I said. "Oh, yes; we always have it," was her reply, "but I suppose," she added, "it is necessary to have the will signed with the same ink with which you have written it." In fact, she believed that the will would otherwise be invalid. This was a manifestation of scrupulousness, and of an anxiety to do things correctly, which I was certainly not prepared for in the case of my lady client.

A ludicrous scene in my office, connected with the signing of a will, is vividly before me. I had made a will for an old bachelor, a new comer in the district, and scarcely known to me. One morning he came to sign the document, when, just as I was handing to him a pen for the purpose, he exclaimed as if the thought had suddenly struck him, "Bless me! I have forgotten my spectacles." Having none at hand, I had soon borrowed half-a-dozen pairs from a neighbouring shop. These having been deposited on the window-sill of my office, I handed my bachelor customer a Dutch book, with the object of his suiting himself, if possible, to a pair. For a long time he was busy at the window—first putting on one pair of spectacles, then

looking at the book; then he tried another pair, with a look again at the volume, and so on, with apparently no success; when at last I went up to him and discovered to my great astonishment *that he was holding the book upside down.* Not at all disconcerted by my remarking this to him, he coolly said: "Of course, I know it, but I am left-handed." "Oh! I see, I see,—that accounts for it," I answered, with all the "power of face" with which I could utter the words. What I *did* see was obvious enough: he could not read, and, *a fortiori*, not write either; and as at the same time I did not wish to hurt his feelings, I signed the will for him at his request (on my suggestion); and the fact of my having done so having been duly attested by my two clerks, I handed the completed document to him.

The above must suffice here as "bricks," if I may so term them, of an anecdotical structure, to rear which would lie beyond my present scope and limits: my object now being rather to chronicle from my reminiscences a curious and somewhat eventful story, to which the foregoing jottings will serve, I trust, as a not unfitting introduction.

One morning, early, a cart drove up to my office, and a middle-aged farmer, Jan Brouwer, hurriedly alighted, and entered the open door. It was evident that some very important matter had brought him to me. As it soon appeared, his eldest brother, Hans Brouwer, was lying dangerously ill at the farm—in fact, was believed to be dying. I should here remark that, some two months before, I happened to outspan at Hans's farm, and while my horses were feeding and we were sitting in the *voorhuis*, he produced to me his will, being a joint will of himself and his wife, and asked my opinion about it. It was dated as far back as 1839, was evidently the handiwork of a Dutch *meester*, and was duly witnessed by the inevitable *seven*, according to the law of those days; but there was *one* fatal flaw: *the will was not signed by the testators.* This glaring omission was, of course, at once pointed out by me, with marked expression of my astonishment at the neglect, and with the pertinent question why they had not signed, when Hans, after looking at his better half, said, to my greater astonishment: "*Maar ons is mors nog nie dood*,"—("but we are not yet dead"). "My good fellow," I replied, nearly choked with laughter, "surely you are not going to wait till you are dead before signing your will!" Hans looked foolish,—the matter had never struck him in *that* light. The result was that Hans, after my pointing out to him that the will would be voidable should it now be signed by them, commissioned me to make another joint will for himself and his wife, of similar import to the last; and it was further arranged that they should sign the new will at my office when they next came in. Before they were prepared to do so, Hans was suddenly seized one night by what the farmers call *steek* (pleuritic attack), which rapidly grew worse, and at last became most alarm-

ing. Hans's wife therefore decided upon sending for me, with urgent request to come out at once, and bring the new will with me for signature; and with this necessary explanation I return to Jan Brouwer's sudden visit to me on the morning in question.

I asked Jan why he did not come for the doctor also, when he said that there was very little, if any, hope of his brother's recovery; besides, they were doctoring Hans with *boeren middels*—(Dutch medicine),—and the *huis apotheek*. "But if he is so bad as you say, why send for me at all, as in all probability I will be too late?" "No fear of that," Jan replied; "brother Hans is sure to be alive when you come." "Indeed," I rejoined, "you seem very confident." "Well," he answered, "I feel quite sure about it. Brother Gideon is nursing him, and we have given him strict injunctions *om broer Hans, zoo lang, aan de praat te houden*,"—(an untranslatable Dutch phrase, the nearest approach to it being, "To get brother Hans to talk, and keep him at it, till you come.") In half an hour I was ready for a start, and in five hours more we were at Buffelsvlei, where, to our great surprise—owing, I suppose, to the Boer remedies, combined with the talk-evoking powers of Gideon—we found Hans as hale and hearty as if nothing had been the matter with him. In fact, he was so much himself, that, after the invariable hand-shaking salutations, he asked me for a *sopie*, which he said he had been longing for in vain, as he had run out of a supply before his illness.

Hans Brouwer and his two younger brothers, Gideon and Jan, were the sons of the late Tjaart Brouwer. Old Tjaart (now dead for some years) had been more or less implicated in the well-known "Slagtersnek" Boer rebellion, and, on its suppression in 1816, had fled into the far interior of the colony, as was done by many others in his situation, who thus became the "pioneers" in what were then wild, waste tracts of country. In course of time Tjaart became possessed of considerable flocks, and having been foremost in checking the inroads of wild bushmen, who gave much trouble in those days, he received the grant of a farm from Government, being the one now occupied by his son Hans, and called Buffelsvlei. Gideon and Jan were living together on an adjoining farm, which their father had bought for them. A daughter had been born to Tjaart, but had died shortly after her marriage (her husband dying not long afterwards), leaving an only child, a girl, whom Hans and his wife, who were childless, were bringing up as their own.

The above particulars about the Brouwer family will render Hans and his wife's disposition according to the new will easily intelligible. In the old unsigned will of seven witnesses, the survivor, together with the children of the marriage, were instituted joint heirs in equal shares. It was further stipulated that, at the death of the survivor, the whole of the estate should devolve equally upon their children, and Hans's brothers, Gideon and Jan; this being a sort of peace-offering on Hans's part, his brother having more than once upbraided him with their farm being of far inferior value to Buffels-

vlei, which Hans had inherited. In drawing the new will I supplied what I believed to be an unintentional omission, by adding as an heiress the sister's child now with Hans. This both he and his wife thanked me for inserting, at the same time assuring me, what I did not for a moment doubt, that they had never read the old will, making sure that all was put down in it, as I had now done. Very likely the attention of the *meester*, who wrote the old will at the farm of Gideon and Jan, was not drawn to the fact of their having had a sister. Whatever the cause of the omission was, I could not help feeling pleased with myself in having been instrumental in providing for an orphan girl, who otherwise would have been left penniless. The new will now virtually stood thus: at the death of Hans and his wife, who were both far advanced in years, the whole of their estate, which was a large one, would devolve equally upon the two brothers and the adopted niece.

Both Hans and his wife seemed disinclined to sign the new will on the day of my arrival at the farm. This did not matter much to me, as I was in no particular hurry to leave. When I was up the next morning the cause of the delay was made apparent. Hans himself, after calling me aside, bluntly came out with it. "You see," he said, "neither I nor my wife have signed our names for many years—not since we were *aangenomen* (confirmed), I think; and so, while you were still asleep this morning, we got brother Gideon's schoolmaster to come over; and as I still had the old will, I opened it on the table, and as an experiment" *(experimentum in corpore vili* here naturally occurred to me) "we signed at the bottom. It was an awful trouble—*(gesukel* he called it), and I dont't think we would have managed it at all if Brother Gideon's schoolmaster had not called out *hotweg* and *haarweg*, whenever the pen came to a standstill. We have done it, however, and there is no fear of our sticking again if you will only let us look at the old will when we sign the new one before you." Of course, there could be no objection to this being done, and so, with the copy before them, the testators succeeded in affixing their signatures to the new will; although, in fairness to his better half, I should add that, in a competitive point of view, Hans decidedly had the advantage of her, for immediately before taking the pen he fortified himself with a *sopie* which certainly looked to me uncommonly stiff.

As soon as the necessary signatures to the will had been completed, Hans all at once exclaimed "*Lang leve de Koningin*" (Long live the Queen). This sudden outburst of loyalty fairly startled me from its unexpectedness, when Hans, evidently pleased with the sensation he had caused, volunteered an explanation. What he said appeared so original to me, while at the same time it threw some light on his political creed, that I am tempted to give the whole in *extenso*, although marred by my not doing so in the vernacular. "I have often heard my father say so, on Bushmen Commandoes, when anything particular was done; but in those days he said *Koning*,

and not *Koningin*, for it was long ago. I wish he had said it all his life, for then he would not have got into that ugly scrape with the troops at Bruintjes Hoogte; but better late than never. If the Governor did not know that my father was so loyal he never would have given him Buffelsvlei. What my father said, I always say, on all important occasions; and do you know"—here he evidently warmed on the subject—"do you know that I am the only loyal man in the country?" I looked doubtingly. "Well, I will tell you. Take one instance. In 1853 the clerk of the peace came here and said: 'Hans, we have now a *nieuwe consistutie* (Constitution) and are going to have a Parle*ment*, and as you are to belong to it, I am come to put your name in a book.' When he had explained to me what sort of thing this 'Parle*ment*' was, I said: 'Look here, I will have nothing to do with those new-fangled things that they bring from other countries.' I was born under the British Crown, and will die under it, and I positively refused to allow my name to be put down in the book, and not even when I had heard that all my neighbours had had their names placed in it." "But surely you must have seen your mistake," I here interposed, by way of drawing him out, "for our Parliament has done a great deal of good, as everybody admits." "Well, I don't know about that," he replied, "but this I know, that ever since we have had this blessed Parle*ment* every third man in the colony has gone insolvent. I had this from our field-cornet, who reads the *Gouvernements Courant* regularly (this was said in 1868). And then as to our farming. We never before knew of lung-sickness, klaauw-sickness, gift-sickness, dronk-sickness, and all the ailments which our cattle and sheep now die from. And I'll tell you another thing: take my neighbours. *They* all belong to the Parlement, as I have said; and will you believe me, their cattle and sheep have never been sound since, whilst mine always look healthy. And so I say, and always will say, when people talk to me about the *Consistutie*, or when I have done anything important, 'Lang leve de Koningin.'"

My business relations with Hans were but of a trivial nature for the next two or three years, and need not, therefore, be adverted to here. Hans's niece, Hilletje van der Bank, as she was called, was now grown up to womanhood. She had become a strapping girl, and was rather prepossessing for one of her class. I learnt that she was about to be married to her cousin, Gideon's eldest son; and knowing him to be an ungainly, stupid, nay,—half idiotic youth, I was much surprised at the match, and could not help thinking that Gideon, whom I had never liked, had had a hand in bringing it about. The girl was still a minor, though almost of age. There was no doubt about the intended marriage, for the banns were to be published in a week or two,—so, indeed, Gideon himself assured me, with an evident smile of satisfaction, which not a little confirmed me in my idea of his participation in what I believed to be a mere arrangement between him and the old people. What, however,

often happens to "the best-laid schemes of mice and men" happened in this instance also; and it came about in this wise. A day or two after Gideon's communication to me as above, which, of course, was confidential, the news arrived in our town that a *diamond* had been picked up on Hans's farm, Buffelsvlei. Nay, more, the astounding find (this was in 1871) was actually sent in to our magistrate, in the shape of $1\frac{1}{4}$ carat diamond, slightly off-coloured. I need hardly say what a *furore* the news of this unexpected discovery created in our town. Pickaxes, shovels, spades, &c., in a twinkling went up a hundred per cent., to begin with. Every one who could manage it rushed off to the spot. Myself numbered amongst the few who remained at home, where, however, even *I* did not stay long. The diggers, although they had met with no "finds" yet, were so sanguine of success that they had made overtures to Hans to buy Buffelsvlei from him, at a price which was so tempting that he had resolved to close with them. To dissuade Hans from doing so I had been sent for by Gideon, who, having an eventual third share in the farm, as will be remembered, was, no doubt, alarmed at the idea of his brother converting the property into money, which might soon melt away, the more so as Hans talked of coming to live in the town in the event of a sale. I found Hans bent upon selling, in spite of my persuasions to the contrary, and had well-nigh given up all thought of success, when Gideon made a discovery,—not of a diamond, but of what very soon put an end to the contemplated sale. I have not yet mentioned that my friend Hillitje was the lucky finder of the $1\frac{1}{4}$ carat diamond, and had pointed out the spot where the diggers were now eagerly at work. She had clearly not been over anxious in proclaiming her discovery, and this fact, with the impetus of what he had at stake, I presume, set Gideon at work in a direction which led to his success. Without going into particulars, I shall merely give the result of his investigations. My friend, Hillitje, I regret to say, for her sake, had not found the diamond. It had come to her from the Diamond-fields, as a token of affection, in a letter, now picked up by Gideon in her room, addressed to her by one Cornelis Paul, a young man who had been living in Hans's neighbourhood, and with whom it appears she was keeping up a correspondence unknown to her uncle and aunt. Having for several days, as may be presumed, feasted her eyes on the adored gem in secret, she had incautiously displayed it one morning to one of her female friends, who was on a visit to the farm, and who again happened to mention the matter to Hans, when an explanation became inevitable. The fear of her drawing on herself the ire of her uncle and aunt by her revealment of the correspondence, preponderated, alas! over her sense of truthfulness. With the ready inventiveness, therefore, with which her sex is proverbially accredited, she feigned the discovery of the diamond, and on being naturally urged to point out the spot, showed it on a "koppie" not far from the home-

stead. The letter which Gideon had found having revealed the deception she had practised, I saw her alone, at my suggestion, when, with tears in her eyes, she unreservedly told me all. Her affiance to Gideon's son had been forced on, as I all along believed, by the instrumentality of Gideon himself, whose influence over the old people, she said, was unbounded. She confided to me that she would marry no one but her lover, Cornelis Paul, whom, as could be expected, she referred to in the highest terms, which I could so far endorse, as having heard him spoken of by everyone as a well-conducted, intelligent young man.

The contemplated sale of the farm by Hans I could now easily persuade him to relinquish, but how to get the unwitting dupes—the diggers—to depart, seemed no easy task, unless, indeed, I revealed to them the full extent of the deception. This latter course, I, in pity to the girl, whose deep contrition for what she had done seemed almost to make sufficient amends for her blameworthy conduct, I felt loth to adopt. Besides, Hans Brouwer himself was the proper party to interpose. Having acquainted him with the true state of things, I found no difficulty in inducing him, as the owner of the farm, to inform the diggers that operations should cease. This resolve of his, together with what may have leaked out through Gideon, whom I did not trust, although he had promised secresy, appeared to have the desired effect, for on the following day, the diggers, to a man, had left. There was naturally a good deal of talk in our town about the affair, with various versions of it. The diggers, as a body, ostensibly did not countenance the idea of a deception. The laugh against them at having returned empty-handed they might have expected, but to have been hoaxed by a boer-girl would have been too humiliating for them to confess to. And thus ended the famous Buffelsvlei diamond mania, and with it, I may add, Gideon's bright visions of securing a third share of the farm for his son; for Hillitje, having now confessed her real affections, evinced herself as determined to abide by them as she had at first appeared to submit to their sacrifice. Some stormy domestic scenes, I was told, in which Gideon played a prominent part, took place in consequence. The end was that one fine morning Miss Hillitje van der Bank was found missing, and it was discovered, when too late to pursue her, that she had gone to the Diamond-fields, under the protection of Cornelis Paul's father and mother, who were residing there, and had been to the colony on a visit. Shortly afterwards the news came from the Fields that she and her lover had been married there.

Since my last mentioned visit to Hans I never saw him again. From report, he soon after showed signs of "breaking up." Strange to say, I was no longer employed by him or his brothers. Possibly my having once or twice, shortly before his niece's flight, spoken favourably of her to Gideon, added to the interest I always took in

her since I drew the will, may have been the cause of my being thus unexpectedly passed by; but so it was; they now did business with another agent.

One day the tidings came to our town that Hans Brouwer was dying. Gideon had actually sent in for a coffin (no uncommon anticipatory proceeding in the country). This looked the more ominous as coming from one whose enjoined exertions on a previous critical occasion, as will be remembered, may be fairly presumed to have been repeated on Hans on the present occasion.

The coffin came just in time; not for Hans though, but for his wife, who had died suddenly in the night. He followed her a few days after; and the further news soon reached us that Gideon and Jan were sole heirs, by will, of the whole of the joint estate of Hans Brouwer and his wife, Gideon, being, moreover, appointed executor. Ever since the estrangement between Hillitje and the old people, I had feared that Hans would make a new will, disinheriting her. Of course, there was no help for it now, although I more than once felt inclined to speak to Gideon, when he came to our town, to persuade him, if possible, into some concession, however small, in favour of his niece; but he always seemed to avoid me.

And here my chroniclings of the Brouwer family would in all probability have ended, but for the occurrence of something which, as will be now seen, led to very important results.

About two months after Hans Brouwer's death I was in Cape Town, when I received a letter, forwarded to me by my clerk, from my friend Hillitje's husband, requesting me to obtain a copy of her uncle and aunt's will, in consequence, as I judged, of the intelligence having reached them of her having been pretermitted, and which she naturally wished to make sure of. I duly obtained the desired copy, which at once led me to inspect the original in the Master's office, when I found, what the copy had already sufficiently revealed to me, that the will sent in to the master, and on which letters of administration had been obtained, was actually the old will of the seven witnesses, which, it will be remembered, Hans and his wife had experimented on, on the morning of their signing the new will which I had made. There could be no doubt in my mind as to the identity of the document before me with the one that was lying on the table that morning. The names of several of the seven witnesses were still fresh in my memory; even the very blot which I had noticed in front of Hans's signature, and which I remarked at the time as probably caused by the crawling of a fly, taken up by his pen, was there. Of this I now felt assured: that Hans and his wife had never revoked the will I had made, and, further, that it had either been destroyed by Gideon, or was kept back by him. I at once put myself in communication with Hillitje's husband; and in due course steps were taken for suing Gideon, in his testamentary capacity, to show cause why the will he had sent up should not be declared invalid. There could be no doubt of the successful

issue of the action, for, independently of my own testimony, and that of Gideon's schoolmaster, I could bring several witnesses to prove that the will was unsigned previously to the morning when the new will was executed, and was therefore invalid. Gideon, indeed, was not then present, but to me there was no moral doubt, at least, that he knew of all this; and certain facts which I could bring to bear, if not conclusive, would go far towards substantiating a criminal charge against him, which, however, would be a matter for after consideration.

The summons against Gideon in the action now brought against him was duly handed for service on him to the deputy sheriff of our district, who, from the friendly footing we were on, was fully acquainted with the merits of the case. On his return from Buffelsvlei, where Gideon was now residing, my friend, the sheriff, came straight to me, and at once said, laughingly, "Allow me to congratulate you on your success,—you have gained the battle." "Indeed," I replied, rather puzzled; "and so Gideon, I presume, has caved in?" "Not exactly; but listen to me. I arrived at Gideon's rather late in the afternoon, served on him the summons, which I could see he was not quite unprepared for, when he told me, in a tone which struck me as far more one of guilty fear than that of an honest man, that he was quite innocent, and had merely sent up the will which was found amongst his brother's papers. He appeared, however, extremely polite, so much so that he pressed me to stay over for the night, which I readily complied with, as I did not like returning home in the dark. Before we had supper the customary evening exercises were entered upon. Gideon produced what I at once saw was a folio Dutch Bible, and having rather ostentatiously, as I thought, dusted it, with the remark that it had belonged to his brother Hans, and was now again used for the first time, probably, as I thought, owing to *my* being present, he slowly undid the clasps and opened the volume, when, lo and behold! a bulky paper lay conspicuously between the parted leaves. All at once Gideon looked aghast, and stared at the document, as if riveted to it. Thinking that some sudden fit had seized him, I rushed up to the table, when I saw from the superscription, which was in large letters in your handwriting, that the packet was in all probability the missing will which you had made for Hans and his wife, as it clearly proved to be when we had opened it. The whole of this little scene was acted to such beautiful perfection by the cunning rogue, that any one who had no inkling of his pre-arranged deception would have looked upon what had so unexpectedly 'turned up' as a purely accidental discovery; and then, of course, came his professions of delight at having been so fortuitously the instrument of enabling the poor girl—although she had behaved so badly, as he took good care to explain—to get what he always believed to be her just share of the property. I can't tell you all he said, but must add that he crowned his performance with such a lachrymose display, that *I* alone, amongst those

present, sat with tearless eyes and unmoved, to the great scandal, no doubt, of the family." And having thus concluded his graphic description of what had happened, my friend, the deputy sheriff, who, I need now hardly observe, was a bit of a humourist, in his way, handed to me the joint will of Hans Brouwer and his wife—the very will which I had drawn.

It is unnecessary to say that I fully coincided in the view my friend had taken of that evening scene at Gideon's; and, moreover, Gideon's whole previous procedure seemed now quite plain to me. By an oversight the old will was not destroyed, as it should have been, and was in consequence found, together with the new will, amongst Hans's papers by Gideon. Aware of the circumstances connected with both, he, in an evil hour, had yielded to the temptation of making the old will serve, if possible; but fearing, from what I had said about it to Hans, as will be remembered, he had wisely decided on not destroying No. 2 for the present. His dread of the law-suit had, however, proved too much for all his plans.

It was not for me to press hard upon Gideon, the more so as Hillitje seemed averse to anything being done—to her praise be it said—which might expose her uncle. No time was lost in sending the second will, superseding the old one, to the Master; fresh letters of administration were granted accordingly, and the joint estate was duly administered.

I almost regret, for the sake of my story, viewed artistically, that the new will *did* turn up after all, for had this not been the case the action against Gideon would have gone on; the estates of both Hans and his wife would have been declared intestate; farm and all would have been brought to the hammer; and as one half of the joint estate would have gone to Hans's wife's relations, the other half only would have devolved upon Gideon, Jan, and Hillitje, in equal shares, which would have consequently reduced Gideon's share to one-sixth, instead of the one-third which he now got. Ample "poetical justice" would thus have been done to the knavish greed of that sly old fox of my narrative, who, though seized with a craven spirit at last, had nevertheless so cunningly shown the white feather; and my story would have ended in the orthodox novelist fashion,—a termination so acceptable to the general reader. Still, as things *did* turn out, although Gideon got so much more, the fact of my friend Hillitje having received the full share intended for her by the old people could not but be pleasing to me, as it no doubt was highly satisfactory to herself and her husband.

Shadow.

The shadowy mist rolls sadly
Down o'er the mountain's breast ;
The shivering foam springs madly,
Torn from the billow's crest :
Low on my eyes is creeping
The gathering cloud of tears ;
High at my feet is leaping
The breaking tide of years.

The spray and the vapour mingle ;
I hear the sea-bird's cry,
Hoarse in the grating shingle,
Shrill in the wild wind's sigh :
My fugitive spirit flutters,
Borne on the wayward breeze,
And deep is the moan it mutters
As the murmur of the seas.

The light of heaven is failing,
The smile of earth is gone ;
To laughter follows wailing,
And the sable veil is drawn :
The joys of time are shrouded
And buried one by one ;
The sun of life is clouded
Ere yet the race is run.

I list to the sough and sobbing,
I think of the vanished scene ;
I feel my pulses throbbing
With pleasures that have been :
For love thus fans the embers
And ashes of regret,
And still with pain remembers
What sorrow would forget.

The wreathing mist now covers
The winding mountain's side ;
The scattered spume now hovers
High o'er the flowing tide :
I am whelmed in the rain and plashing,
Blinded with chilling tears,
Mid floods of memory dashing,
And the broken surf of years.

Sunshine.

The tinted cloud is lifting,
The hill-top greets the morn;
The tide is gently drifting,
As moves the lisping corn:
My spirit casts its wrapping,
The purple mist of tears;
And the waters, lightly lapping,
Are joys of the flowing years.

While the rack from the sky is driven,
I hear a song afar,
For the lark, at the gate of Heaven,
Floats like a vocal star:
And my spirit, upward winging,
From chains of earth set free,
Finds thought in the bird's bright singing
And music in the sea.

The heavens are bathed with lustre,
The earth is steeped in light;
The joys of the morning muster
After the weeping night:
The griefs of my heart I banish,
They are passing one by one,
As the clouds and the dewdrops vanish
Before the rising sun.

I list to the song and laughing,
I think of futurity;
My longing lips are quaffing
The wine of bliss to be:
For hope may freely capture
Pleasures that onward steal,
And still foresees with rapture
What sorrow would conceal.

No cloud on the mountain darkling,
No shadow on the deep;
Only a silver sparkling
Where waters softly sweep:
In the light of life's new waking
My eyes forget their tears;
And the waves of time in breaking
Bring joy for the coming years.

DIAMOND DIGGER.

Introduction to the "Enumeratio Muscorum, C.B.S."

BY DR. JOHN SHAW, F.G.S., F.L.S.

It may be of some interest to a few readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* to have represented the general results in regard to distribution of plants arrived at by me in my monograph on the Cape Mosses communicated to the Linnean Society. Before doing so I may be allowed to give some information as to the progress of the "Flora Capensis" commenced by Dr. Harvey and Dr. Sonder, and completed as far as the *Campanulaceae*.

The former grant by the Cape Government of £150 per volume has been continued to Professor Dyer and his collaborateurs, who have promised their assistance in the new scheme for the final completion of the Cape Flora. Natal aids with £100 for the same work, but on the condition that the first volume (and fourth of the series) should be printed in a year. It is now a matter of two years since it was announced in *Nature* that the work was commenced; and I found during my residence in London that most of the contributors had not come forward yet.

Dr. Sonder had undertaken the Heaths, and it is believed that he has worked them out, but he refuses to give up his material in connection with the present scheme. He has been coaxed and finally urged and threatened, but to no purpose. I do not pretend to know the reasons for all this. As it is, however, the publication cannot go on at present without his consent; and the other contributors who are ready have their orders kept back by Sonder and a few delinquents, whose engagements have not permitted them to implement their promises.

I am disposed to think that the real reason for all the delay is the miserable remuneration. Professional scientific men in England are not so very well paid that they can afford to undertake unremunerative work. £250 per volume after due consideration, will be seen by every one to be too little for printing, binding, and their attendant expenses, and, in addition, for payment of some half-a-dozen men for the determination and description of the different orders in each volume. £500 would be insufficient, but I think from what I learned that this sum would satisfy the demands of the editor and his staff. Surely the Colony, aided by Natal, the Free State, and Griqualand West, can manage this!

It may be now said that the Cryptogamic Flora of the Cape has a fair prospect of being completed. The Ferns have been described by a former Colonial Secretary, Mr. Rawson; the Mosses have been worked up by myself; and my old friend and companion cryptogamist, Dr. Stirton, of Glasgow, is engaged on the Lichens of my own and Mr. McLea's collection. The Liverworts *(Hepaticae)* and Fungi remain, but I hope to be able in two or three years to report progress in them also.

The materials at my disposal in Mosses were the collections of Professor MacOwan, of Somerset East, Mr. Bolus, and Mr. McLea, of Graaff-Reinet, and my own from the neighbourhood of Colesberg, from the Katberg, Graaff-Reinet, Somerset East, Compassberg, and near Cape Town. I have embodied all that had been done by former descriptive bryologists with the collections of Burchell, Drège, Ecklon, Menzies, Pappe, Harvey, McGillivray, Milne, &c.

After identifying, naming, and describing, I have to sum up as follows:—

(1) We have in South African Mosses mainly Northern Hemisphere types.

(*a*) There are amongst these a few species which are cosmopolitan. These could have been considerably added to.

(*b*) The north temperate zone forms are largely represented. Such are the *Phasca*, *Weissiae*, *Funariae*, *Entosthodontes*, *Minoideae*, *Fissidentes*, *Brya*, *Bartramiae*, *Leucodontes*, *Polytricha*, *Dicrana*, *Barbulae*, *Trichostoma*, *Orthotricha*, *Grimmiae*, *Neckerae*, *Leskeae*, *Hypna*.

(*c*) The Meridional Flora of Europe, those of Sardinia, Barbary, and India, have a few representatives. These are the genera, *Fabroniae*, *Mieliecohhferiae*, and such species as *Bryum Canariense*, Schwagr; *Barbula Mollis*, Br. and Sch.; *Trachypus fusescens*, Brid; *Leucodon julaceus*, C. Müll.; *Braunia Schimperiana*, C. Müll.; *Leptodon Smithii*, Mohr; *Ceratodon stenocarpus*, Br. and Sch.; *Trichostomum systelium*, C. Müll., &c., &c., &c.

2. There are a few interesting genera belonging to the Southern hemisphere as, *Rhizogonium*, *Cyathophorum*, *Leptostomum*, *Schlotheimia*, *Mniadelphus*, and such species as *Hypnum aciculare*. Scop.; *Hypnum extenuatum*, Brid; *Dicranum setosum*. H. and W.; *Bartramia comosum*, Mitt.; *Hypnum Menziesii*, Hk. These point to a connection with the New Zealand and Australian Floras. Community of species exists to a greater extent in cryptogamic regions than in phanerogamic. It is, however, highly interesting to find the presence of these mosses, pointing in a direction but remotely warranted by the phanerogams of these countries and South Africa.

3. There is a condition of distribution which cannot be too much enforced, viz., the localization of certain forms to particular soils and conditions of climate. I think some anomalous points in the distribution of Cape plants and the peculiarities of some of its types may be ultimately found to be explicable on the theory of localization and isolation. The difference between the Eastern and Western Provinces in regard to climate and season has not been sufficiently taken into account in any speculations which have been made on this question of South African botany. While the Western has its main rainy season in May and June, the Eastern has it in September and in January. This difference in climate and season must have tended to preserve and foster any original peculiarities in the two regions. Add to these differences of soil, and we have a

combination which must have played no small part in our problem of distribution. Mosses are very much confined to peculiar conditions of soil. There are one or two suggestive examples of this. *Glyphomitrium Daviesii* is only found on trap rocks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Its distribution is simply co-extensive with outcroppings of this formation. It cannot therefore be considered as merely accidental that a congener, *Brachystelium cucullatifolium*, C. Müll. *(Glyphomitrium cucullatifolium*, Shaw, in *Enumeratio Muscorum, C.B.S.)*, is confined to trappean formations in South Africa. Another moss, *Orthotrichum Sturmii* Hsch., affects trap and granitic rocks in Europe; an ally *O. Shawii*, Schimper, is found only on ash trees in Scotland; and I have described a new species and another ally *O. Macleanum* from trap rocks near Graaff-Reinet.

4. There is in South African mosses, as in South African flowering plants, only the most slender indication of Alpine types. Our mountains are not sufficiently high to have a true Alpine zone. The only approach to an Alpine genus we have is *Andreaea*, of which we have two species.

5. The new species, which I have described, belong to the genera: *Acaulon*, *Ephemerum*, *Fissidens*, *Bryum*, *Weissia*, *Grimmia*, *Funaria*, *Physcomitrium*, *Leptostomum*, *Orthotrichum*, *Brachystelium*, *Hypnum*. I regret extremely, that the collections I have determined are all from the Eastern Province, with the exception of a few of my own from near Cape Town and Stellenbosch. I shall be glad to receive specimens from any interested in this small beautiful family of plants, and especially from the Western Province.

Thirty Years Ago.

"An Old Story Retold" in the *Cape Monthly* for this month (November) awakens thoughts and ideas which have lain dormant, if not dead, in the minds of many, on whom the occurrences narrated made a deep impression at the time—thirty-one years ago. The writer of the story has dealt with his subject very briefly and pithily, and I propose, therefore, to draw it out a bit, to mention some of its surroundings, and go somewhat more into detail, for it is a case from which many useful lessons may be derived, look at it from whatever point of view you may. Women, possessed of hot tempers, and who allow themselves to be carried thereby into excess, may take a lesson. Men who are addicted to the excessive use of strong drink may take a lesson, and should go at once and join a teetotal society. Officers whose duty it is to ferret out evidence against, and bring home conviction to, persons who have been guilty of crime may see how to do it. Newspaper reporters may learn something, and judges on the bench may be induced to consider whether even they may not sometimes form and give vent to crude and hastily-formed opinions which can't stand criticism.

Curiously enough, just at the time when the "Old Story" was being retold, a case somewhat similar to the one that occurred at ———, thirty-one years ago, was undergoing investigation at the Diamond-fields. That case broke down, apparently because of the loose and unintelligent manner in which evidence was collected by the officers (chiefly inexperienced men in such matters) whose duty it was to obtain it. In this case the dead body of a man (a German) was discovered on a Sunday morning lying deep down in the mine at the Colesberg Kopje. The man, when living, had a wife, and the wife was suspected by him to be unfaithful. It was evident that the man had been first murdered, and then thrown into the mine, some one hundred feet deep. Suspicion rested on the wife and her supposed paramour, and their tents, which were near together, were partially searched that day, and some articles discovered which strengthened the suspicion sufficiently to cause the arrest of the two individuals. On the next day (Monday) the tents were searched again, and more articles discovered to increase the suspicion, and on the following Wednesday there appears to have been a final search in the tents, and then, among other things found therein, was the handle of a pick under one of the beds, having on it stains of blood, &c., indicating that it had been the instrument used to kill the unfortunate man. In the interval between Sunday and Wednesday the tents had been, if not for all the time, for a considerable portion of it, left unguarded, and either during that interval, or before the two had been committed for trial, two other persons were arrested, and accused of being, in some way or other, implicated in the murder. These two were subsequently released, and, it is said, made tracks speedily away from the district. The wife and her supposed paramour were committed for trial, and tried before the High Court. The evidence adduced against them, though strong, was imperfect, and left sufficient room for the jury to entertain a doubt, and to give the prisoners the benefit of it. The advocate for the prisoners urged that the pick-handle and other articles found on the Wednesday night had been, and probably were, placed in the tents between Sunday and the day of finding them by the persons really guilty, to divert suspicion from themselves. No one could say for certain that it was not so; the tents had not been guarded, and the articles had, if therein, escaped notice on the previous searches. The prisoners were acquitted, and, report has it, got married immediately thereafter. Here is an instance of failure, through, apparently, a want of energy, or of appreciation of the requirements of the law as to the evidence needful to be procured to conviction in a case of murder. The other case was very different. There the officers of justice were old hands at their work, knew what would be required, and took care that it was forthcoming.

Thirty-one years is a good long period in a man's life, and he who can recollect the minutest details of an occurrence after such a lapse of time must have a good memory. My impressions differ a little from those of the narrator in one or two matters of detail, but they are unimportant.

The impression on my mind is that the alarm was given at about, or a little before, midnight; that the field-cornet was at once sent for, and he, on arrival, having formed an opinion adverse to the woman's statement that her husband had shot himself, sent for the clerk of the peace, and he sent for the magistrate; and these three together took down at once the voluntary statement of the woman, and the evidence of the persons who came first to the house in response to the woman's call, and also adopted precautionary measures to prevent obliteration of spoor during darkness. There were no two more intelligent men in the Colony probably, or men more competent for their respective duties, than the clerk of the peace and the field-cornet. The latter in particular was an exceedingly shrewd and intelligent man, and it was owing to the zeal and ability with which these gentlemen performed their duties that a mass of circumstantial evidence was collected together, so perfect that escape from the dread punishment which the commission of so foul a crime involved was rendered impossible. It was soon decided in the minds of the three gentlemen above mentioned, aided by the district surgeon, that the man had not shot himself, but that he had been shot by some one else, who had stood on the bucket in the kitchen, as described in the "Old Story Retold," and fired through the small window opening in the wall which separated the kitchen from the bed-room. That settled, the next object was to discover who did it. As before said, care had been taken to prevent obliteration of spoor during darkness; and at dawn of day an examination of the garden-walks or paths disclosed that some person had entered the lower garden-gate, walked up the path on one side, under cover of a live fence, and returned to the gate along another path. The spoor was traced to near the kitchen door, but not into the kitchen, because probably of the hardness of the ground for a few feet outside it. From the lower gate the same spoor was traced, as described in the retold old story, to the house of L——; and there was the peculiarity in it, that it was of a person not quite barefooted, and yet without shoes. On comparing marks made by L——'s naked feet with the spoor, they were found to fit as to size, but did not leave the same imprint. He was thereupon asked if he had worn socks the day before, and, on answering in the affirmative, he was required to produce them, and on their being taken from under the bed, they exhibited symptoms of having been walked in without shoes, and there was a hole in one, under the ball, I think, of the foot—not the heel. L—— was required to put them on, and after doing so it was found that the marks made in the sand by his walking along it corresponded exactly with the spoor in the garden and along the river bed; and this subsequently became an important link in the circumstantial evidence which led to the conviction of the murderers.

It was pretty clearly ascertained by early morning that a murder had been committed, that laudanum had been used to procure sound sleep in the man shot, that the pistol found lying across the man's chest could not have been placed there by the man himself after he

received the wound that killed him, and that that pistol had not been recently discharged, and the bullet found in the body did not fit that pistol. The woman's statement was that she was awoke by the report of a gunshot, and, on procuring a light, discovered her husband lying dead, with the pistol on his chest.

After the satisfactory solution of the spoor question, further search was made, and a pistol found either at L——'s house or somewhere about his premises or the premises of the dead man, which showed signs of having been recently discharged, and the bullet which killed R—— fitted that pistol. I fancy L—— denied that that pistol was his; but it was ascertained that he had purchased a pistol some months previously, and the person that sold it to him swore that the one found was the identical one he sold him. On further search, a small phial was discovered in the hedge of the garden, which had contained laudanum, and a medical practitioner in the place testified to having sold that phial and laudanum to one of the two accused—I think the woman—a short time before. These are the principal points in the evidence which led to conviction. Then came the object for which the deed was done, the long premeditation, and the deliberate and determined manner of carrying out that determination.

For some time after marriage R—— and his wife lived together moderately comfortable, but differences arose, owing partly, it was supposed, to the violent temper of the woman, but undoubtedly partly also to the husband's being addicted to drink. A combination of circumstances, among which these two were prominent, brought about a notarial separation of husband and wife, and the former left and went to reside north of the Orange River. They remained so separated for several years, and during that period the woman became over intimate with L——, so openly as to be a common scandal. The clergyman of the parish interposed, and endeavoured to induce the two to abandon the cause for scandal, and, not succeeding, they were deprived of all Church privileges. They now endeavoured to get married; but as husband and wife were not divorced, but merely living separate under a notarial agreement, this could not be accomplished. They could not marry so long as the husband was living. They were unable or unwilling to give up each other's society, and abandon their objectionable course of living. The woman could not sue for a divorce with any prospect of success, and the husband would not do so, although overtures were made to induce him, and there seemed to be no early prospect of his dying a natural death. Nothing short of the death of the husband would enable the two to marry, and they determined that he should die. The task for accomplishing this was a difficult one. The husband and wife lived several hundreds of miles apart, and postal communication between the Colony and the country beyond the Orange River was not regular or frequent. The wife wrote to the husband and urged him to return and resume cohabitation, promising to endeavour to behave with propriety and kindness, and to conduct herself

towards him as a wife should do. The husband did not take the bait at once, but after a time he did return, and he and his wife again lived together (for how long I forget). He appeared not to have abandoned his propensity for drinking to excess, and there was little difficulty, when the time arrived for the last act of the tragedy, so far as he was concerned, to get him partially intoxicated and administer the opiate.

A day or two after the occurrence, and the inquiry held at the house of the deceased, there was the usual "preliminary examination" preparatory to the formal committal for trial. This took place in the public court-room, which, owing to the nature of the case, and to the fact that the parties concerned were well known to everybody, was crowded all the time the inquiry lasted. The magistrate presided, and the clerk of the peace conducted the prosecution. The accused were unrepresented by any legal adviser. In those days it was not usual for accused persons to be so represented at preliminary examinations, and I fancy it is still the rule that they are not *entitled* to have legal assistance; but we are more liberal now-a-days, and if "limbs of the law" are forthcoming they are permitted to render assistance by cross-examining witnesses, raising objections to questions, and so on. I do not mean to say that the accused were refused legal assistance; my impression is that none was offered or applied for. At this preliminary examination the evidence was taken of the persons who first went to the house, saw the deceased, and heard the wife's account of how she had been woke up and what she saw on procuring a light; of the field-cornet, and those who aided him, on the spoor, &c.; of the doctor who made the post-mortem examination and sold the laudanum; of the storekeeper who sold the pistol; of persons who could testify to the way in which the husband and wife had lived after marriage, during separation and after reuniting; of the letters that had been written by the wife to the husband to induce him to return; of matters respecting the scandal about the wife and L—— during the husband's absence, &c.; and lastly were taken the voluntary statements of the two accused persons, who were thereupon formally committed to take their trial on a charge of wilful murder at the next ensuing circuit court.

Shortly after this there appeared in the *Graham's Town Journal* a full report of the proceedings at the preliminary examination, giving *verbatim* the evidence of each witness, and all that occurred, including the statements of the accused,—a report as perfect as could be the record of evidence taken by the magistrate's clerk, upon which the Attorney-General was to frame the indictment.

The circuit court was held at the usual time, the presiding judge being the late Mr. Justice Kekewich, and the leading, if not only, barrister, Mr. Advocate (afterwards Judge) Ebden, who was retained for the defence. Before the arrival of Mr. Ebden, an application was made by the attorney for the defence to the clerk of the peace, for a copy of the preliminary examination, which was refused, and

an application made by Mr. Ebden after arrival, to be allowed to peruse it at the office of the clerk of the peace, was also declined. Mr. Ebden then heard of the report in the *Graham's Town Journal*, obtained a copy of the paper, and so got what he wanted: but for that he would have gone into court without the slightest knowledge of what the witnesses for the prosecution were likely to say. How different this to present practice! At the great "Claimant" trial now proceeding in England each side has to furnish the other not only with a list of witnesses, but with the substance of what the witnesses are to prove.

The case for the prosecution was perfect; there was not a link or particle of a link wanting, and there was no defence of any importance. The advocate for the prisoners did his best, both in cross-examining witnesses, and in his address to the jury, but it availed not. The judge summed up with impartiality, in so far as the Crown and the prisoners were concerned, but he took occasion to denounce in somewhat strong terms the publication of the preliminary examination in the *Graham's Town Journal*, which, he said, was calculated to prejudice the prisoners in the minds of the public, as also to influence the persons who might be called upon to serve on the jury. His Lordship seemed to be oblivious of the fact that the publication of evidence given in open court on preliminary or preparatory examinations was an every-day occurrence, both in this Colony and in England; and he was perhaps ignorant of the fact that, but for that publication, the lawyers for the defence would have had no knowledge of what was likely to be adduced against the prisoners at the trial. He was perhaps also ignorant of the circumstance that the allegations against the prisoners had been the common talk of the country around where they resided, and that seven out of the nine jurymen had been present in court during, and heard all that the witnesses said at, the preliminary examination. If accused persons are prejudiced by the mere publication of evidence given in open court at preparatory examinations, without note or comment, or an expression of opinion as to guilt or innocence, it would be well that there should be a law to prohibit such publications. My own idea is, however, that publication does more good than harm.

The jury without hesitation found both prisoners guilty, and they were brought up the next day to receive sentence. The judge assumed the black cap, and addressed the prisoners at some length in a very feeling manner, during which he could not avoid shedding tears. He was so much unhinged, indeed, that he was obliged to adjourn the court for several hours after the address and sentence.

The prisoners received the address and sentence with great fortitude, and walked away from the court-house to the prison as steadily as if nothing unusual had happened. In walking along the street it was said they accosted persons they noticed on their stoeps or in front of their doors, with what Paddy would call "the time of the day," and among those who were said to have received this salutation

were the civil commissioner and his wife, who, like others, influenced by curiosity, desired to see the condemned after sentence had been passed upon them. Many people wondered at the way in which the judge was affected, and entertained various opinions as to the cause. They could not understand why a judge should feel so deeply in having to pass sentence of death upon two persons who had been convicted of murder, and who, beyond a doubt, had committed that murder with premeditation, and by prearrangement of no ordinary kind and mode during a period of months before they were able to carry it out. It is possible that this wonder was induced by the difference between the judges of the Supreme Court when having to perform this, which at all times and to all persons must be a disagreeable duty, for people could not help contrasting Mr. Kekewich's way of doing it with that of Mr. Justice Menzies, who, they said, would in such a case have done something like this, immediately upon the jury returning a verdict of guilty :—

"A.B. and C.D.,—You have, after a most patient trial, been found guilty by the jury of the most heinous crime which human beings can commit, that of having intentionally, and with malice aforethought, deprived a fellow-creature of life. I quite concur in the verdict of the jury, and it is my duty now to tell you not to deceive yourselves by false hopes. You have nothing to hope for in this world, and I recommend you to make use of the short time left to you to atone for the crime you have committed, and to make your peace with Almighty God. Your spiritual wants will, I know, be attended to by clergymen, and I advise you to listen to their counsels. It now only remains for me to pass upon you the sentence of the law, which is, that you be taken hence to the place from whence you came, and from there, at such time as His Excellency the Governor may be pleased to appoint, to the place of public execution, and there be hanged by the neck until you are dead; and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. *Mr. Sheriff, call the next case.*"

The sentence passed was confirmed by the Governor, and when the death warrants arrived, fixing the day for execution, the Sheriff went to the gaol to announce it to the convicts. The prisoners were, of course, in separate cells; and he told each in turn that he had received the death warrant, and that a day, which he named, was fixed for their execution. They received the intimation without showing the slightest sign of emotion; if there was any difference, the woman had the stoutest heart. The voice of the Sheriff (who was a man not very easily moved) quivered rather, while that of each of the condemned was firmer, but, may be, subdued.

The day of execution arrived, and there was the unusual spectacle of a wagon at early morn, drawn up in front of the gaol, to receive and convey the two prisoners to the gallows, which had been erected the night before, on an open spot outside the town, distant from the gaol perhaps nearly a mile. The wagon for such an occasion was a novelty; theretofore persons to be hanged had to walk from the gaol

to the gallows through two or three streets, dressed up for the ceremony in long white robes, with bare necks ready for the rope. A good and kind clergyman and some constables were in the wagon with the prisoners, and about a dozen armed men on horseback acted as guard. For the first time in my life (and I have no doubt it will be the last), I went to the site of the gallows, and up to a certain time saw what took place. The prisoners and the clergyman got out of the wagon, and, kneeling at the foot of the gallows, the latter offered up a fervent prayer for mercy to the condemned, after which the prisoners walked up the steps, and on to the drop, with the same fortitude as they had previously exhibited. The white caps were drawn over the faces, and the ropes adjusted quickly, when I turned and hastened away, not even risking, as Lot's wife did, a look round. I heard afterwards that the woman died instantaneously on the fall of the drop, but the man showed signs of life for a minute or two.

So ended a very tragical event; and what is the moral to be deduced from it? Is it that married women should, under all circumstances, and notwithstanding faults, failings, ill-treatment, and neglect on the part of their husbands, never forget that they took them for better or for worse, and endeavour by kindness, devotedness, and abnegation of self, to retain their esteem and confidence? Is it that men should abstain from over-indulgence in intoxicating drink, and, if too weak to control themselves, join teetotal societies, Good Templars, or others, founded for aiding, supporting, and encouraging those who cannot keep themselves within bounds? Or may it be that the example set by the before-mentioned officials, who so zealously, efficiently, and successfully worked up the evidence by which the guilty parties were brought to justice, should be a guide to others who may have similar duties to perform? Or perhaps all these together, and something more.

I may add that the criminals, before execution, admitted their guilt and the general correctness of the evidence. My impression is that they admitted that when the time arrived for carrying into effect the long premeditated deed, the wife, during the afternoon, plied her husband freely with his favourite beverage, and when he was too much intoxicated to detect the taste, added laudanum; that she got him to bed, and he soon fell into a deep sleep; that towards midnight the paramour was admitted into the kitchen, and while the wife stood in the bed-room holding a candle in her hand, so as to throw its light upon her husband's head, he (the paramour), standing on a bucket turned upside down to enable him to raise himself to the necessary height, shot the husband in the head. From the position of the bed in relation to the window, the bullet necessarily entered at the top of the head and penetrated downwards, indicating at once that the man had not committed suicide.

S.

The West Coast of Africa.

A FEW particulars regarding the ports on the West Coast of Africa, more or less intimately connected with Cape Coast Castle, now the centre of warlike operations, as well as some remarks on the climate, appearance, and commerce of the coast, may be interesting to those who are concerned in the war, or who are connected with the latter.

Taking the Gambia on the north as our starting point, we find an English Colony at Bathurst, on that river. Bathurst is a small town, situated on the Island of St. Mary, at the mouth of the Gambia: the island being very low, and separated from the main-land by Oyster Creek. In this creek one can pick oysters off the trees; a branch of a tree will yield at times a goodly number of the fish. The principal buildings in Bathurst are Government-house, the English and Wesleyan Churches, and some merchants' houses and stores. The population are chiefly negroes, but there are a good number of whites. About 180 miles up the Gambia is Macarthy's Island, on which there are a couple of factories.

The town of Bathurst is at times very unhealthy. Great open drains run through it and the island, to carry off the great rains which fall at certain seasons of the year. Fever abounds occasionally, as well as dysentery; and but a few years ago cholera committed great ravages. The climate in May and June is terribly warm, but is very cold in January and February. The rainy season extends from about July to September. Severe tornadoes occur in July. The harmattan, a dry wind which sets in from the great Desert of Sahara, prevails chiefly during the months of December, January, and February. From its extreme dryness it has the effect of imparting to the mucous membrane of the nose, eyes, and lips, the sensation of being parched. The former blisters and cracks, while the latter becomes inflamed. There is generally experienced a considerable degree of physical prostration and mental depression. Even in inanimate substances this wind causes great changes. Everything which contains moisture is soon dried up. Trees appear to be blighted; the long grass withers; the parched earth is rent; the seams of decks and boats open, and timber and cordage diminish in breadth, while they extend in length. The wind is accompanied by an impalpable sand from the desert, which is so subtle that it penetrates the smallest crevices. The atmosphere becomes dense; and it is hard to distinguish objects at a distance. Though the blacks, owing to the excessive evaporation from their unctuous skins, suffer severely from catarrhal fever during its prevalence, the whites are only temporarily inconvenienced by it,—indeed, to them the harmattan season is the healthiest. Owing to the Great Desert being so near Bathurst, this wind is more severely felt there than in any other part of the African station.

The exports from the Gambia consist of gum, wax, hides, ivory, gold, tortoise-shell, rice, cotton, teak, palm oil, ground nuts, &c. The ground nut is principally cultivated by the Sera Woullis, a tribe whose country lies towards Timbuctoo. They come in the season, cultivate the nut, and return home with their earnings after the harvest. Constant wars are waged in the Gambia, between the Pagan and Mahommedan Mandingoes. England, owing to the stoppage of trade, has frequently to step in, and endeavour to get both parties to settle the quarrel; or she has, perhaps, to fight both. Bathurst itself was threatened in the early part of 1873, and the *Rattlesnake* had to proceed there, as did also the *Decoy* and *Merlin*. Supplies of beef and fowls of inferior quality can be got in the Gambia. Vegetables and fruit are scarce. Fish is abundant, but the water is brackish. Coals can be purchased for steamers.

The next place on the coast of importance is Sierra Leone (Mountain of the Lion). This is one of the most important European settlements on the coast; but, alas! also one of the most unhealthy. The town (Freetown) is built on a peninsula, on the north of which runs the Sierra Leone river. It is of a good size, and has some fine buildings, such as Government-house, the barracks, churches, and some private houses. The settlement is about twenty-five miles long by twelve broad. Along the coast the land is rich and low-lying; elsewhere in the Colony there are fertile tracts, but the interior is a mass of rugged mountains. Granite and plutonic rock abounds. Tropical fruits and plants grow luxuriantly. The coffee, sugar, indigo, and cotton plants have been introduced by the British. The population in 1860 was 41,423, of whom only 131 were whites. The climate is humid and unhealthy; though, to all appearance, it ought to be healthier than the settlement at Bathurst, which is nearly surrounded on three sides by alluvial swamps, and yet is far healthier. Intermittent and remittent fevers are common, and yellow fever ravages the place occasionally. Drink and other debilitating causes (preventable in a great measure) often lay the European open to attacks of fever. "The White Man's Grave" was an old name for Sierra Leone; but it is to be hoped that under proper sanitary laws, and from the better *morale* of Europeans, that name will in time be forgotten. The river Sherbro' close by is an unhealthy place for vessels to lie at. The harmattan blows from some time in November, through December, till sometimes the beginning of January. The rainy season continues for four months, viz., from May till September, and is the most unhealthy. Tornadoes blow both before and after the rains. Gold, ground nuts, palm oil, hides, palm nuts, manufactured tobacco, and timber are exported; and cotton goods, hardware, haberdashery, rum, &c., imported. Supplies of beef, fowls, vegetables, fruits, and good water can be procured. From here bullocks can be got and sent for the supply of our troops and seamen now off Cape Coast Castle. Some Mahommedan troops have been procured for Sir G. Wolseley's

expedition. Sierra Leone is the seat of the central government for the whole of the West African settlements.

Sierra Leone is an English bishopric, and missionary labour does not fail to produce its fruits there. Many black people have been really converted to Christianity; and the education of the young, conducted as it is by Christian men and women, cannot fail to influence future generations for good. It is easier to convert the negroes of Africa than the Chinese or Hindoos, for they have no philosophy of their own to argue with or upon against Christianity, or to give up, as have the Chinese and Hindoos. The man who will beat his god if his prayers be not answered has no great respect for idols, and can be comparatively easily convinced. Fetichism cannot stand before civilization as perhaps Hindoo philosophy can; and therefore we have a great and promising field for missionary work in Africa. Sierra Leone is furnishing Kossos or Menni men for the Gold Coast expedition.

Passing to the southward and westward past Monrovia, in the republic of Liberia (on the Grain Coast),—which is progressing under American influence,—and past the Krou or Kroo country, from which some of the best black sailors and labourers are procured, we run along the Ivory Coast from Cape Palmas to Cape Three Points, and find ourselves on the now well-known Gold Coast, the theatre of war between the English (with their allies, the Fantees), and the Ashantees.* Here has been enacted of late, owing to the cession of Elmina in 1872 to the British by the Dutch, all the events connected with the war, viz., the invasion of the Fantee country in the British Protectorate by the armies of King Coffee Calcalli; the defeat of the Fantees, and subjugation of most part of their territory; the descent on Elmina by the Ashantees, and their severe repulse by a handful of marines under Col. Festing, R.M., of blue jackets, &c., under Capt. Freemantle of the *Barracouta*, and some Houssas under Mr. Loggie; the treacherous action of the people of Chamah in firing on a boat expedition up the river Bossum Prah; the subsequent bombardment of Chamah by H. M. S. *Rattlesnake*, and of Tacorady, Abboaddi, &c., by the *Barracouta*, *Argus*, and *Merlin*; the expedition in October of Sir Garnet Wolseley with blue jackets and marines, who succeeded in driving the Ashantees from the Coast; the brave attack of Col. Festing with black troops on the Ashantee camp near Dunquah, and the gallant defence of Abrakampa by Major Russell, of the

* The name of Ashantee and Fantee is derived from a tradition that they were both the same people originally, and being at war with Akim, they endured the greatest distress from hunger. The Ashantees found subsistence from a plant called shan, and, hence, were called Shan-didi, or eaters of shan; the others were supported by a tree called fan, and hence were called Fan-didi. The verb, didi, to eat, is best expressed by the letters d-t-i, which makes Shandti, and Fandti, a close approximation to the national names. The European prefix A to Ashantee is never heard in the native pronunciation."—*Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast, by Brodie Cruikshank.*

The word Ashantee is sometimes spelt Ashanti, and sometimes the accent is placed on the second syllable.

2nd W. I. Regiment and some native levies—services attended with some loss on our side, but crowned in the result with success. We have to lament the death of Lieut. Wilmot, of the Artillery, killed in action, together with some men. The wounding of Commodore Commerell, V.C. (the progress of whose case has been so anxiously watched by the people of England and the Cape), Col. McNeile, V.C., Col. Festing, R.M., Capt. Freemantle, R.N., Capt. Luxmoore, R.N., Capt. Helden, Civil Commandant of Secondee, Dr. Murray, R.N., Mr. Druffin, R.N., Mr. Wilson, R.N., Captains Haynes and Goodwin, and Sub.-Lieuts. Filliter and Lang, R.N., and a number of men; together with the deaths from fever of the Hon. Mr. Charteris of the Coldstream Guards, Mr. Hickson, R.N., and the marines who died on the passage home and in England; but we have to rejoice in the fact that the English arms have been triumphant, and our prestige restored amongst the wild tribes on the coast. It will not be long ere we can dictate terms to the enemy from the Prah, and, if necessary, from Coomassie itself.

Proceeding from West to East, we come to Dixcove, a place where ships' boats can generally land in fine weather, but across which, at times, the surf breaks. Dixcove was ceded to us by the Dutch at the same time as Elmina. Its people have been very loyal, and have warmly espoused our cause. The old King (Blay) has had encounters with the Ashantees. He once received Lieut. Day, of the *Merlin*, on shore, sitting on a chair, with each foot resting on the head of a slain Ashantee. Close by is Bootry, lately shelled by H. M. S. *Druid* and *Decoy* for the disloyalty of its inhabitants. A few miles further on is Tacorady, destroyed by the English in August last. Five miles to the eastward is Secondee, another ceded possession. Here we have a fort. The landing-place can be approached in safety by ships' boats. The soil around is prolific, and the people industrious. The yams produced here are supposed to be the finest on the Gold Coast. The people are divided in opinion, and live according to that opinion, apart from each other. One side espouses the English cause; the other is disloyal, and Dutch in feeling. All people on the Gold Coast who are so go against England, and either espouse the Ashantee cause or remain neutral. From Secondee there is a traffic with fish into the interior. The country about here is picturesque but unhealthy. But little supplies for ships can be had. Beyond Secondee is the village of Abboaddi, which was shelled and destroyed at the same time as Tacorady.

We next come to Chamah Bay (by the natives pronounced Eshama), in which lie the ruins of the town of Chamah. The people of this place (which belongs to the Protectorate) treacherously fired upon and killed and wounded some of the men and officers of the *Rattlesnake*, together with some native police, on the 14th of August. The consequence was that the *Rattlesnake* bombarded the town the same evening, setting it in flames. Boats can land at Chamah, notwithstanding the surf. There is a small fort in the

place. About a mile beyond the fort the river Boosum Prah falls into the bay between two lagoons. The river is said to come from a great distance, and is navigable for boats for several miles, but it is thought there are some falls higher up. The water is fresh, the river not being a tidal one. The bar has about two feet of water on it. It was while reconnoitering this river, with the ulterior view of getting at the Ashantees, that Commodore Commerell was fired upon by the treacherous natives from an ambuscade in the bush, and severely wounded, together with several officers and men. It was at that time (August 14th) most certainly infested with Ashantees; and if it could be taken and held would cut off the retreat of Ashantees from the Protectorate, and prevent supplies and more Ashantees penetrating into the latter, and we should have had the assistance of the tribes of Denkera with the Wassaws in any work undertaken there.

The next place of importance to the eastward is Elmina, or St. George D'Elmina, lately the capital of the Dutch settlements on the Coast of Africa. It is situated in an undulating and thickly-wooded district. The bush at a little distance from it is very dense, and capable of affording almost complete shelter to bush-fighting natives. The town is a large one, but that part of it to the westward was, in June last, bombarded and burnt by the boats of the squadron, and by Col. Festing with his marines, owing to the inhabitants having refused to give up their arms to the British. The eastern part of the town is supposed to be loyal. The Castle of St. George D'Elmina stands in an oblique rocky peninsula on the eastern side of the small river Beyah, which flows within twenty yards of one of its gates. A wooden bridge connects the peninsula with the opposite bank, and from this bridge to the sea the river is confined between two stone embankments. Elmina point is surrounded by a bed of rocks, which extend to the eastward and southward for about the length of two cables. On this the sea breaks with great violence, especially when the sea breeze sets in. These rocks shelter the landing place at the north of the Beyah. The surf at times breaks heavily, but, in general, ships' boats can pass into the river with safety. Fifty-one years ago, it is said, that Dutch vessels of from fifty to ninety tons could enter, but now the water is much shallower, and boats can only arrive at the pier. The tide rises at the utmost six feet. By deepening the entrance to the river, small steamers could ply easily and with safety, and a good coaling station for the squadron might be established at the place. The fortress of St. Iago stands further inland than the Castle. It is situate on a hill from which the Dutch commanded the Castle and compelled its surrender when the Portuguese held the latter. The Castle is some hundreds of years old, and is very roomy. A paved causeway leads from it to the river, in which a large flat stone is sunk, marking the spot where the Portuguese gave up Elmina to the Dutch. De Verre Redoubt is to the westward of the town, and the Beckenstein Redoubt to the westward of St. Iago, near the river.

The Castle and Fort of St. Iago were the residences of Col. Festing, his officers, and the marines sent out from England in May last. Most of the latter (who fought at the battle of Elmina), were attacked with fever and dysentery; all but twenty were embarked in the *Himalaya* by the judicious order of Commodore Commerell, but, alas! many of them died on the voyage to England, and in Haslar Hospital. They had arrived on the coast at the worst time of the year, and although every care was taken of them, they could not long withstand the influence of the climate. Close by the eastern portion of the town is the site of the skirmish with the Ashantees in June, where the Snider rifle told with such terrible effect on the enemy when he advanced into the open. Elmina was the first European settlement on the coast of Guinea. It was established by the Portuguese in 1481, captured by the Dutch in 1637, and finally ceded to them by the Crown of Portugal in 1641. The Dutch have more than once successfully resisted attacks made by the whole force of the King of Ashantee. On the 6th of April, 1872, Elmina was given possession of to the English in exchange for a portion of Sumatra. On that day the English Governor of the West Coast Settlements, Mr. John Pope Hennessy, landed with Commodore J. E. Commerell, V.C., C.B.; the marines and blue-jackets of H.M.S. *Rattlesnake*, preceded by the band, marched to the Castle, and a great palaver of chiefs was held in the banqueting-hall. Afterwards the Dutch Governor (Fergusson) gave up possession to Mr. Hennessy, the forts saluted, the *Rattlesnake* fired 100 guns, and Elmina became a portion of the British Crown. The ships present in the roads were H.M.S. *Rattlesnake* and *Seagull*, His Netherland Majesty's ship *City of Antwerp*, and Governor Hennessy's yacht, the *Sherbro'*. It has long been the aim of the King of Ashantee to have a seaport, whereby he could carry on trade without having to pass through Fantee territory. Elmina would just suit his purpose, and to it he lays claim by right of conquest. One of his ancestors conquered the tribe of Denkera, from whom the Dutch held Elmina, paying them a certain annual sum as a sort of *voluntary rent* for holding the place. The King of Ashantee got possession of the note wherein this money was promised, and he looked upon the money as *tribute*, not as voluntary rent, or a yearly present from the Dutch, and he consequently viewed Elmina as his. Ere the Dutch gave England possession, the present King Coffee Calcalli was got to acknowlege in a letter that the money was not *tribute;* so England had no objection to pay it. But the King again seems to have reverted to his former views, and looks upon Elmina as an Ashantee tributary, which he ought to get possession of when he likes. England takes a different view, and will not allow that Elmina is tributary to Ashantee, and declines to pay anything as *tribute*. She holds the place under the same conditions the Dutch held it from Denkera, and will adhere to this. Owing, doubtless, to the state of disaffection to the English of most of the coast tribes who were under the Dutch Protectorate, as well as from enmity

to our allies, the Fantees, Coffee Calcalli has invaded Fantee land, conquered it, and, although he professed to have no quarrel with the white man, he would, if opportunity offered, attack Elmina and Cape Coast Castle. He did attempt the former, but the latter he never went beyond threatening. It remains for Sir Garnet Wolseley to drive the Ashantees back, and, according to his discretion, dictate terms from the banks of the Prah, or in the capital of Ashantee itself.

About seven miles from Elmina is Cape Coast Castle (which appears to be a corruption of the Portuguese name, Cabo Corso, Cruising Cape), the principal British port on the Gold Coast. A large granite rock stands out into the sea at an obtuse angle to the shore, and is called by the natives the Rock of Tabara. A large solitary rock, rising through the beach to the westward of it, is called Tabara's wife. On Tabara is built the Castle, which is of good size, and well ventilated. In the courtyard is a stone marking the grave of the once well-known poetess, L. E. L., who, with her husband, Governor Maclean, is buried in this one of the most wretched of British possessions. The requiem of the poetess is sung by the surf, which ceaselessly beats along the shore, and against the rock beneath the Castle walls.

The town, called by the natives Tyaah, occupies a considerable space to the northward of the Castle. Europeans and natives inhabit it alike. There is a small salt lagoon to the westward, separated from the sea by the ridge of the beach. The surrounding country may be said to consist of dense bush and forest, amid which rises the tall and stately cotton tree. Communication is held with Elmina by means of a fair road, along which one can travel either on foot, or by hammocks carried by natives. The inhabitants are a quiet people, and appear to be industrious, but there is little of the warrior spirit amongst the men. It is the custom for the women to go about with whips, and actually compel their husbands, fathers, and brothers to go out and fight in time of war. Sir Garnet Wolseley's late proclamation to the Fantees, urging them to help him against the Ashantees, shows that they require the utmost persuasion to take the field. A good trade in gold is carried on in the town. The ore is procured from Ashantee and other places. It is worked up with just sufficient alloy to make it hard enough for use. The general price for any gold article is twopence a grain, and twenty-five per cent. for workmanship.

The climate of Cape Coast and Elmina is unhealthy, particularly to Europeans, though not so much so as in some other parts of the coast. The rainy season extends from June to September, with intervals of fine weather. During the rains the atmosphere is comparatively cool, but the damp is greatly felt on board the ships, necessitating the use of stoves between decks. May, June, July, and August may be called the fever months. Intermittent and remittent fever are common, and so is dysentery. When the sun causes the water lodged by the rain to evaporate from the lagoons and marshes, malaria rises, and causes fever. The water is not good

at Elmina, thereby causing dysentery. But it is better at Cape Coast Castle. Small pox at times commits great ravages amongst the natives, few of whom are vaccinated. Now that Sir Garnet Wolseley has cleansed Cape Coast Castle from its filth, a better state of health may be expected to be enjoyed there.

Horses will not live here for any time—at the most a few months. They get paralyzed, and gradually die. This is unaccountable, for, at Accra and at Lagos, they thrive very well. Mules are being brought here for the expedition, and it remains to be seen whether they will do better.

In the dry season the sickness is less than in the wet (save, perhaps, just at the drying up of the rains). This extends from October to March, and it is between these dates that the expedition will have to do its work. It is possible for white men to march to Coomassie and back in less than three months, and with great care heavy sickness may be avoided; but we must be prepared to hear, mail after mail, tidings of strong men struck down by disease, and we must not be discouraged if the bills of mortality prove heavy. Everything that forethought on the part of the Executive can do for the health of the expedition is being done, and medical skill will not be wanting to cope with fell disease. We shall, in all probability, succeed in our venture, but our sacrifice will not be light either in men or money.

A heavy surf *always* exists at Cape Coast Castle. Ships' boats cannot land there, and sometimes it is even difficult for surf boats to do so. Ships roll heavily outside the breakers. The best thing a man-of-war can do, if obliged to remain off the place, and if she be not actually required to remain at anchor, is to get under weigh, and stand off and on, remaining within signalling distance of the Castle, and within hail of the mails. She will thus get a fresher breeze, and, by setting sail, be much steadier, and attain a higher standard of health than ships lying at anchor. It is proposed to send a military hospital ship to the Gold Coast. The *Simoom* is already there as a naval hospital vessel. On the whole it would be better to let both ships lie well out, where they would not roll sufficiently to inconvenience patients in cots, than to station them away from the scene of action in some smoother place, as such would involve too much transhipment of the sick. Many men will recover in those ships, and that quickly, while those that are very bad, or recover slowly, might be sent to Ascension, England, or the Cape. Some distance to the eastward of Cape Coast Castle is a little cove on a flat sandy beach. On it stands a square fort called Anamaboe, which contains good barracks and storehouses. Some years ago, the Ashantees made a desperate attack upon it, but were repulsed with great loss.

Passing to the eastward by Winnebah we see the remarkable hill of Dampah, the termination of a long range of high land, which comes from fifty miles in the interior, in a south-eastern direction. To the westward of it is the conspicuous peak of Nakeem, about

1,000 feet high. A stream runs along the eastern end of the table land forming the hill of Dampah, which is supposed to be the eastern boundary of the Fantee country. We next come to Accra, a place now well known in connection with the expedition that Captain Glover, R.N., with Mr. Goldsworthy and Lieut. Larcom, is now organizing for the purpose of attacking the Ashantees from another quarter to that of Sir Garnet Wolesley. Accra Point is a rock on which Fort St. James is built. This is nearly a square of 145 feet, with regular bastions. The town spreads to the north-east and north-west of the fort. It consists of several narrow streets of native dwellings, but it has also some good houses belonging to English merchants. This is a good place for supplies, which can be carried in a few hours by ship to Cape Coast Castle. Cattle, small stock, fruit, and vegetables, are abundant; water can be also procured. Fish can be caught at the anchorage in plenty. Gold is exported from this place, which was lately in constant communication with the Ashantees, who bring most of the ore from the interior. The country round for some distance is a fine open plain, with light soil, studded with shrubs, and not much heavy timber. Good healthy rides may be enjoyed here, which is a great boon on the coast. In 1863 the three towns of Accra were destroyed by earthquakes. Two miles to the eastward of Fort James stands the Danish (now Dutch) castle of Christianborg. The Danes acquired it in 1694 from the Portuguese. It is an imposing but irregular pile of buildings. A native town lies to the northward of the castle, and a martello tower to the westward. The landing at Castle Point is very difficult. The merchants of British and Danish Accra have made a handsome road between these places, with trees on each side, which renders it an agreeable walk or drive.

Further on to the eastward we come to the river Volta, so much spoken of of late as one of the routes by which Coomassie could be reached, and which Captain Glover is making use of. The river is said to come from a great distance in the interior, and, separating the kingdom of Ashantee and Dahomy, passes near the base of the Ningo Grande Peak, thence takes a south-easterly direction towards the coast, and enters the sea between two low spots of land. Inland there is a great salt lagoon, and swamps, formed by the overflowing of the river. Thick groves of cotton trees can be seen; in fact, most of the country appears to be a thickly-wooded morass. Several villages exist on the beach, and in the bush. The bar, which is a shifting one, sweeps round in a semicircle before the outlet of the river, to the distance of a mile from the coast. On it a heavy surf breaks; but small steamers, or steam launches decked over, might cross in safety. In front of the bar there is a good anchorage in five fathoms, and within 150 yards of the breakers. Rio Volta received that name from the Portuguese on account of the velocity of its stream. It pours out such a quantity of water that its quality is not altered at a great distance in the sea.

Further on two palm trees, and three miles further a round clump of trees, near the village of Wyee, mark the site of Cape St. Paul,

—the eastern extremity of the Gold Coast. It is a narrow strip of land which separates the sea from the great eastern lagoon, which is filled by the overflowing of the Volta. On this ridge stands the town of Jellah Coffee (off which H. M. S. *Vindictive*, receiving and store ship, lay for some years), the native town of Quitta, and a fort in a state of dilapidation, belonging to Denmark. Cattle and stock are abundant in the vicinity of Cape St. Paul, and may be procured without difficulty from the natives of Wyeeh, Jellah Coffee, and Quitta. The surf is, however, much too high for ships' boats to be employed for this purpose.

There remains to mention, in connection with the Ashantee war, only one place to the eastward of the Gold Coast, and that is Lagos, which is situated on the Slave Coast, in the Bight of Benin. The town of Lagos is built on one of three islands in the great Cradoc Lake (or Ooa), two and a half miles within the entrance of the river Lagos. It is called schoo; is large; has several thousand inhabitants; and carries on an extensive commerce, both with the coast and interior. Palm oil and palm kernels, cotton, ivory, and ground nuts are exported. The well water is very good. Coals can be procured here for steaming purposes. The surf breaks heavily along the coast, and the fishes, which accumulate in the lagoons, periodically find a vent to the sea, and produce against the surf a struggle of no ordinary kind on the bar. From May to September the bar passage is intricate and curving, but for the remainder of the year it is generally straight; at all times there is a break across, and in the rainy season sometimes steam vessels cannot cross it. The ordinary draught of vessels crossing ought not to be more than nine feet. Colonial and merchant steamers now ply over the bar. The rollers are heaviest from June to August. The prevailing diseases at Lagos are intermittent fever and dysentery. Lagos was attacked by the British forces in 1851,—the king dethroned, and another set up, with whom a treaty was made for the abolition of the slave trade. Since then legal trade has flourished, and the influence of the Abeo Kuta (a place close by) missionaries increased. Several English merchants reside at Lagos. To the northward of the Great Lake is the country of the Jaboos, a fine-looking people, "who seem as if they always came from a land of plenty: being stout, healthy, and full of vigour." They are very industrious, and manufacture for sale immense quantities of Guinea cloths, called sometimes Jaboo cloths, made from the *Gossipium herbaceum*, or cotton shrub. These cloths surpass English cotton goods in strength and firmness of texture, but inferior to them in fineness of execution. It is from the country round Lagos that Captain Glover has procured his now well-known Houssas, who have done some good work at Elmina. They are individually brave; but, as recent events have shown, are deficient in discipline, and will require a good deal of fighting ere they can use the Snider with coolness and steadiness.

Taking the Gold Coast from Assinee to the River Volta, we find

that in January the wind begins to blow hard from the south-west quarter, and becomes stronger in February, bringing with it sometimes rain, and sometimes a hurricane. About the end of March, or beginning of April, those heavy tempests, called tornadoes, arise, accompanied with rain, thunder, and lightning, and sometimes earthquakes. These continue to the end of May, and are announced by the darkness of the sky in the south-east. During the rainy season, that is, from May to July, few or no land winds are felt; but from the sea it blows out of the S.W. and W.S.W., which winds continue, even in August, though the rains then begin to cease. The weather grows fair in September, and the air clear, with gentle south winds, and this continues till January; but till March we may count the dry season to continue. The rainy season is considered the most pernicious to European constitutions, for then the air becomes impregnated with deleterious matter, engendered by decayed vegetation. Tornadoes (whirlwinds) are first announced by the appearance of a small silvery cloud in the zenith, which gradually increases, descends towards the horizon, and becomes veiled in darkness. Great stillness prevails in the air for a time, then thunder bursts forth, peal after peal, and the lightnings flash. Suddenly a tremendous gust of wind rushes by, which scarcely any sail can stand, and afterwards a heavy deluge of rain sets in. The tornado lasts from some minutes to three hours. When it is over, the atmosphere is pure and clear, and all nature seems to rejoice in the change.

Notwithstanding the unhealthiness of the West Coast, the writer of this article is of opinion that a man of good constitution, who avoided dissipation in every form, took moderate exercise just before sunset, went to bed early, slept in an upper room, clothed himself in light flannel, engaged in cheerful companionship with some brother officer or merchant, read entertaining books, avoided too much mental work, and took good doses of quinine during the *remission* or *intermission* of any fibrile attack, paying particular attention to the water he drank, would live in a fair state of health in this climate. Out of doors his head ought to be well protected with a pith helmet, on which is a puggaree, and by a white umbrella, and if he be obliged to sleep in the bush, he ought always to have a little food in the stomach, and sleep in a hammock slung between two trees to leeward of a good fire and bush. All travelling ought, if possible, to be avoided during the rainy season, and indoors a good fire ought to be kept alight in his room, with the windows closed to any winds blowing *from* the swamps. A moderate use of brandy, wine, or good beer is not detrimental, but, for prolonged physical exertion, cold tea is best, for it prevents the waste of tissue, and produces no intoxicating effects.

As a rule, no white man ought to remain on the coast after three years, and the weak man ought never to wait to make another thousand or even one hundred pounds, but go home at once.

T. C.

John's Papers.

TURNING over the other day the old papers that fell into my hands when I put John's study to rights, a task almost equal to that of the hero we used to read about at school, who undertook to cleanse some filthy place or other which had been a nuisance for years, considering that I had only a mop and a pail of water, while he had a river or two at his service, and plenty of fellows who wanted a job, or liked the sport, ready to help him when he turned on the stream; and I had only poor little Peggy, who objected very much to go down on her knees to wash a floor, and I am afraid did not often do so to say her prayers even, especially when it was cold weather, or she was tired and sleepy, and had the example of her father and mother before her, who used to get under the blankets on a winter's night before they sang the Evening Hymn; and very worthy people they were, though not so strict in this respect, and in some others, as they ought to have been, having notions about the Christian duty of taking up the cross and mortifying the flesh which did not quite tally with John's preaching. As I was saying, it was a rather serious undertaking, and right glad and thankful I was, and so was Peggy, when it was finished; but I had it done thoroughly, and did not stint soap and water, for I am no believer in those new-fangled fluids that take away bad smells without taking away dirt. Give me good honest soap and water, say I, and plenty of it, and none of that horrid stuff the druggists sell, that is made of nobody knows what, and is ten times more offensive than the foulest odour that it conceals, and gets into your mouth and up your nostrils, and on your lungs, and makes you think of cholera morbus and funerals:—goodness! what a rigmarole! Whatever would John say if he knew I wrote it? I do declare it's as bad as any speech of that foolish Mrs. Nickleby's. No one would ever suppose so much money had been spent on my education at a Ladies' Seminary, and such pains taken to teach me music and French, and poonah-painting, the use of the globes and fancy work. Well, I can't make head or tail of it, and must begin again and mind my p's and q's. By the way, I wonder why people tell us to mind our p's and q's when they mean to impress on us the necessity of being particularly careful. I asked John one day, and he talked quite learnedly for half-an-hour, but he did not throw much light on it. The truth is, he did not know, and that is the reason he talked so much. I always find when people don't understand a thing, and are not humble enough to say so, that they try to hide their ignorance under a heap of words, or as He said who spake out of the whirlwind, they "darken counsel by words without knowledge." What a pity people have not humility and courage to say, "I don't know;" when they know they don't know. I am very sure no sensible person would think less of anybody for making such a confession. Quite the contrary. As to what John said about the

phrase being borrowed from a French dancing-master who used to tell his pupils to mind their p's, that is, *pieds*, which is French for feet, you know, and their q's, that is *queues*, which is French for wigs, I don't believe a word of it, for who ever heard of people, so old that they were obliged to wear wigs to cover their bald heads or to hide their gray hairs, learning to dance and needing such a caution as that, though it's true they used to do strange things in France when great ladies received visitors, gentlemen too, before they got out of bed in the morning; and for the matter of that, they do queer things now-a-days, eating frogs and horseflesh and snails, and pumping pretroleum out of fire engines, or burning palaces and cutting one another's throats while the Germans stand looking on. No, I don't want to have anything to do with a French dancing-master or his pupil's p's and q's. My father was a genuine English yeoman, and, though I have been a good many years in the Colony, and come in contact with all sorts of people, and rubbed off a great many of what John calls my insular angularities, I am proud to say I am an Englishwoman to the backbone. I have no patience with John, or any other man, when he begins to find fault with his countrymen, and to say that a Frenchman is better than an Englishman in *this* respect, and a German superior to him in *that*, and a Yankee beats him in the other. Why, the fact is, a real upright and downright Englishman is the highest style of man, and there's not a country on the face of the earth like old England. I remember when I was a very little girl hearing Lord Morpeth—him that became Earl of Carlisle and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; he's dead now, as Mark Twain says—make a speech on the hustings when he was canvassing the West Riding, and I was looking out of a window that overlooked the Market-place, and I wore yellow ribbons, because my father was a Whig and voted for Lord Morpeth, and not for the Tory candidate, who had blue colours,—and all I can recollect of the speech is this:

"England, with all thy faults, I love thee still;"

and I say to-day, as somebody says in one of Dickens's novels—though it is vulgar to use such an expression—"them's my sentiments!" I have been a good many years now wandering on a foreign strand, but I love England still, and I shall think of her as *home* until I go to "the better land," as I hope to do in God's good time. I often seem to wish that my days should come to an end in the old country. I think it would be a satisfaction to me to know that my bones would rest beneath an English sod; that English daisies would spring above my head, and the perfume of English violets be wafted around my grave; that an English sun and moon would look on my low bed with quiet eye, and an English brook, as it rippled by, would babble of the green fields where I used to play; and that by my side no strangers should lie, but loved ones, "in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to everlasting life."

Yes, I should like to end my days and be buried *at home*, --not

here. For heaven's sake, John, don't bury me in that horrid crowded cemetery, that is full to overflowing of dust that once had life, and beauty, and love, and where at every step one feels rotten bones, and skulls, and wood crumble beneath the foot; nor in those hideous white-domed sepulchres where generations of deceased Dutchmen lie mouldering on their shelves. Oh, horrible! most horrible! my flesh creeps at the thought of it. I could not rest in such a grave. I should walk with the sheeted dead and haunt you. Bury me on the hillside; bury me in the desert; bury me in the sea; bury me where four cross-roads meet; bury me anywhere but there.

Just see what a fine chase that French dancing-master has led me. Really I must mind my p's and q's and try again, though I should like to say, speaking of p's and q's, that, as an Englishwoman, I incline to an opinion which John says some people hold that the saying originated in an English public-house, where, in the good old times, the pints and quarts of genuine home-brewed ale which the landlord supplied to his customers were scored against them, perhaps with chalk on the back of the bar-room door, as I have seen many a time, and both Boniface and his guests charged the drawer to mind his p's and q's, and not put down too much or too little. I like that idea, there's something jolly in it; far jollier than in that of a withered little dancing-master teaching a parcel of wizened old Frenchmen to cut capers on the light fantastic toe. Yes, there's something pleasant in the thought of an English public-house, "one of the olden time." Don't I remember such a one

> "In the days when we went gipsying,
> A long time ago;"

when the good old motherly landlady welcomed us with an honest smile in the morning, and bid us take care of ourselves, and not get lost in the woods where we went a-nutting, and, perhaps, a-courting, and, starting for home in the evening, she saw us well wrapped up in our shawls, our hands in our muffs, and our boas rolled round our necks, that we might not take cold as we drove home. And oh! what a treat it was when my dear old father took me with him in the tax-cart to market. He never passed the house without calling; the pony must breathe a few minutes and have a mouthful of water, and father wanted to stretch his legs, or had business with the landlord; and while he was in the bar, the landlady had always a kiss and a piece of cake and a glass of gooseberry wine for me; then the little pony trotted briskly along, and soon brought us to the market town, where we put up at the White Lion, and had bread and cheese and ale, and after that we went into the corn market, and saw the farmers and dealers with their samples; and to the Cross, where all the farmers' wives and daughters disposed of their poultry and butter and eggs; and through the shambles to see the beef and mutton—such beef and mutton as one never sees in the Cape;—

and in High-street we went a-shopping, and so the day slipped swiftly away.

Sometimes we stayed to dinner at the house I remember so well—and there was fried ham and eggs, or pigeon-pie. Well, I have made pigeon-pies myself, and eaten pigeon-pie made by other people at the Cape, who thought themselves mighty clever at such things, but never any like Mrs. Dobson's; and I've fried Cape-cured ham that carried off prizes at all the Exhibitions, and Compton's best too, but never a slice did I fry that had half the flavour of that we used to get at the Black Swan. And the plumpuddings at Christmas! Oh! believe me there were *puddings* in those days. Now, I pride myself on my plumpuddings. I never let Christmas pass without having one, for John likes pudding, you know, and one Christmas day when he was travelling in the interior, and I was not with him, he made one himself, and how do you think? He had no flour, nor spice, nor raisins, so he boiled a basinful of rice in a towel, mixed sheep's tail fat with it, coloured it with currypowder, and sweetened it with sugar. That villainous concoction he called a Christmas pudding, and to this day he persists in declaring that it beat all the puddings I ever made. Well, to-morrow is Christmas day, and all the forenoon I have been stoning raisins and mincing suet, and weighing out flour and so on, as I have done for many years past, but some way or other, do what I will, my plumpuddings never equal Mrs. Dobson's. The landlord of the Black Swan was a dear old man, and Mrs. Dobson was like a mother to us girls, for they had been brought up with our fathers and mothers, and had gone to school with them; and Sally the cook, and Mary the housemaid, and Jim the hostler, were old friends, for they had known us from the time when we were—so high! and we used to go blackberrying and birdnesting together; we girls with Sally and Mary and Jim; and many a summer day we spent trying to catch tiny fishes with a crooked pin in the brook that turns the mill.

> "Why fled ye so soon, ye happy days of childhood!
> When with our lively mates o'er hill and dale
> We wandered joyous, from th' enamelled plains
> Plucked natures' gems, could fancifully paint
> The empty clouds with images of beauty?"

Those days are gone; mine now "are in the sere and yellow leaf." If I should live to go home again, I should not find things as they were when I was a girl. What with railways and telegraphs, and one thing and another, England would seem very strange to me after all these years. Old familiar faces fled; old familiar places changed; perhaps the old Black Swan metamorphosed into a showy Railway Hotel. I question if I should feel myself at home.

Goodness gracious! that English landlord with his pints and quarts has led me as far astray as the French dancing-master with his *pieds* and *queues*. That's the worst of us women. John used to say a woman's tongue is like a lamb's tail. I am sure her pen is when

she takes to writing; its wag, wag, wag with the one, and its scratch, scratch, scratch with the other without end. She never knows when to stop.

I have not even begun to tell you what I found when I was rummaging among John's papers, and there he is at the garden gate, coming in to dinner, and I have only just time to say, "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year!"

MARY.

Annie.

Blooming she trips across the green,
Lovely and sprightly as a bird,
Songs from her lips of melody,
Music in every thrilling word.

Rippling tresses down her back,
Beautiful features close to me,
Hand in hand in lover's clasp,
The wife of my youth she is to be.

Gracefully singing fairy songs,
Music ethereal she nightly brings,
That often it happens, while in my dreams,
I think my darling has taken to wings.

Intellect glows on her snowy brow,
Love to her bosom its glory sends,
The throne of her heart is virtue's seat,
And each grace to her beauty lowly bends.

This is the maiden of maidens all,
Beautiful features close to me,
Hand in hand in lover's clasp,
The wife of my youth she is to be.

C. W.

On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South Africa.

[By Ernst Meyer.]

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS.

III. Introduction

To the "Zwei-Pflanzen Geographische Documenten."

BY J. F. DREGE.*

My intention of preparing for a separate work a description of the plants collected by my friend, J. F. Drège, during his eight years' journeys in South Africa, has been frustrated by the magnitude of the collection, and by the consequent necessity of bringing it before the public as quickly as the work proceeds. Besides, my Commentaries on South African plants, of which two parts have appeared, as they are necessarily restricted to Drège's collection, must always, from a phyto-geographical point of view, remain a mere fragment; for which, however, the literature which has followed the reception of Drège's plants, in numerous monographs and general works, has already, in great part, compensated. But what Drège promised in the way of botanical geography he has now fully redeemed in the two catalogues for which I am now commissioned to write this preface. The one gives an alphabetical list of the names or numbers of all his plants; the other, in systematic geographical order, the names of all stations where they were found. Drège believed this information to be due to the purchasers of his plants; but the uncommon richness of the collection which formed the basis of these catalogues gives them a far higher general value for phyto-geographical investigations of the most varied kind. I purpose, in the following pages, to show these in some detail, and to discuss their results by a phyto-geographical sketch of South Africa.

The materials for a study of botanical geography can never be absolutely exact and complete. It therefore lays no claim to certainty, but only to probability, which rises or falls in inverse proportion to the area of any given district which may be covered, and in direct proportion to the number of plant species used in illustration. This two-fold method we will now proceed to apply to Drège's collection.

If a straight line be drawn from the mouth of the Orange River, the northernmost point which Drège reached on the west coast, to Port Natal, the extreme limit of his journey on the east, a portion of South Africa will be separated from the rest of the continent of about 250,000 square miles,—a district certainly not larger than Germany and Switzerland which together include about 255,000 square miles. According to Koch's Synopsis, there are known in both countries

*These documents consisted first of a catalogue of plants gathered at each separate station where the traveller collected, arranged under the head of stations; and, second, of a catalogue of plants in alphabetical order, enumerating after each every station (by a reference to list No. 1) where it was collected. The whole, with the preface and map, was published a supplement to the *Flora*, a German botanical periodical, in 1848.

3,210 species of phanerogamous plants. Drège's collection contains, exclusive of plants of cultivation, which Koch included, and exclusive of about 600 species, of which the stations cannot with certainty be given, 6,595 species ; besides 497 species of cryptogams. If, however, by the aid of the annexed map, divided by letters and numerals into phyto-geographic provinces, we regard those regions only which Drège, as with a wide-meshed net, passed over in his journeys, we shall then find it impossible to recogni2e that imaginary straight line as the true northern boundary of his *Flora*. For it is distant about 415 miles from the southern extremity of the continent, while Drège was nowhere further than 230, and, on an average, scarcely penetrated more than 70 miles from the coast towards the interior. He reached furthest inland in going from Algoa Bay to the northern slopes of the Witbergen, which he was the first to ascend, and the sources of the Orange River, which there take their rise. From this point, both westward and eastward, he was always less distant from the coast. So that the shape of the floral area examined by Drège approaches that of a half-moon, and scarcely includes more than 83,000 square miles. From such an area, hardly three times as large as Bavaria, so great a variety of plants is, up to this time, unparalleled.

But the more rich in forms a region may be, the larger the number of plants requisite to form a right conclusion as to its vegetable characteristics. We cannot, therefore, measure the results of South African collections by European proportions. The question is, what proportion does Drège's collection bear to the number of all hitherto generally known South African plants ? And, about how many does the country altogether contain ? Apart from our immediate purpose of ascertaining the value of Drège's collection for phyto-geographical researches, both questions appear to me of sufficient interest in themselves to require a careful consideration.

The first will be answered with a tolerable approximation to accuracy by the aid of the following table. The column marked Dr. contains the number of Drège's collected species ; the next, marked Ne., those in Nees ab Esenbeck's *Floræ Africæ Australioris Illustrationes ;* K, those in Kunth's *Enumeratio Plantarum omninm Nucusque Cognitarum ;* and in Dc., those in Decandolle's *Prodromus Systematis hat. Regni Veget.*

	Dr.	Ne.		Dr.	Dc.
Granina	312	359	Cyphinæ et Goodeniaceæ	16	18
		K	Campanulaceæ	75	112
Cyperaceæ	184	247	Lobeliaceæ	56	80
Restiaceæ	191	122	Compositæ	1,110	1,476
		Dc.			
Ericaceæ	167	445		2,111	2,869

I have expressly taken in this table the Ericaceæ and the Restiaceæ, of which, in Drège's collection, the one order is very poorly, and the other very strongly represented. Of the other orders I believe I may take an average between those of Drège's collection and the mass of generally known South African phanerogamous plants. There is no reason to suppose that the orders not here included would on an average, be represented considerably weaker or stronger ; and as those named constitute nearly a third of the whole collection, it may be allowed to afford some ground

for a probably correct conclusion as to the whole. Taking, now, the proportion between the sums of the two columns as a basis, it follows that from South Africa probably not quite 9,000 phanerogams are yet known; and that to these Drège's collection bears the proportion 13-18, or somewhat larger than 2-3. Mr. Harvey, whose "Genera of South African Plants" is unfortunately only yet known to me by announcement, estimates the number of all known species, including cryptogams, at only 8,500; while, including cryptogams, Drège alone collected 7,092 species.

The second question, how many plants altogether South Africa may contain, is more difficult to answer, even approximately. Drège attempted the inquiry in the following manner:—In his catalogue of stations it is shown how many plants he actually collected in each of the different provinces of his Flora. Only in two of these, namely, in III. A, e, and III., D. did Drège consider that by a protracted stay he had nearly exhausted at least all the phanerogams. Then, estimating by this means the probable returns of the other provinces, if worked in a like careful manner, he comes to the following totals, in which the cryptogams are included:—

Provinces.	Collected.	Estimated.	Provinces.	Collected.	Estimated.	Provinces.	Collected.	Estimated.
I, A	690	1,000	III, A, d.....	570	1,000	IV, B	438	1,500
I, B, C	224	1,000	,, ,, e.....	1,343	1,400	,, C, A, b	305	1,200
I, D	289	800	,, B	540	1,200	,, C, c ...	540	800
II. B, C, D, F	458	1,500	,, C	270	1,200	V, A	920	1,800
II, E	250	1,000	,, D	932	1,000	V, B	945	2,500
III, A, a ...	292	800	,, E	740	1,000	V, C	690	2,000
III, A, c.....	248	800	IV, A	424	1,500	Total*...	10,208	25,000

*As some test of these estimates, I have counted, separately from the "Standorter-Verzeichniss," or Catalogue of Stations, the number of plants collected in the one district II, B, and find it to be 171 species of phaenogams. In this district I have myself collected 731 species of phaenogams. Excepting its southern and western portions, where the vegetation is more uniform, I have explored it with some degree of completeness, and do not consider that the district would afford more than 200 species. Drège estimates 1,400 for the four districts, II B, C, D, and F. This includes cryptogams, which in Drège's collection over these districts only amounted to 8 species. Taking into consideration the dry and comparatively uniform character of the vegetation of the Karroo, of which the districts II C, D, and F are chiefly composed, and which is already partly represented in II. B, I should consider the estimate fully high. The estimate, however, includes cryptogams, and these, even in *Filices* and *Musci*, are more numerous than would he generally supposed. I add a few words respecting the district II. B, that in which the town of Graaff Reinet is situated, which were omitted in their place under Drège's description. This district is made by Drège to reach a height on the Camdeboo mountain sides of 5,000 feet. This I regard as injudicious, since it crosses a well-marked natural boundary. The lower portion is of an essentially karroid character. But on the mountain sides facing the sea, after reaching a height of 3,750 feet, a moister climate gives rise to a vegetation which, the higher we ascend, resembles more and more that of the eastern coast districts. On the Koudveld mountain, which lies just behind the Camdeboo, are found at an elevation of 5,000-6,000 feet, such plants as *Pelargonium Caffrum*, E. and Z., *Barosma venusta*, E. and Z., several *Ericæ*, *Phygelius Capensis*, E. Mey, *Harveya purpurea*, Benth, *Trixago apula*, Stev., *Restio scoparius Kunth*, and others, which probably do not occur elsewhere within a distance of 80 or 90 miles. All that part of the district, therefore, which rises above 3,750 feet should be included in the mountain district I. C, with which its floral character more generally agrees.—Tr.

Drège actually found, however, only 7,092 plants, without reckoning plants of cultivation, or those of doubtful locality, which we always excluded. The larger sum in the table is a consequence of the repeated collection of some species beyond the boundaries of a province, which, by a closer investigation of the country might recur much more frequently. From the total of *collected* plants, reckoned according to provinces, about three-tenths must be deducted in order to arrive at the actual total of 7,092 species ; and, therefore, from the number of *estimated* plants, according to provinces, which is more than twice as much, at least five-tenths must be deducted. Consequently in the whole portion of South Africa visited by Drège, we cannot certainly estimate more than about 12,500 species, of which, after deduction of the cryptogams, there would scarcely remain more than 11,500. Drège estimated the whole plant-wealth of South Africa from the parallel of Port Natal to the mouth of the Orange River, at from 16,000 to 20,000 species. However uncertain such estimates must always be, still my friend's exact knowledge of localities and his practised eye must not be forgotten, to which I may add that no one can be further than he is from exaggeration.

Now, excluding the cryptogams, and limiting ourselves to those districts actually investigated by Drège, his collection, it will be seen, includes probably over two-thirds of the *known*, and more than half of the *estimated* number of phanerogams ; and, indeed, yields a total of far over 6,000 species, from an area of 83,000 square miles. Such a result leaves no doubt as to the great value of the collection for the determination of phyto-geographic relations. In the catalogues mentioned will no longer be seen a mere dry register, but two important documents, for the unabridged publication of which the thanks of all who are interested in the geography of plants are due to the editors of this journal.

Before proceeding to consider the character of the South African Flora, I wish to say a word as to my share in the determination of Drège's plants. Had I seen the whole quantity at one time, and had I known how soon they must be distributed, I should have restricted myself at most to the preparation of simle groups. But first came large and then small parcels, until Drège himself followed with the greater bulk of them. Hence arose a number of preliminary determinations, sometimes of one, sometimes of another family, of which, at first, but few South African forms were known to me, and were left to be worked up on a future occasion. Subsequently some of these notes passed, with the plants themselves, into the hands of other workers, and gave rise, contrary to my express wishes, to a series of superfluous synonyms ; others, indeed, have not been actually published up to this time, but were provisionally used by Drège for the purpose of selling his plants. Hence I only hold myself responsible for the plants determined by myself in my published commentaries, and in no way for the rest, notwithstanding they may bear my name in Drège's catalogue. I most regret that there occur therein some provisionally established new species, of which the characters are yet lying amongst my papers. Time does not yet allow me to prepare these properly, and where necessary to change their names ; probaby, if others do not anticipate me, I shall be able to take them up afresh. Hitherto I have thought it best to leave everything untouched, as it has now appeared in Drège's catalogue, even the names, as *Lagenias*, too similar to *Lagynias ;* or *Leeuwenhoeckia*, similar to *Levenhookia, R. Brown*

which, not being rightly spelt, escaped my attention ; or *Leucoxylon*, after Blume's genus of that name ; *Nestleva*, already adopted by Sprengel, &c.

The great number of species of plants of which I have already spoken, may, then, be regarded as the chief featurc of the South African Flora. But this leads us also to infer another leading characteristic, viz., *a narrow area of distribution* for each plant ; and observation confirms the conclusion. In our hemisphere, according to Schouw, the mean area of distribution of phanerogams extends through from 10 to 15 degrees of latitude. We know nothing certain respecting their distribution in longitude in the neighbourhood of the tropics, but we can safely estimate it at from two to three times as large, *i.e.*, from 30 to 45 degrees. But in Drège's collection we find on an average amongst 100 species only 30 which arc found in two, only 10 which are found in three to four, and but two which are found in five or more, of our provinces. The greatest extent in latitude of our provinces includes about $2\frac{1}{4}$, and in longitude about $4\frac{1}{3}$ equatorial degrees. So that the mean diameter of the greater part of South African areas of distribution is proportioned to that of European areas, as well in respect of longitude as of latitude, at the most as 1 : 5. Although some South African plants are found in corresponding latitudes in New Holland, and even in America, as, for example, *Avicennia tomentosa*, *Leucas Martinicensis*, and others, yet their number can be estimated at most as a couple of hundred, and thus small in comparison with those which, even in the best-trodden regions, have only been found in a single spot, as, for instance, many *Ericæ*, which can only be met with in certain ravines of Table Mountain. As is well known, both extremes are found in our hemisphere, but, if I mistake not, here on the contrary, the number of widely-spread species predominates. How many are there which occur equally in France, Germany, Hungary, and Russia, in half of Europe, and half of North Asia ? How many spread themselves, as, for instance, *Linum perenne* (if we deduct from the falsely made species) from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

To such plants, whose distribution-area girdles the whole earth, or a great part of it, approach the true cosmopolitans, which even spring from the temperate zone of one hemisphere to that of the other. Nor are these absent from South Africa. While going through Drège's collection, I observed the following plants, which occur also in Europe, though I cannot be certain that I may not have overlooked some. Amongst the Acotyledons I include only the Ferns.

Achyranthes aspera
Adiantum Capill—Ven.
Aira caryophyllea
Andropogon hirtus
„ pubescens
Apium graveolens
Asparagus albus
Aspidium Thelypteris
Asplenium Adiant. nigr.
„ Trichomanes
Atriplex Halimus
Avena hirsuta
Blitum chenopodioides
Briza maxima
Medicago denticulata
„ laciniata
„ nigra
„ sativa
Melilotus parviflora
Mentha Aquatica
Mercurialis annua
Mollugo Cerviana
Osmunda regalis
Panicum arenarium
„ Crus galli
„ glaucum
Phalaris minor
Plantago Bellardi

Briza virens
Bromus arvensis
„ erectus
Calamagrostis Epigeios
Cerastium glomeratum
Chenopodium album
„ Botrys
„ glaucum
„ murale
„ olidum
Cladium Mariscus
Corrigiola littoralis
Cotula coronopifolia
Cynodon Dactylon
Cyperus difformis
„ rotundus
Eleocharis multicaulis
„ palustris
Erigeron Canadense
Erodium moschatum
Gnaphalium luteo-album
Herniaria vulgaris
Hordeum marinum
Hymenophyllum Tunbridgense
Hypochoeris glabra
Isolepis fluitans
„ pygmæa
„ supina
Juncus acutus
„ bufonius
Koehleria phleoides
Lolium temulentum
Lazula campestris (as Africana)
Lythrum hyssopifolium
Poa annua
Poa bulbosa
Polycarpon tetraphyllum
Polygonum minus
Polypodium vulgare
Pteris Cretica
Raphanus raphanistrum
Rumex Acetosa
„ Acetosella
Salicornia fruticosa
„ herbacea
Salvia clandestina
Samolus Valerandi
Scabiosa maritima
Scirpus maritimus
Scleranthus annuus
Silene Gallica
Solanum nigrum
„ rubrum
Spergula arvensis
Stellaria media
Suaeda fruticosa
„ maritima
Tribulus terrestris
Trifolium angustifolium
„ procumbens
„ repens
Triglochin maritimum
Verbascum Blattaria
Veronica Anagallis
Vicia sativa
Viola tricolor arvensis
Vulpia bromoides
Zostera marina*

*To the foregoing I may add the following European plants, which have also been found in South Africa. The alphabetical arrangement is inconvenient, but I follow Meyer :—

Anagallis arvensis
Amarantus Blitum
Blitum virgatum
Capsella Bursa-Pastors
Centaurea Cyanus
„ Melitenses
Convolvulus farinosus
Cnicus Benedictus
Datura Stramonium
Daucus Carota
Epilobium hirsutum
„ tetragonum
Euphorbia peplus
„ helioscopia
Filago Germanica
Fumaria Officinalis
Galium aparine
Kentrophyllum lanatum
Lemna minor
Malva paroiflora
Myriophyllum spicatum
Nasturtium officinale
Portulaca oleracea
Potamogeton natans
Plantago major
„ lanceolata
Polygonum aviculare
„ Lapathifolium
Polypogon Monspeliensis
Phragmites communis
Ruppia maritima
Sanicula Europaea
Serpicula repens
Solanum Sodomaeum
Sonchus oleraceus
Senecio vulgaris
Triglochin palustre
Typha latifolia
Urtica divica
Zamichellis palustris

Others, as for example *Ethulia conyzoides*, *Cactus flagelliformis*, *Ipoma palmata*, &c., occur, if not in Europe, yet in North Africa and Arabia; and if we compare the station where Drège found these plants, it will be found hardly possible to deny their being indigenous in both hemispheres.

Yet it seems to me noteworthy that forms so well able to accommodate themselves to varying conditions should, in South Africa, have a much narrower area of distribution than on this side the equator,—a proof that the cause of this limitation is to be sought, not in the particular nature of the plants, but in that of the climate in which they live. But into the peculiarities of the South African climate this is not the place to enter.

In close relationship to the number of South African species, and the limited area of their distribution, stands the low degree of *sociableness* of their growth; although no one of these characteristic features follows necessarily and immediately from the other. Respecting the last, I have to thank my friend for some interesting information, of which I insert the most important.

South Africa does not possess plants which, in respect of sociableness, can compare with our predominant meadow grasses and forest trees, or even with the common heaths. A house is large, said Lichtenberg, when your neighbour's house is smaller. So there are in South Africa sociable plants, simply because others are more scattered. Drège notes the following:—

Prionium serratum (Juncus serratus Thunb), a water-plant, in habit and foliage resembling a Yucca. When full grown the woody stem which can hardly be clasped with both hands, stands under water, only the crown of leaves and the flower-panicles raising themselves in the air. Thus the plant is only met with in deep rivers, the stems crowded together from bank to bank; and even, as Lichtenstein has related in his travels, stops the course of the river, or serves occasionally as a natural foundation for a light foot-bridge.

Aloe.—Several shrubby species live sociably together. Also

Hyphaene coriacea Gaertn. A remarkable dwarf and branched Palm about Natal, probably the same which grows at Melinda almost under the equator, and probably also at Madagascar. The other species of this genus is the much loftier Doum Palm of Egypt.

Toxicodendron Capense Thunb (Hyænanche globosa Lamb).—A dwarf tree of the family Euphorbiaceæ. It is very sociable, but only found in one spot on the West Coast, which takes from it the name of Giftberg.

Protea grandiflora, longiflora, penicillata, pyrifolia, and mellifera, all nearly arborescent, live somewhat sociably. Still more, the similarly arborescent.

Leucadendron argenteum (the "Silver Tree") the usual fuel of Cape Town.

Asclepiadeæ.—There are several species of this family of which the individuals grow sociably.

Erica Sebana, and the small-flowered dwarf species of

Blaeria, Salaxis and Omphalocaryon, live somewhat sociably; but most, especially the large-flowered Ericaceæ, have not this habit.

Elytropappus rhinocerotis (Stoebe rhinoc. Th.)—Shrubby, yet scarcely more than two feet in height, and one of the most sociable inhabi-

tants of the Karroo. By the colonists this plant is regarded as a welcome sign of the capability of the soil for cultivation. This is the more singular since the sociability of most plants depends chiefly on their contentedness with a soil which no other plant contests with them.

Galenia Africana—also a small, shrubby Karroo-plant, here and there, but not everywhere, sociable in growth.

Mesembryanthemum spinosum, occurring in the eastern part of the Great Karroo plain, in the neighbourhood of the Sunday River, where this region is called Zwart Ruggens ; and probably spreading from there northwards through the whole Camdeboo (where, however, Drège did not collect it) up to the highest plateau known as the Uitvlught, thus through the breadth of three adjoining provinces ; one of the most sociable plants of the country.

Rhizophora.—At Natal ; both species as other species in the other parts of the world, defend the low coast as with a powerful shield against the breakers of the ocean, and spread themselves, as is known, in the most peculiar manner, by means of aërial roots which become new stems round the mother plant.

Cliffortia—dwarf ; often wholly depressed shrubby mountain plants, many of which are somewhat social.

Prosopis elephantina, scarcely to be called shrubby, grows somewhat closely.

Acacia horrida, the usual companion of the Karroo rivers, and the representative of our river willows.

Brunia nodiflora, and

Stavia radiata, two low shrubs, and some other Bruniaceæ occur sociably. Also, lastly, several species of

Oxalis, which, being provided with bulbs, are perennial.*

This is the whole catalogue of South African plants, which, with more or less reason, may be termed social. It includes no annual plant as our

* I am somewhat surprised that Drège should have omitted to note the species of Euphorbia (*E. tetragona? Haw*) which is one of the "Noorsdoorns" of the inhabitants, and which grows very sociably over large tracts of that dry region immediately north of the Zuurbergen, in the Uitenhage district. It is an erect branching plant of four to six feet in height, and flowers in September, when the bright yellow bracts which tip the ends of the branches, attract the attention of every traveller. But even more sociable where it obtains a favourable position, and far more important in its effects upon the landscape and upon the economic conditions of the country, is the "prickly pear," a species of Opuntia (*O horrida! Salm-Dyck*) introduced at some unknown period from South America, and now regarded as the greatest pest of the farmer in the first Karroo plateau between the Zuurbergen and Sneeuwbergen. As Drège has no mention of this, I infer that it was then (1826-34) a comparatively recent plant, or at least that it had not reached the region where it seems to have found a second home. At this day very many thousands of acres are almost entirely covered with it, and some farms are said to be rendered almost worthless by its encroachments. Cattle, sheep, and goats, indeed, eat it ; but the effect of the formidable spines, with which the whole plant is covered upon all, especially the two latter, is very destructive, large numbers dying of inflammation of the mouth, caused by the wounds. In the kloofs and by river sides it disputes the ground with the acacia and other trees, often killing them, and forming an impenetrable thicket from ten to fifteen feet in height. Many farmers have spent hundreds of pounds in endeavouring to eradicate it. But this is rendered extremely difficult by reason of its wonderfully rapid propagation from any small portion of the flattened succulent stem, which quickly sends out roots and establishes itself, even in the dryest season, and on the most arid soil. Burning, or completely burying it, are said to be the only effectual practicable means of destroying it, and both these are very laborious methods.

Poa annua, *Erophila verna*, and so many weeds of our corn-fields ; no tree of first-class stature, for the Acacias and the Leucadendron do not rise above twenty feet ; few shrubs, and no plants which spread themselves with many branched rhizomes through the soil, as *Agropyrum repens*, *Carex arenaria*, and other similar plants do with us. So that on the whole we may certainly regard Unsociableness of Growth as forming, equally with Multiplicity of Species, and a Limited Area of Distribution, the chief characteristic features of South African vegetation. For as the sociable condition of many, and especially the larger species of plants, oppose itself to multiplicity, so the latter condition exists in a much higher degree in South Africa than in New Holland, where Eucalypti and simple-leaved Acacias form by themselves extensive forests ; or in South America, where the tropical regions at the mouth of the Orinoco possess, in *Mauritia flexuosa*, a lofty and widely-spread forest tree of the most social character ; or in the immeasurable Brazilian prairies, where, notwithstanding their wealth of plants, single species of grasses often predominate in patches, as, for example, *Tristegis glutinosa ;* or where a single species of *Cereus* frequently forms an impenetrable thicket. But we must not confound multiplicity of forms with copiousness and luxuriance of vegetation. Only the former can we claim for South Africa ; the latter remains the undisputed and fairer prize of the younger continent.

This multiplicity of forms increases with the number of genera and families amongst which the number of species is divided. Compared with a varied crowd of altogether different trees, shrubs, bushes, and herbs, each group of sedges, or grove of willows, appears uniform ; although the number of species of sedges, or willows united to form them, may be ever so great. The inquiry into the proportion of geneta to species has therefore a high significance, and no difficulties should deter us from pursuing it. But in order to be able to compare accurately one Flora with another in this respect, we must first know the law according to which, by an inverse ratio, as the number of species increases that of genera decreases. With this object I have investigated the proportion of genera to species in nearly sixty Floras, and have satisfied myself that this inquiry must be much more extended if this law is to be clearly set forth. I found the proportion to be as follows :—

In	Floras.	Minimum.	Maximum.	Average.
10	Under 500 species=1 :	1 0	2.32	1.68
8	From 501 to 1,000 ,, ...	1.50	2.58	2.24
19	,, 1,001 to 1,500 ,, ...	2.43	3.18	2.70
6	,, 1,501 to 2,000 ,, ...	2.84	3.51	3.21
3	,, 2,001 to 2,500 ,, ...	3.57	4.04	3.83
4	,, 2,501 to 3,000 ,, ...	4.06	5.05	4.48
4	,, 3,001 to 3,500 ,, ...	4.14	5.13	4.74
1	,, 3,501 to 4,000 ,, ...	...	...	4.76
1	,, 4,001 to 4,500 ,, ...	...	...	4.48
0	,, 4,501 to 5,000 ,, ...	...	...	...
1	,, 5,001 to 5.500 ,, ...	..	...	5.48

But I earnestly wish that some one would follow up this inquiry who has command of a more copious literature of Floras, who would not shun the labour, and who could thus, by the amalgamation of several Floras,

form larger ones, according as they may be required. Then only, when we are in a position by means of a general formula to reduce the proportion of genera to species in Floras of varying magnitude, according to an accepted standard, somewhat as we reduce the height of the barometer to a fixed standard of temperature—will the observed proportion afford a measure of the degree of multiplicity of vegetable forms.*

According to Drège there are in South Africa 1,008 genera and 6,595 species, thus as 1 : 6·54, a ratio we might have expected according to the progression of the above table. But as a considerable part of the collection is not yet properly investigated, and many plants have been provisionally assigned to the nearest known genera, the true proportion is probably not more than 1 : 6. Very differently is it determined by Harvey in his "Genera of South African Plants," already referred to. According to the notice of this work in the "Annale des. sc. nat." Tom XI., Botanique, p. 379, the author reports 1,086 genera, including the Acotyledons. The South African species belonging to this total number of genera, he estimates, I know not by what method, at 8,500, that is, as 1 : 7·83. Which of these two estimates is more worthy of trust, I must leave the reader to decide.

The proportion, as it appears from Drège's collection is the more remarkable in view of the richness of species of many of the South African genera. In that collection the following genera possess :—

	Species		Species		Species
Senecio	151	Crassula	67	Phylica	46
Pelargonium	148	Euphorbia	66	Agathosma	46
Erica	136	Indigofera	64	Asparagus	46
Helichrysum	108	Polygala.....	56	Osteospermum ...	45
Aspalathus	88	Rhus	55	Panicum	45
Hermannia	86	Cliffortia	54	Pteronia	43
Oxalis	83	Anthericum	54	Leucadendron	43
Restio	82	Heliophila.....	52	Moræa.....	42
Mesembryanthemum.....	69	Muraltia	51	Selago	41
		Cyperus.....	48	Gladiolus	40

Then come 19 genera, with from 30 to 39 species, 26 from 20 to 29, 86 from 10 to 19, and 848 with less than 10 species ; amongst which are 369 genera with only one single species each.

*The Flora of the district of Graaff-Reinet consists, in so far as it is represented in my collections, formed during a period of seven years, of 845 species of flowering plants, distributed amongst 380 genera. The proportion of genera to species is thus 2.22, which comes strikingly near the average of eight Floras of less than 1,000 species, as shewn in the table above.—Tr.

The "Challenger" Expedition.

So much has already appeared in the newspapers respecting the visit of the *Challenger* to the Cape, and the very pleasant intercourse which has been enjoyed between her officers—civilian and naval alike—and the colonists, that it is unnecessary to say a word further on that subject. We had hoped in the present number of the *Magazine* to present our readers with articles from Professor Wyville Thomson and Commander Maclear on the scientific results already achieved by the Expedition. The former gentleman, however, when free from the absorbing festivities of the time, was so occupied with the arrangements required for the continuation of the cruise, and the latter was so busied with the magnetic observations he had to conduct and work up in connection with the magnetic department of the Royal Observatory, that it was impossible for them to fulfil their intention. Both, however, have kindly engaged to forward articles to us from Australia descriptive of their work between here and there. In the meantime, we publish the following interesting sketches. The first is from Commander Maclear on the day of the *Challenger's* departure from Simon's Bay, and is prefaced by the following note :—"I have tried hard to gain time to write you the promised article, but have only now finished my magnetic work. I have struck off a few notes, from which I hope you will be able to make a sketch. Fill in as you like, and I will make good my promise by writing from Australia what we have done down South."

On leaving Simon's Bay, if the weather permits, dredgings and temperature soundings will be taken on the Agulhas bank; then sail made for Marion Island. This and the Crozetts will be examined; the last may be occupied by the French as an observing station for the transit of Venus. Then for Kerguelen Island. It is not likely that the weather will allow a regular series of soundings to be taken as hitherto, but some doubtless will be taken on the passage.

Kerguelen's, or Island of Desolation, will be a fertile field of exploration in every department of science, and as it is to be one of the stations for watching the transit of Venus, special information will be collected for the use of the astronomers who will go there towards the close of next year. The longitude of the island will be determined by chronometrical measurement from the Cape, and again to Melbourne, and with the great number of chronometers (16) that the *Challenger* has on board the longitude should be determined very accurately.

After leaving Kerguelen, Macdonald Island will be examined, and search made for a harbour there; and then a stretch will be made to the Ice Barrier. The investigations in the neighbourhood of the ice are very important, but great care will have to be taken not to get entangled in the ice. With steam power, and the clear weather there is likely to be in February, little danger need be apprehended. If the season should be fine some considerable time will be occupied in this region, but if not, after a short stay sail will be made for Melbourne, which will probably be reached in the end of March. After a few days there, to obtain the rates of the

chronometers, we go on to Sydney to refit and if necessary dock. This terminates the second stage of our voyage.

Leaving Sydney about the middle of May, 1874, and carrying a line of soundings to New Zealand, we next examine the islands about the Coral Sea and Torres Straits in August, 1874.—New Caledonia, New Guinea, Arofura Sea, Kaepang in Timor, Java Sea, Macassar, Celebes, and reach Manilla in November. We next look up the doubtful islands of the Western Pacific; visit New Ireland, the Solomon Islands, and Pellew, and Japan will be reached in March, 1875. From Japan we cross to Vancouver's, and then to Valparaiso examining Eastern Island and Sulay group in our course. Leaving Valparaiso in the end of 1875, we go through the Straits of Magellan to Falkland Isles, Rio de Janeiro, Ascension, and England in the middle of 1876.

Our next communication, and on a very interesting subject, is from Mr. Wild, the accomplished Artist of the Expedition, and Secretary of the Civilian Scientific Staff:—

Our departure having been delayed for another day, it struck me at the last moment, that the temperature observations made on board H.M.S. *Challenger*, in Simon's Bay and Table Bay, kindly placed at my disposal by Capt. Nares, and supplemented by Surgeon Thos. Bolster, of H.M.S. *Flora*, might be of interest to the readers of your Magazine. These observations tend to show that the broad and comparatively sluggish "Antarctic Drift Current" running to the eastward before the continuous westerly wind, accumulates its waters against the West Coast of Africa, and raises the level of the sea sufficiently to prevent the warm Agulhas current continuing its course westward, swallowing or diverting nearly the whole of it. Only a very small portion of the warm current occasionally escapes to the northward round the Cape during southerly winds, intermixing with the colder water of the drift current, which also throws out an offshoot to the northward. Great variations of temperature may naturally be looked for when two such oppositely constituted currents meet and intermingle. It is well known at the Cape that the warm current seldom extends as far to the north as Table Bay, the water there being generally much colder than in Simon's Bay; but it may not be so well known that the water in the latter Bay is liable to rapid and considerable changes of temperature. During our stay the wind has been blowing nearly without intermission from the south-east, and the temperature of the sea in Simon's Bay was from 62° to 64° F.,—the same temperature, and therefore water derived from the same source, as we found close to the land outside the Bay. But on two occasions of a north-westerly wind this warm water was driven out of Simon's Bay, being in the short space of six hours replaced by water of a temperature of 51°; and this applies not only to the surface water, but to that at the depth of nine fathoms—the depth of water in which the *Challenger* was anchored, and to which our observations extended. The warm current usually circles round False Bay from Cape Agulhas towards Cape Point; but on the occasions above referred to, whilst the water was gradually cooling, a current was circling round

the Bay in the opposite direction, running to the eastward from Cape Point towards Cape Agulhas. From this we can only conclude that during westerly gales the pressure of the wind is sufficient to overpower and drive the narrow branch or horn of the Agulhas Current, which at other times is found touching the Cape, to the southward with the rest of the stream. It is remarkable that the surface-water of a temperature of 51°, found in Simon's Bay during westerly winds, is colder than that found at any station to the westward during our run across, except at a depth of fifty fathoms; the lowest surface temperature being 54°. It would therefore appear, as the general result of our observations, that whilst the Agulhas current is arrested off the Cape of Good Hope in its westerly course by the Antarctic drift current running eastward, a branch of it flows into False Bay during prevailing southerly winds, occupying the whole depth of the Bay, and at this season raising the temperature of its waters to 64° F.; and another branch, under the influence of the same winds, occasionally penetrating into Table Bay. On the other hand, a north westerly or westerly gale has the effect of driving the warm current out of False Bay; the warm water being replaced within a few hours by water at a temperature of 51°, which enters the Bay in an opposite direction, and probably is a branch of the Antarctic drift current. The generally low temperature of the water in Table Bay is produced by the cold drift current striking against the west coast of Africa at the Cape; the main branch continuing its course eastward, whilst another branch runs northward along the coast, and into Table Bay. As Simon's Bay is frequently used as a resort for sea bathing, it may be of importance from a sanitary point of view to know how rapidly the temperature of its waters may change, according to the direction of the wind,—the difference amounting occasionally to as much as 13° F. within six hours.

Temperatures observed in Simon's Bay at 9 a.m.			Temperature observed in Table Bay at 9 a.m.	
Date. 1873.	Temperature. F.	Direction of the Wind.	Temperature. F.	Direction of the Wind.
Nov. 27	51·8	N.W. by N.	...	...
28	51·0	S.W.	...	...
29	57·3	S.S.E.	...	...
30	61·5	S.E. by S.	...	...
Dec. 1	61·7	S.E.	...	...
2	60·0	N.W.	60·0	N.E.
3	52·0	N.W.	54·1	N.N.W.
4	53·5	S.W.	55·5	W.N.W.
5	62·0	S.	54·9	S.
6	61·0	S.E.	57·0	N.W.
7	62·0	S.E.	53·5	S.S.E.
8	61·0	S.E.	51·5	S.
9	...	...	50·5	N.W.
10	64·0	S.E.	51·3	N.N.E.
11	64·0	S.E.	...	N.N.W.
12	63·5	S.E.	...	...

And our last though not least interesting communication comes from gallant Blue Jacket who speaks for himself and the *Challengers* and their labours somewhat irreverently thus :—

From Jack Skylight to his old Shipmate.

A LETTER WITHOUT MUCH RHYME AND WITH A LITTLE REASON.

We crossed the Line a many times in craft both great and small
And of them 'ere fish that's thereabouts I've caught 'em nearly all.
It aint becos I wants to boast I says as "it is so,"
But 'cos I think that wot is wot I'm just the bloke to know.
I'll first acquaint you, topmate, with the nature of my dooty,
And show you what I've larned since last we met, my beauty.
I jined this craft last winter, got rated on her ledger
A swabber, jobber, scrubber, a sounder, and a druger.
I know, old ship, when this you see you'll say I'm flyin' hi,
But it's true as Polly-Arris is above us in the sky.
At sea we sounds—no matter, Bill, if every blessed thread
Aloft or low of canvas before the wind is spread,
In it comes! And down there goes, I've really quite forgotten
How many fathoms (half inch), Bill, until we touches bottom.
Sometimes the timmey-noggie that holds the weights don't G
And then a fog* arises as is horrible to see.
We flies in all directions, like cats on houses sportin'
The luff cries out, the donkey shies, and makes a dreadful snortin'—
It aint a regular ass, Bill, but one of them inventions
They puts aboard a man of-war with various intentions,
To wit, it nicks the complement, and gives the honest Jacks
More time to study politics and read their Sunday tracks.
The donkey does the hauling in, which is no doubt a blessin',
For if it had to come by hand, oh! lord, 'twould be distressin'.

We've a many curious ratins, a lot of long shore tallies
For scientifick genelmen, their servants, and their valleys.
Don't yer see these learned bosses have come to search the ocean,
But for what, old son, 'twixt you and I, I'm blow'd if I've a notion.
I've 'eard 'em talk of Artic drift and walleys under water,
And specs next week to find they've nab'd old Davy and his darter.
Of course you know they've got to find the link atween the species,
Some say as there's a coon aboard as liks it all to pieces;
I cannot tell, for well you know it aint the likes o' me
That's got a chance like swells abaft the curus sight to see.
The scientifick swells, old chap, are mad on mud, and great
On getting things like what we used in Chiney for our bait.
You know them sqids and stuff we tried for catching them there conger,
Well, it's the same; but then the name is many a fathom longer.

* Row.

They seems to me to make a deal and show a great surprise
At things you've seen, Bill, many times when first they meet their eyes.
Perhaps its 'cos the thing's alive their fancies somewhat tickle,
They only having seen them home screwed up in brine or pickle.

I've told yer how we sounded, now I'll tell yer how we druge,
And if my life's a angel's I'll leave yer for to judge.
We hangs the drege at the yard-arm to a sort o' kind of buffer—
At explernation, Bill, yer no I always was a duffer.
It aint a bad doge neither; for when its pulled it streches
And gives a kind of surge when the dredge at summat ketches;
It's like a koncertina, Bill, but where the wind is squoze
From end to end a set of stays like Inde rubber goes:
A block is tacked at bottom and through it runs the line—
Which is the werry bane of life to this old pal of thine;
I've burnt my hands, I've spiled my close, I torn my underneath,
I bark'd my shins and nik'd my back, and loosened all my teeth—
All through that blessed line, Bill, which, trifling as it seems,
Is wuss nor all the nightmares that ever hunts in dreams.
The care that is required for to keep that line from breakin'
If your stationed near the donkey is a awful undertakin';
The thing flies thro' your fingers, and if stationed near the drum,
Its safe to nab you somehow by a finger or a thumb;
Then there's the pipe and others, Bill, that raise a shout and cal
Till you'd almost think they'd been and caught the devil in the traw.;
The trawl's for fancy drugin' and the work's about the same,
The only diff'rance I can see is that wot's in the name.

A scientifick genelman, our Genius on the cruise,
Explained to us the animals, their habits, and their use;
I don't tumble to it much; but, Bill, he spun a yarn
About the objeck of the cruise which I was glad to larn.
He said 'twas for the good of man to raise him summat higher,
Since it was proved by some one that a monkey was his sire;
I don't see how it follers—but he sed from wat he found
There were fields of blazing sea weed below upon the ground;
And every little blessed thing we druge out of the sea
Was for the good of all mankind, including u and me.
He likewise said, and bid us all partikilarly remark,
That at the bottom also 'twas most exceedin' dark,
Cause from twenty million fathoms once we got a curus prize
(He didn't want 'em in the dark) a fish with many eyes.
He told us that we'd all be dooks when this 'ere cruise is done;
I think he was mistaken, or he meant he would be one.

Thare goes the pipe, my hearty; so I'll no more at present write
But ax you to believe yours most faithful

JACK SKYLIGHT.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The University and Colleges of the Cape of Good Hope.

It is a good omen that the Cape University is inaugurating a new era in our intellectual circles just when the Colony is making an unprecedented advance in commercial enterprise and prosperity.

We have waited long for the tide in our affairs to lead us on to fortune; and the golden opportunity, to take it at the flood, has not been omitted; but the formation of an academic body, armed with the power of conferring distinctions on those who reach a certain intellectual standard, will not necessarily lead the authorities of the various Colleges to enlarge the circle of their studies or to increase the facilities for studying those departments of knowledge, which are now conspicuous by their absence or by the imperfect provision for making them accessible to students.

The University completes the structure of the educational system of the Colony, and fitly and freely offers its honours to all, so that all Colleges and Public Schools, whether under State control or not, may be regarded as subsidiary to it, and the University Council has thus a direct interest in promoting the efficiency and extension of the teaching-power in every one of them.

Before venturing to map out the preliminary features of such a professorial system as the Government and the University seem called upon to promote, it is desirable to meet one or two misapprehensions regarding the end and aim of the Colonial University.

Fifteen years ago the higher examinations in Literature and Science, as then projected, were looked upon as pedantic and chimerical. "Teach the three R's, first of all, to the ignorant poor," was the advice of objectors; "begin at the base, and gradually elevate the whole body of the people;" "when your Public Schools are thoroughly organized, and you have a staff of trained teachers, then it will be time to adopt so pretentious a system as that of the Board of Public Examiners." Now, to wait for the ignorant to overtake their more favoured fellow-citizens is so manifestly absurd that it is strange to hear such objections to University education from those who are engaged in the *diviner* art of making money. Will the enterprising merchant, the thriving importer, suspend his paying

speculations and his chances of success, until the petty huckster has worked up to his level, so that they may all then, and not till then, make a simultaneous start in the race for wealth?

In the constant and eager struggle to rise, which distinguishes the man of to-day, it is essential to the welfare of society that those whose position, intelligence, and wealth, have placed them in the higher and more influential spheres of employment, should use every effort, not merely to hold their own, but to keep ahead of those who are pressing on their heels. Hamlet's words were prophetic:—"The age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe."

But the gravitation of the influences of higher education is too often overlooked; and the means adopted in 1859 by the Examining Board to encourage young men to prolong their term of studies so as to obtain an authoritative certificate of their qualifications, permeated the strata of colonial society far lower and deeper than a casual observer would detect. It became the pride of many a struggling country tradesman to give his son those advantages which had been denied to himself; and the effects of the honourable emulation thus originated have been felt throughout the departments of the Public Service, as well as in the various professions.

If the Board was successful during its probationary existence (and, by the Act, its operations were but a prelude to something higher and permanent), it is no mere pedantry to maintain that the University, although at present exercising the functions of an *Examiner* only, and not of a *Teacher*, will have a wide and powerful influence throughout this Colony and the neighbouring States.

Some whose remarks deserve consideration say that an Examining University will never secure for its degrees that value which is attached to an Oxford or Cambridge degree of B.A., attainable only after three or four years' continuous residence. There is no doubt that the current high value of an Oxford or Cambridge degree arises from the knowledge that the holder has spent a considerable time in a society which offers an admirable preparation for young men about to enter on life, as well as the intercourse and advice of some of the best-stored intellects of the day—and a social atmosphere which *emollit mores*.

We, in this Colony of vast extent and thinly peopled, have been compelled to take those parts of the University system which regard intellectual tests and distinctions, and to omit for the present those, equally important in themselves from a social point of view, which concern the student's place of residence and collateral supervision, teaching, and training; and which, at Oxford and Cambridge, constitute the College as distinguished from the University. The Oxford undergraduate lives in his own College; submits to College discipline, as regards morals, attendance on lectures, preparations for examinations; and only comes before the University when he seeks matriculation or a degree. The University and the Colleges work together

towards an end; but the University provides no teaching for those who are candidates for Degrees in Arts; the teaching is done by College Tutors, not by University Professors. In fact, an undergraduate may pass through his academic terms and take his B.A. without encountering that *rara avis*, a University Professor.

Representatives of the highest institutions, having seats in the Cape University Council, will be the means of maintaining an intimate and direct connection between the University and its feeders—mutually acting and reacting on each other. The University, guided by the practical knowledge and experience of the most eminent educators, will set up standards of qualification for its honours, whilst the Colleges and High Schools will compete in honourable rivalry to prepare their respective candidates for the tests.

Those to whom the direction of this important machinery is committed are not specially concerned to know what value the European world will attach to their labours. Experience has proved that a useful stimulus has been applied by the agency of an Examining Board, and they have sufficient confidence in public opinion to feel that if their standards are honestly reached, and their examinations are conducted by men of approved integrity and attainments, this Colony will gratefully acknowledge the impulse given to steady application and systematic study—processes of incalculable value in forming the character and habits of our young men, and in raising a succession of qualified men to fill the highest offices in political and social life.

A University, with its array of professors and gowned students, lecture-rooms, halls, and dormitories, suggests picturesque associations of academic cloisters, lettered repose, and an atmosphere of philosophic retirement and contemplation high above the ordinary walks and aims of the *profanum vulgus*: such an institution is not only beyond the limits of our public purse, but would not have suited the present circumstances of the Colony. To have restricted academic honours to the *alumni* resident in such a University, whether built at this end or the other of the Colony, would have been a death-blow to existing institutions, and would have so narrowed the basis of University influence as to neutralize the chief objects for which a University is here required.

The institutions which have already shaped, or are likely to shape, their course of study so as to qualify students to matriculate, and afterwards to graduate in the University, are:—

The South African College, Cape Town;
The Diocesan College, Rondebosch;
The Graaff-Reinet College;
The Gill College, Somerset East;
St. Andrew's College, Graham's Town.
The Wesleyan Collegiate Institution, near Queen's Town; and
The First-class Public Schools throughout the Colony.

And it is time to inquire what further provision for teaching is required in these to make them efficient co-operators with the University.

I shall deal first with the oldest collegiate corporation, the South African College. By Ordinance No. 11 of 1837 it is enacted that there shall be in the College *four* professors, viz :—

1st. A Professor of English and Classic Literature ;
2nd. A Professor of Dutch-Classic Literature and of Modern Languages ;
3rd. A Professor of Physical Sciences ; and
4th. A Professor of Mathematics.

The actual distribution of the departments is somewhat different. There are Professors of Ancient Classic Literature and of Mathematics, and the Professor of Physical Sciences has, in addition, the charge of the Department of English Literature. The Dutch language is taught by a professor who receives a fixed salary from the Council, but no fees ; Continental languages are taught by a visiting master, who is paid only by the fees of his pupils. The working staff are really the four professors above named, receiving each £100 fixed annual salary from the College Council, and with the exception noticed the fees of the pupils attending their respective departments. It is understood that a large share of their time and labour is devoted to elementary work ; and to enable them to devote their whole attention to the strictly collegiate classes it would be necessary to provide otherwise for the tuition of the junior scholars ; but where a professor's income depends chiefly on the fees of scholars attending his class, it is plainly unfair to withdraw the thirty or forty juniors (*i.e.*, £120 to £160 per annum), from each professor, unless the income thus to be curtailed is made up in some other way. If the professor is to give the same amount of time and teaching as before, but to confine himself to the senior students and to the higher branches of his department, then either the fees of the seniors must be considerably raised, or the deficit contemplated must be met from extraneous sources.

To raise the rates of students' fees much higher would be to restrict the advantages and opportunities of the highest education to the favoured few who do not experience the *res angusta domi ;* and the Council of Directors, with its small Government gratuity of £400 per annum,* is quite incompetent to grapple with the growing requirements of the institution.

Here is an essentially public institution, directed by a body of directors who have no pecuniary interest in its affairs, who have made great and successful efforts, with the liberal subscriptions of the public, to erect a residence for students and a hall for elementary studies, paralyzed in its plans to promote the highest education by

* This is subject to a deduction of £80 per annum, interest on money supposed to have been a *gift* from the Government for erecting buildings thirty years ago ; and likewise subject to the burden of educating ten Queen's Scholars—equivalent to a cost of £150 a year.

the want of adequate support, either from annual grants or by endowments for the professorial chairs.

The Graaff-Reinet College enjoys, by Act 29 of 1860, an annual Government allowance of £400, and in this case there is no provision in the Act for defining the staff of professors. At present, there are *two* professors, and a teacher of the preparatory school.

The Gill College, with a body of three professors and a preparatory department, has no aid from the Public Treasury beyond a temporary gratuity for a library and museum; but the authorities have decided upon applying to Parliament for an Incorporation Act, and also for such assistance as is given to other Colleges.

It seems, therefore, opportune to discuss the principle on which grants from the Public Funds should be made to Colleges.

When the sum of £400 was first promised to the South African College in 1845, it appears to have been appropriated distinctly to two professorships, viz. (1) Classics and English, (2) Mathematics, the Professor of Dutch receiving £100 per annum from the College Funds, according to the report* furnished by the College Council on 17th April, 1845, in answer to a letter from the Government.

The reply of the Government, 27th October, 1845, to Sir John Wylde, Chairman of the College Council, contains the following words:—"The Appropriation Ordinance for the year 1846 contains a grant of £400 for the South African College. This sum was voted upon the understanding that it should be paid from the Treasury to professors approved by the Government * * (Signed) JOHN MONTAGU."

Accordingly, in 1848, on the arrival of a classical professor from England, the annual gratuity from the Public Treasury was augmented from £200 to £400; at which date the staff consisted of Professor Adamson (Mathematics) £200; Professor Dale (Classics) £200; and Professor Heyns (Dutch) £100.

I am not concerned to explain why, in their straitened circumstances, the Council of Directors, some years afterwards, deducted £100 per annum from each of the two professorships; but I wish to establish clearly that with the consent of the Home Government £200 was fixed as the annual amount of aid towards the salary of a professor approved by the Government; and the same principle led to the amount of £400 per annum being attached to the Graaff-Reinet College.

Whilst leaving each College to provide, from its own funds, the class-rooms and apparatus, and teachers in all the preparatory depart-

* EXTRACT FROM REPORT.—The expense of this (developing the organization of the College) may be reckoned at the following rate per annum:—

Two Professors at £200	£400
One Dutch do., as at present	£100
Janitor	£60

This would leave the funds of the College * * as an endowment for one Professor, and provision for such incidental expenses as may arise.

ments of a liberal education, and in modern languages, drawing, &c., I conceive it to be a fair and legitimate basis of Government aid to attach an annual grant of £200 to each professorship in the departments of Arts, provided that the Government has satisfied itself that such a professorship is required, and that the arrangements, under which the duties are to be performed, will be convenient and beneficial to all who wish to attend the classes of the professor.

Every collegiate institution would then be in a position to extend the range of its studies from time to time, and the whole system of Government aid, to the humblest native school and to the highest College, would be conducted on a uniform and equitable principle, instead of subjecting each grant to the ebb and flow of Parliamentary favour.

To appropriate *lump* grants, as at present, to the general purposes of any College, I look upon as inexpedient. The experience of the professors of the South African College shows the impolicy of such a mode.

A Parliamentary grant should be for a distinct purpose, whether salary or otherwise, and should be issued only so long as the duties of the office are efficiently performed, and the public show its appreciation of the provision thus made at the public expense, by a fair attendance of students in the classes.

By this systematic allocation of aid to professorships in Arts, I consider that ample provision would be gradually made for the highest instruction in Languages and Literature, Mathematics, and the Physical Sciences.

It may be asked how it is proposed to deal with the Denominational Colleges mentioned in my list—what attitude the Government would assume towards them, and what help they might equitably look for in their educational machinery. So long as each institution had a separate sphere of action, and professorships were not founded in excess of the absolute requirements of any town or district, I can see no objection to the Diocesan College, for instance, claiming aid towards a professorship in chemistry or other branches of Physical Science, provided that the classes were conducted under such arrangements in regard to time, fees, &c., as to be accessible to out-college students, who were unable or unwilling to go through the ordinary school-work of the institution.

Grave complications must arise if a system of general subsidies to Denominational Colleges were initiated, and the scramble for such public grants would soon lead to the abolition of all; but when a College, such as the Diocesan, asks for aid to extra-collegiate professorships in special branches of Literature and Science which cannot be adequately provided for in the ordinary curriculum, and which are thus made available to all, whether ordinary students of that College or not, I conceive that it would be a flat injustice to exclude the College from the advantages offered to others.

Having thus sketched an outline of the way in which the due pre-

paration of candidates for degrees in Arts may be secured throughout the Colony, I need only say that professional lectureships in Law, Anatomy, &c., &c., should, in like manner, be attached to and directed by the University, the lectures being open to all students who, if belonging to any of the Subsidiary Colleges, would attend at the University for these special classes, without breaking connection with their own College.

Such a system would be eminently conservative of existing interests, and would have in it all the elements of progress.

The question of expenditure is one that weighs largely with the Colonial Legislature; but it is a significant trait in the Molteno policy that the development of education and public works occupies the foremost place. An expenditure of two or three thousand pounds annually would, after all, be only a paltry pittance, as the member of Port Elizabeth so impulsively declares of our educational grants generally. I do not ask nine thousand pounds per annum for one institution, which is the noble sum given annually to the Melbourne University; but I ask what is commensurate both with our educational wants and with our public revenue; what is demanded by the voice of the country, now awakened to the long-neglected lesson that education is essential to its progress. I ask only what is consistent with the honourable and dignified position which the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope is now occupying among the dependencies of the Empire.

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The University.

The incorporation and establishment of the University of the Cape of Good Hope by an Act of the Colonial Legislature seems to offer a fitting opportunity of tracing the steps by which this important advance in our educational and intellectual progress has been reached. The object of this paper will accordingly be to sketch the history of the movement which has led to the establishment of the University, and at the same time to show that the success which has attended the labours of the Board of Examiners, out of which the University has grown, is such as to justify the step which has now been taken. We shall also endeavour to lay before our readers an outline of the constitution of the University, and of its scheme of examinations.

The Board of Public Examiners in Literature and Science was established by an Act of the Colonial Legislature in 1858. Previously to that time, the only Government examinations were those for admission to the Civil Service, and for the licence to practice in the Colony as land surveyors. The former were conducted by special examiners appointed from time to time by the Governor; the latter, by the

Surveyor-General of the Colony. The want, however, of a more general and thorough test of scholarship, especially in connection with our principal Colleges and Schools, had long been felt by those who were interested in the intellectual advancement of the Colony. The late Mr. Justice Watermeyer, Dr. Innes, and Dr. Dale, had frequent conversations on the subject, and by these gentlemen a scheme was organized for the establishment of a Board of Examiners, empowered to grant certificates of proficiency in literature and science, in law and jurisprudence, as well as in navigation, engineering, and the theory of land-surveying. The general model upon which the system of examinations was framed was the University of London, the Board's second-class and first-class certificates in literature corresponding respectively to the B.A. and M.A. examinations in that University, and the Board's third-class certificate (added, some years subsequently, to the original scheme) being equivalent to the University matriculation.

Those who have taken an interest in the higher education of the Colony do not need to be told of the impulse which the institution of the Board at once gave to education. Hitherto there had been no opportunity of comparing the attainments of students from the different Schools and Colleges with each other. But the Board of Examiners at once supplied the deficiency, and for the last fifteen years there has been a keen and honourable rivalry among candidates from nearly every part of the Colony for the honours and prizes at the disposal of the Board. The following list will show that the establishment of the Board has not failed to realize to a large extent the expectation of its founders :—

Holders of the first-class certificate in law.....				4
,,	,,	,,	literature and science	8
,,	second-class	,,	,, ,,	53
,,	third-class	,,	,, ,,	166
,,	second-class	,,	law.....	72
,,	certificate in surveying			66
,,	,,	engineering		2
Candidates who passed the Civil Service examination.....				56
Total number of certificates issued.....				427

With these results to encourage them, the friends of the higher education began to consider whether the time had not arrived for taking another step in our intellectual progress. The Act of 1858 provided that, when the holders of the second-class certificate reached the number of fifty, important changes should be introduced into the constitution of the Board. Grave doubts had arisen in the minds of not a few as to the practical working of the proposed new constitution. Under these circumstances, therefore, the question was raised whether those who were interested in the movement would not be justified in urging upon the Government the establishment of a

University empowered to confer degrees, in place of a Board which could grant only certificates. The opinions of those most conversant with the subject, and most competent to judge in the matter, were obtained. They were unanimously in favour of the movement. Upon their representation, a commission was appointed to consider the whole subject, and to report to the Government the result of their deliberations in time to allow of legislative action in the matter during the session of 1873, should this be deemed advisable. After very careful consideration, the commission presented to the Government an elaborate report, strongly urging the establishment of the proposed University, and containing the draft of a Bill to be submitted to the Legislature. The Bill, with some modifications, was accepted by the Houses of Parliament, and the first meeting of the University Council was held on the 1st of September, 1873.

The Act of Incorporation provides that the University shall consist of "a chancellor, vice-chancellor, a council, and graduates." The chancellor is to be elected by the convocation of graduates as soon as they shall reach the number of one hundred. The vice-chancellor is a member of the council, elected to the office by the council. The council consists of twenty members, continuing in office for six years. The first council was appointed by the Governor, and vacancies as they occur are to be filled alternately by the Governor and the convocation. All succeeding councils are to be appointed partly by the Governor and partly by convocation.

The University is empowered to confer, after examination, the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, Bachelor and Doctor of Medicine, Bachelor and Doctor of Laws; and also to admit to any of these degrees, without examination, a graduate of another University, "on his furnishing to the council satisfactory evidence that he is *bonâ fide* a graduate of such other University, and on the council being satisfied that he is likely to exercise the privilege to the honour and advancement of this University."

The by-laws and regulations for the examinations for degrees in Arts, and for the degree of Bachelor of Laws, have been framed and published. For degrees in Medicine, and for the higher degree in Laws, no provision has as yet been made.

Comparing the University regulations for degrees in Arts with those for the certificates of the late Board of Examiners, we find that the main features are the same in both. The matriculation examination corresponds almost exactly to the examination for the Board's third-class certificate, and the B.A. examination to that for the second-class certificate. The Board of Examiners framed its scheme of examinations on the model of the University of London, making such modifications from time to time as experience suggested. It was to be expected that, with the fifteen years' experience of the Board of Examiners to guide them, the council of the University would not have much to change. Indeed, the best proof of the care and wisdom which the Board has shown in shaping out its examinations is found in the fact that the University has had occasion to

make so little change in them. Some important modifications, however, have been introduced into the highest examination in the department of Arts. The London University, the late Board, and the council of this University, all agree in the general principle that in the lower examinations candidates are expected to show a fair acquaintance with a comparatively wide range of subjects, without being required to reach a high degree of merit in each; while in the higher examinations, on the other hand, the candidate may select some special class of subjects, and, within this limited range, he is expected to reach a high standard of excellence. The late Mr. J. S. Mill described a well-educated man as one who knew "something about everything, and everything about something." The lower examinations of which we are now speaking may be said to apply the first half of this test to a candidate—he must know something about a good many things. The higher examination applies the latter half of the test—"everything about something,"—full and accurate knowledge of some specific subject. The candidate for the degree of Master of Arts may, accordingly, select any one of the three subjects of—

1. Languages and literature, with history, logic, and mental philosophy.
2. Mathematics, and natural philosophy.
3. Physical sciences.

It is in the first of these subjects that the University has made the most important change. The late Board prescribed certain classical authors in which candidates for the first-class certificate were to be examined. The University specifies no books, but requires its candidate for the M.A. degree in this department to pass an examination in *the Greek and Latin classic authors*. We fear that the number of candidates who present themselves for an examination of which this is only a part, will be small indeed for many years to come. All will agree, however, in admitting that the candidate who has fairly passed such an examination has an unusually good claim to the distinction of Master of Arts. The writer of this notice remembers meeting some years ago with a Master of Arts of an ancient university, and was solemnly assured that in his honours examination, the whole range of the classical authors was included. "No grammars were allowed me," said our friend, "or other works of reference; nothing but pens, ink, paper,—*and a dictionary!*" *Non tali auxilio*, says the Cape University. The mathematical examination for the same degree embraces a wide range of scientific reading, both in pure mathematics and in natural philosophy. In the physical sciences department the candidate may select any *three* of the following subjects:—

1. Physical geography.
2. Geology.
3. Botany.
4. Zoology.
5. Animal physiology.
6. Chemistry.
7. Light.
8. Heat and Sound.
9. Magnetism and Electricity.

The examination for the degree of Bachelor of Laws is the same as that for the first-class certificate in law and jurisprudence of the late Board of Examiners. Candidates for this degree are required to "have obtained or been admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts in the University of the Cape of Good Hope." A Bachelor in Laws is eligible for admission as a barrister or advocate of the Supreme Court.

The University certificate in law and jurisprudence corresponds to the Board's second-class law certificate, and entitles the holder to the same privileges. By Act No. 12 of 1858, it is provided that the holder of either of the Board's certificates in law is eligible for admission as an attorney of the Supreme Court, after an apprenticeship or clerkship of three years, whereas without the possession of the certificate he must have served for five years. Candidates for this certificate are required to have matriculated in the University, or to be holders of the Board's third-class certificate, "provided that it shall not be necessary for any person to pass the matriculation examination aforesaid who shall at the time of the taking effect of this Act be serving as an apprentice or clerk under any such contract as is in the third section, or in the fifth section of the Act, No. 12, 1858, described." In other words, candidates may proceed to the examinations for the law certificate without passing the matriculation examination, if the date of their articles of apprenticeship is earlier than the 26th of June, 1873.

The survey examination remains essentially the same as before. Candidates are "required to pass in the mathematical subjects of the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, except that papers in spherical trigonometry and co-ordinate geometry of the straight line, spherical astronomy, and in geodesy shall be substituted for those on co-ordinate geometry and mechanics."

An important question was raised in connection with the University, and discussed with considerable keenness,—What was to be the relation of holders of certificates from the late Board to the University? The University has fixed the same range of subjects for its degree of B.A. as the Board prescribed for its second-class certificate in literature and science. Is it fair, said some, that the student who passed a certain examination in 1872 should have nothing beyond a certificate, while the student who passed what is virtually the same examination in 1873 receives a degree? Is it not an absurdity, said others, to call a man a graduate of a University that was not even in existence when he passed his examinations? A. B. passed an examination in 1858, gaining, let us suppose, much applause at the time, and comfortably drawing his bursary of £50 a year for the next three years. He has had what he bargained for. He is now a thriving merchant, more conversant with baftas and punjums than with equations; learned as to calico, but exceedingly foolish as to the calculus; or he is riding leisurely over one of his sheep-farms in Albany, and wondering whether the clip of this year will, like last year's, clear him another £3,000; or he is high in the

Service, and dispenses even-handed justice between the oppressed farmer and the insolent nigger. Why trouble the men, and thrust these honours upon them? If the University is to make its way, and gain the confidence of the community, it must be by giving its honours only to those whom it has examined and found worthy of them. The latter view was that which commended itself to the Council of the University. To admit to its degrees students who had passed similar examinations before the University existed, would be, in its opinion, to sacrifice the principle upon which the degrees of the University might fairly claim recognition and value. Still it was felt that the holders of these certificates had a fair claim to some recognition by the University, inasmuch as by the provisions of the Act of 1858 they were entitled to votes in the election of the contemplated Council of Education to be constituted when the number of holders of the second-class certificate amounted to fifty. The University Council accordingly provided that such certificate holders should be members of the Convocation of the University, and thus be entitled to vote with the graduates of the University in the election of members of the Council. It is also provided that holders of the third-class certificate may proceed to the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts without passing the matriculation examination; and that holders of the second-class certificate in literature may proceed to the M.A. examination without passing either the matriculation or the B.A. examination; or the holders of these certificates may ignore them altogether, and matriculate and graduate in the University without any reference to their examination by the Board. Less concession than this to the claims of certificate holders would have been unfair to them; larger concession it would have been dangerous to the interests of the University to make.

The regulations for the Porter Studentship and for Mrs. Jamison's Scholarship remain unchanged. The former of these endowments was founded by Mr. Porter in the year 1866. On that gentleman's retirement from the public service, the Houses of Parliament unanimously voted that, in consideration of his distinguished services, he should receive a pension equal in amount to the salary of the office from which he retired. The difference in amount between this sum and that to which he was entitled by the rules of the service was about £500. With a generous munificence in keeping with his character and conduct, Mr. Porter expressed a wish to devote this sum annually to some object connected with the education and intellectual advancement of the Colony. A deed of gift was accordingly executed by Mr. Porter, by which this sum was secured as an annual gift to the Board of Examiners, of which Mr. Porter was at the time a member, during the donor's life. The first examination for this splendid prize—a studentship of £150 per annum, tenable for three years—was held in 1869. The successful candidate was Mr. R. H. Fair, of the South African College. He at once proceeded to Cambridge, and, after a successful career at St. Peter's College, graduated in mathematical honours in 1872. Mr. Fair was

ordained by the late lamented Bishop of Winchester in the same year, and is now actively engaged in clerical work in London. Mr. W. H. Solomon, also of the South African College, gained the Porter studentship at the next examination, in 1872, and is now prosecuting his studies at Cambridge with fair prospect of distinction. The next competition will be in October, 1875.

Mrs. Jamison's Scholarship is, like the Porter Studentship, an endowment which owes its existence to the liberality of a private individual. The sum of £5,000 was given by Mrs. Jamison to the late Board of Examiners to found a scholarship, tenable on such conditions as the Board might determine. The only conditions made by the donor were that the scholarship should be held only by persons born within the Colony, and the sons of parents domiciled in the Colony; and that no candidate should be eligible who had not attended the classes of the South African College during the two years immediately preceding the examination. The Council has attached this scholarship to the B.A. examination, and will award it "to the competitor who shall have obtained the highest aggregate of marks in all the subjects of the examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts, provided that his name appears in the honours division." Candidates for this scholarship, as for the Porter Studentship, must be under twenty years of age. The first competition for Mrs. Jamison's Scholarship will he held in October, 1874.

We have entered somewhat into detail on the subject of these scholarships, believing it to be of importance that the conditions upon which they are tenable should be widely known, and, if necessary, freely criticised. It is well, moreover, that examples of such generous and munificent encouragement to learning should be prominent in the public view. They may be followed by some of our wealthy and intelligent colonists. We cannot well imagine a better channel in which superfluous wealth could be made to flow. Gifts like these do far more than perpetuate the names of the donors. They set in motion an endless succession of waves of intellectual influence, and carry down to the remote future, with unimpaired vitality and freshness, the kindly spirit and the intelligent liberality of the past.

With this simple statement, we leave the subject for the present. Our aim has been to set before our readers what has been done; how it came to be done; what it is proposed to do. We have carefully refrained alike from criticism and from advocacy. If the principles that have been adopted are sound, the University will not fear the one, or stand in need of the other. It must make its own way, and stand or fall by its own desert. It looks, not as a suppliant, but by a natural right, to the men of education and intellectual sympathies among us for help and encouragement; to the Colleges and the young men of the Colony for its character and position; and to the public for the means of carrying on its work. We are persuaded it will look to none of them in vain.

Three Translations from the German of Heine.

Up, up! my man! and saddle fast,
  And on thy charger spring,
And ride away, o'er flood and fell,
  To Duncan,—to the King.

Then steal into a stall, and wait,
  And draw a groom aside,
Then find out this,—ask "Which one is
  Of Duncan's daughters, bride?"

And, says the groom, "The Brunette 'tis,"
  So bring me word in haste;
But, says the groom, "It is the Blonde,"—
  Thou need'st not speed so fast;

But hie thee where they deal in rope,
  And buy me there a cord!
With that ride slowly back again,—
  And see thou speak no word.

My child, when we were children,
  Two children young and gay,
We used to creep into the hen-house,
  And bury ourselves in the hay.

We used to crow as the cocks do;
  And, came there anyone by,
"Cock-a-doodle!"—they fancied
  They heard an old bird cry.

The boxes about the farm-yard
  We used to turn upside down,
And play that we lived together,
  In a stately house of our own.

The ancient cat of the neighbours
Came many a time to call;
We made her bows and curtseys,
And compliments great and small;

Inquired after her welfare
In an earnest, unctuous style:
Since then, to how many "old cats"
Have we used the self-same guile!

Oft-times we sat and chatted,
As grave old people do,
Of how all things had altered
Since the days that once we knew—

How love, and truth, and virtue,
Had all been bought and sold;
How frightfully dear the coffee!
How frightfully scarce the gold!

Past are those games of childhood;
And everything rolls past,—
The gold, and the world, and the æons,
And truth and love at last.

Violets at morn I send thee,
Trophies of my early roaming;
Roses in the eve I bring thee,
Gathered dewy in the gloaming.

Would'st thou know the hidden language
Which these flowers whisper sweetly?
All the day be true to me, love,
And at night love me completely!

Concerning Mission Work and Workers.

Every now and then we see indications cropping out that the Christian Church at home or in the colonies considers missionary work as of a simpler nature than that of a pastor among Europeans; and that, therefore, a man is suitable for the former sphere of labour who neither by education or talent is qualified for a home or colonial charge. As the latest example of this we may refer to what was said during the debate upon Missions in the Synod of the Dutch Church recently assembled at Cape Town. We think, however, that if the matter be carefully studied it will appear that mission work is no simple thing, and in consequence, those who engage in it must be men not of one but of many ideas. The pastor of a home charge has a distinctly understood sphere of labour. His is the care of souls;—no light or easy task. For his Sunday sermons he has generally time and quiet in which to prepare, and it is his own fault if the people do not look up to and respect the minister. Society, books, newspapers, and a hundred and one other influences are continually playing upon him, and tend to keep him up to the mark of modern thought and culture.

Very different from this is the missionary's lot and work. The people he is sent to are sometimes, nay often, heathens. "Well," some one may say, "all he has to do is to preach the Gospel to them." But what about the language—for the Gospel in English is no Gospel to them. That first difficulty surmounted, there comes the next, namely, the spiritual obtuseness of the heathen mind. They don't want the Gospel. Grovelling as they are among things material, it would seem as if things spiritual had no attraction for them. As if with a dim foreseeing of the struggle that would ensue, they try to prevent God's finger from touching and so awakening these dormant consciences of theirs. The spiritual side of the missionary's work is no easy one. A man must have strong faith in God, and be an expert wielder of the "sword of the Spirit," that would take the care of souls, who, if they could express what they felt, would likely ask, "Why art thou come hither to torment us before the time?" But the spiritual, although the first and most important, is not the only side of missionary work. Morally, as well as spiritually, heathens are seemingly without feeling; and although we do not wish to say much about this side of mission work, we do think that much refinement and pureness of thought and feeling are necessary to the missionary so as to prevent the surrounding coarseness telling upon himself; and also to enable him to deal with such matters as he is *obliged* to take cognizance of in a manner suited to the dignity of the office which he holds. But the missionary's work does not end even here, for there is what we may call a mechanical side to it also, at least in all barbarous countries. As long as man lives a merely animal life, a lair to shelter

him from the weather, a skin to protect him from cold or wet, and enough of coarse food to satisfy hunger, is all that his nature craves. But if the first part of the missionary's work is done, and there is a new birth of the Spirit in that degraded nature, new wants have to be supplied. The body now knows itself naked, and demands clothing; the mind, beginning dimly to comprehend the dignity to which it may attain, craves instruction. The whole man as it were tries to rise and come forth, though still as of yore bound hand and foot with the grave-clothes of old habits and customs: and the Master's command is ever the same, "Loose him, and let him go."

No light task it is, as those that have tried it will testify, to get men to see that if the Sabbath is to be kept holy by resting, the six days of the week are to be kept holy by working, and a man must be ready, if needs be, to preach to his people, Pauline fashion, by working with his own hands. Besides what we have already mentioned, a missionary has also to consider his people physically. A true missionary does not only want to save souls, he wants also to save and elevate the bodies to which these souls belong. In other words, he wants to save the race as well as the individual. It is well understood by those who have thought upon the subject that the change from barbarism to civilization is a critical one physically for a race. How much of that is due to the awakening of mind telling upon matter we cannot tell. Does it not come within the missionary's proper work to see how this change is accomplished, so that what is due to it not being a radical one, may not be put down to the preaching of the Gospel and the introduction of Christianity among them? There are many other things also the missionary has to consider in the shaping of his course. There is the difference of race, and the modifications both in work and expectations which result from that. The ever recurring tendency, too, to materialise spiritual things; that preference for the letter of the Old Testament to the spirit and practice of the New, has to be constantly watched against and met. Laziness of body, soul, and spirit, has to be fought day by day and hour by hour; and woe to the man who thinks he has conquered any of them, and may now enjoy some degree of rest.

"It takes a high souled man to move the masses;" so writes one of the world's poets and thinkers, we believe with truth. A man must have an education of a peculiar kind to do missionary work aright, we do not say successfully in the eyes of men—an education of a kind that must be picked up outside as well as inside a College, and from reading men as much as from reading books. Isolated from society, and debarred often by want of means from new books, to stir and excite thought, the missionary should have such an education as will give him something in himself to fall back upon, and will preserve him, after some years of missionary work, from emerging like a second Rip van Winkle to astonish society and discourage those who may have th ought of entering the work.

Mission work is not a poetic idyl, in which the *dramatis personæ* wear white garments and broad-leaved hats, and hold church and school in sylvan shades. It is something better,—good honest work, to be done from love to God and man. But, like all other work since Eden days, it must be done in sweat of brow and brain. Unceasing, untiring application, steady drudgery if you will, a bold facing of and trying to overcome difficulties; and, above all, an unswerving faith in God, that in the end right and not might nor craft shall reign.

We would stop here, but fear to be misunderstood. We are not speaking here against the employment of native agents, although we think that in the case of uneducated men even that has to be done with great care; but we are speaking against the idea, unfortunately too prevalent, that a man who would not edify a European congregation will do for a missionary. Barbarians cannot be expected to know when a sermon is good or bad, and it is such a simple thing to preach to a lot of big children. Those who argue in this manner quite forget that around an educated man, and above all an educated gentleman, there floats a certain subtile atmosphere than whom there is none more quick to feel than a barbarian; also that the very same qualities, and none other, command respect, obedience, and love from men, civilized and uncivilized. Missionary work, too, if done aright, demands a faith in God, a knowledge of man, and a fertility of resource that can only be given by a deep rather than obtrusive spirituality, and by education in the broad sense of the term.

FRONTIER.

What they say of us in England.

IN the *Lancet** of 25th January, 1873, appeared the first of a series of papers on the Cape as a sanatorium for consumptive patients. They are written by a lay correspondent, and are well worthy of repeated perusal. After a few preliminary remarks as to Madeira, South of France, Switzerland, and South Australia having failed to give full satisfaction to the profession, he points out the many advantages to be obtained by people of weak lungs, who will essay to try the Cape Colony in search of health and strength. The writer, from the very stress of his own sufferings, is emboldened to attempt some description of the Cape, its climate, the present means of transit it affords, &c., the suitability of the different villages and tracts of country to consumptive patients. He hopes in this way to make some small return for the great benefits he has derived by his own stay, and to record his grateful sense of the many acts of kindness there received.

* No. 1, *Lancet* of 25th January, 1873; No. 2, *Lancet* of 22nd March, 1873; No. 3, *Lancet* of 12th July, 1873; No. 4, *Lancet* of 6th September, 1873.

He points out how apt Englishmen are to overlook the enormous extent of the territory contained in the Cape Colony, and, consequently, the great variety of climate to be found there, and contrasts the dry and bracing air derived from the high, sandy plains of the Nieuwveld with the low and damp temperature of George and the Knysna, due to the want or presence of forest growth. "From Table Bay the country rises in a succession of mountain ranges and table-lands, till it reaches the high table-land beyond Beaufort. First, there is the Drakenstein range, beyond which is the plain, about 300 feet above the level of the sea, in which is situated Worcester and Robertson. Then come the Hex River mountains, which open out on the Great Karoo Desert, and then beyond Beaufort there are the Nieuwveld mountains, beyond which are the plains of the Nieuwveld. I have not been able to ascertain the exact height of these plains, but the highest ground between Fraserburg and Victoria West cannot be much less than 4,000 feet above the level of the sea. This part of the country forms the ridge of the Colony, and after it, when Victoria West is passed, the ground gradually sinks till you come to the Orange River. This is the boundary of the Colony, and here the Orange Free State begins. From the Orange River the ground rises rapidly till it reaches Bloemfontein and the country around it."

"In this line I have drawn, the two highest points are the plains of the Nieuwveld in the Colony of the Cape, and the district of Bloemfontein in the Orange Free State, and as the great requisite for consumptives is a *high* and *dry* climate, the choice of a place of residence, at any rate for a great portion of the time spent in the country, must be between these two. Nothing will be gained by attempting the country east of Bloemfontein ; and as to Natal itself, though the climate of Pietermaritzburg is, no doubt, delightful in the winter months, it is, on the whole, too tropical a climate to be suitable for consumptives."

Herein lies the whole pith of the case as regards phthisis. Weak lungs require in winter a dry climate, with warmth of sun sufficient to promote action of the skin, but not too warm so as to excite languor, or predispose patients to seek coolness in currents of air. In summer, consumptive people need dry and bracing weather in cool and high latitudes, where the heat of the day will not spoil digestion, and where sound sleep can always be secured in the calm, cool nights without use of opiates or kicking off the bedclothes. Damp in winter, and heat in summer, are both to be avoided ; but, of the two, damp is the most insidious and dangerous enemy ; and, in proportion as patients will bear this in mind, so will they profit by their stay at the Cape. Dust also is a great irritant, and dust, conjoined with a hot, dry wind—as in a roaring south-easter—is a dreadful nuisance to a consumptive person. The air is then charged with all sorts of filth in a minute state of subdivision ; and, while the skin and mucous membrane are

excited to full and even inordinate action by the heat, and rapid evaporation is going on throughout the whole day, the poor sufferer is in a state of electric tension, and becomes either irritable or unduly depressed in spirits, and wastes accordingly.

"So far as heat and cold are concerned the seasons here are the very opposite of the European seasons. January is about the hottest, and July the coldest month. But as regards wet and dry seasons, there is a vast difference in different parts of the country. The wet in the 'upper country' is caused by rains which come in from the sea. These rains always come in the winter months, and are very severe, the more so the nearer the sea. They extend over the whole country, as far as the Hex River mountains. On the other side of these mountains we come at once into a different order of things. Here, and in the rest of the high ground, the winter is the dry season, and the country depends chiefly for water on the thunder-storms which take place in the summer months. Thus, in the '*upper country*,' or that part of the Colony between the sea and the Hex River mountains, the months of May, June, July, and August form the wet season, and the summer season is the dry season; while, in the really high ground—beyond these mountains—the winter is the dry and the summer the wet season."

This arrangement gives us the key to the medical topography of the Cape. The writer is, however, a little unfair to Cape Town, when he states that it is always more or less damp, because near to the sea, for in winter the back ground of Table Mountain reflects back the rays of the sun, and thus makes it a very pleasant winter residence to all. He is quite right, however, about south-easters and the sanitary state of the town in summer, and gives good reasons why Wynberg, Rondebosch, and Constantia are in every way to be preferred as residences for invalids while the south-easters are blowing. Upon this point we are at one; but we are not quite so sure as to the soundness of his view about Table Mountain water being so remarkably soft as to give rise to many cases of lead-poisoning. If this were really so, it is remarkable how few cases come into hospital, or pass into the hands of general practitioners. Lead cisterns, on the contrary, are, by no means, so commonly in use as zinc or iron tanks or teak casks; and when a case of lead-poisoning does occur in the town, it is but rarely traced to the use of water, of which the same quality is supplied to over 30,000 inhabitants, although the quantity be but scanty indeed.

To all the villages lying as low as Wynberg, or near the sea, like Somerset West, this writer objects on the score of damp from the trees in winter; but, then, none but an idiot would send a patient thither during the rains, when he can fall back on Wellington, or Beaufort, or Cape Town, instead. In summer time, Constantia and Wynberg Hill, and the sandy plains between, are excellent retreats for those who can afford to hire a cottage and cultivate a garden; but good lodgings are scarce and dear, and household conveniences are few.

In his third communication to the *Lancet*, the writer passes beyond Bain's Kloof, and considers Worcester to be in summer one of the healthiest places in the Colony. Being 300 feet above sea-level, although very hot, the mornings and evenings are almost always cool and delightful. In the height of summer there is hardly any dew at night, and, besides other advantages, it is one of the cheapest of places to live in ; but he thinks it is a bad residence in winter, as the rains are so heavy. Its distance from Cape Town is, however, moderate, and communication is easy.

Beaufort and Victoria West are well spoken of as winter residences, but are very hot, and subject to thunderstorms in summer. The country round about is very dry, and there is very little rainfall ; but in winter the winds are very cold and trying ; and, owing to the rarefaction of air at the height of 4,000 feet, invalids will have to dress quite as warmly as in England ; but being also dry and clear, the air is not apt to provoke colds, if proper precautions be taken.

Fraserburg is denounced as being very cold indeed in winter, and inflammation of the lungs is sometimes epidemic there in consequence.

The writer very properly comments on the miserable accommodation to be met with in the Colony, after leaving Worcester. "Most of these farms are kept by Dutch Boers, and the generality of their houses present a picture of dirt and discomfort hard to be imagined by any English gentleman. Their cooking and mode of serving their meals is of a description sufficient of itself to take away the appetite of any invalid, and any of those little comforts which are absolutely necessary for invalids are entirely out of the question. Most of the floors in these houses are made of clay, which are very cold and damp to the feet ; and the Boers themselves are a race in which nothing in the shape of society for an Englishman can be said to exist, even when the mysteries of their incomprehensible language have been mastered." It is upon grounds like these that many object to seeing English invalids sent to the Cape, where their weakness and peevishness will unfit them for open air exercise and the enjoyment of field-sports, unless they are prepared to rough it with a good grace, and make themselves agreeable to their entertainers or landlords. What the Cape has to offer them is dry air, and plenty of liberty to amuse themselves, and if they cannot get about, they had better remain and die with their friends at home than drag out a peevish existence among strangers at the Cape. Surely it is ridiculous to expect farmers and lodging-house keepers to provide invalids with every little comfort to which sympathising and injudicious friends have accustomed them in England, in return for a small pittance grudgingly paid in many cases in coin, and but too often with usury in pen-and-ink sketches of their surroundings. From time to time we have been visited by clever invalids, who, like Lady Duff Gordon, appear to be unable to make allowances for many evils springing from a scanty purse. They arrive here weak and miserable,

worn out by cough and attenuated by disease. Having very little money, and less patience, they rapidly get disgusted with the meagre comforts and limited house-room they are in a position to purchase, and invariably find fault with the heat and the people, when in reality they are themselves to blame for their own poverty and over-tasked digestions. If strangers are prepared to pay their way, and put themselves into the hands of accomplished medical men, they will find themselves just as well treated at the Cape as they would be at Nice or Madeira. At present it is not worth anybody's while to encourage a stream of invalid strangers to our shores. Our mode of building is quite unsuited to a hot climate, and our system of amusements—if we have any—is not very inviting to people of superior education. But, in spite of this, we contend that any family of moderate fixed income can very much soothe the ailments of sickly members by resorting for a year or two to the Cape, and there occupying themselves, either in business pursuits or in living quietly in many of the healthy villages and suburbs adjacent to our towns. Provided they have the means, there is no difficulty in escaping south-easters, or the *ennui* born of heat and close rooms in small boarding-houses or seaside hotels. We could point to many instances of marvellous recovery from chronic dysentery, or advanced consumption, but we forbear. We know that it is in the power of our climate—properly attended to—to arrest disease, and brighten the lives of sickly, worn out valetudinarians, but we do not expect to gather figs from thorns, or to cheer up solitary individuals bereft of friends, companions, or sympathising relations, unless they have money and can buy professional supervision.

It needs no prophet to foretel the invariable result of abandoning such sickly people to their own devices. It is quite as easy to tipple in secret on lonely farms as in crowded hotels. A craving for stimulants pursues them all over the world, and whether they are shivering at Hastings, or stewing in Italy, they are equally liable to fly to the bottle, or indulge in pharmaceutical excesses when left to themselves. In a word, consumptive patients require relaxation and amusement just as much as healthy people, but they must partake of it in a different way, and with peculiar precautions against overdoing it. The ventilation of their bedrooms, the nature of their diet, the character of their bedclothes, and the weight of their personal apparel, are important factors in arresting waste and conducing to comfort. It is only with the help and advice of medical men that they can expect to do so successfully even at the Cape.

Like many others who have visited this Colony, the writer of these papers is in error about the cheapness of living. Everything at the Cape at all worth having must be scanty in supply and high in price so long as good roads are scarce ; and when anything is exceptionally cheap, it is because it is a local product not very easily got rid of by the local consumers. Worcester, for instance, is a cheap place to live in just now, but it will cease to be so when the railway

is completed, and house-rents will rapidly run up ; but, in our opinion, Worcester is best adapted for a summer sanitorium, being a well-built town, with lots of water, broad streets, and abundance of garden-ground to every house. In winter, however, Cape Town is to be preferred for the reasons already given, especially for the sake of its superior medical practitioners. So much for the Western Province and its capabilities.

In his fourth and final letter, the lay correspondent treats of Bloemfontein. "Hotel living there" he considers to be "expensive and not very good, but of course here, as everywhere else, if an invalid could manage to be taken in by a private family, he may light on very comfortable quarters. * * * The climate of the Free State is very dry, especially in winter ; but from the fact of its being a grass country instead of a bush country, I almost doubt whether, taking the whole year round, the climate can be altogether so dry there as in some parts of the Nieuwveld. The air is very light and keen, and in winter it is very cold. In summer it is subject to thunder and hailstorms of even a more terrific nature than those which visit the Nieuwveld, and such an effect do these storms have on the atmosphere, that I have known of the thermometer at the Diamond-fields falling as much as thirty degrees in a quarter of an hour, and the Orange River has frequently been known to rise as much as twenty feet in one night. On summer mornings there is frequently a thick mist, which hangs over the face of the country for some time, and this should be carefully avoided by invalids. The heat in summer also is very intense, and this forms the great objection to Bloemfontein as a summer residence."

Port Elizabeth is then disposed of in a few lines of disparagement, as being damp and windy. "Port Elizabeth is, without exception, the worst place for consumptives in the whole of the Cape Colony, and I should think that few worse places could be found in the whole world. This is a fact which should be more widely known among the medical profession in England than it would seem to be, as at present many patients in various stages of pulmonary disease are sent out to Port Elizabeth in the hope of obtaining employment there, who find on their arrival that their only hope of retaining whatever good they may have obtained from the voyage out is to move on at once to places further up the country, where they would stand very little chance indeed of getting employment of any description."

The writer, however, thinks very highly of Graham's Town, and still more so of Cradock, and regards both of those places as cheap and pleasant. In conclusion, he warns his readers against the common practice of sending very many distressing cases of consumption out to the Cape, when all reasonable hope of their recovery had quite passed, simply to die a lingering death far away from their country and kindred.

"Unless a patient intends to take up his residence permanently in

the Colony, it would seem of little use to come out here, except in the *very first* stages of the disease. Moreover, unless a patient has gained a certain amount of strength before his arrival in the Colony, he will not be able to stand the fatigue incidental to all travelling out there, nor put up with the accommodation which he will find on his way, and I think I have shown that when he is there, he must be prepared to put up with a fair amount of cold and bad weather. I believe that, taking the whole of the Colony into consideration, there can be few better climates in the world than can be found there, but my object in these letters has been to give the medical profession and the public generally a more definite idea of the state of things out there than they usually possess, so that this Colony may, by the exercise of due foresight and care, be made more effective than it hitherto has been as a sanitorium for invalids."

We have quoted largely from these papers, because they are honestly written, and prove the writer to be careful and painstaking; but we should be doing ourselves an injustice if we allowed an impression to get abroad that we are anxious to see consumptive patients crowding to the Cape in search of employment as well as health. They do not go to Nice, or Madeira, or Mentone for that purpose, but travel about in Italy and the South of France with their families and tolerably full purses to help them over their difficulties. We are convinced that employers will never be quite satisfied with consumptive servants, because of their peevish and delicate tempers; and the prolonged heat is a bar to lengthened or substantial good service. But if patients will come here and place themselves under medical care, and enjoy the fruits of moneyed independence, then, assuredly, they will be heartily welcomed by the Colony at large. The more we are known, the more we are likely to attract capital and wealth to our plains, and, in course of time, we may be induced to improve our system of house-building and house-keeping; but it is idle to expect that we shall hastily reform in these matters, because, forsooth, there is a chance of the Cape becoming popular as a sanitorium for poor and delicate consumptive patients.

Governor Van Noot.

A SHORT time after the Governor had confirmed Herr Allemann's appointment as Ensign, it happened that one afternoon the Governor went out of the castle when Allemann was on guard, to pay a few visits amongst the chief burghers of the town and the civil servants. The trumpeters announced the exit of the Governor by a blast of trumpets. Allemann ordered the soldiers on guard to stand out and shoulder arms as His Excellency passed, attended by his own guard. When passing through the gate the drums were beat, and Allemann saluted with his spontoon, not in the clumsy Dutch fashion, with one

hand, but in true Prussian military style; then, handing his weapon to the corporal, he followed the Governor, according to rule, out of the gate.

"How goes it with you, my dear Ensign?" quoth the Governor, turning to him when once outside the castle.

"Poorly enough," he answered.

"How so?" said Van Noot, looking hard at him.

"Well, I have had to fit myself out properly, as becomes my position as an officer, and have had to pay out so much money for different things that my purse is nearly empty; besides, I have received my new Ensign's uniform on account, and must serve it out before I can draw any more pay."

"Cheer up! Ensign Allemann," said his patron; "I have raised you to honour, and will give you the means to support it."

Allemann thanked him, recommended himself to his further grace, and remained standing whilst the Governor proceeded on his way.

The position that an Ensign held in this country was very different from that of one in Holland, for, if I remember rightly, an Ensign here was allowed to command a company with so little trouble to himself, that he could pass it over to the two Sergeants of his company when inclined, and assume the position of Lieutenant. An Ensign received at the Cape forty guilders a month, free quarters, free wood, a man servant, and sixteen florins sixteen stüber for rations. An Ensign now held as high rank as an under merchant. It is true that in former times it was not so, but only since this Governor had so openly given preference to the "sword over the pen," or, to explain it more clearly, thought a great deal more of the military than of the civilians.

As the under merchants stand in the third class of rank, it will be understood that Ensigns at the Cape hold a very good position. Every two years they receive, as do the soldiers also, a new uniform, the price of which is deducted from their salary. The uniform is made of fine red cloth, embroidered with silver, and the hat has a silver "Point d'Espagne" worked upon it. But this uniform is only worn upon great festival days,—when the regimental colours are paraded, or a review takes place; therefore, one uniform of this kind will last an officer almost a lifetime, and then he can always sell it with the greatest ease for the sake of the cloth and the silver trimmings.

Now we will follow the Governor, and see where his steps led him that day. First he called at parson Beck's house, but found him out; so he walked past the Company's ship-yard and marine store, and made up his mind to go and have a chat with the magazine master, Valck, who lived there. He stepped into the parlour unannounced, and there found Mrs. Valck herself, her two sisters, the Miss Meybooms (one of whom, Miss Abbetjie, was the very young lady who behaved so rudely to poor Allemann when he was marching down the country some year or two before, offering

him a rug on the kitchen floor at her father's farm-house, with the proud remark, that "it was quite good enough for him"), and several other charming young Cape ladies. Mr. Valck himself was not at home. The Governor was heartily welcomed, and invited to take a seat. He did so, asked for a pipe of tobacco, drank two or three cups of tea, and seemed to be quite at home and to enjoy himself, talking and laughing with the ladies. But one of the fair dames seemed to have struck him most favourably, and he spoke chiefly to her. In the meantime the magazine master had been called, and the Governor went out with him into the magazine and through the ship-yard. He then went back again to the house, opened the parlour door himself, and took leave with the usual Dutch salutation, "Vaart wel, Jüffers" (farewell, ladies). They all rose, returned the compliment, and went with him to the front door.

The Governor paid some more friendly visits at different houses; then, turning his steps homewards, reached the castle about sunset. Herr Allemann received him with the proper honours, and the Governor thanked him with an unusually friendly air. This was all very well; but everyone, even Allemann himself suspected, when Van Noot put on this bland manner, that he had found out something or other which would give him a good reason or opportunity for coming down on some poor official. However, nothing happened during the next few days; in fact, everything was unusually quiet and peaceful.

Stingy as this Governor was, he liked company, like one who is always trying to escape from his own thoughts, or from the stings of an unquiet conscience, and seeking to drown care by rushing into all sorts of dissipation. He never stinted in eating and drinking and all kinds of expensive luxuries. But this did not prove his liberality, for as Governor he had a free pantry; that is to say, the East India Company kept him provided with everything he wanted, both for kitchen and cellar.

One day he took it into his head to invite the magazine master Valck, his wife, and her two sisters, to dine with him. They were quite in a flutter of agitation when this invitation arrived, and would much have preferred staying at home, but no one could dare to refuse an invitation from the Governor; so they accepted it, and made themselves ready to go about twelve o'clock. The table was laid, the dinner was served, and they sat down, according to custom, to the blast of trumpets. They were so happy and full of enjoyment that they sat longer than usual at table. Upon rising, the Governor called Miss Abbetjie aside to the farthest window in the dining-hall. She made him a deep curtsey, and awaited his commands.

"Miss Meyboom," quoth the Governor, "I have a favour to ask, but you must promise me beforehand that you will not refuse it."

"Noble Governor," replied she, "I cannot guess what your request can be, for what you command it is only my duty to obey."

"I give you no command, but only make you a request, which I trust you will promise me beforehand to grant."

"If it lies in my power, and does not in any way affect my honour, I will not hesitate for a moment to promise anything that may please your Excellency."

"It does lie in your power, and depends only upon your free will. You cannot think, surely, that I would propose anything that would affect your honour; so you will promise me a favourable answer?"

"Whatever the request may be, I only wait your Excellency's command."

"I promise you that I will give you no command. Shake hands with me! Promise a favourable answer!"

Miss Meyboom gave him her hand, which Van Noot held fast while he spoke.

"Listen to me, Miss Meyboom. I have a partner ready for you. He is a fine young gentleman. He is polite, intellectual, and occupies a good position. I like him well, and will see to his further advancement. What do you say?"

"If this is your request, pray tell me before I grant it who the gentleman is?"

"It is Ensign Allemann. I feel sure you cannot refuse him."

"If the noble Governor believes that he is a fit partner for me, I cannot refuse to give him my hand; only one condition I must enforce, and that is, that Ensign Allemann wishes to take me out of his own free will, and because his heart longs for me, and not because your Excellency commands the marriage."

"Well spoken!" exclaimed the Governor, and immediately throwing open the window, he shouted, "A man from the guard!" A corporal ran up, and was ordered at once to summon Ensign Allemann to the Governor's presence.

Ensign Allemann presented himself without delay, paid his respects to the Governor, and then spoke to the company present. All this time Van Noot was holding Miss Meyboom's hand lightly in his, and kept her beside him at the window.

"Herr Ensign, I have to-day been making love on your behalf. I have offered you to Miss Meyboom, and she has promised that if you really care for her in your heart, and do not pretend to do so simply because it is my command, that she will give you her hand. What say you to this? How lie your inclinations?"

"Noble Herr Governor, I consider this the greatest honour and happiness that has ever happened to me, and offer you a life-long gratitude for your gracious recommendation of me, and will always try to show myself worthy of it." Then turning to Miss Meyboom, he said, "Most charming young lady, I offer to you my person, my heart, and my hand. Ever since I had the honour of making your acquaintance, I have felt the greatest esteem and love for you, but have never dared to make the offer which the kind Governor has

done for me. I pray thee comfort me quickly with thy good resolve, and a hearty, pleasing 'yes.'"

"Yes," answered Miss Meyboom, "but promise me never to think of what passed between us long ago."

"I remember nothing. I love you from the bottom of my heart; take my hand."

Governor Van Noot released her hand, which he had been holding all this time, and she gave it to Ensign Allemann, who pressed it.

"Op de beck, op de beck" (on the mouth, on the mouth), cried out the Governor.

Herr Allemann did as he was told, and the young lady returned the salute.

"Wine here!" shouted his Excellency.

Wine was brought, the health of the newly-engaged young couple was drunk, and now the Governor wanted to know what it was that the young bride wished the bridegroom to bury in oblivion.

Mrs. Valck, the bride's sister, told him the story about the bed in the kitchen. The Governor pretended that a very grave error had been committed, and ordered as a punishment, that after marriage Miss Abbetjie should always share her own bedroom with Ensign Allemann, instead of putting him in the kitchen. This made everyone laugh, and magazine master Valck carried the joke much further by proposing that if Miss Abbetjie did not like the punishment, she had better appeal before her marriage. The poor girl was much embarrassed, but her sister, Mrs. Valck, stood up for her, and said that the young bride had long ago been sorry for her fault, so she would not appeal against the sentence, but let it take effect; and so, after three weeks had gone by, Ensign Allemann took possession of his new quarters.

After they had amused themselves long enough with these jokes, the Governor sent a messenger round to the principal gentlemen and servants of the Company, and invited them to a ball, with their wives and grown-up sons and daughters. They came at once. The trumpeters and six hautbois players from the garrison appeared. The Governor announced the engagement of the young pair. Nothing but congratulations were heard, and the Governor opened the ball with the young bride, and then led her to the bridegroom. About eight o'clock supper was served, and when dessert was put on the table, Van Noot made a speech to the young lady in the following terms: "My dear young lady, I hope you do not think that I have made up this marriage, hoping that you will assist to support your future husband with your good fortune. Not at all. I have helped him to gain honour and a bride, and will also help him to earn his bread." Then turning to Lieut. Rhenius, who was present, he said, "You are aware that Capt. Van der Berg has asked for his dismissal. I have sent his demand home to Holland, and in the same despatches proposed you as Captain. You will soon receive the confirmation

of your appointment. Meanwhile, I order you to take supervision of the lands which Capt. Van der Berg had under his charge, and to hand over your present commission to Ensign Allemann."

Lieut. Rhenius thanked the Governor for his graciousness; but begged that the taking and giving over of the lands should be put off till the running accounts were closed, so as to cause no confusion, which was done.

Then Allemann, and the young bride also, returned thanks for the Governor's kindness to them, and gracious care on their behalf. Then they all got up from table, and amused themselves till after midnight with many different country dances, which are all the fashion at the Cape, and beautifully danced, and then they all went home rejoicing over the happy union of the betrothed young couple.

The young bride did not require much time nor money spent on her outfit, for she already had everything necessary. The first banns were published on the following Sunday; and within three weeks Miss Abbetjie was (without having had the least notion of it beforehand) an engaged young lady, a bride, and a wife; and made Ensign Allemann a happy and contented husband. They lived together ever after in the most united manner, contented and happy. The young bride was not exactly a beauty; but she was not hatefully ugly. She was rather tall in person, but had an excellent figure; and even when she was the mother of five children looked like a young lady still. The small-pox, whereby her brother had lost his sight, had left a few marks on her face. Before that she must have been very handsome. She had a great deal that was pleasing in her face, in her whole manner, and in her intercourse with others. Far better than all this, she had a brilliant intellect; managed her household affairs most excellently; and in all feminine occupations and duties showed great skill. She was a faithful and loving companion to her husband, and soon became the no less loving mother of many children, five of whom I have seen, and three of whom were placed under my care and tutorship. As every human being has some fault, hers may be said to have been ambition. She would rather have been cheated any day than not have had proper respect paid to her rank, and I once was eye-witness of an incident which will illustrate it. She was driving in an open phæton, with the daughter of Mrs. Valck, her niece, beside her, and was driving the horses herself, when another carriage, coming in an opposite direction, nearly ran her down. She would not give the crown of the road to the other carriage, in which someone was sitting who was below her in rank. The coachman was such a boor that he drove straight against Mrs. Allemann's phæton; and if at the last moment the gentleman sitting inside had not ordered his slave to give way, a dreadful accident might have taken place; which could have been put down to nothing else but a foolish ambition. However, beyond these

small *points d'honneur*, she made many friends amongst people of much humbler parentage than herself, and mixed freely and lovingly with them. Even her slaves felt their burden of servitude little, and were well looked after and cared for.

Verses.

A new-born day of the new-born year
Smiled on the glistening bay ;
Three maidens, bright as the beams of light,
Plunged in the tossing spray.

The white sands gleamed beneath their feet,
The blue sky o'er their head ;
And the golden sun rose up from his mists,
As if to look for the dead.

Yet no warning banshee had floated
Over the ocean's breast,—
No dream of the night had troubled
The sisters' peaceful rest ;

And the loving, watchful father,
No air-born whisper had caught
Of the dangers of the deep, which they
Looked on as a thing of sport.

With a sudden rush upon the beach,
And a fierce receding roar,
The greedy wave engulphed the three,
As it licked the shelving shore.

Its spoils were youth and beauty,
And budding maidenhood,
And hopeful hearts, whose dying pain
Was the love of sisterhood.

Enwrapped in the arms of the ruthless surf,
Their cry for help was vain,—
Two of the three came back for a grave,
And but one to her home again !

R. K.

Considerations, Social and Political.

He who looks for an index to the national characteristics of a people would, in these days, begin his inquiry by a critical examination of the provision made for the advancement of their moral and intellectural condition. Those who think about the causes which enabled England to tide over the convulsions which during the present century disturbed the social systems of most Continental States, are apt to argue that as the mass of the English people was uneducated during the earlier and terrible events of the century, there is no necessary connection between the education of the people and social stability.

I do not propose to combat opinions regarding the effects of educating the children of the labouring population, because it is now practically acknowledged that in the struggle for pre-eminence between nation and nation in arts and manufactures, the intelligence that comes by school-training is essential to success.

This Colony is unfortunately beyond the pale of active competition in the productive arts; we are still content to do by rule of thumb the few things that can be dignified by the name of arts; so that the rearing of skilled artisans has scarcely been a moving cause amongst us for the diffusion of popular education.

The Constitution of the Colony has, however, confided the most important functions of a civilized people to the motley mass which forms our labouring population. Whether it was wise to give political power *first*, and the education necessary for the proper exercise of the privilege *afterwarde*, is as easy of solution as the wisdom or otherwise of putting the cart before the horse. At all events, the Legislature has not been slow or niggardly in co-operating with voluntary efforts for the civilization and intellectual advancement of those who have this tremendous political agency within their control; and it will be as well that the extent of the power should not be fully known to them until they have been trained to use their privileges with prudence and a sense of responsibility; and certainly it would be advisable, during the interval, whilst the mass of the electors is going through the process of being elevated to the standard of intelligence which the security and progress of society demand, to devise salutary checks and safeguards, so that the members of the Colonial Legislature may be really the representatives of a people, freely, honestly, and seriously recording their votes. It must be allowed that not even the most ardent disciples of Mr. Buckle's theories can maintain that the Colonial form of Government is the "spontaneous and inevitable growth" of the condition of the population. An exotic is to be acclimatised; a reactionary policy is impracticable; and the experience of the last twelve months shows that the educated classes of the community are fitting into their respective relations with a zeal and straightforwardness which betoken an aptitude for a mode

of Government, fashioned by the long and persistent efforts of a self-reliant nation. But, at the same time, statesmen need to be warned that the intelligent and educated minority, which at present rules this country, is liable, under any social excitement, or even any violent party agitation, to be swamped by the uneducated and semi-civilized multitude.

Here is a common ground for political leaders to unite upon. It is idle to say that the Australian Colonies, with a longer experience of Parliamentary Government, have not fenced in the electoral privilege by barriers and prohibitions. *There* no mass of half-civilized Kafirs and Fingoes is rising day by day to swell the roll of registered electors. With the rapid diffusion of school-instruction among the teeming kraals of natives within our border; with the increasing facilities afforded to natives, by labour on railways and other public works, by transport riding, by diamond digging, and other employments, to accumulate money, acquire property, and thus to be entitled either to elect or to be elected to Legislative functions, the forecasting of our political contests is suggestive of struggles between race and race, in which the numerical majority of the coloured races will make itself felt.

Every one, who regards the legislative and executive duties of the Parliamentary system with a seriousness commensurate with the important interests at stake, must feel not only annoyed but disgusted, morally and physically, at the degrading and corrupting practices by which electioneering in Cape Town and some other large centres of the coloured population is even now conducted, when we are but in the dawn of political strife.

To float into Parliament on beer, as the significant phrase goes, is as disgraceful to the elected as to the electors; and though men who have acquired seats by trading upon the ignorance, gullibility, and sensuality of the lower class, still have the hardihood to call themselves representatives of the people, serious-minded men only see in this the pachydermatous nature of a Parliamentary conscience.

Means ought to be devised not only to prevent the election day from degenerating into a Saturnalia of drunkenness and chicanery, but also to rescue candidates for election from the alternative either of using dishonourable practices, which they would repudiate in their ordinary life, or of endangering their chance of success.

To put down these practices at once by the iron rigour of the law, before they lead to worse and more permanent evils, would not be beyond the power of the Ministry; for *many* who connive at these underhand ways of securing votes would be glad to be relieved of what they erroneously call an *inevitable* evil; and *more* would accept a release from the heavy pecuniary exactions in which electioneering agents periodically mulct them. It would be a lasting honour to the first Responsible Cabinet to remove this blot on the escutcheon of self-government, and to make the entrance to Parliamentary duties pure,

free, and honourable to the members and to the country. The old Ovidian warning is not too late :—

Obsta principiis : sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas convaluere moras.
First symptoms check ; for an inveterate ill
Will baffle both your medicine and your skill.

Is there any simple method of checking some of the worst practices which prevail already at elections, such as personation, drunkenness, inability to name the candidate whom the half-drunken, illiterate elector deigns to honour with his choice? I can imagine no plan easier or more effective than to require the elector to write legibly on a card, presented to him by the polling officer, the name or names of the candidates for whom he votes, and to attest the document by his own signature, not by his mark.

If the Government is not strong or fearless enough to grapple with this growing evil, then

* * our final hope
Is flat despair.

The gigantic vice of drunkenness is one that occupies the thoughts but baffles the efforts of missionaries, statesmen, and philanthropists ; this is enfeebling the nerves and muscles of our youth ; this emasculates the energy of our men ; leads to a disregard of the sacredness of the marriage tie, and floods our social circles with immorality and disease. It may be impossible to storm all at once the stronghold, but it is a safe and necessary policy to assault and master the outposts ; and every institution that tends to encourage license and disorder should be re-cast in a way that secures it against becoming a nursery of vice.

I know of nothing in our social and political system which is more surely tending to the breaking down of the self-respect of our population than the existing machinery of electioneering. Quiet and order-loving citizens shrink from the polling-booth, where they are sure to be jostled by a crowd of besotted electors, whose votes are worth just a shilling's worth of wine or beer,—or even less.

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On Resemblances in Bushman and Australian Mythology.

WITH PRELIMINARY REMARKS BY DR. BLEEK.

THE idea that mythological notions, or the outward forms of religious beliefs, are primarily dependent upon the manner of speech, is now generally allowed to be one of the most fertile and efficient for the purpose of understanding rightly the natural history of religion and mythology. This was, I believe, first pointed out by Professor Max Müller, in his essay on "Comparative Mythology" ("Oxford Essays" 1856, reprinted in "Chips" vol. II. pp. 1-146), and further developed in his "Introduction to the Science of Religion." African researches have given the most emphatic confirmation to this idea, and they have especially drawn our attention to the fact that the modes of thought, and among them the religious ideas, are dependent upon the forms of the language, and upon the stimulus which these forms give to the poetic faculty. (Comp. Gramm. Part I. 1862, Preface p. ix; Part II. 1869, Preface p. xix; "Reynard the Fox in South Africa" 1864, Preface p. xx; "Ursprung der Sprache," 1868, Preface pp. xx., &c.) It has been seen that nations who speak Prefix-pronominal languages, in which the division of the nouns into classes has no reference to the distinctions of sex, possess no true mythology, but are merely addicted to ancestor-worship, which is probably the most ancient form of human religion. It has been further remarked that all those nations who speak Sex-denoting languages possess mythologies; personifying in the first instance sun, moon, and stars, and other natural objects, which (generally in connection with mythological animals) form the subjects of many curious tales, myths, and fables: the two latter being, in their primitive stages, as yet almost indistinguishable in their nature. It would lead us too far to explain here why it appears to follow, as a natural consequence of the Sex-denoting character of a language, that the nation speaking it should possess mythological ideas, and personify heavenly objects. It is enough to refer to the fact that all those nations, who are known to us as speaking Sex-denoting languages, possess myths, by which the heavens are filled with objects of adoration;—whilst those nations whose languages are clearly different, and never can have been Sex-denoting (such as Kafirs, Negroes, &c.), are almost entirely devoid of the myth-forming faculty, and possess hardly any myths or even true fables, excepting where, by contact with the Sex-denoting nations, these have, to a small extent, been adopted from the latter.

Besides the nations who speak Sex-denoting languages, there are a good number of others, amongst whom mythological conceptions of a similar character are found. The languages of these nations are, however, of such a character as not to exclude the possibility that

they may have descended from Sex-denoting forms (of language). In fact, in the present state of our knowledge the hypothesis is not only allowable, but probable, that wherever truly mythological notions are found among nations, their languages—if not at the present day Sex-denoting—must be supposed to have been so at a former period of their existence. Thus the presence of inherited mythological ideas in a nation may give evidence of a former state of its language, a state of which all other evidence may have now disappeared. This proposition is a very bold one, affecting as it does the classification of a great number of languages, in Asia as well as in America and Australia, and some even in Africa. In fact, upon the evidence of the mythological notions which are found to exist among the nations speaking them, the great mass of those genderless languages which Professor Max Müller calls "Turanian" (from which, however, the Malay-Polynesian, as originally Prefix-pronominal, are at all events to be excluded) must be concluded to have lost the Sex-denoting character,—just as the Persian has done in more modern times. Bold as is this proposition, it is yet scientific, in so far as it is capable of proof or disproof by further scientific research. If, for example, languages of this genderless class should be proved to be not too distantly akin to the Sex-denoting languages, there could be no such kindred excepting upon the condition that the Sex-denoting character (dating as it does from a very remote period in the development of language) had once also been possessed by the former (now genderless) languages. Thus, if it should be proved that the Bushman and Hottentot languages are in such a way akin to each other as to have been derived from the same stock,—then Bushman, in a former stage, must also have been Sex-denoting; although no signs have as yet been discovered of such a former structural feature in Bushman. Yet the mythological character of the Bushman literature renders this hypothesis most probable, even independently of any relationship (more or less near) between the Bushman and Hottentot languages.

Similarly, let us assume that the Australian languages were fully proved to be akin to each other, and also to the Dravidian languages of South India.* In these latter languages the grammatical gender, as in English, has been made to coincide with logical distinctions. In English, we know that this agreement is only of a comparatively recent date, and has clearly been developed in historical times, out of the grammatical gender of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, in which many nouns in which no sex is discernible were in the masculine and feminine genders. It is also probable that the Dravidian gender of nouns has, in a similar manner, been converted from an originally grammatical gender into a logical one. Those who have read my explanations in the aforesaid publications, regarding the

* *Vide* "On the Position of the Australian Languages" in Transactions of the Anthropological Institute, vol. I. pp. 89-109.

origin of mythological notions, will understand that only that form of language in which the grammatical and logical genders do not coincide, supplies in itself a stimulus to the poetic and myth-forming faculties of man. If, therefore, the mythology of the Dravidian nations be due to the ancient form of their language, the present agreement between the grammatical and logical genders can only, as in English, have been logically worked out from a former different state. I have hardly any doubt that if this supposition be correct, evidences of its truth will be found in one or another of the more uncultivated Dravidian languages, or their near kindred, just as remains of the old grammatical illogical gender still exist in some of the English county dialects.

At all events the logical gender of the Dravidian nouns may *primâ facie* be assumed to plead for the former existence in these, and in any kindred languages, of a real grammatical gender, which will explain the mythological character of their literature. And, on the assumption that the Australian languages are akin to the Dravidian,—the conclusion can hardly be avoided that the Australian languages have only lost their former Sex-denoting characteristics; traces of which, however, seem still to be found in at least one Australian language (that of Lake Macquarie, described by Threlkeld). Here, again, the mythological notions possessed by the Australian natives render it *primâ facie* probable that their languages were once Sex-denoting.

But the very possession of such mythological notions has been denied to the Australians by people who assumed to be well acquainted with these natives. How this could be I cannot well understand. More than fifteen years ago, a perusal of different Australian grammars and vocabularies made me acquainted with the existence of such mythological conceptions among the Australian Aborigines; and I could easily extract from their books sufficient evidence on this point. But this is unnecessary; as I believe that all those who have any real knowledge of the Australian natives are well aware of this fact. In the Transactions of the "Royal Society" or "Philosophical Institute" of Victoria, which are in the possession of His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, we find several papers on this subject. For example, Mr. Peter Beveridge (in Transactions, vol. VI. [1865] "Art. VII. A few Notes on the Dialects, Habits, Customs, and Mythology of the Lower Murray Aborigines") says on p. 22, "They have tales and legends about nearly every planet in the heavens, but it would lengthen this paper too much to transcribe them here."

The most interesting article, however, is that by Mr. Wm. Edw. Stanbridge, of Wombat, in Transactions, vol. II. (1858) pp. 137-140, "Art. XVI.—On the Astronomy and Mythology of the Aborigines of Victoria." He especially describes the Astronomy and Mythology of "the Booroung tribe who claim and inhabit the Mallee country in the neighbourhood of Lake Tyrill." The

mythological conceptions of these people offer some curious points of resemblance to those entertained by the Bushmen of South Africa, as has been pointed out in the following comparisons.

In giving them I will only say that it is not the special coincidences of belief between the Bushmen and the Australians, which I should conclude to have been derived by them from a common source, but rather the spirit of mythological conception in both nations, due probably to similar causes. Both these nations are generally considered the lowest of the low in many points of human civilization, as, for example, in their very imperfect numerical system,—the Bushmen having no numerals beyond two or three, and the Australians generally none beyond three or four. Yet by their general mental and physical characteristics they lay claim to a nearer kindred with ourselves than do many far more civilized nations, especially those of the Kafir and Negro type. And certainly the possession of similar mythological notions, of which both Kafirs and Negroes are, generally speaking, destitute, is of no small moment in gauging their real affinities.

So, closing my preliminary remarks, I will now give the comparisons of Australian and Bushman mythological ideas, made by one who has rescued a portion of the great mass of Bushman literature from oblivion.

"The Aborigines of Victoria (especially the Booroung) believe that the earth was in darkness until an emu's egg was prepared, and cast into space, when the earth became light. This was effected by one who belonged to an earlier race of people, who then inhabited the earth, but who were translated, in various forms, to the heavens, before the present race of men came into existence.

"The Bushmen believe that there was a very dim light over the earth, and that the sun (who was a man) only shone round the place where he lay sleeping (the light proceeding from one of his armpits). So two women (of the old race,* who inhabited the earth before the Bushmen) sent some children to lift up the sleeping sun unawares, and throw him into the sky, where he, becoming round, thenceforth remained, rendering the earth light and warm.

"The Bushmen say also that the moon was made by a being who is both mantis and man, who, being inconvenienced by the darkness, threw up one of his shoes into the sky, and ordered the shoe to become the moon, and to make light for him.

"These Victorian Aborigines give to Jupiter the name of 'Foot of Day,' while the Bushmen call it 'Day's Heart.'

"The Australians say that (either the whole or a part of) the Milky Way is the smoke of the fires of the old race of people who preceded them. The Bushmen say that a girl belonging to the ancient race made the Milky Way by throwing wood-ashes into the sky.

* The Bushmen believe in an ancient race of people who preceded them, some of whom possessed magic powers, and some of whom have also been translated as stars into the sky.

"The Australians say that the star Arcturus is the discoverer of the larvæ of the wood-ant, of which they are very fond, and their teacher when and where to find it. The Bushmen say that "Canopus" is the rice-star, and comes carrying "Bushman rice."* By appearing it shows them when to seek it.

"The Magellan clouds are, in this Australian mythology, believed to be male and female birds called "Native Companions;" and by some of the Bushmen considered to be a male and female steinbock."

With regard to the constellations,—it is especially worthy of remark that their names in Bushman seem, generally speaking, to be unconnected with their shapes in the sky,—and that many of them seem only to be named from the fact of their being seen at certain times, when the animals, or other objects, whose names they bear, come into season, or are most abundant. It is not improbable that this may give us the clue to the chief reason for originally giving names to the stars and constellations. Of course, when such names as steinbock, hartebeest, eland, anteater, lion, tortoise, &c., had once become attached to certain stars or constellations, fancy might step in, and try to discover the shapes of those animals (or other objects) in the configuration of the stars; whilst, at the same time, mythological personification would begin its work, and make the heavens the theatre of numberless poetically-conceived histories.

The Secret.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Tell me what truths thy lonely harp displays,
When twilight glooms above;
If, when its tone thy secret soul betrays,
It breathes a sigh of love:
If thoughts that to thy waking fancy cling,
Inspire with hope or fear;
If 'neath thy fingers lurks a moistened string,
And in thy song a tear.
Tell me, if e'er, by gentler music stirred,
Thy heart will sometimes ache;
If all at once an absent voice is heard,
And thou dost answer make.
But, no; forbear to speak, sing; weep or sigh,
Lay not thy secret bare;
If e'er thou say'st it, I shall surely die
Of gladness or despair.

J. G.

* "Bushman rice" is what is commonly called "ants' eggs," but which are really the pupæ or chrysalides of the ants.

Gleanings from the Old Naturalists.

By H. H.

PART I.—CONCERNING WHALES, MERMAIDS, AND OTHER STRANGE FISHES.

"God," says old Swan, in his "Speculum Mundi," "placed great whales on the forefront of His work on the fifth day of the creation, for see how Moses ushers them in the van of all the smaller creatures living and moving in the waters." The patriarch, Job (xli. 33), says, in the earth there is nothing like him (*i.e.*, the whale). His jaws are likened to doors, his scales (when he has any) to shields. Out of his nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot, and he maketh the sea to boil like a pot. Now, this must be allowed to be a very fair description of a whale as seen at a distance, especially as Job's opportunities of a closer acquaintance must, from the locality he resided in, have been very limited.

Munster, in his "Cosmogony," is great on whales, "whose bignesse equaliseth the hills and mighty mountains, and they will droun and overthrow ships, except they be affrighted with the sounds of trumpets and drums, or except some sound and empty vessels be cast unto them, wherewith they may play and sport them." Hence the saying of throwing a tub to a whale. "Above all," he says, "there be one good remedy against such dangerous whales, to wit, that which Pottecarys call 'castoreum,' tempered with water, and cast into the Sea, for by this, as by a poyson, they are utterly driven and banished to the bottom." If this takes place in some of the unfathomable regions of the Atlantic or Pacific Oceans, the poor whale must certainly have a bad time of it, especially as it is a case of necessity with him to come to the surface to breathe every now and then. Olaus Magnus writeth that "there are many sorts of whales: some rough-skinned and bristled, others smooth and plain." He gives the size of a moderate fish at "240 foot in length, and 120 foot in breadth." What a treasure for a Cape Codwhaler now-a-days! "Some, again, have jaws with long and terrible teeth 12 and 14 ft. in length, and the two dog-teeth far longer than the rest, like unto horns, or the tusks of a wild boar or elephant." The teeth of our modern whales, or such species at least who have any, are mere sucking teeth compared to these grinders of the ancients of those days. "One kind of whale hath eyes so ample and large that sometimes fifteen, twenty, or more men may sit in the compasse of one eye" (although we cannot see what on earth, or in the water, would bring them there), "and about either eye there be 250 horns" (to serve as eyelashes on a large scale), "*ad rigidam vel placidam, anteriorem vel posteriorem motionem et ventilationem*, serving also to defend his eyes either in a tempestuous season or when this fish is assaulted by any other sea-beast."

The Physeter, or the whirlpool whale, is a cruel fish to mariners. He is what the Scotch call "muckle-mouthed," and "standing on his tail in the water, he will lift his head above the masts and yards, and cast up so much water through certain pipes in his forehead that great and strong ships are compelled to sink, or else are exposed to great and manifest danger. Sometimes he playfully varies his mode of destruction by leaning his great jolter head upon either end of the ship, and so drouns it by his overwhelming weight."

A little boy once asked Dr. Johnson if whales laid eggs. I forget what was surly Sam's reply; but, no doubt, as the interrogator was a juvenile, the great cham of literature answered blandly, in such terms as, "No, my dear child, whales are not oviparous, but viviparous animals, and they imbibe lactiferous nutrition from the mammillary development of their maternal parent, and are not produced by the process of incubation or fecundation, as members of the ornithological and ichthyological families of animated nature are. Whale's milk may exist; pigeon's cannot."

Whales, as is well known, have a great affection for their young ones. Olaus says, that "when they are little, being faint and weak, the mother takes them into her mouth to secure them from tempestuous surges, and when the tempest is over, she spues them out again into the sea." And Old Swan moralizes thus on this beautiful mark of maternal affection:—"A fit emblem this to teach all sorts of parents, either in Church, Commonwealth, or private families, to provide for, and not destroy, those under them; as also to secure them from dangers whensoever they arise."

The precious drug, "amber-grease," causes a good deal of speculation amongst the old naturalists. Some deemed it the sperm of the whale scattered on the waters; hence the word "spermaceti," "good as an oyntment against the Palsie, and to be drunk down against the falling sickness and swounding. Thus affirmeth Olaus Magnus; howbeit, others write that it be the spaun of the whale." But Avicenna is persuaded that it grows in the sea: the real truth that it is a sort of diseased or biliary excrement of the whale, not appearing to strike any of those philosophers, who all agree, however, that its fumes are comfortable to the brain, and a spirituous concoction of it profitable to infertile women.

Munster, in his description of "Iceland," mentions the use of the bones and ribs of great whales as posts and spars in the building of their houses—a use not unknown in some of the coast regions near Cape Town and Port Elizabeth. His remark that "of the great profit that proceedeth from the oyl of the whale, no man is ignorant," we all agree in.

We all know that although the whale is popularly called a fish, that he is no fish, but belongs to the warm-blooded animals or mammalia; but the old naturalists, Gesner, Aldrovandi, and Ray, whose classification of the animal world preceded the now generally accepted one of Linneaus and Cuvier, had an inkling of the truth,

and Gesner especially separated the whales from fishes in general, and included them in a distinct order of marine animals, neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring.

Of whales in a theological point of view, we will say but a few words. The dispute as to the fish which swallowed Jonah being a whale is still undecided, the whale, the shark, the dragon, the sea-serpent, and the crocodile, all favouring their respective supporters; in fact, the original Hebrew word "tannin" is susceptible of a variety of interpretations, amongst others, that of "great fish," which, we think, ought to end the controversy. Another disputed point as to whether "Leviathan" meant a whale or a crocodile, has, thanks to the labours of modern German philologists, been given in favour of the Saurian. The whale, according to Pliny, has one faithful friend in a little fish called "musculus," who always precedes, and, as it were, takes soundings for him, "so that he does not entangle himself in narrow straits and between rocks," and as an old poet has it—

> "Much like a child that loving leads about
> Her aged father when his eyes be out;
> Still wafting him through ev'ry way so right,
> That, reft of eyes, he seems not reft of sight."

But if the whale is thus befriended by the musculus, he is equally infested by a pestilent bully-fish, called "the orke, who, though lesser than the whale, yet is a nimbler fish, and cruel withal, having sharp teeth, with which, as with a deadly weapon, she cruelly wounds the whale in the belly, and then, floating into a shallow place, defies the whale to follow her."

And so far with the old naturalists, in whose descriptions we can dimly perceive a germ of the truth. In Table and Algoa Bays real live whales may be often seen by the naked eye, disporting in their native element, but to the community of the British Isles who have not had the privilege of "going down to the sea in ships, and doing business in great waters," the only opportunity they have of becoming acquainted with his cetacean majesty is occasionally when a lumbering caravan appears at a country fair, and a gigantic "gollop of bones," called a "whale's skilliton," is presented to the admiring eyes of the gaping rustics, while on the outside is a sensational ocean scene depicting an enormous sea monster in the act of heaving out of the seething waters into the air an immense boat, with a crew of a dozen blue jackets tossed forth in all directions, with the legs of a couple of them sticking out of the jaws of the angry fish, who evidently does not like being thus disturbed in his repose.

The whale is often alluded to in the older poets, but perhaps the best known quotation is that from the immortal Shakspeare, in his "Tragedie of Amlette," which has almost passed into an apothegm; we mean—

> "Very like a whale."

"A whale in a butterboat," too, is a popular expression for making a great fuss about nothing, a fault often committed in Municipal Councils, Legislative Assemblies, Parish Vestries, and such like venerable institutions.

On Mermaids.

Mermaids and men-fish very naturally appear to Old Swan "as the most strange fish in the waters. Some have supposed them to be devils or spirits, in regard to the whooping noise that they make, for (as if they had power to raise extraordinary storms and tempests) the winds blow, seas rage, and clouds drop presently after they seem to call. Questionless natures, instinct works in them a quicker instinct, and more sudden feeling and foresight of these things, than is in man; which we see in other creatures upon earth, as in fowls, who, feeling the alteration of the air on their feathers and quills, do plainly prognosticate a change of weather before it appeareth to us." He does pigs rather an injustice in not including them in the same category, as they are especially sensitive to a change in the weather. Of mermaids, not only the poets, but others—Pliny to wit—have written. The poets classify the sirens amongst the mermaids—in their upper parts like maidens, and in their lower parts fishes—which, dwelling in the Sea of Sicily, would allure sailors to them, and afterwards devour them, being first brought asleep with hearkening to their sweet singing. (We wonder why the grog was omitted?) Wherefore, alluring women (the majority of the sex, no doubt) are said to be sirens, as in their time many have had sad experience.

In a book, called "The Theatre of Cities," is a long yarn about a certain sea-woman, but whether a fishwoman, a bathing woman, or a mermaid pure and simple, is not very clear, who, in the year of grace 1403, "was captured inside of a broken dike on the coast of Holland, near to the towns of Campen and Edam. She suffered herself to be captured and led home by certain women and other servants, and allowed herself to be clothed, fed with bread and milk and other meats, and would often strive to start away again into the sea, but, being carefully watched, she could not. Moreover, she learned to spin and perform other petty offices of women, but they had some trouble in cleaning her of the sea-mosse that did stick to her. She was brought from Edam to Haarlem, where she was kept, and would obey her mistress, and (as she was taught) kneel down with her before the crucifix; never spoke, but lived dumb, and continued alive fifteen years, when she died." This is credibly reported by Petit and others in the Chronicles of Holland, but it forcibly strikes us on reading her history, as a difficulty, how she managed with her fish tail all these years if she was a genuine mermaid, for it certainly would be a very awkward limb to kneel or even go about upon, unless, like Winifred Jenkin's letter to her cousin Sal, she came "hopping."

Passing over other strange marine monsters, we will conclude our

article with a few words on the gentle trout, "a fish so admirable and so sound in nourishment, that when we would speak of one who is sound indeed we say that he is sound as a trout. This is in some kind a foolish fish, and an emblem of one who loves to be flattered; for when he is once in his hold you may take him with your hands by tickling, rubbing, or clawing him under the bellie."

And, to conclude with a moral,—gentle readers, I fayne ye would feel pleased and tickled in your midriffs withal in perusing these strange tayles of whales and mermaids, and that ye may long live sound and admirable as trouts, but I will not say else you are like this fond and foolish fish by flattering ye, and so in my wantonesse offend ye; but to salve my own credit, so end this section.

Joan of Arc's Dream in Prison.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

Each flower I know that 'neath your footstep falls;
Come, come, my village friends, your sister hails;
Your sister, free at last, who still recalls
The valley's gentle gales.

While other hands the purple harvest pressed,
My laurel-crop was reaped: ah! come and see!
Again I seek my home, as to his rest
Returns the evening bee.

Each morn before my eyes my flock shall wend
Thro' the curled vapours by the river side;
The threads that from the reedy frame descend
My hands once more shall guide.

Fair vales, where my calm infancy slid by,
Like tender buds screened from the zephyr's wing,
As o'er a clear lake, mirrowing the sky,
The swallow flits in spring.

Beneath my banner's floating blazonry,
There followed from your fields an image blest;
Sisters, 'midst pitying hearts I come to die,
'Mongst you to find my rest.

O, keep for me my plot of sacred ground,
A little shade, a carved memorial stone,
Where the bent traveller, on the grassy mound,
May fullest prayers intone.

J. G.

On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South Africa.

[By Ernst Meyer.]

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS.

III. Introduction *(continued)*.

While I now proceed to the consideration of families, I beg reference to the complete list of them in the table concerning the geographical distribution of Drège's plants, which follows this introduction. Respecting this table I may make the following preliminary remarks. It was originally compiled by Drège himself from his alphabetical catalogue of plants, and was also extended to the genera. The latter I have been compelled to omit for want of space. If this should be found inconvenient, it can easily be completed by the aid of the catalogue. But in order to facilitate the comparison of our table with that of similar lists of other Floras, I have arranged the genera exactly in the same order as that adopted by Endlicher in his "Genera Plantarum." To this work also refer the numbers prefixed to the families, which are not always progressive. But a departure from the successive order of the families seemed to me highly necessary. The re-establishment of the three great natural groups, the Acotyledons, the Monocotyledons, and the Dicotyledons, forces itself irresistibly upon everyone who searches below the surface, and who does not allow himself to be deceived by the obscurity of solitary characters in isolated cases. And these are groups which, since the period of their establishment by Ray, the greatest botanist of his time, have found two such supporters in Jussieu and Robert Brown, the greatest botanists of all time, that they need no longer fear either criticism or change. But since the successive order of Endlicher has not been precisely followed on these grounds, I have also made some further transpositions for the sake of subordinate purposes which will later appear of themselves.

Respecting the Acotyledons which, with the exception of the ferns, appear to me to be very incomplete, I have nothing to say. But this may be easily gathered from Drège's collection, that South Africa, the "Paradise of flowers," as a lady botanist, in the appendix to the Botanical Register, calls it, proves herself no step-mother to the flowerless plants also.

The Monocotyledons are divided in our table into twenty-one; the Dicotyledons into 122 families, amongst which are three which, being represented in South Africa by very few species, seem to be wanting in Drège's collection, viz., the *Hamamebideae*, *Xanthoxyleae*, *Pittosporeae*. Thus in 83,000 square miles are 146 families of phanerogamous plants, while Endlicher only assumes 241 for the whole earth! And this wealth of forms appears still larger when it is considered that the region in which it prevails extends much less in latitude than in longitude, and includes not much more than six degrees of latitude. To which may be added that the greatest absolute height within the region, the ridge of the Witbergen, between the 30th and 31st parallels, is usually only covered with snow for three months in the year, and scarcely rises more than 8,000 feet high.

For the comparison of the South African proportion between species

and families, with the same proportion in other lands, the previous researches of others fail us yet more than in the case of observations on the corresponding proportion between species and genera. I therefore restrict myself to some special comparisons.

Amongst the Monocotyledons, South Africa possesses but one family which does not occur in New Holland, viz., the *Musaceæ*, represented in Drège's collection by three, in the whole by four species, constituting the purely South African genus *Strelitzia*. New Holland, on the other hand, has two families which are not found in South Africa, viz., the *Scitamineae** and *Pandaneae*, both together there represented by only three species, two of which may be considered as belonging exclusively, and the third chiefly, to the tropics, to which our Flora does not extend.

Amongst the Dicotyledons, the following South African families, to which probably some others might be added, do not occur in the whole of New Holland :—

Balanophoreae	Valerianeae	†Frankeniaceae	†Ilicineae
Cytineae	Dipsaceae	†Samydeae	†Anacardiaceae
Saurureae	Stilbeae	†Homalineae	†Ochnaceae
Podostemaceae	Selagineae	Loaseae	†Lineae ?
†Myriceae	†Hydroleaceae	Begoniaceae	†Oxalideae
Betulaceae	†Orobancheae	Cacteae	†Balsamineae
†Celtideae	Bruniaceae	†Hypericineae ?	†Melastomaceae
†Antidesmeae	†Menispermeae	Tamariscineae	
Salicineae	Resedaceae	†Malpighiaceae	
Penæaceae	†Nymphæaceae	†Erythroxyleae	

Against which New Holland has the advantage of South Africa in respect of the following orders :—

Abietinae	Brunoniaceae	Magnoliceae	Ternstromiaceae Tr.
Casuarinae	Stylideae	Dilleniaceae	Cedrelaceae Sub. Tr.
Gyrocarpeae Tr.	Lonicerae	Cabombeae	Tremandreae‡
Aristolochinae Tr.	Myoporinae	Sterculiaceae	
	Epacrideae		

* By the discovery of *Kaempferia*, a genus of the order *Scitamineae*, by Mr. Gerrard in Natal, this deficiency is reduced to one order.—Tr.

† According to a list by Dr. Hooker in his Essay "On the Flora of Australia," p. xciii., these orders should be omitted ; in some cases, because representatives in Australia have since been found ; in others, because what are here ranked as orders have been reduced to the rank of sub-orders, or tribes, as *Oxalideae* and *Balsamineae*, tribes of *Geraniaceae*, an order which is represented in Australia by a very few species. To the list is to be added *Fumariaceae*, making a total of eighteen South African orders not occurring in Australia.—Tr.

‡ Of the above, *Abietinae* is now regarded as a tribe of *Coniferae*, this order being represented at the Cape by *Podocarpus* and *Widdringtonia* ; *Sterculiaceae* also appears in the somewhat rare *S. Alexandri*. According to Hooker's Essay above quoted (p. xciii.) there must be added to the list : *Monimiaceae*, *Stackhousieae*, *Cupuliferae*, *Xerotideae*, and *Philydreae*. He also includes *Goodeniaceae* and *Plantagineae* as absent from South Africa ; but the first is represented by *Scaevola Thunbergii*, and of the other there are several indigenous species. Excluding the tropical and sub-tropical orders marked Tr., and adding the others, there would remain fifteen orders of temperate Australia absent from South Africa. Hooker (Ibid, p. xciv.) remarks that *Magnoliaceae*, *Monimiaceae*, and *Caprifoliaceae*, are confined to the south-eastern portion of Australia, "which is in accordance with the facts I have elsewhere indicated, that the affinity between the Floras of South-west Australia and South Africa is very remarkedly greater than between that country and South-east Australia."—Tr.

Thus, on the whole, the New Holland Flora appears to lack thirty-eight South African phanerogamic families; while the South African Flora only wants eighteen of those of New Holland; and even amongst these are four marked Tr. or Sub-tr., which, in New Holland at least, are purely or almost purely tropical.* It should not, at the same time, be overlooked, how few plants we yet know from the west side of New Holland, from which portion especially we are warranted in expecting the greatest conformity with the vegetation of South Africa. It is to be hoped that we shall soon learn from Herr Preiss in how far this presumption is correct or otherwise.

Even only to an approximately certain comparison of South African with South American families at the same latitude, the material at our service is yet more defective. Probably the number of families represented in only one of the two Floras in about equal areas on each side, would prove still larger; but on which side it would be the largest it is impossible to guess.

In the consideration of single families, two very different points of view present themselves, viz., their *absolute* and their *relative* numbers in our Flora in comparison with their numbers in other Floras. The same family may be equally important to a Flora in both respects, as, for example, *Selagineae* and *Mesembryanthemeae*, in South Africa. But, as a matter of course, the most numerous family of any particular Flora may be one least peculiar to it; while one wholly peculiar may be least numerously represented. Thus the *Compositae* form in South Africa more than one-sixth of all phanerogams, but, as is well known, are not absent from any Flora; while the *Stilbaceae* and *Penæaceae*, which are confined to South Africa, consist of only seven, and twelve to eighteen species respectively; of which Drège's collection contains four, and eleven species respectively.

I subjoin a list of those families, according to their *absolute* numbers which form at least one per cent. of the phanerogams in Drège's collection:—

1. Compositae	1,110 = $\frac{1}{6}$	16. Asclepiadeae	104 = $\frac{1}{63}$
2. Papilionaceae	496 = $\frac{1}{13}$	17. Umbelliferae	104 = $\frac{1}{63}$
3. Gramina	312 = $\frac{1}{21}$	18. Byttneriaceae	99 = $\frac{1}{65}$
4. Iridcae	286 = $\frac{1}{24}$	19. Rubiaceae.....	88 = $\frac{1}{73}$
5. Liliaceae	264 = $\frac{1}{25}$	20. Cruciferae.....	87 = $\frac{1}{76}$
6. Restiaceae.....	191 = $\frac{1}{34}$	21. Oxalideae	83 = $\frac{1}{79}$
7. Cyperaceae	184 = $\frac{1}{35}$	22. Labiatae	79 = $\frac{1}{83}$
8. Scrophularineae.....	170 = $\frac{1}{38}$	23. Daphnoideae.....	75 = $\frac{1}{88}$
9. Geraniaceae	169 = $\frac{1}{39}$	24. Campanulaceae.....	75 = $\frac{1}{88}$
10. Ericaceae	167 = $\frac{1}{39}$	25. Rosaceae	71 = $\frac{1}{93}$
11. Proteaceae	157 = $\frac{1}{42}$	26. Mesembryanth.....	69 = $\frac{1}{96}$
12. Euphorbiaceae	135 = $\frac{1}{49}$	27. Selagineae.....	69 = $\frac{1}{96}$
13. Orchideae.....	122 = $\frac{1}{54}$	28. Malvaceae	68 = $\frac{1}{97}$
14. Polygaleae	112 = $\frac{1}{59}$	29. Acanthaceae	66 = $\frac{1}{99}$
15. Crassulaceae.....	108 = $\frac{1}{61}$	30. Anacardiaceae	65 = $\frac{1}{101}$

* The numbers as corrected in the previous notes are eighteen and fifteen order respectively.

I may also mention the following as characteristic of our Flora, notwithstanding their fewness :—

31. Lobeliaceae	56	37. Hypoxideae	37
32. Rhamneae	56	38. Cucurbitaceae	35
33. Smilaceae	51	39. Ebenaceae	27
34. Zygophylleae	44	40. Penæaceae	11
35. Celastrineae	40	41. Cycadeae	9
36. Bruniaceae	38	42. Stilbeae	4

We can only tarry to consider some of these families ; for respecting many there is little to say, and in regard to others I have but little to add to what Schouw and others have said long before me.

In Drège's collection the *Geraniaceae*, I know not why, are probably not numerous enough to determine their right proportion to the whole collection. For although the family is tolerably equally distributed throughout the whole of the provinces, Drège has but 169 species, while De Candolle, in the first volume of his Prodromus of 1824, already numbers 329 South African species, amongst which doubtful species are not included. At the same time there are probably many of these mere varieties, and even more of hybrid origin, for which we are indebted to gardeners. However that may be, it is impossible to mistake the importance of the family in our Flora. Altogether the actual species brought together by De Candolle are divided by him as follows :—

From Australia	9	species.
„ America	14	„
„ Europe, with North Africa and the whole of Asia	100	„
„ South Africa only	329	„
	452	„

If we deduct those genera doubtfully and probably improperly referred to this family, there remain only *Geranium*, *Erodium*, *Pelargonium*, and *Monsonia*, of which none are absent from South Africa,—the latter represented by eight species wholly limited to this Flora, and the last but one by 329 species, of which De Candolle only reckons seven which are not South African.

The *Ericaceae*, or more correctly, that division of them with persistent corollas, and bractless buds, which we are accustomed to call heaths, for this group alone comes under observation, are limited, as I have already shown, almost entirely to the mountains of the extreme South. For this reason they are less abundant in Drège's collection than they might have been, since although he did not indeed entirely neglect those regions, he investigated them less closely than other collectors have done. While he collected only 168 species, De Candolle, in the 7th vol. of his Prodromus, to which Drège also contributed, describes 455 South African species. According to De Candolle, the number of species of the whole family amounts to 784 species, of which the *Ericeae*, or heaths, alone, are 530, so that South Africa possesses nearly four-fifths of these.

The *Proteaceae*, as is known, are most copious in New Holland; and besides that country are only found abundantly in South Africa. R. Brown, in his Prodr. Flor. Nov. Holl. of 1810, numbered already 203 species amongst 3,760 phanerogams. Since four-fifths of these occur between the parallels of 33° and 35° south, to which belonged also half of the then known species of New Holland phanerogams, it results that in this parallel about 160 *Proteaceae* occurred amongst 1,880 phanerogams,—a quotient which falls between $\frac{1}{11}$th and $\frac{1}{12}$th. According to more recent researches even this high quotient appears still too small. For in the first supplement to the Prodr. Flor. Nov. Holl. of 1830, Robert Brown described 162 new species, and it is not likely that all the phanerogamic families of that country had reached a similar increase, which would have brought them to a total of 6,760 species. According to Schouw, there was known from South Africa up to 1823 about 184 *Proteaceae*. Drège has only about 157, a quantity more than enough to enable us to derive from it with certainty the quotients of the family in South Africa. For supposing Drège's collection is proportioned to the total of all known phanerogams from that country as 13 : 18, we ought, according to that ratio, to be acquainted now with somewhat over 200 species from South Africa. But if in New Holland most of the *Proteaceae* are limited to that narrow belt between 33° and 35° south, although they are not there wholly wanting in the tropics, they are in South Africa drawn even still closer together. As is known, the southernmost point of the African Continent does not quite reach 35°, and northwards the *Proteaceae*, judging from Drège's collection, cease on the west coast before the 33rd, and on the east coast before the 32nd parallel is reached, while in the middle of the land they cease even sooner since none are found further than 140 miles from the coast. One glance at the table printed at the end of this treatise, and a second at the map will make this clearer. If we now look, according to Robert Brown's work above mentioned, for the quotient of *Proteaceae*, for those only of our provinces in which they actually occur,—and if, besides, we exclude province V.C., which furnishes only one species and that not peculiar to it,—we thus obtain between 1/21 and 1/22, about half as large as the proportion furnished by that portion of New Holland where they chiefly occur, before the recent discoveries. It is curious that in both parts of the world the west coast is far richer in *Proteaceae* than the east coast, and that even America possesses on the west coast at least some, but on the east coast none whatever.

In how far the *Polygalaceae* are to be considered as forms characteristic of South Africa cannot yet be quite determined. In the year 1824 De Candolle counted amongst 221 species, after excluding all doubtful ones, fifty-five belonging to South Africa, thus one-fourth of the whole; but Drège collected 112 species, according to which we may conclude that about 150 species are now known in South Africa.* They are pretty equally distributed through all the provinces.

The *Crassulaceae* are more significant for our Flora. In 1828 De Candolle already counted amongst 251 species, 128 from South Africa, excluding as before those considered doubtful. Drège has but 108. If this number be proportioned to the *Crassulaceae* already known from

* The number described in Harvey and Sonder's Flora Capensis is only eighty-seven species. Of the four genera but one, Muraltia, is peculiar to South Africa.—Tr.

South Africa as 13 : 18, the number of known species must be 150. The quotient yielded by Drège's collection of 1161 appears thus to come very near to the truth. These plants belong especially to the Karoo flats marked II on the map, where their quotient reaches 1126; and next, to the high regions marked I, where their quotient is 1131, and where they do not even fail to occur in the highest region of the Witbergen, reaching from 7,000 to 8,000 feet.

Amongst the *Asclepiadeae* Drège evidently neglected the principal South African genus *Stapelia*, of which Dietrich numbers fifty-six species, and from which Schouw calls our Flora that of the *Mesembryanthemum* and *Stapelia*. He has only nine species of them. But if we increase this number in proportion to the number of known *Stapeliae* as 13 : 18, and add them thus to the total of Drège's *Asclepiadeae*, we reach the number of 135, which gives a quotient of $\frac{1}{4}\frac{1}{9}$. For the whole Flora they are thus more important than the *Crassulaceae* and *Polygaleae*, but probably have their maximum in Africa within the tropic, since they appear to be richest in all the northern provinces of our Flora, with the exception, perhaps, of *Stapelia*, respecting which we have no material from which to judge.†

Of the *Byttneriaceae*, only the division *Hermannieae* comes under consideration, which forms ninety-six species in Drège's collection. For of the division *Dombeyaceae* his collection includes but two *Melhaniae* and one *Leeuwenhoeckia* (which Endlicher refers to *Xeropetalum Delill.*‡ According to the new edition of Steudel's Nomenclator Bot. the six genera included by Endlicher in *Hermannieae* consist of 144 species, of which South Africa has 103, America, altogether, thirty, and the rest of Africa, with Asia and Australia, only eleven species. Of the two largest genera, *Hermannia* with seventy-four, and *Mahernia* with thirty-two species, there occur out of South Africa only one *Hermannia* in Arabia,‖ and one *Mahernia* in Abyssinia. They appear most abundantly in the northern part of our Flora.

The *Cruciferae*, taken as a whole, do not occupy a very important place in the South African Flora. Still, the distinct division of *Diplocolobae*, and the genera *Heliophila*, *Chamira*, *Brachycarpaea*, and *Subularia* are, with the exception of the last, which consists of a single species, exclusively South African. These furnish the Flora according to Dietrich's Synopsis with fifty-eight species, and Drège's collection includes exactly the same number, although many of the older species are absent. The genus *Stapelia* is scarcely so rich. Drège found this group to be most abundant on the west coast between 34° and 35° S, occurring on the flat sandy shores and the adjacent mountain ranges.

The family of *Oxalideae*, if, with Endlicher, we restrict it to the genera *Oxalis* and *Averrhoa*, consists, according to Dietrich's Synopsis, of 272 species, of which there are only two East Indian species of the last

* Harvey and Sonder number 142 species; but there are several subsequent discoveries —Tr.

† This is especially true of the *Stapeliae*, which most abound in that dry region stretching westward along the Orange River, from Colesberg to Namaqualand.—Tr.

‡ Now included in *Dombeya*, of which there are six South African species; and also five *Melhaniae*.—Tr.

‖ Another has since been detected in North America.—H. Texana.—Tr.

named. The genus *Oxalis* is distributed according to the same author as follows :—

America, the whole of	126	species.
South Africa	134	,,
East African Islands	1	,,
North Africa	1	,,
North Asia	1	,,
Australia	3	,,
Europe and North America, together,	3	,,
South America, South Africa, Madagascar, and East Indies, together,	1	,,
	270	,,

In America by far the greater number of species belong to the tropics ; but they reach in that hemisphere to the Tierra del Fuego, and are therefore very likely not rare in the region about Buenos Ayres at the same latitude as South Africa. They belong, therefore, to the few families by which the South African approaches to the South American Flora. It appears to reach its maximum in America between the tropics, and in Africa on the west coast, between the 34th and 32nd parallels. For in our province III D., Drège collected nearly forty species, that is nearly half of the whole number. Yet in the neighbourhood of the Orange River mouth he only detected a single one. To Congo, also, Robert Brown assigns only two species ; and in Guinea Hornemann found none.

The *Daphnoideae*, of the genera of which, as enumerated by Endlicher, Steudel makes about 260 species, although they are distributed over the whole earth, yield a third of their whole number to our Flora. But Drège has six South African species more than Steudel. More than one-fourth grow in New Holland, and the rest are much scattered ; but fewer occur in the tropics than in both temperate zones, and in the first-named are only found at considerable elevations.

Amongst the *Campanulaceae* I shall only mention the genus *Wahlbergia*, also represented in Europe, with thirty-six species in Drège's collection ; and amongst the *Rosaceae* the genus *Cliffortia*, with fifty-four species in the same.

With respect to the *Mesembryanthemeae*, we cannot judge from Drège's collection. According to Steudel they are thus distributed :—

South Africa	343	species.
South African Island	1	,,
Egypt	2	,,
Greece and Canary Islands	1	,,
America	1	,,
New Holland	9	,,
South Africa, Egypt, and Arabia, together	1	,,
	358	,,

Almost more characteristic for our Flora are the *Selagineae*, although

the sixty-nine species collected by Drège form nearly the whole wealth of the family. For up to this time not a single species has been discovered out of South Africa. They appear to be pretty equally distributed throughout the whole of the provinces, but perhaps on the east coast a little more sparingly.

Of the *Anacardiaceae* I may specially mention *Rhus*, with fifty-five species in Drège's collection, of which the greater number belong to the eastern part of his Flora. Steudel, amongst 121 species notes fifty-four from South Africa; amongst which, however, the greater part of those collected by Drège on the east coast do not appear. The remaining species are distributed in the tropics, and the warmer parts of both temperate zones all over the world.

Amongst the *Rhamnaceae* the genus *Phylica*, represented in Drège's collection by forty-six species, may be regarded as characteristic of South Africa; amongst *Smilaceae*, *Asparagus*, with forty-six species, and two *Dracœnae*; amongst *Zygophyllaceae*, *Zygophyllum* itself with thirty-two species; amongst *Celastrineae*, *Celastrus*, with thirty-five species.

The *Bruniaceae*, again, are wholly limited to South Africa, and indeed to the southernmost part of it. But the family is small. Drège has thirty-eight species, according to which, in the proportion found above of 18 : 13, we might expect altogether about fifty-three species to be known. In Steudel's work I find fifty species noted.

The family *Hypoxideae*, not much more numerous, has, according to Steudel, sixty-eight species of which the native country is known, and which are thus distributed :—

South Africa	34	species.
East African Islands	2	„
Abyssinia and Arabia	2	„
East Indies	11	„
New Holland	6	„
America, North and South	13	„
	68	„

But Drège alone collected thirty-seven species in South Africa, and, indeed, most in the two adjacent provinces, V. A. on the east coast, and I. A. on the south eastern slopes of the Stormbergen. At Port Natal also he found two species. Should a more careful and extended research be at some future time made towards the north-east, a considerable increase may be expected to this family already so characteristic of South Africa.

The provinces last named are almost as rich in comparison with others in *Cucurbitaceae*, although the family altogether, larger in itself, does not attain its maximum in South Africa.

It is an interesting fact that the small family *Ebenaceae*, celebrated for the hardness and beauty of the wood which it furnishes, and predominating in the tropics throughout the world, reaches in South Africa to nearly 35° S., that is nearly to the southernmost point of the continent, up to which also even a species of *Sapoteae* has straggled. The first-named family is represented in Drège's collection by twenty-seven species.

Lastly, I may name the two very small families of *Penaeaceae* and *Stilbeae*, as exclusively South African, and limited almost to the southernmost regions.

We stand now on the boundary of the broad desert which, in our vegetable system, stretches from the hill-ranges of families to the three mighty mountain-chains of Acotyledons, Monocotyledons, and Diocotyledons. Between these two well-arranged divisions as yet no law rules; every one is here free to roam as he chooses. Perhaps, then, I may be permitted to fill up this break in the tableau of the system by sketch notes of groups of plants, not formed, indeed, on morphological principles, but only united together amongst themselves by *physiognomical* relations. But I beg that it may not for a moment be supposed that I would trespass on Humboldt's "Ideas of a Physiognomy of Plants." For, alas! I lack those necessary means by which he produced this splendid creation,—the magic cloak which carried him with clear vision from continent to continent, and the focal power of an all-concentrating spirit.

Amongst the Monocotyledons, the Grasses, Sedges, Restiads, and Rushes, have long been comprehended under the common name of *Calamariae*. We ascribe to them a haulm or stalk, without exactly knowing what that is; for no botanist has yet been able to define it, while every child recognizes it. A second group, distinguished as a rule by its large and brilliantly-coloured flowers, we may call *Coronariae*, including all the Monocotyledons of our table, from *Commelyneae* to the Palms. The rest, from *Typhaceae* onwards, are of little consequence in South Africa, and even the *Cycadeae* are too few to exert any considerable influence on the general character of the Flora, however important they may be to the province to which they especially belong.

Now if we compare the proportion of the *Calamariae* to our *Coronariae* in several zones of both hemispheres, we obtain in respect of the South African Flora, a very interesting result. In order to show at the same time the great preponderance in our Flora of both the groups named over all other Monocotyledons, we will separate the latter under the name of *Miscellaneae* in the following table. Amongst 100 Monocotyledons there are found in—

	Calam.	Coron.	Misc.		Calam.	Coron.	Misc.
Lapland	79	18	3	Sardinia	56	38	5
Sweden	68	22	10	Algiers	62	33	5
Copenhagen	67	23	10	Canary Islands	..	..	..
Germany	64	29	7	Guinea	76	23	1
Hanover	66	24	10	South Africa*	44	54	2
Wurtemberg	61	31	8	New Holland	67	31	2
France	62	32	6	Central America	59	35	6
Naples	60	34	6				

However incomplete may be the statistics here put together, we may deduce from them a two-fold conclusion: firstly, the increase of the *Coronariae* in proportion to the *Calamariae*, from the pole southwards, and

* The Flora of Graaff-Reinet, containing 174 Monocotyledons, thus proportions itself:—*Calam.*: 46; *Coron.*: *Misc.*: 0.—Tr.

from the equator northwards, until the warmer part of the northern temperate zone (at least in Europe and North Africa), but only to such an extent that even where the relative proportion of the *Coronariae* is greatest it does not reach higher than about as 2 : 3. But, secondly, that in South Africa we find, on the contrary, a preponderance of *Coronariae* over *Calamariae* in the proportion of about 11 : 10,* a proportion which would probably be found nowhere else, and certainly not in New Holland, where the *Coronariae* are relatively not much more numerous than in Germany. In South Africa, therefore, the Monocotyledons do not, indeed, rise, as in the tropics, in lofty Palms and Bamboos ; but it is there that the size and brilliancy of their flowers reach their highest development.

Amongst the Dicotyledons South Africa possesses two distinct, I might say physiognomic, forms, in the largest number ; plants, namely, of *heath-like form*, and *succulent plants*. I cannot, however, venture to determine their numerical proportions.

To the former belong, besides the *Ericeae* themselves, most *Diosmeae*, *Bruniaceae*, *Stilbeae*, *Penaeaceae*, *Daphneae*, many *Proteaceae*, and the genus *Phylica ;* and this form has representatives in every family save the smallest, as, for instance, *Aspalathus* amongst *Papilionaceae*, *Stoebe* amongst *Compositae*, and others. In our greenhouses they recommend themselves by the gracefulness of their growth ; but in Nature, where they present themselves to the eye, at a distance, as a mass of dwarf and apparently leafless shrubs, covering the ground with a garment of the dreariest hue, they possess few attractions, save for the botanist. Altogether, it is evident that the climate is extraordinarily favourable, not exactly to the growth of trees, but to the production of woody matter. Even in annual plants the stem is frequently, at least at its base, more or less woody, so that the judgment is frequently at fault respecting the duration of plants known only from dried specimens. Though they may actually exist for several years, yet the formation of the branchlets appears frequently to proceed, as it were, by fits and starts. At the point of a simple, thickly-leaved stem, are crowded together a few umbel-shaped twigs, putting out from their points new imitation umbels, which, in by far the larger half of the auxiliary buds, are never developed any further. The growth of *Drica Tetralix* alone in our part of the world, affords some distant resemblance to this mode of growth.

Not less characteristic, by reason of its predominance, is the *succulent form* of plants, although I doubt if this form has not a still greater preponderance in the Canary Islands, especially in species of sociable growth. Most especially, however, does this form of plants characterise the true desert, where, when every other plant has gradually withered up, it alone survives. In South Africa this form includes the *Crassulaceae*, *Mesembryanthemeae*, several *Portulaceae*, the large genus *Stapelia*, very many *Euphorbiaceae*, &c. Even the Monocotyledons affect this form, as in the genus *Aloe*, and some others.

On the other side our Flora is characterised by its *want of fullness and luxuriance* of shady foliage and well marked tree-growth. No South African tree reaches, like our firs, pines, oaks, and beeches, to a height of 100 or even 200 feet. As the highest, of from twenty to fifty feet,

* More nearly as 6 : 5.—Tr.

Drège names the following, without, however, intending to affirm that single trees in favourable situations may not sometimes attain a greater height :—

Taxeae. Podocarpus macrophyllus, falcatus, elongatus, mostly spread over the forests ; and known under the name of Geelhout (yellowood) as a bad sort of timber.

Moreae. Ficus Lichtensteinii.

*Laurineae. Ocotea bullata.**

Oleaceae. Olea Capensis, undulata, exasperata ; the last species at its highest reaching thirty feet, and the thickest tree which Drège saw. Its wood is called by the colonists Yzerhout (ironwood).

Araliaceae. Cussonia paniculata.

Tiliaceae. Grewia ; I am ignorant as to the particular species.

Meliaceae. Species of *Trichilia.*

Celastrinae. Curtisia faginea, of the wood of which the Kafirs are accustomed to make their assagais.

Ilicineae. Ilex crocea.

Rhamneae. Olinia acuminata.

Diosmeae. Calodendron Capense.

Myrtaceae. Jambosa cymifera.

Papilionaceae. Virgilia grandis furnishes an excellent wood, and therefore, unfortunately, is already much diminished.

The other trees, of which the number is indeed much greater, generally rise to a height of only from ten to twenty feet, although some of them, as *Leucadendron argenteum* may, under particularly favourable circumstances, sometimes rise to the first class. " In the general appearance of the country," writes the lady I have quoted from her flower-paradise, " I was deceived. There are *no trees.* The silver-tree is the loftiest indigenous plant which I saw." So that she did not even consider the *Leucadendron* to be a tree. Still more numerous and varied are the shrubs which form the underwood of the forests ; many of these are furnished with fearful thorns, and others like lianas climb from tree to tree. These forests, however, seldom cover more than the slopes of the mountains which separate plateau from plateau ; they rarely extend over the plains, and even the rivers of the latter are only margined with thinly-leaved, low-growing acacias, and in the highest region by willows. Thus there is also in the forests of South Africa the greatest variety, but nowhere, as in ours, lofty trees, with their tops closely interlocked, nowhere the solemn twilight, and the ever fresh coolness, of our leafy forest shades.

Lastly, must not be forgotten the *parasitical vegetation,* which, reaching in Central America the expression of the greatest luxuriance, is hardly to be expected in South Africa. Drège nevertheless collected from there, growing on other trees, 17 *Loranthеae,* 5 *Cassythae, and* 1 *Cactacea* ; and of root parasites, 12 *Orobancheae,* 3 *Cytineae,* and 1 *Balanophorea,* besides three species of *Cuscuta,* in the whole forty-two species of dicotyledonous parasites, not reckoning epiphytal Orchids, and other Monocotyledons ; and amongst his *Loranthcae* are some which, for the size and beauty of their flowers, are not inferior to the finest American species. On the opposite

* Stinkwood, the most valuable of colonial timber trees.—Tr

side of the same continent I find, in Desfontaine's Flora Atlantica only 6 *Orobancheae*, 1 *Guscuta*, 1 *Cytinus*, 1 *Gynomorium*, and not a single *Loranthea*. From New Holland, of all the families mentioned, I find only 4 *Cassytheae* (of which two also appear to occur in South Africa) and 2 *Cuscutae*, to which Steudel's Nomenclator adds 8 *Lorantheae*. The *Lorantheae* appear at least to be more abundant in Central Africa; for from Guinea and Senegambia we know already seven species, and in Salt's poor catalogue of 148 Abyssinian plants there occur three *Lorantheae*, to which Hochstetter has added another *Viscum*.

The Sea Serpent.

The evidence against the existence of the animal popularly known as the great sea-serpent is negative: no naturalist of eminence has seen the animal, and none of its bones have ever been washed up. These are the two arguments on which disbelievers in the sea-serpent rely.

In reply, it has been pointed out that eminent naturalists are, as a rule, scarce at sea: that several men, whose intelligence and veracity are unquestioned, have affirmed that they have actually seen a marine serpent-like animal, of enormous dimensions: that the bones of marine animals (the cetacea excepted) are more or less cartilaginous, and that the skeleton of even the great basking-shark (of which I myself have seen a specimen in Table Bay thirty odd feet long) will dissolve under exposure to the atmosphere into a mass of jelly. When the sea-serpent, usually the inhabitant of deep seas, dies, it would sink to the bottom, and its bones, of a different texture from that of mammals, would perish almost as fast as the flesh itself. There is no rational reason why a great marine serpent should not exist. I believe that the existence of boas, anacondas, and pythons, measuring from sixty to ninety feet, has been authenticated: why then should as great or greater snakes not traverse the depth of the sea, where man exists not to check their career? During the visit of the *Challenger*, Professor Wyville Thompson and myself made a bit of a scientific excursion along the shores of Camp's Bay, and I mentioned to him that I believed I had seen the great sea-serpent off that very shore. The Professor said that his father, in command of one of the East India Company's ships many years ago, saw off the Cape of Good Hope *three* great sea-serpents disporting in company. They were watched by the whole ship's company, and by the passengers, and an account of the occurrence was published after the arrival of the vessel in England, and probably disbelieved by the cabinet naturalist. The Professor stated that evidence in support of the existence of a great marine serpent, or a huge murena, was so strong, and came from so many independent quarters that he did not feel himself authorized to share Professor Owen's incredulity on the subject.

I may also mention that Captain Spence, of this town, was on board the *Dædalus*, Captain McQuhae, when what is sometimes called McQuhae's sea-serpent was seen. The animal, according to Captain Spence, passed the frigate obliquely about fifty paces off her quarter. The head was as big as a barrel, and was surmounted by a crest: the eyes were large and vivid. Only the neck and head of the animal were visible above the water, but a dark streak, variously estimated by those on board at from thirty to sixty or more feet, in continuation, and visible through the sea, was distinctly perceptible.

There could have been no mistake in this instance: four hundred men witnessed the object; but it was not, I think, a sea-serpent. The long, dark, continuous streak in the rear of the head and neck, always under water, and the crest on the head, indicate that the animal was a murena or riband fish, of which there is a good specimen in the Museum. However, it may prove that the sea-serpent sometimes propels itself through the water in the manner described by Captain Spence. The animal I saw had a distinctly sinuous action.

C. A. F.

In illustration of this subject—which from several recent discussions has acquired a fresh interest—we append the following communications. The first is taken from the *Cape Argus* and the *Illustrated London News* of 1857:—

Cape Town, 13th March, 1857.

Sir,—I enclose a letter addressed to me by my friend Dr. Biccard (with a drawing) containing an interesting account of the sea serpent seen by him and others off the old lighthouse at the entrance of Table Bay, on the 16th of last month. It savours not a little of presumption to maintain that such a marine monster does exist, in the face of deliberately-recorded opinion of the greatest living zoologist, Professor Owen, yet I venture to do so upon the simple testimony of my own eyes. In the year 1845 or 1846, Mr. G. D. Brunette (of St. George's-street, the conveyancer,) and myself were fishing at Camp's Bay one bright, clear summer day. There was not a breath of air, and the water was as smooth as the surface of a pond. About midday we were leaving the rocks to proceed to the marine villa, when Mr. Brunette suddenly directed my attention to what he at first thought was a whale. A moment's inspection was sufficient, however, to detect the real nature of the animal. At about a mile from the shore we saw a line of shining black objects, like a string of large casks, floating on the surface of the water, lying parallel with the shore. It kept gently bobbing up and down, and on one occasion we saw the whole length for a few seconds above the water. Judging from the size of an Indiaman, 1,000 tons, at a similar distance, I should say the animal's length was from 152 to 200 feet. Of its girth I can form no estimate; but, from the show it made at so great a distance, it must have been at least three feet above the level of the sea. Nor could we distinguish head from tail, though near one extremity we saw what looked like foam or froth, as though

the animal was blowing water in a lateral direction. It seemed to be basking in the warm sun, with no other motion than that I have described, of dipping under occasionally. After watching it for about a quarter of an hour we started for the villa, for the purpose of borrowing a telescope; but we had scarcely walked ten yards when we observed the animal turn slowly round and then make off in a straight line to seawards toward the north-west. It moved at a rapid rate; so much so that when we got to the house and procured the glass it reached such a distance that we could not distinguish it better than we had done with our naked eyes while on the rocks. The motion while moving off was undulatory, the cask-like substances submerging and emerging from time to time, and glittering in the sun till we lost sight of them altogether, which was about an hour after first seeing the animal. That this animal was a sea serpent I never had the slightest doubt; yet, knowing the general incredulity on this subject, neither Mr. Brunette nor myself cared much to boast of what we had seen, so we said nothing about it; but as Dr. Biccard has obligingly, at my request, furnished me with particulars for general information of the animal seen by him under such favourable circum stances, I am induced to add my own poor testimony to the many facts now on record, proving conclusively the existence of a great marine saurian or some similar animal. I would point out that a gentleman of Dr. Biccard's well-know scientific attainments is not likely to mistake a seal for a serpent; and that the six or seven individuals who witnessed the evolutions of the animal at so short a distance as 200 yards could scarcely have been misled by a piece of sea-weed or by a deal.

The narrative of Dr. Biccard will be read with interest, and I beg to refer those who feel any interest in it to an article on the Great Sea Serpent in the *Westminster Review* for January, 1849.

Yours, &c.,

CHAS. A. FAIRBRIDGE.

P.S.—I have just read the above to Mr. Brunette, whose recollection tallies with mine; but he adds that the froth or foam about the animal was produced by the action of the extremity—the tail, I suppose,—which he noticed thrashing the water.

Cape Town, 11th March, 1857.

MY DEAR FAIRBRIDGE,—According to your wish, I give you a short description of the sea-serpent seen by me and others opposite the old lighthouse at Green Point. On Monday, the 16th of February last, I went out to Green Point in the afternoon. At about five p.m., or a little after, I was called by Mr. Murray, the lighthouse keeper, to "come and see a monster." I proceeded to the lighthouse, and from thence I saw on the water, about 150 yards from the shore, the serpent, of which some details have already appeared in print. It was lying in the position shown in the accompanying sketch, No. 1. I borrowed a rifle from Mr. Hall (Mr. Murray's father-in-law) and fired at the animal. The ball fell short in front of it by about four yards, as shown in sketch. The animal did not move, and I then fired a second shot, the ball striking about a

foot and a half from it. The serpent, then apparently startled, moved from his position, straightened himself out, and went under water, evidently getting out of the way. He was invisible for about ten minutes; at the expiration of which interval he re-appeared at about 40 yards further off. He then came right on towards the place where I first saw him; but before arriving there my son, who had joined me, fired at the animal. Unluckily, the discharge broke the nipple of the rifle, and I was thus prevented from further firing. Upon reaching the place he first occupied, the serpent formed himself into the position delineated in sketch No. 2. He then stood right into the bay, and soon afterwards we lost sight of him altogether. As I have stated, the distance the animal kept from the shore was not more than 200 yards; its length was about 200 feet, but its thickness I cannot tell, the upper part of the body only being visible. The head could be seen but indistinctly, as he raised it at intervals, as shown in the sketch. I consider the protuberance to be the upper part of the head, but I could not discover the eyes, notwithstanding the short distance and the telescope, which was a pretty good one. The colour of the animal was a dark dull colour, except the head, which was maculated with large white spots. The weather was very calm, with a light north-westerly breeze. Besides myself, the serpent was seen by Mr. Hall, Mr. Murray, and Miss Biccard, my two sons, and my coachman, who all saw it distinctly.

Yours, &c.,

BICCARD.

The following still more graphic and interesting account, taken from a recent number of the *Zoologist*, has been forwarded to us by the Rev. Mr. Russell, of the Scottish Church, Cape Town, who informs us that to his personal knowledge the first-named gentleman of the two is one of the keenest observers and competent critics of such a question he could mention:—

Appearance of an Animal, believed to be that which is called the Norwegian Sea Serpent, on the Western Coast of Scotland, in August, 1872. By the Rev. John Macrae, minister of Glenelg, Inverness-shire, and the Rev. David Twopeny, vicar of Stockbury, Kent.

On the 20th of August, 1872, we started from Glenelg in a small cutter, the "Leda," for an excursion to Lochourn. Our party consisted, besides ourselves, of two ladies, F. and K., a gentleman, G.B., and a Highland lad. Our course lay down the Sound of Sleet, which on that side divides the Isle of Skye from the mainland, the average breadth of the channel in that part being two miles.

was calm and sunshiny, not a breath of air, and the sea perfectly smooth. As we were getting the cutter along with oars we perceived a dark mass about two hundred yards astern of us, to the north. While we were looking at it with our glasses (we had three on board) another similar black lump rose to the left of the first, leaving an interval between; then another and another followed, all in regular order. We did not doubt its being one living creature: it moved slowly

across our wake, and disappeared. Presently the first mass, which was evidently the head, reappeared, and was followed by the rising of the other black lumps as before. Sometimes three appeared, sometimes, four, five, or six, and then sank again. When they rose, the head appeared first, if it had been down, and the lumps rose after it in regular order, beginning always with that next the head, and rising gently; but when they sank they sank altogether rather abruptly, sometimes leaving the head visible. It gave the impression of a creature crooking up its back to sun itself. There was no appearance of undulation: when the lumps sank other lumps did not rise in the intervals between them. The greatest number we counted was seven, making eight with the head, as shown in the sketch No. 1. [Two engravings are given.] The parts were separated from each other by intervals of about their own length, the head being rather smaller and flatter than the rest, and the nose being very slightly visible above the water; but we did not see the head raised above the surface either this or the next day, nor could we see the eye. We had no means of measuring the length with any accuracy; but taking the distance from the centre of one lump to the centre of the next to be six feet, and it could scarcely be less, the whole length of the portion visible, including the intervals submerged, would be forty-five feet.

Presently, as we were watching the creature, it began to approach us rapidly, causing a great agitation in the sea. Nearly the whole of the body, if not all of it had now disappeared, and the head advanced at a great rate in the midst of a shower of fine spray, which was evidently raised in some way by the quick movement of the animal—it did not appear how—and not by spouting. F. was alarmed, and retreated to the cabin, crying out that the creature was coming down upon us. When within about a hundred yards of us, it sank and moved away in the direction of Skye, just under the surface of the water, for we could trace its course by the waves it raised on the still sea to the distance of a mile or more. After this it continued at intervals to show itself, careering about at a distance, as long as we were in that part of the Sound, the head and a small part only of the body being visible on the surface; but we did not again on that day see it so near or so well as at first. At one time F. and K. and G.B. saw a fin sticking up at a little distance back from the head, but neither of us were then observing.

On our return the next day, we were again becalmed on the north side of the opening of Lochourn, where it is about three miles wide, the day warm and sunshiny as before. As we were dragging slowly along in the afternoon the creature again appeared over towards the south side, at a greater distance than we saw it the first day. It now showed itself in three or four rather long lines, as in the sketch No. 2, and looked considerably longer than it did the day before; as nearly as we could compute, it looked at least sixty feet in length. Soon it began careering about, showing but a small part of itself, as on the day before, and appeared to be going up Lochourn. Later in the afternoon, when we were still becalmed in the mouth of Lochourn, and by using the oars had nearly reached the island of Sandaig, it came rushing past us about a hundred and fifty yards to the south, on its return from Lochourn. It went with great rapidity, its black head

only being visib e through the clear sea, followed by a long trail of agitated water. As it shot long, the noise of its rush through the water could be distinctly heard on board. There were no organs of motion to be seen, nor was there any shower of spray as on the day before, but merely such a commotion in the sea as its quick passage might be expected to make. Its progress was equable and smooth, like that of a log towed rapidly. For the rest of the day, as we worked our way home northwards through the Sound of Sleat, it was occasionally within sight of us until nightfall, rushing about at a distance, as before, and showing only its head and a small part of its body on the surface. It seemed on each day to keep about us, and as we were always then rowing, we were inclined to think it might perhaps be attracted by the measured sound of the oars. Its only exit in this direction to the north was by the narrow strait of Kylerhea, dividing Skye from the mainland, and only a third of a mile wide, and we left our boat wondering whether this strange creature had gone that way or turned back again to the south.

We have only to add to this narration of what we saw ourselves, the following instances of its being seen by other people, of the correctness of which we have no doubt:—

The ferrymen on each side of Kylerhea saw it pass rapidly through on the evening of the 21st, and heard the rush of the water: they were surprised, and thought it might be a shoal of porpoises, but could not comprehend their going so quickly.

Finlay Macrae, of Bundaloch, in the parish of Kintail, was within the mouth of Lochourn on the 21st, with other men in his boat, and saw the creature at about the distance of one hundred and fifty yards.

Two days after we saw it, Alexander Macmillan, boatbuilder at Dornie, was fishing in a boat in the entrance of Lochduich, half-way between Druidag and Castledonan, when he saw the animal, near enough to hear the noise and see the ripple it made in rushing along in the sea. He says that what seemed its head was followed by four or more lumps, or "half-rounds," as he calls them, and that they sometimes rose and sometimes sank altogether. He estimated its length at not less than between sixty and eighty feet. He saw it also on two subsequent days in Lochduich. On all these occasions his brother Farquhar was with him in the boat, and they were both much alarmed, and pulled to the shore in great haste.

A lady at Duisdale, in Skye, a place overlooking the part of the Sound which is opposite the opening of Lochourn, said that she was looking out with a glass when she saw a strange object on the sea which appeared like eight seals in a row, This was just about the time when we saw it. We were also informed that about the same time it was seen from the island of Eigg, between Eigg and the mainland, about twenty miles to the south-west of the opening of Lochourn. We have not permission to mention the names in these two last instances.

JOHN MACRAE.
DAVID TWOPENY.

P.S.—The writers of the above account scarcely expect the public to believe in the existence of the creature which they saw. Rather than that, they look for the disbelief and ridicule to which the subject always gives rise, partly on account of the animal having been pronounced to be a snake, without any sufficient evidence, but principally because of the exaggerations and fables with which the whole subject is beset. Nevertheless, they consider themselves bound to leave a

record of what they saw, in order that naturalists may receive it as a piece o evidence, or not, according to what they think it is worth. The animal will very probably turn up on these coasts again, and it will be always in that "dead season," so convenient to editors of newspapers, for it is never seen but in the still warm days of summer or early autumn. There is a considerable probability that it has visited the same coasts before. In the summer of 1871 some large creature was seen for some time rushing about in Lochduich, but it did not show itself sufficiently for anyone to ascertain what it was. Also some years back a well-known gentleman of the West Coast, now living, was crossing the Sound of Mull, from Mull to the mainland, "on a very calm afternoon, when," as he writes, "our attention was attracted to a monster which had come to the surface not more than fifty yards from our boat. It rose without causing the slightest disturbance of the sea, or making the slightest noise, and floated for some time on the surface, but without exhibiting its head or tail, showing only the ridge of the back, which was not that of a whale, or any other sea animal I had ever seen. The back appeared sharp and ridge-like, and in colour very dark, indeed black, or almost so. It rested quietly for a few minutes, and then dropped quietly down into the deep, without causing the slightest agitation. I should say that about forty feet of it, certainly not less, appeared on the surface." It should be noticed that the inhabitants of that western coast are quite familiar with the appearance of whales, seals, and porpoises, and when they see them they recognize them at once. Whether the creature which pursued Mr. Maclean's boat off the island of Coll in 1808, and of which there is an account in the "Transactions of the Wernerian Society" (vol. i. p. 442), was one of these Norwegian animals, it is not easy to say. Survivors who knew Mr. Maclean say that he could quite be relied upon for truth.

The public are not likely to believe in the creature until it is caught, and that does not seem likely to happen just yet, for a variety of reasons—one reason being that it has, from all accounts given it, the power of moving very rapidly. On the 20th, while we were becalmed in the mouth of Lochourn, a steam launch slowly passed us, and, as we watched it, we reckoned its rate at five or six miles an hour. When the animal rushed past us on the next day at about the same distance, and when we were again becalmed nearly in the same place, we agreed that it went quite twice as fast as the steamer, and we thought that its rate could not be less than ten or twelve miles an hour. It might be shot, but would probably sink. There are three accounts of its being shot at in Norway; in one instance it sank, and in the other two it pursued the boats, which were near the shore, but disappeared when it found itself getting into shallow water.

It should be mentioned that when we saw this creature and made our sketch of it, we had never seen either Pontoppidan's "Natural History" or his print the Norwegian sea serpent, which has a most striking resemblance to the first of our own sketches. Considering the great body of reasonable Norwegian evidence, extending through a number of years, which remains after setting aside fables and exaggerations, it seems surprising that no naturalist of that country has ever applied himself to make out something about the animal. In the meantime, as the public will most probably be dubious about quickly giving credit to our account, the following explanations are open to them, all of which have been proposed to me, viz.:—porpoises, lumps of seaweed, empty herring barrels, bladders, logs of wood, waves of the sea, and inflated pig-skins; but as all these theories present to our mind greater difficulties than the existence of the animal itself, we feel obliged to decline them.

D. Twopeny.

The Editor of the *Zoologist* adds—

"I have long since expressed my firm conviction that there exists a large marine animal unknown to us naturalists: I maintain this belief as firmly as ever. I totally reject the evidence of published representations; but I do not allow these imaginary figures to interfere with a firm conviction."

The Gymnetrus, or Ribbon Fish.

A GOOD specimen of the gymnetrus, or ribbon fish, having recently been exhibited in Cape Town, differing in some respects from that described in the December number of this Magazine, it becomes necessary, in order to avoid any misconception, to point out in what manner they differ, particularly as the question of its identity with what has been called a sea-serpent is in England just now a subject of discussion amongst naturalists. About three years ago it occurred to my mind that the gymnetrus, of which I then saw a specimen fifteen feet long, might, from its mode of progression through the water, much more resemble a snake than anything else, and therefore be reasonably taken for a serpent when seen swimming at the surface of a slightly rippled or undulating sea, exposing only small alternate portions of its long and slender figure between successive wavelets, with its strange-looking head, large eyes, and handsome plume above the surface to add to its apparent monstrosity. In this idea I find I am in good company, as no less a person than Frank Buckland has avowed the same belief in a letter to the *Times*.

The fish exhibited on New Year's Day was nine feet six inches in length, and about six inches in depth, with flat sides, and dorsal fin two inches deep, extending from the head the whole length of the back, two small rudimentary pectoral fins, and, springing from behind each of them, a bony spine trailing backwards, upwards of two feet in length, terminated by a tuft or tassel. The plume of spines from the back of the head was much mutilated; the general colour was silvery, but the back was variegated with irregular spots of an umber hue, like spots of a leopard.

The difference between this specimen and that preserved in spirits in the Museum would seem to indicate either distinct species, or difference of age.

First of all, there is the disproportion in relative dimensions, one being nine feet six inches long by six inches deep; the other, seven feet two inches long, and barely two inches deep—a disproportion scarcely attributable to difference in age. Then, again, the smaller fish has not only the dorsal fin along its whole length like the other, but is further provided with a similar longitudinal fin underneath, reaching fully one-third of its length from the tail end. It has no other fin, whereas the large fish has a pair of small pectorals. Moreover, the small specimen has no latteral spines with tufts, nor is the back marked with spots. There is one other difference which is of consequence, and would favour the idea of difference in age, that is, the difference in the nature of their frame-work, the small fish having a cartilaginous structure, while the larger one possesses strong vertebral column running through the centre, and not the back, the whole length of the fish, which has no distinct tail.

HENRY W. PIERS.

A Letter in Rhyme,

Written to a Friend at the Cape after the Guards' Fancy Ball at the Exhibition Palace in Dublin, January 16th, 1873.

BY A LADY, IN THE CHARACTER OF "DIE VERNON."

Clad in velvet, hat three-cornered, horn of chase, and whip in hand,
In the Exhibition Palace, Thursday night, I proudly stand
Mid a crowd of stately warriors, Plungers, Guardsmen, Rifles, Line—
(Not forgetting twelve policemen, led by XX ninety-nine).
Through the entrance-hall we're marshalled, where our gallant hosts all stand,
And, with bows that rival Brummell's, greet their guests in costumes grand—
Costumes, some of which are ancient, seen the "light of other days"
(Being somewhat slightly faded, with that light's destroying rays).
Powder, patches, rouge, and lamp-black, all combined on one small face;
Satins, pink, blue, red and yellow, covered o'er with costly lace;
Pompadours in many colours; Quakeresses clad in grey;
Summer, Autumn, Spring, and Winter; Queen of Night, and Queen of May.
Hark! the sound, our anthem rises, swells, and fills the well-built hall.
The king and queen* are present now; up, Guards, lead on the ball.
Godfrey† smiles a smile, and rises; calmly looks his rival down
And the fat man,‡ he vows vengeance, swears, and frowns a dreadful frown.
Yes, orchestral war is raging, whilst below we slide and glide,
Turn our partners when we oughtn't, set to fronts instead of side;
And the guests pour in by dozens; yet the cry is, still they come;
Some in costumes so splendiferous, that they strike the gazer dumb.
Then the strains of Strauss's "Danube" comes enchanting every ear—
Makes some maidens sigh and shiver with a dread and nameless fear.
"Will he ask me?" No, he passes—passes, with a courteous bow;
And the maiden 's left lamenting, with a frown upon her brow.
"Will you *daunse?*" "Oh, yes, with pleasure. Charming ball." "Aw, yes, good fun!
Should have seen the one at Brighton. Jove, that really was A—A 1."

* Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Spencer.
† Guards' bandmaster.
‡ Mr. Liddell, famous Irish quadrille civilian bandmaster.

"Amy Robsait" 's found her "Leicester", "Hildebrand" his fair "Undine,"
Every "Jack" has now his "Gill," and every "King" his rightful "Queen."
"Robin Hood" leads out "Maid Marion," "Paddy" whirls his "Limerick Lass,"
And the lady, like "Lord Darnley," 's found a most becoming glass.
Hear the chaperons, how they gossip!—"Satin, with a cotton back.
Rouged, I'm certain. Yes, I knew it. Why, it fits her like a sack!
Did you see Miss Blank? How shocking! Yes, it's barely to her knees.
I declare it's quite disgraceful. Fancy, if there was a breeze!
Look at Mrs. B——. My goodness! Now, just fancy, at her age!
Why, if I came dressed in that style, wouldn't John be in a rage!
Don't you think it's time for supper? Captain B——, how do you do?
Mrs. B—— *does* look so pretty.—Supper? Thanks, I'll go with you."

See that anxious mother gazing at that whirling crowd beyond,
Like a hen, whose brood of ducklings swim and flutter round the pond.
Thus she sees her darling daughters bob and struggle through the waltze,
And thanks her stars that no one knows dear Julia's hair is false.
Let 's look among the statues,§ where the chaperons dare not go,
Where the atmosphere is purer, and sweet words are murmured low.
"Snow" has found a charming corner; in her partner's face she looks;
And the "Guardsman" studies deeply "Woman's" looks—his only books.
It may be that they've taught him only folly—nothing more;
Yet he seems to like his study, as he cons it o'er and o'er.
Whispers soft and whispers tender, meant for one small ear alone;
Answers looked, and answers given, in a soft beguiling tone.
Vows are uttered, hearts are bartered,—yes, a pleasant game for them
Who remember it's the fashion just to play that game *pro tem.*
Here's the spot for regimentals, out of wily chaperons' sight,
Far from dancers, loungers, listeners, in that dim uncertain light.

Oh, you dangerous detrimentals, our poor parents dread and fear;
Nothing in your heads or purses, rich on ninety pounds a-year.
Handsome face and winning manners, that's about the list of charms,
That make our anxious Mater shiver with a host of vague alarms:
Cardwell's name sounds not more dreadful to the lately well-bored ear
Of the newly-joined gold-laceless "subs" who now and then appear.

Rooms are thinning, daylight 's coming, and the fun is nearly o'er,
And "good nights" are murmured sweetly, as he shuts the carriage door.
So, good luck to you, our gallant hosts, wherever you may be;
I'll ne'er forget that glorious night in January, '73.

M.S.

§ Sculpture Hall.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Combined Movements.

THE combined movement made lately at Natal to prevent the escape of Langalabalele from that Colony over the Drakensberg, and the failure thereof, brought to remembrance similar movements and failures during our own frontier wars, and I propose to jot down a recollection or two thereanent.

In the early days of the Kafir War that commenced in December, 1834, the stronghold of the enemy was the Fish River Bush, on the left bank of that river, between Trompeter's and Committee Drifts, and extending back to the high ground between the Fish and Keiskamma Rivers. The bush was low and scrubby, much of it being "spec boom" and other succulent plants suitable for cattle food. There was water in the kloofs, and many open spaces covered with grass. Thus there was not only ample cover for the stealthy Kafir to hide himself in (when to show himself was undesirable), but there existed also the means for keeping a sufficient number of cattle to supply food—milk and meat—for a large army.

Among the first movements made by Colonel Smith (afterwards our popular Governor Sir Harry) after he arrived in Graham's Town to assume supreme command, was the stationing of a party of Burghers at Trompeter's Drift, under command of the late W. M. Harries, of Port Elizabeth, to watch the enemy, and report to head-quarters any change of his position or movement *en masse* into the Colony. The general idea at the time was that the Kafirs were gathering in the Fish River Bush, with a view to making a descent upon Graham's Town, so soon as a sufficient number could be got together. And as they could march from their stronghold to the city of the settlers in one night, and as the town was one that could not be very easily defended against an attack by hordes of savages, no one wondered at the inhabitants feeling somewhat "*onrustig*," as a Boer would say. In order to allay as much as possible this feeling of uneasiness, the Colonel Commandant stationed the "Corps of Observation" at Trompeter's with orders as before stated. The corps was a very small one—much too small for such important work; and the first report that came in was brought by Mr. Harries

himself, who reported that the Kafirs had fallen upon them unexpectedly, driven off all that had horses to carry them, killed the rest, and captured their baggage and supply wagons. This was not very encouraging intelligence, but the Colonel, nothing daunted, dispatched another and much stronger corps on the following day to re-occupy the position; and this time an experienced military officer, Lieut.-Colonel England (now Sir Richard England), of the 75th Regiment, was sent in command, with orders not only to re-occupy the abandoned post of observation, but also to reconnoitre in a threatening manner the enemy's position. On arriving at the river it was found to be flooded, and the water still rising, and as there were neither boats or pontoons in those days, there was nothing for it but to wait for the water to subside. After waiting several days, the main body of the up-country rain had run off, and there were symptoms indicating that a crossing might soon be effected. Some one suggested that it would be practicable to cross at Committee's at least a day sooner than at Trompeter's, and Colonel England determined to move up there, leaving a sufficient number of his men to hold the Trompeter's Camp. So determined, so done; and we soon found ourselves at Committee's, but still too early for crossing, and had to wait a day or two before the drift was declared to be fordable. One afternoon the order was given to be ready to cross at eight p.m. It was summer, and there was a young moon. Our force consisted of mounted men exclusively—*some* Cape Mounted Rifles—but chiefly volunteers, and the number to cross was about 150 or 200. At the appointed hour all were ready mounted, and when the order to move on was given the head of the column, guided by the late Mr. George Southey and one or two others acquainted with the ford, advanced to the river and crossed all right. The river was just fordable, and that was all. If your horse was a small one the water washed over his back, and he could with difficulty hold his feet. Larger ones did better. The stream was very strong, and just below the Drift there was what in this country is called a "Zeekoegat" (deep pool), so that if you got a yard or two out of the proper course you were in deep water. We crossed two abreast, and by the time the first fifty or so were through, those behind them found that they had drifted into deep water. I was one of them, but as both myself and horse were well acquainted with the Fish River, we did not alarm ourselves. I gave the animal his reins, and a touch of the spur, and he soon landed me on the opposite bank. Many of those behind seeing that we had got out of our depth, took the hint, and kept further up stream, and thereby avoided the danger that we had got into. No one lost "the number of his mess," although there were some narrow escapes. Several were washed off their horses, but managed to find their way to land, some on one side of the river some on the other. Mr. C. Rubidge (the future popular candidate for Graaff-Reinet) was one; he got back to the side from which we started. The late Mr. Alfred Jarvis, of

Port Elizabeth, whose occupation in those days was that of an auctioneer, feeling that he was being lifted by the water off his saddle, was alleged to have said, as if to himself, "Going, go-ing, go-o-ing—gone, by G—!" He was not a large man, but he had a big fellow riding next to him, who, hearing the last exclamation, put out his hand and replaced the auctioneer, not on the rostrum, but on his saddle, and he landed without further disaster. As soon as I reached the left bank of the river I saw several men dismounted and looking eagerly along the surface of the water. I joined them, and fancying we could see some one's head just peering out of it, we joined hands, and one going forward, the others following, and, holding each other, so that if the leader got out of his depth he might be pulled back, we soon rescued, from what without such assistance would have been a watery grave, one of our comrades of the Albany Sharpshooters, a young fellow, named Carter. He had got washed off his horse, and not being a swimmer, would have been drowned but for his having, happily, got hold of a big stone sufficiently high to admit of his keeping the upper part of his head and his face out of water. His horse had come out on the same side as ourselves, but he had lost his gun, pistols, hat, and all else movable that he had with him. We administered "a drop of comfort" to him, mounted him on his horse, and prepared to move on after the column, which by this time had got some distance ahead. We were but four or five in number, and our path lay through rather thick bush, which was somewhat dangerous as the enemy was supposed to be hanging on our flanks. We had scarcely got up to the rear-guard when we heard a horse coming on behind at full speed, and we were directly joined by Mr. Thomas Bailie, a brother of the Rev. John Bailie of Somerset West. This gentleman had lagged behind for some purpose or another, and finding himself alone came on at a brisk pace, and had had several assegais hurled at him, one of which passed through the breast of his jacket.

The column halted for the night—or what remained of it—on an open space about midway between the river and Breakfast Vley. We were all, of course, more or less soaked—some up to the hips, others to the waist; others, like friend Carter, over head and ears. None had a change of raiment, and it was difficult, if not impossible, to make ourselves *very* comfortable. We were not allowed to light fires, for fear of scaring away the enemy. So it was either lie or sit down as you were, in your wet clothes, or take off your clothes and try how you would feel with nothing on but your skin. I adopted the latter course. The night was warm and dry, and I thought, by spreading out my clothes on the grass they would get dry, or partly so, by daylight, and having a good warm cloak tightly rolled up and strapped to my saddle, which had only got partially wet, I wrapped myself in it and slept comfortably until the word was passed to prepare for the day's work. A heavy dew had fallen towards

morning, and my clothes were quite as wet, if not more so, than when laid out on the grass. There was no help for it, however, they had to be put on, and on they went. The operation was not a pleasant one, but it was comforting to know that there would be a fierce sun shining soon (there always is in the Fish River Bush in summer), and I should be dry enough, in every sense of the term, in two or three hours. We moved on at dawn of day, skirting the edge of the bush, but keeping on high ground so as to be able to overlook the enemy's position. After going for some distance in the direction of Breakfast Vley we bent to the right, and it soon became apparent that the Colonel proposed to make for Trompeter's Drift and not to return to Committee's. He was a popular man with the Burghers and Volunteers, frank, open, and courageous, but withal a disciplinarian. We considered that he exhibited too much courage, for he had a bad habit of riding generally a couple of hundred yards ahead of the column quite alone, and as we often passed close to the edge of the bush, we fully expected to see assegais hurled or shots fired at him. The Kafirs, however, did not molest us during the earlier part of the day, although we could see them congregated in large numbers upon the hills and ridges which the bush surrounded.

We halted for breakfast about nine o'clock, and while halting the Colonel gathered round him all the men he could find possessing an acquaintance with the bush, and the tracks and paths by which it might be entered. He made notes of the information he obtained for future use, and decided to return to Trompeter's by the track known as "Eno's Footpath." Early in the afternoon we "upsaddled" and made towards this path, which where it entered the bush, was so narrow as to admit but one horseman at a time. One hundred and fifty or two hundred and fifty men entering a narrow path by single file was a work of time, and it afforded the enemy an opportunity for target practice. A little incident occurred before we commenced our entrance which deserves to be mentioned. We were passing along one of the open grass ridges, when some half-dozen horses were observed standing at the edge of the bush on our right, distant about half a mile from our line of march. On perceiving this, about the same number of our Volunteers, who were not over well mounted, determined on making a haul, and, without permission of the Colonel, dashed off to secure the spoil. They made direct for the spot where the animals stood, and had got to within about fifty yards of their prey, when, all at once, and quite unexpectedly, the enemy opened fire upon them from the bush, whereupon they wheeled right-about-face and galloped back much faster than they had gone in the other direction, and received a reprimand from the Colonel for making the attempted capture without authority. He had no desire to invite an attack just then, but a serious attack might be brought on before he was prepared for it, if his men acted on their own impulses, instead of awaiting orders, &c. So he said. Fortunately, none of the shots took effect either

on man or horse. The half-dozen horses had been tied to the edge of the bush as a decoy, and a lot of Kafirs had evidently placed themselves in a position under cover to take aim at any one attempting to make a capture, but they fired too hastily, or without proper aim, as all the shots were too high.

The enemy, seeing that we were making for the narrow entrance at "Eno's Footpath," gathered in force on a hillock on our right, distant four or five hundred yards, and opened a brisk fire upon the entrance, and each man as he entered had to run the gauntlet. This did not last long, as a fire was opened from the rear of our column upon the hillock, which silenced that of the enemy. The only damage done to our side was to put a bullet through the wrist of a man of the Cape Mounted Rifles so artistically as to avoid the bones of the arm. No bones were broken.

The Kafirs shouted out to us, as we appeared to them to be retreating towards the river, in terms of derision; and, among other things not over complimentary, advised us to take a good look at the setting sun, as it was the last time we should have an opportunity for so doing. They would come down upon us in the night, and make short work of cutting the throats of the whole lot. We laughed at the banter, and advised them to try.

The river was reached without further molestation, and as crossing from the left to the right bank, owing to the ford being on a slant down stream, was not difficult, we got to the camp without accident, and after a bathe in the river, a good dinner, and something to wash it down, made ourselves snug for the night, that is, such of us as had no night duty to perform. Some extra precautions were taken against a surprise, so that no one feared, but rather wished that the threat of the enemy would be attempted.

Nothing happened. We saw the sun rise in the morning and set in the evening for several days, while remaining inactive at the camp. Colonel England had gone to Graham's Town to report upon the enemy's position, and the ways by which it might be reached and attacked at several points simultaneously by a "combined movement."

The combined movement was then planned and vigorously prepared for. Colonel Somerset, in command of a strong body of Dutch Burgers, among whom were the Rademeyers, the Ferreiras, the Uyses, and other gallant fellows of the Uitenhage and George Districts, the Besters, the Bothas, the De Langes, and many more equally gallant men of the Frontier Districts, was ordered to take up a position at Somerset Mount (near where the town of Peddie now stands), and there await further orders. Colonel England was sent to Committee's with some companies of his own regiment, the 75th, a strong body of mounted men, some native levies on foot, and two six-pounder guns; and Colonel Smith in person took command of the camp at Trompeter's, which had been reinforced considerably by, among other arms, some companies of the 72nd

Highlanders. We had thus our right division, under Colonel Somerset, consisting of mounted men only—Cape Mounted Rifles and Dutch Burgers; our left division, under Colonel England, composed of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery; and our head-quarter division, under Colonel Smith (who was also Commander-in-Chief), comprising Infantry and Cavalry, both Regulars and Volunteers.

There was a halt for a few days after each division had taken up their respective posts, partly to allow the river to "go down" sufficiently for the Infantry to cross without danger, but also partly, in all probability, to enable the Commander-in-Chief to decide upon the movements by and from each division, and the points to be taken up, so as to render the "combined movement" most effectual, as it was hoped that the enemy, if not entirely crushed by it, would be so seriously damaged as to make future operations comparatively easy. The snake was to be scotched, if not killed, by one blow struck by means of a "combined movement."

One of the things needful in all such movements is to have with each division a guide, or guides, intimately acquainted with the country and the positions to be taken up; and not only that, they should be acquainted with, and have confidence in, each other. Colonel Smith was fully impressed with this, even before he saw the dense bush and jungle to be operated on, and with a view to obtaining the right men for the duty, he engaged the services of the late Charles Bailie (also a brother of the Rev. John Bailie), one of the best, if not the very best, liked young fellows the country could produce. He was known as an honourable and brave man, and an excellent shot, and any one would have served with or under him with pleasure. He was not acquainted with the Fish River Bush himself, but he soon found men who were, and who were willing to act as guides. These were called together in the Colonel's tent, and after being put through their catechism, and satisfying that hot-headed but warm-hearted old soldier that they knew it, they were dismissed with the intimation that it was not by any means an unusual thing to shoot a guide if anything went wrong through his default! All thus arranged, the guides for each division were "told off." The late Mr. George Southey, assisted by Mr. William Shaw, was selected for the left division, and sent to Committee's with letters to Colonel England to cross the river and move on towards his position at an hour named. The present Lieut.-Governor of Griqualand was to be guide to the head-quarter division. The late William Sheffield, an old discharged soldier, was appropriated by a detachment from the head-quarter division, consisting of two companies of the 72nd Highlanders, under Major Maclean of that regiment (not our old friend, *John* Maclean), and I think the well-known elephant-hunter and plucky warrior, Mr. Edward Driver, now of Peddie, had the honour of being dispatched to take charge of the right division.

The two companies of Highlanders were the first to move. These crossed the river at Trompeter's about sunset, and, bending to the left,

skirted the edge of the bush until they reached a spot where they could enter by some cattle paths up a kloof. Their orders were to go to a certain open spot in the middle of the bush, there halt until daylight, then push forward to higher ground where they could be seen by the other divisions. The right division was to move at night along the ridge between the Fish and Keiskamma Rivers, until coming to the part of the bush opposite the enemy's position, then await a signal from the six-pounders, the first firing of which was to be the signal for a general onslaught upon the enemy's stronghold. The left and head-quarter divisions crossed the river, the former at Committee's, the latter about midway between that drift and Trompeter's, at nine and eleven o'clock p.m., respectively, and ascended the heights by paths which merged in each other on the top of the first range of hills. Before sunrise on the following morning the three divisions were posted, according to pre-arrangement, on the high ground to the eastward of the places to be attacked, and were ready and anxious to make a beginning; but a delay occurred in consequence of the two companies of the 72nd not having emerged, as they should have done, from the kloof up which they were to have come, and it would not do to open fire with the guns until we knew the exact position of our own men. We had some time to wait before the red coats and plaid trowsers of the Highlanders became visible, but when they did, the six-pounders at once opened their mouths, and commenced throwing round shot and shell into the kloofs, although no enemy could be seen, he being under cover. After awhile men were sent into the bush to "scour" it, but the foe invariably kept out of the way of all but very small parties. Unfortunately, our side, by want of caution, afforded opportunities to the ever wary savage to cut off men that ventured too much single-handedly. About midday, according to prearrangement, the various detached parties joined the main body on an open space, and we then became aware of the cause why the 72nd had not come up to time. They halted for the night at the place assigned, and all went well until near daylight, when one of the men jumped up and cried out, "Kafirs!" This roused the rest, and all stood up, seized their muskets, and commenced firing at random. The officers as quickly as they could ordered the men to cease firing, but amid the noise and confusion it took a little time to enforce the order. When at last quiet was restored, it was found that the two companies had been firing at each other, that several of the men had been killed, and more wounded, and the delay had been occasioned by the time occupied in burying the dead, and rigging up "stretchers" on which to carry the wounded. This unfortunate mishap was attributed to bad management on the part of the commanding officer, who, when halting for the night, drew up the two companies "facing inwards" (facing each other) before they piled arms; and so, when they jumped up and seized their guns and commenced firing, it was a battle between the two companies without the men being aware of it. The Major's

horse was the cause of the alarm. He had been tied to a bush too near to the men, and in moving about trod on a man's foot, who in his sleep fancied a Kafir had got hold of him; hence the cry of "Kafirs!" and the result. The old guide, Sheffield, when he laid down for the night, took his saddle for a pillow. He woke with the noise, but concluded that, under the circumstances, his safest position was that which he occupied in lying flat on the ground, so he remained as he was; but even then he had a narrow escape, as when it got light he found that the pommel of his saddle (his pillow) had been shot away. As the various parties of skirmishers gathered in, we learned, too, with deep regret, that several casualties had occurred among our frontier men; some had been killed, some wounded, and some had had hair-breadth escapes. One of the killed was a fine young Graham's Town man, named Bland, a brother-in-law of the late highly and universally respected Carey Hobson; and one of those who escaped, almost by a miracle, was the late well-known and much respected Charles Scanlan, of Cradock. He and William Wentworth (then of Collingham, near Graham's Town, afterwards of Colesberg) had got separated in the bush from their party, and were going along a narrow cattle track, in single file, Wentworth in front, when, all of a sudden, a stalwart naked savage stepped from behind a tree, right in front of Wentworth, with assagai up-lifted, ready to stab. A moment's hesitation on the part of Wentworth must have resulted in his own death, and also, probably, in that of his companion, for an assagai is a much handier and more formidable weapon than a gun at close quarters in the bush. There was, however, no hesitation. In the twinkling of an eye Wentworth, who was a powerful young man, dropped his gun, and caught the greasy, naked savage in a close embrace. The hug was so bearish, that the Kafir was unable to use his assagai, though he tried hard to stab with it. There was still a difficulty. The hugging could not be continued very long, and Scanlan was afraid to attempt to shoot the Kafir, as in the struggles he might hit his friend. This difficulty was, however, got over by an agreement between the two, which agreement was, that Wentworth should dash the Kafir from him with as much force as possible, and Scanlan should shoot him before he could recover himself. This was successful, and the Kafir soon lay dead at their feet.

Our halting-ground was surrounded by bush, but a goodly number of sentries being put out, we believed ourselves safe from surprises, and, after regaling ourselves with such provisions as were obtainable, all not on duty stretched themselves on the ground for a snooze. The quickest sleeper had scarcely become oblivious to passing events, however, before we were aroused by a volley being fired into us from a neighbouring bush. All sprang to their feet and seized their weapons immediately, and a large number rushed into the bush from whence the shots had come, to find—nothing. The stealthy Kafir had watched us making ourselves comfortable, crept up to within a few yards of us under cover, discharged his volley, and bolted back

to his haunt. Fortunately, on this occasion, as on many others, he fired high, and the bullets passed harmlessly over us; but our slumbers had been disturbed, and there was no more rest "for the wicked" that day.

Towards the evening we drew out from the bush, and encamped for the night on the high ground, intending to renew the attack on the following morning, when we hoped that the experience we had gained would enable us to strike a more effectual blow with less risk to ourselves.

The night passed quietly, and at early dawn we were on the alert preparing for the day's work. Presently, a small party of horsemen made their appearance. They had been sent by Colonel Somerset to report what had been done by his division on the previous day. There had been some hot work, particularly by a detachment of Burghers under Commandant Rademeyer, which found itself confronted in a deep and difficult kloof by an overwhelming number of Kafirs, who poured upon the small detachment showers of assagais and bullets, besides charging in upon the Burghers several times and compelling them to fight hand to hand, with the disadvantage on our side of being armed with nothing but long unwieldy guns, while they (the Kafirs) had their spears. The Burghers, few in number though they were, behaved admirably, fought like lions, and came off conquerors, not, however, without serious loss, several having been killed, and others badly wounded; but a larger number of their foes had bitten the dust.

The party which brought this intelligence reported that the enemy had quitted the Fish River bush during the night, and, driving their cattle with them, had crossed the Keiskamma! This was astounding and most unwelcome intelligence, in particular to the Colonel Commanding, who at first refused to believe it, notwithstanding the assertion of the Boers, that the "grond was stukkend getrap" with the footmarks of men and cattle. He saw that if the enemy had slipped through our fingers in the way alleged, the grand "combined movement" had failed to effect the object intended, *i.e.*, to strike a decided blow, and lay the enemy at our feet. We were not prepared to follow him across the Keiskamma into the fastnesses of the Buffalo and Amatola Mountains. We required a large force to do that, and, indeed, it would have been needful to station as strong a force as we had with us between the Keiskamma and Fish Rivers before we advanced further, to prevent the enemy from re-occupying the position he had just quitted.

The Colonel, before deciding on his movements for the day, sent a small party of his men to examine the "spoor" and report upon the truth or otherwise of the representations just made. This party returned in a few hours, and confirmed the opinion formed by the mounted patrol. There was no doubt that the enemy had escaped us this time.

Orders were at once issued for the head-quarter division to return

to Trompeter's Drift, the right and left divisions to remain where they were, and prevent the enemy from re-occupying the Fish River country ; two or three wagons were set apart and made as comfortable as they could be for the wounded men ; and with these in front, guided by one or two experienced men, with a view to avoiding as much rough ground as possible, the return march was commenced. The distance to be travelled was considerable, as, encumbered by wagons, we had to keep to the wagon road. It was some time after dark when we arrived at the Trompeter's Camp. The wounded men suffered intensely during the descent from the top of the hills to the river—particularly the poor fellows belonging to the 72nd Regiment, all of whom were "severely" or "dangerously" wounded, for the road was desperately bad, rocky and rough. One unfortunate fellow died before we got to camp, and another had his leg amputated immediately after arrival.

The next morning the Colonel proceeded to Graham's Town to report to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir B. D'Urban, the result of the "combined movement," and thereupon that eminent statesman and soldier concluded that it was impossible to avoid a systematic invasion of Kafirland, or a protracted and expensive war.

Sonnet.

THE LAST HOUR OF THE YEAR 1873.

The rainy clouds that shrouded in the day
Have all dispersed ; the last hour of the year
Flits thro' a moonlit sky, blue, bright and clear,
And the vast space, where gleam with feeble ray
The suns whose beams far distant systems sway
Deep, fathomless, eternal, and sublime,
Is like its birthmate, the eternal time,
T'wards which the sand-grain year speeds on its way.
'Neath the grand Heav'ns the world lies awed and still ;
The restless ocean, chafing on the shore,
Checks to a solemn whisper his deep roar ;
The moon benignant smiles on vale and hill ;
The dew on leaf and flow'ret settles chill ;
The faint winds whisper, and the year is o'er.

B. M. R.

Physical and Natural Science:

ITS PLACE AND POWER IN THE EDUCATION OF THE COLONY.

No. II.

THE writer in a former paper* endeavoured to draw attention to the want of proper science teaching in the institutions of the Colony, and the very paltry treatment and recognition of two or three departments of science in the programme of the late Board of Examiners. That paper would not have been written, had it not been preceded by a self-satisfied eulogy on the work of the scientific section of the Board by one apparently in connection with it. It had perhaps, therefore, too much of the complexion of a mere controversial attack.

It is my purpose at present to consider the introduction of science into our colleges and schools on its own merits. It is not necessary that the relative advantages of a purely classical and a mixed curriculum should be discussed. That a compromise from the time-honoured school and college course is advisable, by which science in some form should obtain a place in education, all intelligent teachers are, I think, agreed. Not merely such science as can be embraced in an ordinary course of physical geography, or by stray lessons in physiology, botany, electricity, &c., do I mean. Such may be characterized as teaching ideas and principles; but not as teaching facts and things. It is better, no doubt, to have some knowledge of a subject rather than none at all; but if Pope's observation means anything, that

"A little knowledge is a dangerous thing,"

it is certainly applicable to the conceit, inaccuracy, and dogmatism which accompany book-smattering in science. Such knowledge alone is highly pernicious, because in whomever it is exhibited, there it is, immoveable and unprogressive. We must teach science practically and with constant reference to nature herself. And, moreover, while inculcating an appreciation and some knowledge of nature, the faculty of observation is cultivated and cherished—the most useful of all our faculties in the course of life, and that by which we lay the foundation for drawing correct conclusions.

To bring the matter under discussion to a solution, and as far as this Colony is concerned, let us consider *What subjects of science may be taught*, and *How best and most inexpensively can they be taught.*

We could not, in setting forth our case, do better than follow the programme of the New University, and luckily the position it gives to natural history and physics is quite liberal enough for our purpose.

* The *Cape Monthly* for July, 1872.

After passing his B.A. examination, or having secured the second-class certificate of the former Board, a student may take his M.A. degree in literature, mathematics, or science. This is not only an original feature in University schemes, but it will yet be found a wise and happy one, that after having received a rigidly accurate, general education, rigidly and accurately tested, a science student may go forward for higher honours in connection with his own specialty. He may take any three of the following subjects :—

Physical Geography,	Chemistry,
Botany,	Light,
Geology,	Heat and Sound,
Animal Physiology,	Electricity.

We presume that candidates will be examined in these in the usual way in Universities at home. It will not be mere book-work in botany, zoology, and geology, but, we suppose, actual specimens will be put before the student for naming, diagnosis, and general investigation. It may be possible, and indeed is possible and quite proper, that some of the other subjects be reserved for book-work, such as physical geography and animal physiology. No further provision also need be made in connection with colleges which have a mathematical master for physics, as with the exception of chemistry they come under a course of mixed mathematics, and are generally referred to that course. It is evident, however, that to meet the requirements of our University, something must be done to afford teaching in the department of natural history. They are not in the recognized curriculum of any school or college in the Colony. To say "to meet the requirements" of the examinations in connection with our University is to put the matter, it may be, in a practical way, yet nevertheless it is taking with reference to botany, geology, and zoology a miserably low and contracted position. Here we are in South Africa, with an extensive country only partially explored in most of the departments of natural history, and we do nothing to insure for the future any progress towards investigating its varied forms of life, rock, and mineral. The matter cannot be calmly looked upon by any one at all interested in the future development of our country. The Colony has no geological surveying party ; there is no natural history or scientific society in the Colony, save one in Graham's Town ; and the whole work in natural history is carried on by a few amateurs scattered about the country. Mr. Trimen's recent report, as far as regards what he says on the absolute encouragement and help given to the South African Museum (which s simply and truly a disgrace as such to the country) is ghastly enough in the same direction. If we are to have natural history knowledge indigenous in the Colony, natural history teaching must be provided. There will be no local societies, such as give life and completeness to the scientific work of a country, until we have botany, geology, and other branches of natural history taught in our schools

and colleges. All other colonies have natural science teaching, have professed botanists and geologists,—why should we be behind?

The "how" is of course the difficulty, and a few words on this will finish the paper.

It may be safe to say that until we have a Teaching as well as an Examining University, the higher education of the Colony will never be centralized to one institution. In any scheme, therefore, to be advanced, there is the difficulty of the scattered character of the higher schools and colleges. To have teachers in botany, &c., for each is simply out of the question. There is, however, the same difficulty in India with its numerous colleges, and we have luckily a precedent in that country to go upon. The Indian Government have introduced a scheme of peripatetic lecturers on science, who reside for a term at each college. The work cannot be so satisfactory, of course; but it may with thorough working and good management be quite sufficient for present exigencies and a beginning. Why may our Colony not do the same? A term of three months at a college can accomplish a great deal.

There is in all this, however, one difficulty. In the rivalry which exists amongst institutions in regard to examinations, which are framed necessarily on the basis of the ordinary branches of a liberal education, teachers may consider it hazardous to introduce natural history in any form, as being alluring and disturbing, and likely to sacrifice the paying subjects. This objection can be met, however unsatisfactory and pernicious it in reality is. We fail to perceive that the enlivening and refreshing of the minds of lads, by giving them twice a week a raid in search of plants, rocks, or insects, can damage the real work of a school. But all assertive reasoning may be considered as of no great importance and not to the point, and therefore we shall cite a practical example. Swansea College in 1852 was under the direction and principalship of Dr. Davies, who aimed at liberalizing the ordinary curriculum of public schools, and long before there was any great talk about the teaching of science he succeeded in doing so. He had a chemical lecturer, and kept a laboratory, and *every boy* in the school had to spend two hours per week in practical experimenting, and one hour in hearing prelections. Any pupils, who in the course of time, and after they had advanced in the general curriculum, wished to take to chemistry as a profession could do so; but it was understood that the laboratory was for the school as a whole. Of course to meet the wants of a country like South Wales, there were fixed classes in chemistry apart from the public school; but it was a noticeable fact that several of the boys took to chemistry as a profession, and evidently through its being taught as a branch of education. In addition also to chemistry, a naturalist was engaged for three months every year to teach the boys natural history, and similarly every pupil, until he joined what was called the private coaching department for examinations, had to devote a certain time to botany. The college was divided into three

sections for this purpose, and one hour for prelection and two hours for field-work were devoted to each every week. These the writer can state were attended with the happiest results. One and another began a herbarium,—some collected shells; others insects; others, again, rocks.

How did all this do? Did it interfere with examinations and the proper work of education in preparing lads for universities? It did not. If any sceptical reader will look up the *London University Calendar*, the *Glasgow University Calendar*, the *Wrangler Lists*, and the *Oxford Middle Class Examination Returns* during the years 1852–62, he will see the position that Swansea College took; and that there is abundant evidence in the career of its students that the teaching of science does not interfere with what may be called the recognized curriculum and even examinations.

J. S.

To the "Avond-bloem" (Evening Flower).

Sweetest flower in Afric' blooming,
Op'ning but to starry skies,
With rich scent the air perfuming
When the glowing sunlight dies.

As I roam—like thee preferring
The dusky hours of dewy eves,
When the southern breeze is stirring
Softly thro' the rustling leaves,

To the bright and glaring splendour
Of the brilliant summer day,—
Let thy odours, sweet and tender,
Shed their treasures o'er my way.

Far be thoughts and sounds of gladness,
Till the gay moon shine above;
Steep my soul in tender sadness,
Fancies sweet, and dreams of love.

B. M. R.

John's Papers.

NO. II.

WHAT a wild-goose chase my wits ran with me the other day! It's quite a mercy John came in at the gate when he did, or I really don't know what folly I should have been guilty of. I have read of people affected with a strange disease called *cacoëthes scribendi.* I must have had a touch of it, though how I got it I cannot tell. It's not in the family. I can trace my pedigree back for several generations, and there is no record or tradition of any one of my ancestors having had it. None of them ever did much more in the way of writing than enter the birth of their children on the blank leaf at the end of the Old Testament. Some of them had to go on to the next page, either because they wrote too large a hand or were blessed with too large a family. One, indeed, distinguished himself by his pen, and was generally looked upon as a prodigy, for at a very early age he wrote the following affecting lines in Mavor's Spelling book :—

Daniel Dobbins is my name,
England is my nation,
Dulltown is my dwelling-place,
And Christ is my Salvation.

I don't think the disease runs in the family. It may be contagious; but how can I have caught it? A live author is a *rara avis* in our village, and it is only once in a while that we catch sight of a gentleman who writes for the newspapers or the *Cape Monthly.* No, the attack I had can no more be accounted for than the outbreak of small-pox at Wynberg, which puzzled all the doctors.

The writing mania, however it may be caused, is bad enough in a man, unless he be a real genius like Lord Byron or John Bunyan, and some others whom I could name, but it's disgusting in a woman. I'm sure if I was a man, I should never think of marrying one that was troubled with it. Of course, she might write as much as she pleased to me, and I should expect to receive nice long letters from her, especially before we were married, but I could not tolerate her making verses or writing articles for a magazine. Of all things in the world, in *my* opinion, a bluestocking is about the most repulsive. Woman's mission is not to write books. If she will, she ought to be a spinster for ever, like Miss Blimber, and never presume to think of holy matrimony. The men may think it very fine for women to write poetry or novels, like George Eliot. Even George Eliot had a suspicion that she might be better employed, or why did she write under a masculine *nom de plume?** If the men had only seen these

* I daresay people think I must be mighty clever to use such phrases. To tell the truth, I never learned French when I was at school, and John knows that; but I look up a word or two in the dictionary, that I may throw dust in his dear old eyes. He'll never suspect me when he sees all this French and Latin.

literary ladies as I have,—their rooms all dust and disorder, their husband's shirts frayed at the edges, their children's——

"Mary; they that live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Well said, Conscience! I am glad you spoke. If my other conscience—that is John, who is as good to me as a conscience, perhaps better—knew what I have just written, he would not let me off with so mild a rebuke. Not that John can say that his shirts are ever buttonless or my hose undarned. But he would pick up that well-worn pebble from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," and cast it at me,—

> O for the rarity
> Of Christian charity
> Under the Sun!

—and go on with a long catalogue of women, such as are not named in Chaucer's Legend, or in O'Shaughnessy's Epic, who plied the pen and yet possessed all the virtues of the housewife, whose portrait King Lemuel drew in the Book of Proverbs, or emulated the industry and skill of the *guid wife* in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," who—

> wi' her needle an' her shears,
> Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new.

There's nothing of the *bas bleu* about me. Nobody ever caught me with inky fingers and nails bitten to the quick. Nobody ever shall. I am not insane enough to attempt to write a book. I could not do it, and, if I could, I should as soon think of standing up in John's pulpit to preach or of taking Mr. Solomon's place in Parliament.

Christmas was close at hand when I wrote last—the blessed Christmastide! To none so welcome, so full of tender, loving thought, as to one who has herself known a mother's pain and joy, who has herself held a babe in her arms and hushed it to slumber on her own bosom. Christmas never comes but my heart yearns with a hungry longing for the Child, and I almost envy her, most blessed among women, His Virgin Mother.

There are some sweet verses by Paul Gerhardt, a German hymn-writer, who died two hundred years ago, which John translated for me, and which he and I tried to sing together, but the old piano was sadly out of tune, and John's voice, when he attempts to sing, is something between a squeak and a bray, so we only succeeded in astonishing John's big Newfoundland dog, which began to howl in concert, and in terrifying our own precious baby, who woke with a start and did not sleep again until John's patience and mine were quite exhausted. So John threw the verses aside in disgust, and they were forgotten until my search among his papers brought them to light. Here they are:—

THE VIRGIN'S LULLABY.

> List the Holy Virgin singing,
> Fondly to her baby clinging,
> Eia, Eia.

Giving thanks to God in Heaven
For the priceless treasure given,
By the cradle of her child,
Eia, Eia.
Sleep and slumber;
Sleep, sleep, precious Jesus mine.

Sleep! Thy mother's arms enfold Thee;
Angels' watchful eyes behold Thee;
Eia, Eia.
Sleep! Thou gift of God's high favour,
Thou, the world's Creator, Saviour;
Mother's hands have made Thy bed,
Eia, Eia.
Sleep and slumber;
Sleep, sleep, blessed Child Divine.

Sleep!—of all God's gifts the choicest,
Thou who this glad heart rejoicest;
Eia, Eia.
All my joy is to caress Thee,
To this loving breast to press Thee;
Sleep my lily, pearl, and crown.
Eia, Eia.
Sleep and slumber,
Sleep, sleep, sweetest baby mine.*

They sang strange Christmas carols in olden times. Take, for instance, one sung by the followers of John Huss to a melody of the Fifteenth Century:—

In dulci jubilo
Sing all men, high and low;
Our treasure and delight
Lies in praesepio,
And like the sun shines bright
Matris in gremio.
Alpha es et O;
Alpha es et O.

Fancy a hymn like this, with its full, open vowel-sounds, chanted, *ore rotundo*, in Bethlehem or Tabor, in church or fortress, by a thousand armed men who knew how to fight and feared not to die for conscience sake,—Bohemians who

in Rome's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

I cannot say that John and I spent a merry Christmas, but it was a peaceful one, and, at our time of life, peace is better than mirth. Our sky is not cloudless, far from it; but we have learned to be thankful for the light, though it be subdued. It is sun-light if not sunshine, and that is enough for us. The clouds have at times been darker than they are now, but it is not often that we have failed to

* Whoever wishes to sing it may find the tune in the *Hauschoralbuch*, No. 22.

find them, even then, "big with mercy," as gentle Cowper writes. An old Dutch poet, Camphuizen, says, according to John :—

If no joy came after sorrow,
Then were sorrow hard to bear ;
But since joy comes after sorrow,
Why should we for sorrow care ?

Some of our children were home for the holidays ; others far away, but not forgotten. I like the old practice of having all one's children and grandchildren together at Christmas. Happy the home where it can be done ! Well, God bless the absent ones wherever they may be ! I know they were thinking about us that Christmas Eve. Don't ask how I know it. A mother's heart has a philosophy all its own, and has communion with her loved ones incomprehensible to all the world beside. Yes, they were thinking of their mother, of the old house at home, and saying—

Who will fill our vacant places,
Who will sing our songs to-night?

Of course there were parties and picnics, which John and I could not join, or rather, in which we could not take an active part. Our hearts are as young as ever,—at least, I know mine is ; and if it were not for twinges of rheumatism, not few nor far between, and a slight, very slight, tendency to *embonpoint*, I would set Mrs. Grundy and gray hairs at defiance and go in for a dance on the green sward, or a romp on the beach, or a stroll on the hills, or a scramble to the very top of Table Mountain, with any of you girls. Girls ! there are no girls to be met with now-a-days. Children are scarcely out of the nursery before they assume the airs and graces of young ladies. At an age when *we* amused ourselves with dolls they are adepts at flirtation and thinking of being married. And what delicate creatures they are ! The winds of heaven may not visit their pale faces too roughly lest their complexions should be ruined. The only out-door recreation in which they indulge is a languid game of croquet, through which they creep without stirring a single pulse, or deranging one fold of the graceful *pannier*.

"O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,"

and I would challenge them, come one, come all, to run or ride a race, to climb a tree or clear a fence, to row a boat or swim a mile, to kiss or cuff a saucy sweetheart, to—oh ! oh ! what a twinge ! Surely it's not gout.

MARY.

A Fishing Excursion.

A LATTER-DAY BALLAD.

Three friends in a slender skiff,
  One summer afternoon,
Went out to meet the finny tribe
  With which they were full soon

Sweet was the wind which blew
  A light air from the north,
Calm was the azure sea,
  As the fishermen went forth.

No sign,—no sound of danger,
  No warning symbol near,
While by the "Athen's" cylinders
  They anchored without fear.

Fish there were in plenty,
  The Klip, the Hottentot.
Busily they plied their lines,
  And very many caught.

A bushel basket soon was fill'd,
  And all agreed, in short,
That not for many weeks had they
  Such very splendid sport.

But evening drawing on apace,
  The red sun getting low,
The hooks and lines were stow'd away
  For it began to blow

A teasing, spiteful angry breeze;
  The waters seem'd like yeast;
A heavy cloud upon the mount
  Proclaimed a black south-east.

Arrayed in dreadful panoply
  The storm fiend hurried on;
No wonder, as the night passed by,
  All thought that they were gone.

For darkness set upon the sea,
  While struggling for the shore.
The raging wind blew fiercely on,
  And vied with ocean's roar.

The crescent moon shone dim upon
  This scene of hapless danger ;
Oh ! how they wished that to the full,
  With magic they could change her.

The distant surf upon the beach
  Shone with phosphoric light,
The breaking billows round the boat
  With liquid fire were bright.

For they had ceased to struggle then
  With angry wave and wind ;
The skiff was steered away from shore,
  And left the land behind.

One pair of sculls their only aid,
  No mast or sail had they,
Yet safely 'mid the wildest foam,
  They hurried on their way ;

For far ahead the Island light
  Shone forth a welcome clear,
And scared away all mists of doubt,
  And banished pale-eyed fear.

Yet braver spirits never met
  In danger so together ;
For calm and cool amid it all
  They gazed upon the weather.

No word or sign of fear was there,
  But cheerful resignation;
One baled the little dingy out,
  To hold the situation.

Another acted as a watch
  To note the coming seas,
And give a warning word to him
  Who steered before the breeze.

The third held fast the pair of oars,
  And with them pulled the boat,
To keep her right before the wind
  In running trim afloat.

Oh ! how it blew they cannot tell,
  As hurrying on their course—
They only knew it seemed to them
  A hurricane in force.

On came the rollers, frowning on,
As if to whelm them all :
While rising up, each heavy sea
Seemed like an inky wall.

But yet the little vessel ran
Amid this ocean strife—
As if she were a fairy boat
And each bore a charmed life.

Thus running on with racing speed,
Gale blowing all the while ;
They quickly reached the welcome shore
And landed on the Isle.

A little surf rolled on the beach—
'Tis seldom there without ;
Two quickly jumped upon the shore,
The third was tumbled out.

Like some large limpet, to the rock
He clung with glue-like grip—
Until assistance came to hand,
And loosed him with a "nip."

With mingled thoughts they backward glanc'd
Upon their wave-tossed route,
While each his thumb put to his nose
And spread his fingers out ;

For they were wet and chill and numb,
And trembled well together,
And breathed a vow they never more
Would face such awful weather.

Next day around the festive board
They met, each grateful sinner,
And after grace they pitched into
Roast goose and ham for dinner.

MORAL

Now all ye men who love to fish,
Yet fear the stormy water,
Remember Campbell's Highland Chief,
And Ullin's fated daughter.

C. W.

Are Political Parties here necessary?

BEFORE the introduction of Responsible Government there was a distinct Conservative party in the Colony, which we are now told by those who were among the leaders of that party no longer exists. Mr. Solomon, on the contrary, asserts that there is a natural Liberal and a natural Conservative, which exist independently of any one special question, the essential distinctions arising from the constitution of men's minds continuing notwithstanding the settlement of this or that vexed subject of debate.*

There is evidently a confusion of ideas among some of our politicians upon a subject of unusual interest at this moment, which it would be well, perhaps, to regulate early.

Responsible Government is admittedly but another name for government by party. The terms are strictly equivalent. Government by party necessarily implies the existence of two or more combinations of men united by consentient opinion upon some general principles of government essential to the welfare of nations. Thus we see in England a party of progress and a party of order, with minor distinctions. The Whigs, or Liberals, as they are now called, claim to be the high priests of liberty, the moving power in the State, the sail, as Macaulay says, without which the ship would make little or no progress. The Tories, Conservatives, or Constitutionalists, as they are variously designated, rejoice in being the especial guardians of order, the steadying power in the nation, the ballast, so to say, which is essential to the safety of the ship in a storm. Each party is the self-elected representative of a great principle. The principle of liberty is magnified by the Liberals, the principle of order by the Conservatives, but order and liberty are alike cherished by both parties, for they have a common object in view, the welfare of the State.

I maintain we cannot have a free Government without the existence of political parties. Wherever men think freely they think differently, and freedom of opinion, it will not be denied, is one of the principal characteristics of free Government. I contend, therefore, not for the mere expediency of political parties, but for their absolute necessity. Party may degenerate into faction, and a Government supported by faction is necessarily a tyrannical one. Nay, it has been said, all political connexions are in their nature factious, and the only rule for forming administrations is founded on personal ability. This doctrine has been pronounced unconstitutional by Edmund Burke. It was first publicly promulgated, I believe, by Lord Bute more than a century ago, when that famous prince of oligarchs had been driven from power by a successful parliamentary opposition. Burke,

* See Mr. Solomon's speech, delivered in the Mutual Hall, January 17th, 1874, as reported in the *Argus* of the 20th following.

the most upright of statesmen, and the warmest friend of liberty, observes on this subject :—"I admit that people frequently acquire in political confederacies a narrow, bigoted, and proscriptive spirit; that they are apt to sink the idea of the general good in this circumscribed and partial interest. But where duty renders a critical situation a necessary one, it is our business to keep from the evils attendant upon it, and not to fly from the situation itself. If a fortress is seated in an unwholesome air, an officer of the garrison is obliged to be attentive to his health, but he must not desert his station. Every profession, not excepting the glorious one of a soldier or the sacred one of a priest, is liable to its own particular vices, which, however, form no argument against those ways of life; nor are the vices themselves inevitable to every individual in those professions. Of such a nature are connections in politics; essentially necessary for the full performance of our public duty; accidentally liable to degenerate into faction."* The same experienced politician adds, in favour of political confederacies :—"In a connexion the most inconsiderable man, by adding to the weight of the whole, has his value and his use; out of it the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man, who is not inflamed by vain glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single, unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavours are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

"It is not enough in a situation of trust in the commonwealth, that a man means well to his country; it is not enough that in his single person he never did an evil act, but always voted according to his conscience, and even harangued against every design which he apprehended to be prejudicial to the interests of his country. This innoxious and ineffectual character, that seems formed upon a plan of apology and disculpation, falls miserably short of the mark of public duty. That duty demands and requires that what is right shall not only be made known, but made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected but defeated. When the public man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust, almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it. It is surely no very rational account of a man's life that he has always acted right, but has taken special care to act in such a manner that his endeavours could not possibly be productive of any consequence."

The necessity for the existence of political parties having been clearly established, I may bring briefly under review the worst effects of such connexions. They sometimes produce a want of candour, evidenced by the unworthy motives that are often attributed to opponents who are obviously as incapable of entertaining such as are

* Pamphlet on Party.

the accusers themselves. They occasionally generate an obstinacy in supporting wrong or in opposing right, in order to withhold a triumph from the adversaries. These are incidents to all free discussion, and will continue to be made manifest, seldom or often, according to our code of ethics for the time being. Corruption, it is said, is another bad result of government administered by political parties in turn. The Ministry must have adherents, and they will have recourse to bribery and corruption if they cannot procure supporters in any other way! So long as the world cannot be governed merely by the force of argument and good intentions, I presume this will be so. But let us examine the objection. There are two ways of procuring support for an administration—by the attachment of interest, and by the attachment of party. Which is the readier and safer way? The latter, answers the most experienced of living authorities in State-craft, Earl Russell, who has been twice Prime Minister of England. "Many a man," says Lord Russell, "would abandon his opinions and fall off from his principles for the sake of office, who yet will not desert a party to which he is engaged by reason and affection."* Instead, therefore, of being the cause of corruption, it would appear party is the substitute for it. Party supersedes it. A healthy and powerful opposition can almost entirely prevent the exercise of undue and corrupt influence. I am not prepared to admit among the bad effects of party the obedience that is expected from every individual on questions that receive from the majority a concurrence of opinion. Seldom, if ever, does a question of considerable importance arise that is not in some way dependent upon the general principles that unite and distinguish a party. The good sense and patriotism which every politician may be said to claim for himself will always soften differences of opinion on minor questions. In nine cases out of ten they will induce acquiescence if they fail in promoting more cordial support. What shall be said when the disagreement is upon a vital question? Table Mountain is so little expected to throw out burning lava, we shall not be deemed unwise, I trust, to postpone the consideration of consequential damages till we have more leisure for speculation.

Let us now view some of the good effects of party. *Union is strength* is an aphorism of extended application. In politics as in war its applicability is essential to every triumphant issue. Many a proposition eminently useful is at first sight unpopular. The public mind occasionally requires to be educated. Through the watchful care and persistent efforts of a party, it often happens that a proposition at length becomes law which without such care and efforts would have remained an unfruitful opinion. All great reforms have a humble origin in the minds of a few simple individuals—simple, because misunderstood in their sublimity of purpose. Like some of the great American rivers, which have their source in a little moun-

* Observations on Party, printed with Burke's Pamphlet, 1850, second edition

tain spring, the tide of opinion meanders on, gathering strength as it flows, growing at length tumultuous, and finally accomplishing its great purpose without deviating from its natural channel and doing mischief, thanks to party. Aye, thanks to party! If public opinion —the converging sentiments of the nation—were denied a vent in Parliamentary debate, it would compass its ends, as it does on the European Continent, by an appeal to arms. Party it is that directs and controls this great tidal stream, and appoints all its purposes of good.

Shall it be asked what has party in the pursuit of its legitimate object done for England? It gave the first check to arbitrary government towards the close of Elizabeth's reign. It produced the Habeas Corpus Act providing for personal liberty. It stifled religious intolerance growing into the most subversive of evils, drove James II. from the throne, and founded a free government. Every extension of civil and religious liberty since the accession of William III. is the direct consequence of party endeavour. There have been dark pages, no doubt, in the history of party government in England, but what human institution is free from imperfection and abuse? The tyranny of Laud and Strafford was a blighting domination. It was the outcome of an incomplete system of government, and no mere abuse of the perfect form we advocate. Not till Anne had been some years on the throne had this system been properly understood and developed. The Petition of Right, to which Charles I. at the commencement of his reign was forced to give an unqualified assent, could not have been deprived of its legitimate effect had there been a perfect Parliamentary opposition. Nor would disconcerted patriots have fled the island had the country party which assailed Buckingham in the Lords, and at one period outnumbered the courtiers in the Commons, been properly organized, for party allows of no abandonment of our posts.

It may be objected that after government by party was fully established in England, during the last years of Anne, throughout the entire reigns of the two first Georges, and till the end of George Grenville's administration, all the bad effects of party were experienced by the nation. Corruption was rampant; nepotism was practised as if it were a virtue of administration; the fiercest animosities raged throughout the land, impairing the loyalty of a host of worthy citizens; new abuses cropped up with advancing civilization, and wagged their insolent heads reckless of the scorn and execration they provoked from all good men; the Whig zealots of freedom in their insensate lust of power assumed the hue of their political opponents, clothed themselves in the sunshine of Royalty, and betrayed their trust. Like those wicked sons of the High Priest, mentioned by the Jewish historian, who availed themselves of their privileged position to violate the chaste votaries of the Temple, the degenerate Whigs outraged the shrine of their tutelary goddess by committing the vilest atrocities under her protecting ægis. The cir-

cumstances of these times, it must be remembered, were exceptional. The most superficial observer will acknowledge that rare combinations of events are expected to produce results not often witnessed. I maintain, however, that the deplorable ministerial acts of the Whig administrations of last century resulted not from party government, but in spite of it. So long as interest and passion play such leading parts in influencing human affairs, there can be no unalloyed good in any institution devised by man. This brings us back to our first position, and to the quotations from Burke, to which I would again direct attention.

If it be a fact, as we are assured, that the Conservative party, which opposed the introduction of Responsible Government, and rejoiced in the number of its well-meaning adherents, no longer exists, I submit, the sooner it be resuscitated the better for the Colony. A healthy, vigorous opposition is essential to the success of our new constitution. The corruption and nepotism anticipated with so much discordant clangour may indeed show a hideous front should our system of government be left incomplete. Inaction on the part of those politicians who are not ranged under the banner of the ministry is inexcusable—highly culpable, I should rather say—for they invite the very dangers they would caution us against. The party in power are but men, actuated by human impulses, and prone to evil like their fellows. Why should they be subjected in their unproved strength to the rigorous test that has been fatal to so many veteran politicians? Shall we have repeated here on a reduced scale the vagaries of mal-administration that are associated with the names of Walpole and Pelham, Newcastle, Henry Fox, and the "Gentle Shepherd?" I hope not. Most sincerely do I hope not. I confide in the patriotism of my fellow-colonists though so unaccountably long stunned by defeat in a fair preconcerted engagement. Coalesce, ye scattered fragments of the Conservative party, and save us from that worst possible system of Government—a tyranny under the forms of constitutional liberty!

WALTER PURCELL.

Riddles.

No. I.

Youth will not do me, I come but with age,
In easy chair view me, or spectacles sage;
A maiden attending I spent half my life,
My task had an ending when maid turned to wife,
In bride-wreath entangled I rode with the pair,
But soon as they jangled I passed into air.

No. II.

It lodges on earth, yet is seen in the skies,
In dewdrops it sparkles, in sunbeams it flies,
It rolls in the thunder, it sighs in the breeze,
It murmurs in streamlets and rustles in trees;
With the hare and the deer in the covert 'tis found,
Where in fear it seeks refuge from gun and from hound;
It hides from the snow-storm, but fears not the sleet,
And rejoicingly glides with the skater's swift feet.
When Spring throws her mantle of green o'er the plain,
In the midst of the meadows we meet it again;
It blooms in the flow'ret, it buds in the tree,
It lurks in his honey, yet flies with the bee;
But now it shines clear in your mirth-beaming eye,
So tell me the title 'tis recognized by!

No. III.

'Tis because that, like Topsy, "I's wicked," I s'pose,
That I'm always in prison bewailing my woes;
But I've ever to mischief been doubly allied,
And I've plunged deep in sin, in despair, and in pride,
And my lot I deplore now in mis'ry and grief,
For in hopes of the future I find no relief;
But of mirth and of music I still have a share,
So my sad part in life I continue to bear.

No. IV.

In joyful mood I love to sail
  Upon the surface of the ocean,
And when the stormy winds prevail,
  I mingle in the loud commotion.
But in the hours of grief and gloom,
  When buoyant hopes scarce dares to hover,
I lay me in some lonely tomb
  Where searching eyes can ne'er discover.

No. V.

'Tis in full vigour of its youth,
  And the main part of every truth,
But idle as the dreamy Turk,
  Tho' still in use 'tis ne'er at work.

B. M. R.

Gleanings from the Old Naturalists.

Part II.

OF UNICORNS, GORGONS, GRIFFINS, DRAGONS, COCKATRICES, AND OTHER STRANGE BEASTS NOT GENERALLY FOUND IN MODERN ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

The belief in Unicorns is as old at least as the times of Herodotus. The Monoceras, or One Horn, of the Septuagint is translated the Unicorne in the Breeches Bible, but Rhinoceros in the Vulgate. There is, however, some muddle in the translation of the Hebrew word "Reem" as Unicorne in our accepted versions, which the bishops now at work in Lambeth Palace ought not to overlook, as the best commentators consider the "Reem" as a bicorned animal.

It is not our intention here to trace how this dubious beast had the honour thrust on him of being one of the supporters of the Royal Arms of England; he only, however, succeeded another very doubtful animal, as in the Tudor Arms as displayed on the walls of Yarmouth Castle, Isle of Wight, we find the Dragon a very epicene monster, and quite as problematical as the Unicorn.

"A *right* Unicorne," as whalers would say, "is like unto a colt of two years and a half old, which hath naturally but one horn, and that a very rich one, which groweth out of the middle of his forehead, being a horn of such virtue as is no other beast's horn besides." So far the old naturalist Swan, who goes on to blame those who doubt the reality of the animal as blinding the eyes of the world from their full view of the greatness of God's works. "For," says he, "were it not said that this horn was excellent and of surpassing power, it would never be doubted whether there were a Unicorne or no." As a triumphant proof of its existence he appeals to the Scriptures in Deuteronomy, Isaiah, Job, and the Book of Psalms, &c., which all do bear us witness; for how do the expositors translate the original word but thus: Unicorne or Monoceras, which in English is an Unicorn (this though it may be convincing to Swan's readers we must confess would hardly satisfy a Professor of Theology in Bonnor Jena), and seems to claim a sort of infallibility far the translators of our accepted version, which, on subjects of Natural History seems open to dispute.

Ludovicus Vertomannus avers that "he saw a couple of true Unicorns at Mecha in Araby, and both these were sent to the Soldan of Mecha as a rare present, by the King of Ethiopia (it is strange that at that period everything rare in the animal world came from Ethiopia) who, ever desiring to be in league and amity with the said Soldan, thought nothing too rich or rare to present him with. And, indeed, he could not send him a gift more welcome and

precious, especially this being a beast so rare and seldome seen, which may be in regard that it is a creature delighting in nothing more than in a remote and solitary life." If, however, the beast himself is seldom seen, his effigy at least is common enough, being seen over Government offices, shops of Queen's tradesmen, &c., &c., with its companion, the Lion, in all sorts of attitudes, as heralds would say—guardant, rampant, couchant, &c., &c.

Mr. Tapsel, who is eloquent on Unicorns, writeth that they have Hart's heads and one horn, of which Eastern Kings and Princes make cups to drink them drunk against poyson, finding a great preservative to be in that horn.

The King of Ethiopia (one of the predecessors of the late lamented Theodore) it is said hath great store of these beasts, and two Kingdoms in India, one named Niem, the other Lamber (precise locality unknown) be also well stored with them.

Of the horn itself "it is neither light nor hollow nor yet smooth like other horns, but hard as steel, rough as any file, revolved into many plaits, sharper than any dart, straight, not crooked, and everywhere black except at the very point or tip. It hath many soveraigne vertues, and with an admirable dexterity expelleth poysons. If placed on a table furnished with junkets and banqueting dishes it will quickly declare whether there be any poyson or venome amongst them, for if there be the horn is covered incontinently with a kind of dew or sweat" (might not this arise from the steam of the hot junkets and thus give an unnecessary alarm?) Our modern inspectors of adulteration should decidedly be each furnished with a Unicorn's horn.

When a Unicorn wishes to take a drink he first dippeth his horn in the water, which fizzes as if he had put a red-hot poker therein if poisonous (what an admirable test this would be for our London milk!) and jealous beasts who hate him and wish to poyson him are thus disappointed and utterly discomfited.

A curious mode is taken by the Ethiopian hunters when they want to catch a live Unicorn, or at least to secure, or, in thieves' jargon, bone its horn. It seems all these creatures do great reverence to virgins and young maids, and so they clothe a smooth-faced youth, or as Master Sleuder calls him, a great lubberly boy, in the apparel of a woman, besetting him with divers flowers and odoriferous spices, and setting him where they come to depasture, and seeing him, the poor deluded Unicorne, like Samson, comes very lovingly and lays his head down in his Delilah lap, and then the hunters, having notice given them, suddenly pounce down, and finding him asleep, they will deal so with him as that before he goeth he must leave his horn behind him (and a precious poor figure he must cut when the poor deluded animal has lost it—a mere cross between a mule and a donkey).

We might draw a very strong moral from this strange story, but must leave it to our reader's imagination. Avoid Delilahs; don't

lay your heads in their laps, and so don't lose your precious horns, which may figuratively represent your purses, watches, rings, and other valuables.

These and many other strange things relating to Unicorns may be read in the writings of Pliny, Gesner, and Tapsell, whither I would wish my more inquisitive readers to have recourse.

The tradition of the wars between the Unicorn and Lion fighting for the Crown, and the advent of the intrusive little dog who knocking them both down, has, we believe, no historical foundation, but is based on empty monkish fables, or legends of the nursery.

THE GORGON.

This terrible and fearful beast, called also Catoblepas, is for the most part bred in Lybia and Monomotapa, and is, as an old Scotch naturalist says, an awsome sight to look upon. It hath eyelids thick and high, eyes very fiery, asquint, and as it were of a bloody colour. From his crown to his nose he hath a long hanging mane, by reason whereof his looks are grim and fearful. He never useth to look directly forward nor upward, but alwayes down to the earth in hang-dog fashion. Moreover his feet be cloven, and his body all over as if it were full of scales. As for his meat, or as modern savans would say, his grub, it is of deadly and poysonous herbs, and if at any time this strange and rampaginous beast shall see a bull or other creature whereof he is afrayd, he presently causeth his mane to stand upright on end, and gaping wide he sendeth forth a horrible, filthy breath, which infecteth and poysoneth the air over his head and about him, insomuch that such creatures as draw in the breath of that air are grievously afflicted, and losing both voice and sight, fall into deadly convulsions.

So far old Tapsell. (In his description of the Gorgon we see an exaggerated description of the Cape Gnu—Antelope Catoblepas). The flesh of the Gorgon is described as black and unsavoury, and of a very filthy and fetid odour, so that roast Gorgon is a delicacy never found on the tables of Lord Mayors, Emperors, or other magnates of the land who give large spreads or feasts to their sycophants and courtiers, although relished by Dragons, Crocodiles, and Su's, a very delicate monster, species unknown, although familiarly spoken of by the old naturalists.

THE GRIFFIN.

The Griffin (that is if there be any such) is a creature which we can hardly tell to reckon amongst birds or beasts. He is thus described by Aelian and Munster in his Cosmogony, namely, a kind of beast with four feet, keeping most of all in India, being as mighty in strength as a Lion. He hath wings and crooked talons, black on the back, and on the fore part purple, with a dash of crimsone in it.

His wings be somewhat white, his bill and mouth like an eagle's bill, and his eyes fiery and askew. He is hard to be taken except when young (robbing a Griffin's nest must be rare fun). He maketh his nest in high mountains, and being of a vile temper, he fighteth with every kind of beast saving the Lion and the Elephant; he diggeth up gold in desert places, and giveth repulse to those who come near him. But as I said some doubt whether there be any such creature or not, which for my part shall be left to every man's liberty. It is a pity our old friend Thomas Baines could not in his travels secure a tame Griffin, which would be invaluable to him in his gold-prospecting researches. Griffin's eggs are of a crimson hue with golden spots. They are admirable and highly medicinal, and conducive to long life if sucked; but they are scarce and costlye, being worth their weight in solid gold.

The Wyvern is a sort of minor Griffin, and very familiar to Londoners, a pair of them being supporters to the arms of the Lord Mayor of London, and all true born Cockneys are firm in the belief of their existence.

THE DRAGON.

The Dragon is a cruel-looking beast (brute we would say) or raythe a serpent, and hath sharp teeth set like a saw, but his strength lieth more in his tayle than in his teeth, and therefore when he fighteth the Elephant (as he always seems ready to do) he claspeth close about his legs and sometimes killeth him, but most commonly they die together, the Elephant for want of blood, and the Dragon by having taken a drop too much of it, for the weight of the Elephant's body falling on him, as the Claimant elegantly expresses it, "busts him up."

He is described as covered with shining scales, a tongue dart-shaped, and a mortal sting in the end of his tayle. He has a vile strabismus or squint, and he on all extraordinary occasions, when enraged, breathes sulphurous flames and fire. His greatest poyson lies in his tongue and gall, wherefore the Ethiopians cut away the tongue and eat the flesh, fricassé of Dragon, *â la* St. George of Cappadocia, being a common dish amongst them, and a regimen of Dragon's flesh tends, it is said, to prolong life. He is also furnished with wings, which carry him to seek his prey, and where occasion serveth. The anatomie of these wings hath much puzzled our curious chyrurgiens. He lies much in his den, being of domestic habits, where he sleepeth seldom, but watches that he may the more folk devour, his principal food being human flesh, with a laxative diet of cane brimstone and oyle of vitriole, as declareth Rein Sius. He is bred commonly in India and Ethiopia *(arida nutrix draconorum)* and his smell alone suffices to breed a plaguey pestilence. His blood, however, is healing and balsamic, and cures colics, grypes, the falling sickness, and green sickness in young maydes, and megrims in

ancient women, when dissolved in ardent liquors or strong Sherris Sack.

Old Peter Varsovius says if one can suck milk from the teats of a sleeping Dragon he might live 200 years or more. Rather a dangerous experiment we would think from the character of the beast, and much more likely to shorten than to prolong life. We have known sailors to suck the monkey, but confess we have never met a man yet who sucked a dragon. The Dragon is constant to his mate (an example to all good Christians), and they say when she dies he cries tears of fire, and so suffocateth himself in his own poysonous and stinking breath. This only those may believe who may, like Mrs. Gamp, "feel so dispoged."

Roger Bacon, it is said, for many years fed on Dragon's flesh, with a view to make himself immortal, and very nearly succeeded; but the supply suddenly failing he incontinently died, at a very advanced age, and probably would have been alive still if the Dragon meat market had been properly supplied; but in the words of the nursery tale—

"Now poor Roger, the Monk, he is dead,"

and we must all feel very thankful that he is so, for with all his learning and black art Roger was a bit of a bore, if we are to judge him by the volumes left behind, which are not all of the kind which would be popular at Mudie's at the present day.

Dragons are of various colours, principally red, blue, and green, but in China yellow. White and black and brown Dragons are rare. Their effigies are common in England and the celestial empire; indeed one of a Blue Dragon is suspended not many yards from where the writer pens these lines, and appears this Christmastime to have quite a host of curious visitors or rather worshippers. The Rouge or Red Dragon is a State institution, and holds an official position, and enjoyeth a good salary and house in the Herald's College, Carter-lane, City. The legend of St. George and eke the Dragon has universal currency, is identified with the British nation, and is stamped on the reverse of thousands, nay millions, of pretty golden and silver pictures, acceptable to all, and fortunate are they who possess them. We have all heard of the Dragon of Wantley, and have once seen him (in a pantomime), and his history may be read in the first volume of Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry. Old ladies who chaperon young ladies to balls and public assemblies are sometimes called Dragons, if too watchful of their charges and jealous and infirm in temper. The principal practical use of Dragons in modern times is in heraldry, mythology, and the fine arts. They are not unknown in astronomy, α Draconis being a star of the first water. We are sorry, however, in concluding our remarks on this beast to say, so bad are his antecedents, that one of the names of the demon of darkness itself is the Great Dragon (Rev. xx. 2).

THE BASILISK, OR COCKATRICE.

This is the king of Serpents, not for his magnitude, for he is only twelve inches long, but for his stately pace and magnanimous mind. He carries his head upright, and has on it what seems to be a semblance of a kingly crown. As to his fiery and stinking breath we are sorry to say he resembles, or rivals, his friend or cousin the Dragon. Man cannot look on him long and live, for the beams of his eyes doth so corrupt the spouts of his heart and brain. His hissing is especially deleterious, and blasteth trees, killeth birds, &c. If any be slain by it the same also proveth venomous to such as touch it. A weasel only can kill it, witnessed not only by Pliny but by others also.

The Cockatrice, say the experts, is bred out of an egg laid by an old cock, thus settling the vexed question "Do cocks lay eggs?" It appeareth that after a certain age that old cocks are in a somewhat inscrutable manner converted into hens (and how often do we see this in real life) and lay eggs, which when hatched by a toad or some such cold and slimy animal bringeth forth a venomous worm, which eventually transmogrifies itself into a Basilisk or Cockatrice or King of Serpents. No man can gaze on a Basilisk and live except by reflection, and therefore any travellers into Ethiopia, who want to go Basilisk hunting, should provide themselves with due store of mirrors. The simplest plan, however, is to carry a cock under your arm, for the Basilisk, or Cockatrice, cannot endure the crowing of a cock, but straightway dies. For magical or black art purposes its blood is invaluable, and its liver they say possesses a wonderful exorcising power over evil spirits, and perhaps might be usefully employed in detecting modern adulterations in sophisticated gin, brandy, or whiskey, which daily in these regions get more and more evil. We wish no one to believe this unless he chooses to do so, and with old Swan, "wish every man's judgment to be his own."

To conclude this section, we hope that in a few years all our principal Zoo's will have specimens (living, not stuffed) of all these strange animals we have essayed to describe, and that any little peculiarities we have omitted may be thus diligently noted and commented upon.

H. H.

Lavender Hill, London, 25th December, 1873.

The Voice of the Dying Pine Tree.

In yonder mill reclining,
In drowsy thought I lay,
And saw its giddy motion,
And watched the waters play.

I watched, as in a vision,
The gleaming saw divide
With keen and ruthless vigour,
A fallen pine tree's side.

Through all its fibres trembling,
The pine tree sang a strain,
Which, with harmonious sadness,
Re-echoed this refrain :—

"Ah! traveller, faint and weary,
Dost see this dying pine?
For thee these wounds do pierce me,
My death foretelleth thine.

"And when in earth's dark bosom
It is thy lot to lie,
My arms shall then embrace thee:
Farewell!—for thee I die."

I saw four boards were severed,
My heart was sad and sore,
One word I rose to utter—
But the wheel revolved no more.

F. C. K.

—*From the German of Kerner.*

The University.

THE two articles upon the Cape University in the *Magazine* for February cannot fail to interest deeply all lovers of education. It must be readily allowed that the success which has followed the Act of 1858 has more than warranted the expenditure which it authorized. With "cautious steps and slow," the University Act has made a definite advance, and opened the way for further progress. And now the first sign of an onward move is the proposal of Δ that a Government grant should be made to certain colleges and schools in aid of higher instruction; it being, of course, understood that the recipients be qualified persons, and that the public receive *quid pro quo;* and considering the good work that has been done by Denominational Schools, it is but just that they should receive some kind of assistance from the public purse. Wherever public money is granted, official inspection will follow as a matter of course; but it is also reasonable that some stipulation should be made for free scholars, their number being proportionate to the amount of the grant; in this way many a promising youth might be enticed to prosecute studies which otherwise would be abandoned. Under the fostering genius of the University, and aided by opportune money grants, the institutions for a high-class teaching will both prosper, and also be pervaded by an increasing harmony and unity of method and studies.

Now, while our educational system is thus being moulded into a complete and symmetrical whole, it is yet possible that the staple of education may be inferior in quality to the machinery employed. At this distance from Europe, and in the absence of vigorous competition, there is danger both lest we run in a groove by confining too narrowly the subjects of study, and lest we fall behind the age. To keep pace with the very latest phase of scientific discovery or of literary research is not necessary; but it is necessary that we should share in the general progress that is now affecting all branches of knowledge. For example, ought Homer to be studied as if there were no such book as the "Juventus Mundi?" And is it not plain that some such work as "Morris' English Accidence" must soon supersede existing manuals? And do not the physical sciences require even greater vigilance than literature from those who teach them? Again, the public will, before long, probably identify a good education with the ability to pass the University B. A. examination, an error into which it is to be hoped that no teacher will fall. In many instances a compromise must be made between what a pupil *ought* to learn and what he *can* learn; but if the University is to determine absolutely, though indirectly, the course and extent of study in our higher schools and colleges, it is likely that the education of those who do not enter the University will be neglected, and that in the case of those who do, only such subjects or portions of subjects

will be studied as will tell in the public examinations. These, of course, will enforce a definite knowledge of certain subjects, while they may tend to the entire omission of some, or to the merely partial study of others. A well-educated mind ought to comprehend within its range all the subjects of examination; but I am afraid lest what we are pleased to call a good education should be entirely comprehended within the bounds of our University examinations.

These and other rocks ahead will be descried by a little thought, and against them the University itself must be our safeguard.

The formation of the Council as a *representative* body is a wise step. Every high-class institution ought to have a voice therein. And it is of importance that *all* the members of the Council should assemble periodically. The difficulties of the distances, time and expense, must be encountered and overcome. A full Council Board is our best security that defects will be remedied, advantages extended, progress insured. And if to the present scheme were added an examination akin to the Oxford and Cambridge middle-class examinations, those students who are not up to a B.A. degree might find their interests provided for.

Two remarks I have to make respecting our existing scheme of examinations. Although the University of London does not publish its scale of marks in different subjects, yet it appears to me that in the B.A. examination we give more prominence to mathematics than the University which has been wisely taken as our model. This is the opinion of more than one teacher, and the popular explanation is, that when the Act of 1858 was passed there were scarcely any schoolmasters able to teach anything more than mathematics, so that the Board of Examiners were forced to ask questions chiefly in the subjects in which alone answers could be expected. Upon another point I join issue stoutly with the University regulations. A candidate for the M.A. degree in literature must pass an examination in the *Latin and Greek classic authors*. My objection is mainly grounded upon the extreme difficulty of preparing for an examination of this kind. There are no question papers of past examinations to serve as a guide in the selection of authors, and in the manner in which they ought to be studied. There is no compass to guide the student in this ocean of literature. The Roman poets, from Plautus to Martial, are by themselves a wide subject. Authors like Lucretius, Aristophanes, and Aristotle, which demand a special study, are surely best treated by a special examination. The mental bias and previous reading of the examiners do not diminish this difficulty; every man has his favourite authors, and his own literary notions, and in examining will be, unconsciously even, influenced by them. This is an age of growing specialism. In medicine, law, theology, engineering, &c., there are special branches. Is it unwise to infuse a *moderate* amount of specialism into our M.A. examination in literature?

H. R. Woodrooffe, B.A., Oxon.

Vital Statistics.

It is to be presumed that the Government will obtain the sanction of Parliament during its next session for taking a census in 1875. On the 6th of March in that year it will be ten years since the last census was commenced, and the enumeration was extended over six days. It was not till the February following that the compilation was completed, and if a similar delay takes place at the next census it will be 1876 before the Legislature and the country can benefit by the information obtained. It is to be hoped that the niggardly policy that induced the Parliament in 1864 to cut down the sum authorized in 1862 for the expenses of taking a census will not be repeated, but that the most full and accurate statements will be obtained on everything that will throw light on the condition of the country. In our present state of comparative ignorance regarding the population and wealth of the Colony, legislation, especially on matters regarding taxation, must be to a large extent a mere groping in the dark, and for this reason it would be advisable that at the next census all the particulars specified in the Act of 1862 should be obtained.

And in connection with this subject it is really time that some reliable system of registration of births, deaths, and marriages was introduced into this country. The Cape is the only Colony of any importance that is without such a system, and its introduction might be made contemporaneously with the next census. That there would be difficulties connected with the practical working of a system of registration in some of the inland districts may be admitted, but the whole country ought not to be deprived of a reform of this kind simply because it could not be carried out to perfection in, say, Uitenhage and Clanwilliam. It is lamentable to think how far behind other colonies the Cape is in practical matters of this kind. As an example of what is done elsewhere, an annual report of the Registrar-General of New South Wales may be referred to. It was laid before the Legislature of that Colony in its last session, and it shows how much better they manage these things in that part of the world, though in the pastoral districts some difficulties must be experienced in the operation of the system.

The Colony is divided into ninety-two Registration Districts with a registration officer in each. On referring to the statement of estimated expenditure for 1874, it is found that the expense of these officers for the year is about £4,000. The tables they compile are simple, and it may be interesting to look to a few of the facts that they exhibit. On the 31st December, 1872, there were 539,190 souls, or about 50,000 less than that of the Cape Colony (including British Kaffraria) as estimated in 1865. The difference between the number of males and females in New South Wales when these returns were compiled was 52,170, while at the Cape, in 1865, it was estimated at about 15,000 or 16,000.

The number of marriages in New South Wales in 1872 was 3,925, or at the rate of 7·44 per 1,000 of the population for the year. It is rather singular that there should have been a decrease in the marriage rate in that Colony for the previous five years. In 1868 the rate per 1,000 of population was 8·18; in 1869 it was 7·98; in 1870 it was 7·79; in 1871 it was 7·76; and, as stated above, in 1872 it was 7·44. Of these marriages, all but 4·87 per cent. were solemnized by clergymen of various religious bodies, the balance having been performed in the Registrars' offices, and these latter were almost entirely in the country districts, where it may be assumed clergymen could not be conveniently got at. Some idea of the state of education in New South Wales and among the various religious bodies there may be formed from these returns. The proportion per cent. of persons married in the Church of England who could not write their names was 11·44; Roman Catholics, 20·57; Presbyterian, 11·73; Wesleyan, 9·69; Primitive Methodists, 12·32; Congregationalists, 10·47; Baptists, 10·78; Hebrews, 8·33; Unitarians, German Evangelicals, &c., all could write. Of all those married at the Registrars' offices, 20·15 could not write. Of the marriages performed in Sydney itself, 11·49 per cent. of the parties could not write; in the suburbs the rate was 8·23; and in the country, 15·09.

The total number of births in New South Wales during 1872, as shown by these returns, was 20,250, consisting of 10,276 males and 9,974 females, the males being thus only 1·48 per cent. in excess of the females. It has been seen that the marriage rate had decreased annually during the previous five years, and the same appears to have been the case with regard to the births. In 1867 the birth rate per 1,000 of the population was 41·73; in 1868 it was 40·50; in 1869 it was 40·46; in 1870 it was 39·80; in 1871 it was 39·57; and in 1872 it was 38·37. Of the births registered, a little over 4 per cent. were illegitimate, and the proportion of such births to 1,000 of population was 1·52. During the ten years ending in 1872 there had been twenty cases where triplets were born, and of the 60 children thus brought into the world 30 were boys and 30 girls. During the same period there had been 1,623 cases of twins, and of the children 1,604 were males and 1,630 females. A few still-born were not registered.

The number of deaths in the Colony in 1872 was 7,468. Of these 4,442 were males and 3,026 females. The death rate per 1,000 of the population was: in Sydney, 22·69; in the suburbs, 14·48; and in the country districts, 12·32. Of the total deaths during the year, 7,468, no fewer than 3,203, or 42·91 per cent., were of children under five years of age. In Sydney the proportion among these children was 45·02 per cent.; in the suburbs it was 54·97; and in the country it was 39·74. Taking the mean of the previous ten years, the proportion of the deaths of children under five years of age was, in the whole Colony, 44·56. In Sydney it was 46·82; in the suburbs, 57·06; and in the country, 40·99.

The classification of diseases which terminated fatally is contained in the following table, which gives the average percentage which each class and order of disease bore to the aggregate mean mortality of the last ten years :—

	1863. Percentage.	1864. Percentage.	1865. Percentage.	1866. Percentage.	1867. Percentage.	1868. Percentage.	1869. Percentage.	1870. Percentage.	1871. Percentage.	1872. Percentage.
CLASS I. – ZYMOTIC DISEASES.										
Order I.—Miasmatic Diseases—Scarlatina, Measles, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Fevers, &c.	24·74	24·56	25·59	26·27	33·19	22·85	20·41	17·37	16·58	19·09
2.—Enthetic Diseases—Syphillis, Gonorrhœa, *&c.*	0·50	0·28	0·38	0·46	0·24	0·47	0·19	0·26	0·28	0·36
3.—Dietic Diseases.—Privation, Scurvy, Delirium Tremens, &c.	1·74	1·54	1·77	1·85	1·19	1·77	1·60	0·98	1·16	1·29
4.—Parasitic Diseases.—Thrush, Worms, &c.	0·58	0·62	0·44	0·54	0·45	0·40	0·30	0·34	0·36	0·29
	27·56	27·00	28·18	29·12	35·07	25·49	22·50	18·95	18·38	21·03
CLASS II.—CONSTITUTIONAL.										
Order 1.—Diathetic Diseases—Gout, Dropsy, Cancer, &c.	2·48	2·62	2·73	2·93	2·66	3·34	3·62	3·52	4·03	4·09
2.—Tubercular Diseases.—Scrofula, Phthisis, Hydrocephalus, &c.	7·91	8·55	7·69	7·85	6·91	7·70	7·53	9·01	9·24	9·52
	10·39	11·17	10·42	10·78	9·57	11·04	11·15	12·53	13·27	13·61
CLASS III.—LOCAL.										
Order 1.—Nervous—Apoplexy, Paralysis, Insanity, Convulsions, Cephalitis, Brain Disease, &c.	13·02	13·27	12·46	12·30	11·88	14·16	14·09	14·44	15·36	15·33
2.—Circulation—Pericarditis, Aneurism, Heart Disease, &c.	3·58	3·82	4·35	4·24	3·62	4·04	5·16	6·08	5·85	5·01
3.—Respiratory—Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Pleurisy, &c.	7·74	8·49	7·54	7·32	8·49	9·23	10·12	9·64	10·47	9·35
4.—Digestive—Gastritis, Enteritis, Peritonitis, Hernia, &c.	6·15	6·97	6·81	6·43	5·93	6·08	6·83	6·67	7·10	6·81
5.—Urinary—Nephritis, Ischuria, Diabetes, &c.	0·83	0·81	1·21	0·76	0·71	0·97	1·27	1·18	1·64	1·42
6.—Generation—Ovarian Dropsy, Uterus Disease, &c.	0·15	0·20	0·24	0·31	0·27	0·43	0·46	0·24	0·34	0·47
7.—Joints—Arthritis, Ostitis, Periostisis, &c	0·19	0·20	0·30	0·27	0·16	0·15	0·15	0·12	0·14	0·12
8.—Integumentary—Phlegmon, Ulcer, Skin Diseases, &c.	0·21	0·43	0·61	0·46	0·28	0·26	0·33	0·21	0·19	0·23
	31·87	34·19	33·52	32·09	31·34	35·32	38·41	38·58	41·09	38·44

The classification of diseases which terminated fatally is contained in the following table—*(continued)*.

	1863. Percentage.	1864. Percentage.	1865. Percentage.	1866. Percentage.	1867. Percentage	1868. Percentage.	1869. Percentage.	1870. Percentage.	1871. Percentage.	1872. Percentage.
CLASS IV.—DEVELOPMENTAL.										
Order 1.—Children—Cyanosis, Spina Bifida, Teething, &c	4·70	4·53	4·93	5·45	4·63	5·15	5·47	5·46	4·62	5·06
2.—Adults—Paramenia, Childbirth, &c	0·65	0·68	0·67	0·63	0·03	0·49	0·69	0·70	0·80	9·49
3.—Old People—Old Age, &c	3·59	3·06	3·67	3·07	2·49	5·23	4·95	5·32	5·26	5·54
4.—Nutrition—Atrophy, Debility	7·61	6·46	7·61	9·08	7·38	6·98	7·13	7·37	6·54	6·25
	16·55	14·73	16·88	18 23	14·53	17·85	18·24	18·85	17·22	17·34
CLASS V.—VIOLENCE.										
Order 1.—Accident or Negligence—Fractures, Contusions, Burns, Drowning, Suffocation, Wounds, &c	8·97	9·75	8·26	7·25	6·98	7·71	7·67	9·68	8·67	7·91
2.—Wounds in Battle—Gunshot Wounds, Sword, Bayonet, or other Wounds	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
3.—Homicide—Murder and Manslaughter	0·27	0·23	0·27	0·29	0·13	0·26	0·21	0·13	0·34	0·27
4.—Suicide—Poison, Drowning, Hanging, &c	0·60	0·68	0·42	0·34	0·46	0·55	0·57	0·53	0·44	0·55
5.—Execution—Hanging	0·09	0·03	0·05	0·08	0·05	0·06	..	..	0·03	0·07
Unclassified	0·76	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
	10·69	10·69	9·00	7·96	7·62	8·58	8·45	10·34	9·48	8·80
Unspecified	2·94	2·22	2·00	1·82	1·87	1·72	1·25	0·75	0·56	0·78

The next Table shows the mean number of Deaths in Sydney, in each month, for the last ten years, and is also a Meteorological Abstract for the same period.

Period.	Number of Deaths.	Mean Temperature.	Mean Height of Barometer.	Rain.		Mean amount of Ozone.
				Depth.	Days.	
January	146	71·3	20·900	4·24	13	4·3
February	129	70·7	29·956	5·51	14	4·2
March	144	68·7	30·070	7·13	15	4·6
April	142	64·8	30·115	6·07	12	4·9
May	148	58·5	30·116	5·25	15	4·4
June	131	54·8	30·101	5·99	12	5·0
July	132	52·6	30·084	3·00	9	4·6
August	122	54·2	30·085	2·38	9	4·5
September	114	58·6	30·049	1·65	9	4·9
October	126	63·3	29·950	2·80	12	5·2
November	141	66·5	29·942	3·05	11	4·8
December	172	69·6	29·887	2·32	11	4·2
Mean of Twelve Months	137	62·7	30·021	4·11	11	4·6

There can be no insuperable difficulties to establishing in the Cape Colony such a system of registration after the next census as will enable the Government to place annually before Parliament information similar to that which is submitted every year to the Legislature of other colonies.

Boer Stories.

THE following collection of anecdotes, illustrating the manners and customs of the South African Boer, has been suggested by the perusal of Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences."

HOW THE BOERS MADE A CANNON.

When Breslaar was landdrost of Graaff-Reinet he was very unpopular amongst the people of the district. Upon one occasion, when a large body of farmers had come into the village for the purpose of obtaining a redress of grievances, they showed so much animosity towards him that he deemed it necessary to send to the barracks where a company of Light Dragoons was stationed under Captain Vandeleur, begging that officer to come to his assistance without delay. Vandeleur, who was not anxious to get mixed up in

any civil broil, ordered out the cannon, and fired a round of blank cartridge over the heads of the rebels, which demonstration so scared them that they made off as fast as their horses could carry them, nor did they draw rein until they were five or six miles well away from the Dorp.

A consultation was then held, and the conclusion come to that it was all very well fighting the "Red-jackets" with rifles, and such like respectable weapons, but when it came to cannons the match-lock (*Baviaan-bout*) was out of the race. It was unanimously resolved that, before they could hope to have any chance against Breslaar and the big gun, it was absolutely necessary to make a cannon of their own. A committee was, therefore, appointed to manufacture the required artillery, and a day fixed for them to bring up their *report*. The committee consisted of ingenious and energetic men, who commenced operations at once by procuring a good-sized stinkwood log, which they hollowed out, and then secured by twisting tightly round it the tires of condemned wagon-wheels. A touch-hole was bored, and lo! the field-battery was ready. Upon the appointed day the Boers collected from all quarters and in large numbers, for rumours had been flying that the cannon committee had turned off a real masterpiece, and hope rose high in every breast that Breslaar would now be forced to come to terms in spite of Vandeleur, his Light Dragoons, and his heavy gun. Nor were those who came disappointed at the sight that met their longing eyes, for there, mounted on the hind-wheels of a wagon by way of gun-carriage, stood the cannon.

Everything looked promising, and it now only remained to fire off the weapon. But here arose an unexpected difficulty. Who was to fire the proof shot? Each looked inquiringly into his neighbour's face, and shook his head as much as to say, "Not if I know it." At last the matter was resolved by lot, and the honour fell upon Cobus Venter, Senior, a man of considerable resource, and some amount of pluck, who was nevertheless strongly of opinion that the committee should not have left the most important part of their work to be performed by an outsider. However, as the thing had to be done, he got a sort of rifle-pit dug, about forty yards away from the gun. Next, he attached the longest wagon-whip to the tallest bamboo to be found, and having first tied the fuse to the *voorslag*, or extremity of the whip, he fixed it to the cannon in such a way that by pulling the handle of the whip-stick the powder on the touch-hole would ignite. These preliminaries having been arranged to his satisfaction, Venter got into the hole, and warned the spectators to "clear out," a hint they were not slow in taking. Cobus then gave a spasmodic tug at the whip, which was immediately followed by a most tremendous crash. After waiting for two or three minutes, he cautiously put his head out of the hole to see how the artillery was looking, but in vain did he stretch his neck; not a vestige of the gun was to be seen; wagon-wheels, stinkwood-log, and all had been blown

into space, and when the other Boers came up to the spot they found nothing but old Cobus holding the whipstick at arm's length, and staring at the fuse in blank amazement. Thus was Breslaar saved; and when Captain Hope, of the Royal Artillery, subsequently heard of it, he was so highly pleased with the conduct of the amateur artilleryman that he sent him a present of ten pounds of gunpowder, bearing the address, "From Captain Hope, of Her Majesty's Artillery, to Bombadier Cobus Venter."

HANS VAN TONDER'S COURTSHIP.

Louis Grobbelaar and his wife were the wealthiest people in our district, and, having only one daughter, she was, of course, much sought after by the young men of the neighbourhood, seven or eight of whom might sometimes be seen riding over to Kruisvallei in company, each bent upon the same object, viz., to gain the hand and fortune of the fair Elsie.

But old Grobbelaar was determined that his daughter should not be snatched away by the first young lackpenny who might happen to have some taste in saddle-cloths; for, be it remembered, that on the pattern of this portion of his steed's trappings the young Boer greatly relies when he desires to make an impression on an heiress's heart.

It was the custom of Grobbelaar and his wife, whenever the young men came courting their daughter, to sit on each side of her in such a manner as effectually to prevent any advances on the part of the gallant swains. Hans van Tonder, who was the poorest of the lot, was supposed to have the least chance of success with the parents, though he was privately inclined to believe from certain signs and symptoms that the young lady herself had no very strong prejudice against him. But in vain did he attempt to gain more positive information as to the state of her feelings.

On the evening of the 30th September—Hans and his wife both remember the date well—when six or seven of the "hated rivals" were, as usual, sitting down before the fortress, and were all making fruitless efforts, each on his own account, to elude the vigilance of old Grobbelaar, for he, like General Ulrich at the siege of Strasbourg, rendered every attempt of the kind abortive by his sleepless watchfulness, suddenly, the shepherd (Hans had given him a soopie) rushed in with the information that there was a tiger in the kraal playing havoc with the master's sheep. Grobbelaar seized his gun, and rushed out, followed by his wife and the suitors, who were all anxious to gain favour in the eyes of the heiress by slaying the tiger there and then. Not so Hans van Tonder, who, waiting till the coast was clear, quietly bolted the door upon himself and the young lady. Without delay he proposed, and was accepted, and when old Louis and the other tiger hunters knocked at the door, he coolly informed the master of the house that he must choose between giving up his daughter or sleeping on the stoep. It was a cold evening,

and, moreover, the old gentleman was so pleased with the presence of mind displayed by Hans, that, notwithstanding his poverty, he at once consented to accept him as a son-in-law.

CUTTING IT SHORT.

One evening two travellers, one of whom was a Scotchman arrived unexpectedly at the homestead of Piet Taljaard, and as it was already dark, they were compelled to claim his hospitality for the night. Unfortunately Piet, unlike the general run of his countrymen, who are a sober race, was fond of his glass, and happened that evening to have a "drappie in his e'e." He nevertheless proposed to proceed with the customary family worship, and although one of the travellers, who knew him well, wishing to prevent his exposing himself before a stranger, suggested to Piet's wife that it might be as well to dispense with the service on this occasion, the wife, instead of taking this advice in good part, waxed most indignant that any one should presume to dictate to her "man" in his own house. The service, therefore, proceeded, and as Piet was no fluent reader under ordinary circumstances, now that his brain was muddled, and his tongue thickened, a break-down might safely be expected. But the host was equal to the occasion, for without even attempting any of the longer ones, he carefully read out for the edification of his audience only the one-syllable words in the chapter, and in this manner the reading was concluded rather sooner than would otherwise have been the case,—in fact, so irreverently short did the service appear, even to Piet, that clearing his throat, he said, in consequence of the chapter being so short he would call on his son Jan to commence the Hundredth Psalm. Upon the termination of this singing, which was performed in a key and with an execution, compared to which Beethoven's Grand Mass for six trombones would be mere child's play, Piet was so pleased (so he said) at the attention with which the Scotchman had listened to his reading, that he wanted to sleep in the same room with him, the fact of the matter being that "mine host" had discovered that his guests had a flask of whiskey amongst their luggage.

COOL COURAGE AND TRUE POLITENESS.

Those unacquainted with the habits and customs of the "Down Country" (onderland) people are apt to look upon the question, "*What is your name, if I may ask?*" as a merely rude and inquisitive interrogation. But this is a mistaken notion, for nothing can be more reasonable and to the point than that two strangers, meeting in a place where there is no one to introduce them, should seek the information from each other they cannot gain elsewhere. This view of the matter may be illustrated by the following :—

As old Klaas Gildenhuys was crawling along on all fours in order to get a fair shot at a wildebeest, a lion suddenly pounced upon him,

and before he could raise his gun, had flung him down, and not even giving him time to say *wach-en-beetje*," was standing over him like a cat over a mouse. Luckily for Klaas, just at this awkward crisis, a stranger, who had also been stalking the wildebeest, made his appearance upon the scene, and, aiming at the lion, shouted to Klaas,

"Must I shoot?"

"Yes," replied Klaas. "Yes; but tell me first, what is your name, if I may ask?"

"My name is Piet Uys, Piet's son," answered the stranger, at the same time knocking the lion over with a well-directed shot, and as Klaas scrambled from under the carcass, and came forward to shake hands, he added, "And what is Uncle's name, if I may ask?"

Here was true courage combined with genuine politeness!

THE CONVERSION OF THE ENGLISH.

Gert van Jaarsveld had his own notions of how England was Christianized. He said it was strange that Holland should have gone back so in religion whilst England and Scotland had advanced, seeing it was a well-known fact that the Dutch had, when England was still a pagan country, sent Van Tromp with a fleet of missionaries up the Thames, and though the English had endeavoured to prevent this by putting a chain across the river, the Hollanders having severed the obstruction with a saw fixed to the keel of one of their ships, succeeded in landing the missionaries. Upon the schoolmaster, who was a Briton, denying the historical accuracy of this statement, Van Jaarsveld exclaimed, "Schoolmaster, hold your tongue. You may speak of your own nation, but I am speaking of mine."

NO ENGLISH, IF YOU PLEASE.

A learned member of the Volksraad was addressing that body upon an Ordinance which contained certain legal technicalities, and deemed it necessary in the course of his explanations to quote a passage from some authority in Latin, when he was interrupted by a patriotic senator, who exclaimed, "If you please, as little *English* as possible."

MINDING HIS BUSINESS.

A few years ago, when travelling through the Karroo in a neat cart drawn by four spanking horses, we flattered ourselves that our turn-out was as smart as one could wish to see. On passing Van Vuuren's, I saw Gideon van Vuuren near the road very intent upon the nave of a wheel, in which he was boring a hole. Although we passed within ten yards of him he never looked up, but kept his eyes steadily fixed upon his work, nor did he alter his position as long as we were in sight of him. On meeting him a week later, I asked for an explanation of what seemed to me his strange and morose conduct, when he replied, "Why should I look up? My father always told me never to meddle with what did not concern me, else I would some day be brought into Court."

NOT PUNCTUAL.

In the good old times when magistrates had it more their own way than they have now-a-days, our district was ruled by a landdrost of so violent a temper that the Burghers, one and all, not merely respected but feared him. So much was this the case that on one occasion, when he had made an appointment with a farmer to be at his office at ten o'clock on the next day, he received the following letter from the man's wife :—"Your Excellency,—I hope your Excellency will excuse my husband, as he died at two o'clock this morning!"

SCHOOLMASTERS.

The peripatetic tutor has become almost extinct. As a class they have always been looked upon by the Boers with no small amount of contempt. On one occasion, when Willem van Wyk went to visit his neighbour, Lodewyk de Wet, the latter had a new schoolmaster. Willem shook hands with De Wet, his wife, and his children, but declined paying the same compliment to the instructor of youth. One of the tutor's duties consisted in asking a blessing before meat, and so when Van Wyk along with De Wet and the family sat down to dinner, the master of the house said, "Schoolmaster, pray." Whereupon the schoolmaster offered up a prayer of some considerable length, in the course of which he besought that the hearts of the proud men might be humbled, so that they might recognize their own worthlessness, and no longer be too proud to shake hands with men who were better educated than they, although they were only schoolmasters. When this "grace" was finished, De Wet regarded the schoolmaster for some time in severe silence, and then remarked, "Schoolmaster, I asked you to pray, so I have no right to complain; but I only tell you this, if you pray like that again I'll shambock you."

The private tutor was expected not only to teach the children, but to make himself generally useful as well. It is related that Julius Cæsar could read, write, and dictate at the same time; but the schoolmaster at Kluitjes Kraal beat Julius hollow, for he taught the children, cobbled the boots, and kept the horse-mill going at the same time, besides having an eye on the poultry. His mode of proceedure was somewhat in this style: Bending over the old shoe in the favourite attitude of cobblers, he would jerk a stitch home, whilst he carried on the following colloquy :—"Go on, Flippie. C-a-t, what does that spell? *Cat*, you stupid. Gee-up, Witfoot—trek!" (to the horse). "Sh-sh! sh-sh!" (to the fowls). We wished to buy some eggs from the mistress of Kluitjes Kraal, but she informed us that there were none to be had, as the hens were not laying. Thinking that as the schoolmaster had charge of the poultry he might be better informed upon this point, I hinted to him that I possessed a bottle of prime old brandy, and was willing to exchange the same for eggs, and he soon produced three dozen, upon which we invited the master of Kluitjes Kraal to breakfast the next morning.

"Where do you get eggs from?" he inquired. "My wife says she has got none. The hens won't lay."

We were obliged to inform him that we had procured them from the schoolmaster, when he exclaimed,

"So, then, the rascal steals my eggs!"

We told him it was no wonder that the "meester" made mistakes about the eggs, when he had to attend to the horse-mill and the children at the same time.

TOOTH-BRUSHES.

When I was farming at Dwarsfontein, my neighbour, Hendrik Froneman, called on me one morning about sunrise, and as I had not yet completed my morning ablutions, Hendrik, being an old friend, walked into the bed-room and took a chair. He sat contemplating me for some time in silence whilst I performed the operation of brushing my teeth, and kept shaking his head from time to time in so ominous a manner that I felt constrained to ask what was the matter.

"Johnny," he said, "it makes me sad to see you doing that, for, depend upon it, when a farmer takes to such new-fangled English notions, it won't be long before he is in the Insolvent Court."

Not long after this incident, having lost a considerable sum by a relative, I actually *did* require the assistance of the Master's Office, and to this day Hendrik declares that he told me how it would be.

Cornelis Taljaard, however, held a different view on the subject, for on the occasion of his getting a new schoolmaster, whom he had promoted from the position of stonemason to that of teaching his children, he told me confidentially that his "meester" must be a gentleman, for the first money that he (Cornelis) had paid him had been spent in the purchase of a tooth-brush, and from this fact he judged that the man was destined for something higher than the station he now filled. His prophecy has been verified, for the subject of it now holds a prominent place amongst the legal luminaries across the Orange River.

NO NEWSPAPERS.

The country parson makes occasional calls upon the members of his congregation, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the duties of family worship are properly observed, and the children are being taught the Catechism. The minister of Middeldorp had not seen his parishioners, Jan and Mietje Zwart, for some months past, and, therefore, determined to pay them a pastoral visit, or "house-visitation." On seeing his reverence approach, Jan's conscience smote him, and he retired into the kitchen, but Mietje, with more presence of mind, quickly dusted the Family Bible, and, opening it at random, was discovered pouring studiously over the last chapters of Genesis.

"I am glad to find you reading the good Book," said the minister. "I see you are reading about the death of Abraham."

"So," exclaimed Mietje, excitedly, "and is that kind, good man also dead! I never knew it; but that comes from not getting the papers regularly!"

JUST IN TIME.

"Doctor" Lomax was so called, not by virtue of any diploma or licence to practice, but because, being a collector of bulbs and othe botanical specimens, he had thus gained the confidence of the rura population as a medical man. He was once sent for by Martinus Sieberts, whose son had come a distance of five hours on horseback to call the doctor to come and see his mother. He said his father's message was that the doctor must come as soon and as fast as he could, no matter if he killed the horses, for his mother was very ill indeed. Lomax lost no time, and did not spare the horses. On arriving near the homestead, he was met by Sieberts, who said,

"Doctor, I am so glad you have come, and feel much obliged. You are just in time."

"How's the patient?" asked the doctor, preparing to drive towards the house.

"Oh, she has been dead these two hours."

"Dead! Then what do you mean by saying I am just in time?"

"Why, you see, doctor, I have got the name of being rather stingy, and I am so glad you have come, for now they can't say that I neglected getting medical assistance. I am really very glad, you are just in time!"

THE DISCONSOLATE WIDOWER.

On my way up to the Diamond-fields I touched at a house along the road to procure some milk. The farmer informed me that his wife was away from home; she was ill, and he had sent her to the village for change of air, and was taking care of the children and the poultry himself. About two months after, on again passing the place, I thought it would be no more than polite to go in and ask after the health of the wife.

"Oh she is *fresh*," replied the man to my inquiry.

It rather surprised me that the woman should have so soon recovered from what his description had led me to believe must be a very serious complaint; but he explained that the wife I was alluding to had died shortly after my visit, and having so many children he was obliged to remarry almost immediately. This explained the mystery, and quite justified the expression that she was fresh.

HOW MANY TOES HAS AN OSTRICH?

The final examination in Helmbroek's Catechism is looked upon by Boer candidates for Church membership as a most terrific ordeal, for should the examinee get "plucked," his marriage with Sannie would have to be postponed for another year. On one of these field-

days, when our minister had been inflicting questions on some twenty or thirty young people collected from all quarters of the Reugens, Downs, and Karroo, he told them that, as there might be something he had omitted to explain, he was ready to answer any question they might wish to put to him.

One of the catechumens, who had been severely handled by the reverend gentleman, evidently thinking that turn and turn about was fairplay, and, that now was his time to checkmate the enemy, rose to his feet, and fixing his reverence with his eye, triumphantly asked, "Doctor, how many toes has an ostrich?" This was a poser for the "minister," who had never investigated the anatomical formation of *the big* bird, and was, therefore, obliged to confess his ignorance.

[We have long desired to see such collections as the above, made of racy stories and characteristic incidents of country life in South Africa. And now that so excellent a commencement has been made by our present contributor, we hope that his example will be followed by many more as well as by himself.—Ed. C. M. M.]

The Abbey of Vallambrosa.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

What led thee once, O heart of man, to fly
From the dark world to the cold mountain-height?
And when thy course had brought their summits nigh,
What charm, what terror checked thee in thy flight?

Sought'st thou these ancient trees, these forests bleak,
These rocks eternal, this resounding glen?
Or, inly moved another world to seek,
Did'st shun the common ways and haunts of men?

Not all alone wast thou—celestial forms
To the fair region at thy bidding came;
God's majesty thou saw'st revealed in storms
In wild tornado or in lightning-flame.

There might'st thou read the lesson grand and sage,
That nature for the stricken soul invents;
There grow familiar with the tempest's rage,
As with each other are the elements.

The spirit bent on prayerful solitude,
That to the streams and wooded mountains hies;
In every age among the poor and rude,
The scorned of men, has sought its votaries.

"Come, come," it whisp'reth to love's hapless dupes,
To genius crushed by chill indifference;
To him that forced from loving kindred droops,
To hearts unsated by the joys of sense.

Come, children of the sky, earth's orphan-band,
Here to a refuge ye may still retire;
Treasures undreamt I offer, joys unscanned,
The vulgar herd conceive not but admire.

But if ye love to watch with pensive eye
Soft night descending from the realms of sleep,
Or the bright dawning of the starry sky,
Or the moon dance upon the rippling deep:

If when the torrent's roar amid the glen,
That leaps with sobs from rock to rock, ye hear,
A cry of awe escapes unhindered then,
And some strange influence draws your footsteps near.

If 'neath the leafy shade reclined at ease,
Fond ravishment your listening ear inspires,
While tuneful breezes whisper thro' the trees,
Like mournful breathings from celestial lyres.

If Hope, that bud snatched from a tree divine,
That from your bosom will not be effaced,
And like sad trees, whose thirsty roots entwine
Round barren rocks, still thrives amid the waste—

If ye have known the penitential tear,
Or bent the knee to God in homage due—
Come—tho' unequal to life's conduct here,
'Tis store enough to live with Heaven and you.

J. G.

Old Times at the Cape.

GOVERNOR VAN NOOT.—CONTINUED.

For his part, Herr Allemann had often felt bitterly what it is for an honest man to be in distress and great need; so, when God placed him in such prosperous circumstances, he was always most pitiful and kind to any in distress, particularly to any who had been born in the Prussian States, or had served under the Prussian King. If such a man conducted himself properly, and was no drunkard (for at the Cape a great many men, on account of the low price of wine, easily became so), Herr Allemann did all in his power to find employment or a suitable place for him. Directly he discovered that any man whom he found in need was a Prussian, he immediately assisted him, unless he really was a worthless fellow; and he must be very bad indeed to make kind-hearted Allemann turn away from him. Now, after his death even, I can bear witness to his goodness. When I first arrived at the Castle, and, on inquiry, he discovered that I was a countryman of his, and from Brandenbourg, he presented me with two ducats (worth about seven florins sixteen steïber), which in my present plight were of the greatest use to me. He always wore a Prussian uniform; his walk, his whole manner, and his every way was Prussian; polite, without paying compliments, courteous, without servility, speaking frankly and with open-heartedness, and always answering questions put to him by his superiors straightforwardly and emphatically, without a tinge of reserve or hesitation. He knew himself to be clear of all offences or misdemeanours, or even the thoughts of them; so when through some mistake, or through spitefulness, unpleasant searching questions were put to him, he answered them clearly and truly. But all these things troubled him little. He had two sources of consolation. One was a good conscience; the other, that he was now independent of the East India Company's Service, if he chose to leave it or anything happened. I have never learnt how much he received from the Commissariat for his inspection of the country posts or "Buyten Posten" of the Company. I have been told, it is true, that forty florins a month was paid to him; but this is by no means certain. In all the affairs of the Company which he served was he most accurate and precise. He let no fault pass easily unpunished; but a fault committed through ignorance, or without reflection, or through over-haste, he passed lightly over, after administering some good advice.

By the foregoing we see that Herr Allemann was evidently the right man in the right place; so leaving him there we will relate some more of the traits of Governor Van Noot's extraordinary character, and describe a few of the events which preceded his terrible and sudden end. From what has been already related, from Governor Van Noot's kindness and beneficence to Herr Allemann,

to his dear wife, and to Capt. Rhenius, then Lieutenant, one would naturally fancy that he was a true friend of man, and a benevolent angel in human form. No such thing. He was, indeed, a bitter enemy to his kind, and an incarnate fiend. A truly wondrous contrast! The mean tricks played by him, the slights and mortifications and the unjust punishments heaped upon all, quite out of proportion to the very light offences committed, and his constant brutal treatment of high and low officers, citizens, farmers, soldiers, sailors, and slaves, left everywhere behind the saddest and most melancholy traces. It is not my business to entertain the reader with a long recital of unpleasant stories, whose importance they would not understand, unless, to make myself intelligible, I was to enter into an endless account of the circumstances and affairs of the country; for in these far countries, things may happen which to others may appear perfectly trivial. I will only set forth two classes of facts, as instances by whic hthose whom they concerned suffered irreparable injury through sheer caprice on the part of Van Noot.

1st. There were, as I shall have an opportunity, further on, of explaining at greater length and more clearly, farms which were compelled to pay yearly to the East India Company a ground rent of twenty-four rixdollars; but they did not belong to the farmers holding them. But it was always the custom that, if the holder of such a farm died, his son or other heir should take it over. Were no heirs forthcoming to look after the property it was, by permission of the Council of Police, put up to public auction, and unbounded right and confirmation of possession given to the purchaser. But Governor Van Noot found on these occasions a fine opportunity to gratify his wicked caprices. He declared to the purchasers or inheritors of these farms that only the buildings belonged to them, as land and sand was the property of the Company, and could neither be bought nor inherited. He, this noble Governor, allowed some third person to have the farm for some small sum, and the heirs or purchasers of the buildings had to make some arrangement with the new owner about them, and either accept a small sum of money or break them down and go away.

A second example of his maliciousness was this. Many young farmers every year made up a party to go elephant shooting. For that purpose they were obliged to go about 200 miles inland. Many wagons had to be provided, a large supply of provisions and ammunition, and, in a word, much expense had to be incurred. Their greatest profits on these expeditions were made by exchanging glass beads, pocket knives, looking-glasses, brandy, tobacco, little bells, and brass buttons, and such like trifles, with the Hottentots, for oxen and sheep. As the farmers are never allowed to undertake such an expedition inland without a special permission from the Governor, several companies applied just at this time for the desired leave. None of their prayers were denied. They provided themselves with wagons and trek-oxen, engaged Bastard Hottentots as leaders, and

got all the necessary provisions together for such a long and heavy journey. But when they applied at the Company's stores for ammunition, tobacco, and the different articles required for their trade, the storekeeper was forbidden to supply them, and when they went to Van Noot to pray for a permit, he made all sorts of excuses for refusing it. The end of it was, that the poor farmers had to go home again and remain there, and many of them were ruined by the heavy expense they had been put to. Thousands of opportunities can a Governor, who is a trickster, find to insult and annoy the officials and burghers under him, and do them all sorts of injury. But out of one single circumstance which drew Van Noot to a sudden, terrible, and tragic end, the reader will sufficiently see, understand, and acknowledge to himself what sort of a man this monster was.

In the 7th chapter of this biography I have related the circumstances connected with a mutiny, or rather a plot, at Serlaten, on the Rio de la Goa,—what were the causes of it, and how it ended. Governor Van Noot had himself, by the command of the East India Company, broken up the trading establishment there. He might, therefore, rightly have taken warning from that case, and not himself have given cause for a similar disaster at the Cape of Good Hope. But his mean avarice, and the malice of his black heart, showing favour to nobody, tempted him to an unheard-of course of action.

My readers will recollect that several times in this book I have mentioned the custom that any soldiers, who could by some trade that they had learnt, or by other employments, earn more than by standing on guard, were permitted to go out as "pasgangers," and received a sum of nine florins twelve stivers monthly. This money, called service money or "dienstgeld," was equally divided among the soldiers who actually served in garrison, and according as there were many or few "pasgangers," or free-ticket-men, it came to about four-and-twenty or eight-and-twenty stivers for each man. Immediately the Governor found out this, he pretended that many of the soldiers were very badly off for shoes, socks, and linen, and that, therefore, he must draw the service money from the "pasgangers," and purchase for the soldiers the above mentioned articles and others for their better equipment. But the truth of the matter was, he wanted to put the money in his own pocket. Every possible objection was brought forward against this new arrangement. The officers remonstrated strongly, and said that the soldiers could not possibly maintain themselves under it, and all sorts of disorder, and probably a mutiny, would be the end of it all. But he would not listen to reason, and to every argument only answered, "Sic volo, sic jubeo," &c.

The consequence of this arrangement was, that the adjutant, on the first of every month, had to give up into the Governor's own hands the service money that the "pasgangers" had earned, with a

list and description of them. At this the soldiers in service began to swear, to murmur, to complain, to pray; but all was of no avail. With sound blows were they silenced.

Those soldiers who have been before to India, gone back to Europe, and again returned, or have lived for many years in the countries belonging to the Company, are always called throughout the land "Orlammen;" soldiers who have just arrived, or who have not been long in one place, are called "Baaren." These two names are corrupted words which were originally derived from the Malay language. In this tongue "Oranglami" means an old person, or old acquaintance, but "Orang-barn" a new person. Therefore an "Orlam" who conducts himself quietly, and is known as an honest and respectable man, has plenty of good opportunities of earning money among the citizens; but the "Baaren" no one trusts, because no one knows what sort of characters they may be. These poor wretches are accordingly miserably poor, and must manage somehow to live on their twenty-nine stivers ration money, and their twenty-eight stivers subsidy money. The poverty amongst these soldiers was very great; constantly were they hungry, and very few of them could buy shoes, socks, or linen. Those who might have been able to buy them would not, and the others *could* not. The consequence was, most of the soldiers were, with the exception of their uniform, very badly dressed. It was of no use to remonstrate, and the officers did not like to apply the lash, for they saw well enough that it was quite impossible for the poor fellows to provide themselves, so they could only fall back upon the fact that the Governor had promised to supply all these articles out of the *Dienstgeld*, but nothing came of it. So Lieutenant Rhenius and Ensign Allemann, who were most in Van Noot's favour, dared to beg him to fulfil his promise; but they fared badly, for the Governor abused them soundly, and sent them away with a refusal.

In our next chapter of "Old Times" we hope to tell of the sad results of this harsh treatment to the poverty-stricken soldiers, and of the terrible end of the tyrant, Van Noot.

L. G. R.

Sketches from Nature.

No. I.—The Oyster.

The oyster is the favourite of Nature and the favoured of Fortune. He is endowed at birth with house-property, and never pays either rent or taxes. His habits are domestic, and he is not much given to gadding about. If you only know where he resides, you may make pretty sure of finding him at home at fashionable hours. He is not over polite, and, possibly, will not answer your knock when you call on him. This is excusable, because he does not keep indoor servants,

and, moreover, he is of a contemplative turn. Sometimes a little force is necessary to gain admission to his domicile ; but he receives you civilly notwithstanding, and never expostulates. His disposition, though not lively, is never quarrelsome. He is calmly happy ; and so he ought to be. He enjoys an immunity from most of the ills that flesh is heir to, especially toothache, sitting on juries, doctors' bills, lost umbrellas, tight boots, and long sermons.

In the more tender amenities of life the oyster is pre-eminently blissful. For him the course of true love runs smooth, before and after marriage. When he makes love, he never asks papa. He pops the question by submarine telegraph, and sends all his spoony messages by the same conveyance. He never gets married by ante-nuptial contract, and community of property are words unknown to his marriage settlement. What's the husband's is his own, and what's the wife's is hers, especially the children. These latter break the maternal apron-string very early in life, and set up on their own account. Husband and wife never quarrel, for they seldom occupy the same apartment, except during the honeymoon, and not always then.

I said oysters were contemplative. They are more advanced in social science than man, for they have mastered the problem of social and political equality. No oyster is allowed to have a town residence and a country seat while another is houseless. In fact, there are many oyster-houses uninhabited ; yet no oyster claims more than one.

Oysters are progressive. One will do as much now as it took a great many to do years ago. The oysters of the Cape are far in advance of those of England. There, it takes a hundred of them to give you change for half-a-crown ; here, a dozen will do it.

Although dignified, oysters are not vain creatures. The only articles of jewellery they affect are pearls. They never wear kid gloves, except on state occasions, which occur only when two leap years come together. Then, and then only, do oysters wear kid gloves, and walk to church in procession.

Some philosophers have deemed oysters morose and self-contained. This is not their character. All the oysters of my acquaintance came out of their shell at last. And an oyster coming out of his shell is a sight fit for celestial eyes. In imagination I behold one now. A liquid ecstacy fills my mouth ! Ordinary human language is not equal to the movements of the oral machinery thus lubricated. I must apostrophize this absent rapture. Oh, that he were present !

Oh, delicious oyster ! Oh, happy combination of jelly and juice ! Twice blessed art thou, for thou partakest of the delight thou givest. Thou liest alive in thy pearl-lined saucer, a thing of succulence and self-satisfaction. Alive, I say ; for it is not true that the ligament which held thee to the roof of thy mansion was thy thread of life. Thou liest alive, I say ; and so lieth he who contradicteth me. Thou movest not. Thy delight is too serene for motion. Thy repose is

tranquil,—a delicious repose, born of noblest anticipation. Thou knowest that thou art about to fulfil the end of thy creation, to enter the highest destiny of thy kind (alas! that it should be the lot of so few of them!) to gratify and be gratified; to gladden the palate, the throat, and the stomach of man; to be absorbed in a bliss of thine own creation; to be dissolved in ecstacy; to enter the Oyster's Paradise. For this thou wert predestined, intended, and shapen. Happy creature! How beautifully that lower shell of thine, on which thou reposedst in thy solitary mortal days, serveth as a dish on which thou art conveyed to the portals of thine Elysium! Far happier art thou than the mortal whose very heart's cockles are soon to be warmed by thee. He hath ties and affections which must be sundered ere he entereth his Paradise. Thou hast none of these. Such sentiments were bottled up within thee that they might culminate in the rapture of the supreme moment that is about to arrive. Thou wert made to be swallowed alive, and thou knowest it. Hence thy serenity. Happy oyster, whose Elysium lieth clear before thee, with no dismal Hades, no dark rolling Styx, no grim Charon intervening. Thou wert made to be swallowed alive, and thou knowest it; and, oh, let thy rapture be further sublimated when I tell thee that I was born to swallow thee alive, and I know it.

Thou art boneless. Lucky creature! Lucky in thine immunity from crunching, and from fractures, simple or compound. Plump art thou as an unfledged cherub, and thou floatest in an ambrosial sauce all thine own, which no vile, mortal vinegar shall pollute. Where gottest thou that delicious liquid? Was it wept into thy shelly habitation by love-lorn mermaids? And do the pearls that we find in thee fall from their sweet eyes? Thy bonelessness, thy size, thy suppleness, and thy sauce, are so arranged, that in swallowing thee I shall have as much delight as one can safely aspire unto without choking himself. Ah! sweet and willing sacrifice! Did I see thee quiver on thine altar? Was that thrill a sign of eager impatience, or was it imparted by the hand that holdeth thee? Thy bliss and mine shall be deferred no longer. I raise thee to my lips. What fragrance! I open my mouth! I shut mine eyes!

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Oh! * * * I see thee not, and yet I feel thee still! I share thy joy! There is an electric thrill of mutual rapture between thee and my stomach. Reciprocity of bliss!—Fulness of enjoyment without satiety.—A glowing satisfaction, combined with a delicious craving.—Increase of appetite growing by what it feeds on.—Oh! mine oyster! how deeply we are indebted to each other! To thee I owe this appetite for more bliss. To me thou owest the privilege of imparting that appetite. And dost thou not share that joyful longing with me? Thou dost. Thy paradise, sweet as it is, is not yet perfect. Although thou wert a hermit before, the higher

state into which I have promoted thee, provoketh loftier feelings and inspireth higher knowledge. Benevolent oyster! thou wouldest that all thy kind might be as blest as thou art. Thou cravest companionship now that thou hast true delight to share. Hence this delicious longing imparted by thee to me. Oh! mine oyster! As far as I can secure the gratification of thy just, thy generous, thy pleasant desires, it shall be done. My purse is low, my duns are too familiar, and are becoming disrespectful, and those thou covetest as companions are in the hands of the extortionate and the avaricious; but the appeal thou makest to my innermost man is irresistible! Waiter, open me the whole barrel!

The Almond Branch.

[From the French of Lamartine.]

Branch of the blossoming almond-tree,
Fading beauty's token,
The flower of life, alas! like thee,
Too soon is marred and broken.

Pluck or pass it, as you will,
From loving brow or hand,
Leaf by leaf it withers still,
As joy that cannot stand.

Let us with the breeze compete
For that short-lived bloom;
Let us drain that chalice sweet
Of its brief perfume.

Beauty's course is quickly stayed
Like the morning flower,
From the guest's cold brow decayed
Ere the festive hour.

Day declines in twilight shades,
Spring ere we can use it;
Each flower reminds us, as it fades,
To loiter is to lose it.

Since roses then must wither still,
Brief day in long night closing;
Let them fade, an fade they will,
On lips of love reposing.

J. G.

On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South Africa.

[By Ernst Meyer.]

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS, F.L.S.*

I proceed now to those large natural groups which I prefer to call *provinces of the Vegetable Kingdom* rather than classes. For it is time that we try to break our scientific men of the habit of remembering our vegetable system only when they wish to show, by some striking example, the difference between mere classification and a true scientific division. Meantime I limit myself to the two last provinces.

The proportion of Monocotyledons to Dicotyledons in various parts of the world has occupied the attention of the greatest masters, and led to very different results. The last who pursued this inquiry with his accustomed care, and laid the foundation of the largest mass of observations, was Schouw, and whose statements are therefore worthy of the greatest confidence. According to him, the Monocotyledons have their relative minimum in the northern hemisphere between the 35th and 45th parallels, and rise from here as well towards the equator, as also, and probably in a higher degree, towards the pole. From this law, which we will call the *First*, are to be excepted the mountains, on which the proportion of both provinces is so arranged that the nearer the snow line is approached, the more favourable is it for the Dicotyledons. Nothing but the ignorance of this *Second* and wholly unexpected law was the cause of the earlier belief that the Dicotyledons showed a continuous relative increase from the pole to the equator. The following tables will show both laws.

* We are glad to note here that the distinction of being elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society has been conferred on Mr. Bolus since the commencement of this publication in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. He has long distinguished himself by his botanical pursuits for many years before; but of the special value of this particular translation of the combined labours of Meyer and Drège, we may be pardoned for giving the following extracts of private correspondence from Dr. Hooker on the subject, premising only that we do so on our own responsibility, and without the knowledge of Mr. Bolus. In a letter to the translator on the 8th December last Dr. Hooker says:—"I am extremely glad to see your translation of E. Meyer's Paper in the *Cape Monthly* (a most capital periodical), and I hope that you will make it the basis of a more complete affair;" while in another letter of later date he adds:—"You have done right well to translate E. Meyer's Preface and Division, and if you will allow me to say so, I think the translation *extremely* well done—happily rendered in short. I like it, and I like the editor for putting such really good matter in so prominent a place in his Magazine, which I always read with great interest." We have taken the liberty of inserting the special allusion to the *Magazine* itself as a reply to several critics who occasionally complain that too much space is devoted to scientific contributions, and too little to light literature. Our object is to combine as far as possible what will prove permanently valuable with what is only temporarily amusing.—Ed. C. M. M.

At various heights in Central America, Schouw found the relative proportions of both provinces to be thus :—

From	0	to	1,280	feet *	= 1 : 4·1
„	1,280	to	7,040	„	= 1 : 3·7
„	7,040	to	10,240	„	= 1 : 4·9
Above	10,240			„	= 1 : 7·7

Similar proportions were found in Switzerland by O. Heer, whose important work I only know as yet from Meyen's Botanical Geography. He observed

	On the Glarn Alps.	At St. Gothard.
From 5,000 to 6,000 feet.....	1 : 5	1 : 4·93
„ 6,000 to 7,000 „	1 : 5·25	1 : 5·50
„ 7,000 to 8,000 „	1 : 5·64	1 : 5·60

Without regard to height, except in the case of Central America, where all heights over 7,000 feet are excluded, the proportion, partly according to Schouw, partly from my own enumeration, is found to be as follows :—

In Greenland .....=1 : 2·0		In Naples .....=1 : 4·0	
„ Kamschatka	2·0	„ France	4·1
„ Iceland	2·2	„ Algeria	4·3
„ Lapland.....	2·2	„ Caucasus acc. M. Bieb	5·3
„ Scandinavia	2·8	„ Acc. C. A. Meyer.....	5·7
„ Denmark	2·8	„ Altai	5·7
„ Hanover.....	2·9	„ Greece	5·7
„ Wurtemburg	3·1	„ Canary Islands	5·3
„ England.....	3·3	„ Central America	3·9
„ North America	3·3	„ East Indies	3·7
„ Germany	3·5	„ Guinea	3·6
„ do. with Switzerland	3·9	„ West Indies	3·1
		„ Essequibo	2·4

But this statement appears to discover still a *Third* law. If we compare the given proportion in England with that of Central Germany, that of Europe with that of Central Asia, that of the West Indies with that of continental Central America, we find that the *coast climate* appears to be favourable to the Monocotyledons, and the *continental climate* to the Dicotyledons. Only Greece and the Canary Islands appear to contradict this rule; but from the first-named we certainly know the Monocotyledons much less than the Dicotyledons; and in the case of the latter, the height of the peak is of advantage to Dicotyledons, and probably also, as I shall endeavour to show, the dryness of the volcanic formation, the same circumstance which is there so favourable to the succulent form of plants.

For if the distribution of Monocotyledons and Dicotyledons depended, as is generally supposed, upon the *temperature*, it would present two in-

* The originals were given in French toises, which I have rendered into English feet.—Tr.

explicable contradictions, viz., *opposite effects of the same cause*, as that of the increasing cold on nearing the snow-line, first on the plains, and then on the mountains ; and, *the same effect from opposite causes*, as that from the increasing cold towards the pole, and from the increasing heat towards the equator. It is therefore a question whether the more immediate ground of the distribution we are speaking of does not lie much more in *hygrometrical* than in *thermometrical* conditions, although the former may again in great part be regulated by the latter. This is even suggested by the nature of these two divisions of plants themselves, since most Monocotyledons prefer moist places, while most Dicotyledons affect dryness. The same idea is also suggested by the influence of the continental and coast climates above referred to, which affects plants differently, just as much by varying conditions of humidity as by a different distribution of heat. For this reason I have as much as possible informed myself respecting the varying quantity and distribution of the rainfall in general, and believe that I have found in this the key to all the phenomena we have been discussing.

Directly under the equator, where the half-yearly passage of the sun through the zenith divides the year into two equal halves, there are, as is known, two equal rainy seasons ; towards the tropics they become two unequal seasons, the larger and the smaller. Still further distant, the smaller disappears altogether, and there is but one rainy season, when the sun stands in the zenith, that is to say summer rains, as, for instance, at Senegambia, where it rains only from June to September in each year. In the temperate zone the conditions are reversed ; in Portugal, Tunis, Alexandria, Aleppo, Crete, even at Rome and Genoa, the summer is almost, or entirely, rainless. In their place come the winter rains, but these as to quantity are far from equal to the tropical summer rains, and *this* is the parallel most favourable to the Dicotyledons, and most unfavourable to the Monocotyledons. From here again towards the Arctic Zone the yearly rainfall increases, and its distribution over the year becomes constantly more irregular. Observations, however, show two predominating and unequal rainy periods, the winter and the summer, of which the latter has the larger share. The west coast of Europe forms an exception to this rule, in so far as the summer rains are lengthened and increased towards the autumn ; and in accordance therewith the relative number of Monocotyledons is also there increased. The cold regions are, for the most part, while there is no frost, enveloped in constant mists or drizzling rains, and these are, before all others, favourable to the growth of Monocotyledons. Can so striking a correspondence between the distribution of rain, and that of Monocotyledons and Dicotyledons over Europe and North Africa, leave any doubt as to their standing to each other in the relation of cause to effect ? Is it not time that, side by side with Isothermal lines, which we have to thank for so many conclusions, we draw *Isombrial* lines of equal yearly rainfall ?

But how does the distribution of Monocotyledons and Dicotyledons in various mountain regions agree with this ? Not so badly as might at first sight appear. The mountains, indeed, next the sea are the chief seats of the formation of clouds ; we frequently see mists and rain on their summits, while there is a clear sky in the valleys below. We must, however, not forget, on the other hand, the opposite circumstance of clear sky on the mountains during rain in the lower

country, besides the quicker rush of waters from the steep mountain-sides, the rapid evaporation from the exposed peaks, and, whenever it is not actually misty or rainy, the high degree of dryness of the mountain air, as shown by the hygrometer. Taking all these things together, should we not regard the higher regions as, on the average, drier than the lower? But where, in any region, local circumstances favour the formation of marshes, the Monocotyledons immediately become more numerous. By the marshes of the Alps, above 8,000 feet, Heer found the proportion to Dicotyledons as 1 : 3; and close to them, on dry ground, as 1 : 6, 1 : 7, and even 1 : 9, the Dicotyledons being most numerous on the constantly drier limestone rocks.

There still seems to remain a difficulty in this, that the nearly equal yearly rainfall, which, towards the pole, is distributed over the whole year, but which about the equator is crowded into a few weeks, exercises the same influence on the vegetation as a whole. This would indeed be incomprehensible if the organisation of plants did not accommodate itself to these circumstances. The nature of individual Monocotyledons is even generally more accommodating than that of individual Dicotyledons,—the former having, as a rule, a more extended area of distribution. Still more striking is the contrast in comparing mass with mass. The northern Monocotyledons, almost all furnished with strong rhizomes, vegetate uninterruptedly for three-quarters of the year. Those of the tropics are either annual, with a short period of growth, which, the hotter and drier it is, find their struggle for life the harder; or, if perennial, are provided with bulbs, which have a period of rest for three-quarters of the year in the dry ground; or they are large trees with few leaves, with a single terminal bud, and with widely-spreading roots. Though the Dicotyledons accommodate themselves upon the whole in a similar manner to various climates, yet this is not so frequently the case, nor in so high a degree.

This general observation appears to me indispensable as a key to the knowledge of the distribution of both provinces of plants in South Africa.

In our whole Flora the proportion stands as 1 : 3·2; not very different from New Holland, between 32° and 35° S., where, according to Robert Brown's statement, we can fix it for the east coast as 1 : 3, and for the west coast as 1 : 3·25; a difference which may perhaps be explained by the prevalent south-east winds, which on the east coast come immediately from the sea, but on the west coast pass over the land. In South Africa, also, moist south-east winds prevail for at least nine months of the year; for in general the constantly ascending vertical current of air in the interior of Africa imparts to the winds on the margin of this continent a direction from all sides towards its centre, and this with such force that on the west coast for a considerable distance even the trade wind is driven back. A glance at the map will show how completely different must be the effect of this wind in Southern and Northern Africa, under almost the same latitude. In the south we see the land diminished, with sea on three sides, uninterrupted to the Antartic Pole; on the north, a broad base of land which, with the exception of Fez and Morocco, rests completely on the small Mediterranean Sea. In accordance with this we find that the proportion of both plant-groups in North Africa is, on the authority of Desfontaines as 1 : 4·3, while in South Africa it is as 1 : 3·2,

which differs but little from the proportions which we found in Central Germany, in England, North America, and the West India Islands.

Single portions of South Africa present remarkable deviations from the general proportions, yet clearly for the most part arising from varying hydro-meteorological conditions, incompletely as these are known to us. If we calculate the proportion of Monocotyledons to Dicotyledons, according to the table at the end of this treatise, for single geographical provinces of the Flora in certain directions, we shall find it

I. *On the West Coast.*

From False Bay to Olifant's River, in III D and E, as 372 : 1,214 ..... =1 : 3·26
From there to Koussie or Buffels River, in III C, as 63 : 205 ..... =1 : 3·25
From there to the Orange River, in III B, as 98 : 411 =1 : 4·19

II. *On the South and South-east Coast.*

From the extreme south point, through Outeniqualand, and Zitzikamma to Kromme River, in IV C a and b, as 51 : 184 ..... =1 : 3·61
From there to Sundays River, in IV C c, as 118 : 405 =1 : 3·43
From there to Keiskamma, in V A, as 192 : 624..... =1 : 3·25
Thence to the Omsamcaba, in V B, as 205 : 642 .... =1 : 3·13
Thence to Port Natal, in V C, as 123 : 495..... =1 : 4·02

III. *In the middle of the land, from South to North.*

In the whole south up to the Zwartebergen, in IV A, B and C a and b, as 236 : 845 ..... =1 : 3·58
Excluding, however, the whole mountain district of Swellendam and Outeniquabergen, or IV A, only as 153 : 514..... =1 : 3·36
On the whole middle plateau, or intermediate region, in II, as 125 : 568*..... =1 : 4·54
On the upper plateau, in Nieuwveld, Uitvlugt, and Winterveld, or I D, as 48 : 235..... =1 : 4·90

(Note.— The average height above the sea is
On the coast district..... 500 feet.
,, middle plateau ..... 2000 feet.
,, upper ,, ... 3500 feet.)

IV. *Middle of the land between* 31° *and* 32° *S.*

On the upper plateau, in I D ..... =1 : 4·90
From Uitvlugt eastward to the Rhenoster and Sneeuwbergen, which, resting on a base of about 3,500 feet in height, rise in Compassberg to over 7,000 feet ; also New Hantam, a high

* The Flora of Graaff-Reinet, situate in this region, but also including a portion of I C, gives 174 : 671, or 1 : 3·85 ; and this agrees more nearly with the calculation for the Sneeuwberg region, which follows.—Tr.

plateau of about 4,000 feet, with mountain ranges of about 6,000 feet, I C and B, as 44 : 172 ..... =1 : 3·92

From thence further eastward, and higher, to the Witbergen, over 8,000 feet, and the Stormbergen of 6,000 feet, together with the high plateau between the two, which must be far over 4,000 feet ; also Tambookieland south-eastward from Stormbergen, with its south-eastern slopes, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet high, I A, as 188 : 463 ..... =1 : 2·45

We thus find on both coasts, first, a small gradual decrease, then suddenly a large increase, in the predominance of Dicotyledons over Monocotyledons. The reason of that decrease we do not yet know ; and were it not that it appears equally on both coasts, I should regard it as illusive. The ground of the increase is on the whole quite clear. Nowhere in South Africa, says Drège, does it rain more copiously or frequently at all seasons, though chiefly in Summer,* than at the Cape of Good Hope.† From here to the mouth of the Orange River, while it is said that the winter rains almost entirely cease, summer rains but seldom fall. On the other side, however, towards Port Natal, the winter rains are almost wholly absent, but summer rains, in great frequency and strength, take their place ; so that here at Port Natal, and there at the mouth of the Orange River, although from 5° to 7° distant from the tropic, we have already a tropical rainy period ; and it is not impossible that between both these points and the Cape, a small strip of predominating summer dryness, with light winter rains, may cause the observed minimum of Monocotyledons. Still, in the middle of the country such a strip is not distinguishable ; if it exists in general it must be here interrupted. The land here rises from plateau to plateau upwards, the rain diminishes, and the Dicotyledons increase in proportion to the Monocotyledons.

If we now glance backwards, we shall see that the first three series of observations on the proportion of Monocotyledons to Dicotyledons fully confirm our theory ; but not, apparently, the fourth and last. According to it, the proportion rises in favour of Monocotyledons with increasing altitude, whereas, according to the theory, as also according to the analogy of other mountain regions, it ought to decrease. But should not this exception itself confirm the theory, if it be found that the hydro-meteorologic conditions of the highest regions of South Africa also form just such a corresponding exception to the general rule ? I am, indeed, not in a position to prove this, because we still know so little respecting the rainfall of that region. Drège, however, says that, according to the assurance of the inhabitants, the highest parts are every year covered with snow for three months. His map and his catalogue of plant stations show us exactly in this spot the greatest number of rivers and springs, of which some showed a temperature in November corre-

* I follow the text ; but "summer" is obviously a misprint for "winter."—Tr.
†By this term is here meant the Cape peninsula.—Tr.

sponding to our May, of only 12° 8 C (55° F). The greater part of this lofty region slopes towards the south-east, thus lying open to the prevailing sea-wind, and is separated by no intervening plain from the not distant sea. Do not these facts render at least very probable the supposition that here the highest region may, at the same time, be the moistest ? *

[The conclusion of this translation, together with a series of elaborate tables, we are reluctantly compelled to keep over until the next number of the *Magazine*.—Ed. C. M. M.]

Notes and Queries.

" Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murdered father's head. . . . . "

Tennyson.—A Dream of Fair Women. (Stanza 69).

What is the name of the fair woman here referred to ?

Δ

* I think they do, and that the supposition is correct, not merely in regard to the Witbergen, but to all South African mountain ranges; that Meyer's supposed exception, in short, is really the rule. Meyer comes to the conclusion that the climate of mountains is drier than that of the low country near them. This may be so in some cases, but, I think, cannot be a universal law. The enormous rainfall of the Himalayas, for instance, as compared with that of the plains on either side, must surely be the cause of a much moister climate. As respects the mountains of South Africa we need, of course, more accurate observations; but in the case of the Sneeuwbergen, with which I am best acquainted, I believe their climate to be moister than that of the plains, and for the following reasons: (1) They appear to have at least an equal share of thunderstorm rains; (2) of south-east rains, brought up from the sea, they enjoy, I believe, a fall heavier in mass in the same period than the plains, and at such times it never rains below without also raining on the mountains; (3) the mountains are frequently covered with mists when the plains are clear; (4) the temperature being lower, the evaporation is less, instead of greater, as Meyer seems to think, but of course relatively greater on the side exposed to the sun; (5) the vegetation, wherever the soil is favourable, points to a moister climate. Whether all our South African mountains would, like the Witbergen, show a corresponding exception to Meyer's second law, in affording a relative increase of Monocotyledons, is, however, a subject for further inquiry.—Tr.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Sir Harry Smith.

A REMINISCENCE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Among the eminent men who have figured on the bede roll of Governors of this Colony none is, perhaps, more remarkable or more eminent than Sir Harry Smith. His eccentricities were as remarkable as were his services in all quarters of the globe to his Queen and country. These services were thus enumerated by the Prime Minister of England, Sir Robert Peel, in moving, in 1843, in the House of Commons, that the thanks of Parliament should be given him:—"He was at the capture of Montevideo; he was at the capture and attack made on Buenos Ayres; he served in the Peninsular War, from the battle of Vimeira to the battle of Corunna; he was wounded in action under General Crawford at the Coa; he was at Sabqui; he was at the battle of Fuentes d'Onor; he was at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; he was at the siege of Badajoz; he was at the battle of Salamanca; he was at the battle of Vittoria; he was at Orthes; he was at the battle of the Pyrenees; he was at Toulouse; he was at Washington; he was at New Orleans; he was at Waterloo. What a series of gallant services! and how rejoiced am I that there should be the opportunity through this signal victory [that of Aliwal] of bringing before the view of his grateful country a long life of military exertion, exhibiting at all periods the unbroken spirit of military valour and military honour. After he had achieved this military success, for which we are about to give him our special thanks; after he had thrown back the enemy; after he had driven the enemy across the river, he instantly hastened to join his commanding officer, Sir H. Gough. He advanced on the 8th, two days before the last victory was gained, to join the forces of Sir H. Gough and Sir H. Harding, and he then took a part—a distinguished part—in the battle of Sabraon."

In this enumeration of splendid service, the Cape of Good Hope is not even referred to, and yet I need not hesitate to remark, writing as a Frontier man, that his service here was no less dis-

tinguished, and no less entitled to the public gratitude, than were the more brilliant services so eloquently described by Sir Robert Peel in the British Parliament. Those of us who are old enough to remember his first appearance in Graham's Town in January, 1835, cannot fail to have indelibly impressed on their memory the wonder-wrought effects which his gallant bearing and confident and cheerful tone had upon the public feeling. Colonel Smith, a name which is most familiar to the men of this Frontier, had been dispatched by the Governor of the Colony, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, with *carte blanche* to make what arrangements he could, under the circumstances, to succour the almost defenceless community,* and to drive back and punish the barbarian invaders of their peaceful homes. With that wonderful endurance for which he was remarkable, he had ridden the distance between Cape Town and Graham's Town (600 miles) in less than six days, and within a few hours after arrival was as actively and energetically employed as though no tax had been made upon his physical powers.

The gallant Colonel reached Graham's Town late in the evening, after having accomplished in the saddle within the previous twenty-four hours no less a distance than a hundred miles. At an early hour the next morning an orderly soldier waited upon the editor of the local journal with a message purporting that the newly-arrived military commander requested his attendance at his quarters, which were then immediately opposite the newspaper office. At this interview the following is as nearly as possible the colloquy which took place:—

Colonel Smith:—You are, I believe, the editor of the local paper; and you are, doubtless, aware that I have come hither to take command of the troops?

The editor bowed assent, and the Colonel resumed:—

"Then I need hardly observe that we both have at this crisis important duties to discharge. You know as well as I that the whole country is in a state of fearful excitement, and I need scarcely remark it is of the utmost importance that such excitement should by every means be allayed, and all unfounded reports be most carefully avoided. It is under this impression," resumed the Colonel, "that I have sent for you, and my request is that you will most carefully

* With such formidable hordes of warlike natives pressing on the Eastern Frontier at this period, and with the Colonial farmers so widely scattered, the following was the total force maintained by the Government in 1834 for the protection of the Frontier:—

Royal Artillery	27
Royal Engineers	20
75th Regiment	482
Cape Mounted Rifles	226
Total	755

Need it be wondered at that the cupidity of the Kafirs should be aroused to make a sweeping raid upon a community which was so comparatively defenceless?

abstain from giving circulation to mere floating rumours—that, in short, you will not give currency to anything you are not assured of being substantial fact. And to assist you to do this, and to avoid mistake, I will instruct my Brigade-Major to give you access to all reports that may from time to time be sent in from the outposts. Whenever you have doubts in regard to any public occurrence or any military movement, you will consider yourself at liberty to apply to me for the necessary information."

It need hardly be remarked that this move on the part of the gallant Colonel was significant alike of his acuteness and his liberality. The results were as satisfactory as in some instances they were amusing. For instance, to those who will take the trouble to refer back to the annals of that period, it will be seen there was a smal but very influential party in Cape Town, at the head of which was the editor of the leading newspaper, conducted with marked ability, but at the same time distinguished by a spirit of vehement partizanship, that could not fail to issue in extreme views and unwarranted exaggerations. Being an avowed philanthropist, and having just that amount of acquaintance with the Frontier natives, and the policy adopted towards them, as to make in his case "a little knowledge a dangerous thing," he jumped at once to the conclusion, subsequently adopted by the Secretary of State, that the colonists were the aggressors, and the Kafirs justified in their murderous inroads upon their peaceful homesteads. Nothing could have been more ill advised than to assume such a position at such a period, nor anything be in worse taste than to write tauntingly of the colonists at the very moment they were struggling desperately, not only for their own existence, but for everything that was near and dear to them—their habitations in flames, their property swept away, whole families in hundreds of instances wandering as fugitives in quest of refuge for their helpless little ones. It was hardly to be expected that those living at a distance of 600 or 700 miles from the scene of commotion could fully comprehend the horrors of a barbarian inroad, or give implicit credence to actual facts as they transpired at that dark period in the history of the Eastern Frontier. That "fact is sometimes stranger than fiction" was fully exemplified in incidents which were then of daily occurrence, some of them rivalling in atrocity anything recorded in the annals of Border warfare. And yet when at such a period exaggeration might have been thought impossible there were not wanting those who, by fabricating false reports, added to the general commotion, and by so doing increased the difficulties by which the Commander-in-Chief found himself surrounded. Colonel Smith, however, was not the man to suffer such firebrands to be scattered with impunity, and hence he at once issued a notice that any one found guilty of spreading false information should be brought to a drumhead court-martial and summarily punished. To the party in Cape Town referred to nothing could be more grateful than this menace. It had

been assumed, and the assumption had hardened into belief, that affairs were not so bad as represented, every means were resorted to in order to prove, if possible, that the natives were more sinned against than sinning, and that the accounts published from time to time in the local paper were either the invention of the editor or purposely coloured so as to keep up and increase the public excitement. Not having the slightest suspicion that the writer in the *Journal* was in constant intercourse with the military commander, or that his inspiration was derived from official sources, they at once applied the military notice to his particular case, and held him out to public reprehension as a fit subject for the drumhead ordeal and consequent summary punishment. It need scarcely be added that such wild effusions afforded infinite merriment to the party aimed at, creating a little diversion, scattering for the moment, as it were, a gleam of sunlight over one of the darkest pages of our Border history.

A single instance may be cited to show that matters on the Frontier at the period in question could hardly admit of exaggeration. The following sad story is given as related by a respectable farmer's wife, and whose artless tale is only one among many of similar import, and no less harrowing in their incidents. A generation has since passed away, and it may be useful to remind the succeeding one of the desperate struggles of their progenitors to secure the peace they now enjoy :—

"On the 24th of December," says the narrator, Mrs. Carel Matthys, "I and my husband were at Somerset, whither we had gone to church to partake of the *Nachtmaal* (Sacrament). We then heard that the Kafirs had burst into the Colony, were committing murder, and driving off the cattle and sheep of the farmers. Under great apprehension we returned immediately to our home at the Zuurberg. A few days afterwards my husband was called upon by the Field-cornet and warned to be prepared to take the field against the enemy. He was also told that all our neighbours were preparing their houses against fire and other assaults by the invaders. In this state of alarm and suspense we remained till the 6th January, on which day two young men, named Van der Linde, called, saying that they had been down to their father's farm, which had been abandoned some days previously ; that everything there remained as they had left it, nor had they heard or seen anything of Kafir marauders. As their own place, seven or eight miles distant, was abandoned, they consented to remain the night with us ; and after supper and family worship my husband went out as usual, leaving the door open. Shortly after his departure, while sitting in my bedroom, a pane of glass close by me was smashed in, followed by a knob-kerrie, which was thrown into the bedroom with great force through another pane of glass. The next moment a musket was pointed through the broken window, the muzzle nearly touching my breast. I heard the snap of the trigger, but it missed fire. I

instantly stepped on one side and blew out the candle. There was a lighted candle in another front room, into which I saw a Kafir enter, set fire to a bundle of straw, and then apply the lighted straw to the thatch. Rushing into this room, with the assistance of my son Carel I extinguished the fire, and my son, having a gun, asked me if he should fire on the Kafirs. I bade him not do so, but urged him to pray that God would deliver us. While all this was transpiring my youngest son, thirteen years of age, was in bed asleep, but, being aroused by the noise, got up and went to the door. This he had no sooner reached than he instantly fell inside the house, an assegai having pierced his right side. He was picked up and carried into my bedroom by L. van der Linde. At this moment the Kafirs succeeded in firing the house a second time, but this being on the opposite side to where we were, I succeeded by the help of the Van der Lindes in getting as many things as I could conveyed to the door, ready for removal should the Kafirs retire. While thus employed in the front room, the children and the Van der Lindes being with me, a ball was fired in at the door, but mercifully did not strike any one. It lodged in the partition of the room. The house was now full of smoke, and, to save as much as possible from the fire, I requested Mr. Van der Linde to put as many articles as possible outside the building. On venturing to look out to see if he dare venture to do do this, an assegai was hurled at him, missing him, however, but piercing the door against which he stood. At this moment the Kafirs set up the most hideous noise, driving at the same time all the cattle out of the kraal, only separated from the house by a distance of about a hundred yards. With the cattle the Kafirs disappeared, and I had a moment's respite to look around me and collect my scattered thoughts. I found my second son, in spite of all the noise and confusion, had been soundly asleep. I awoke him, and seeing that there was a chance by exertion of extinguishing the fire, I bade him afford assistance. While so employed, a former servant on the farm, named S. Prince, arrived, stating that he and three Hottentots belonging to the missionary institution of Enon had been surrounded while out on patrol, and that the Kafirs, who had taken them prisoners, had questioned them, after depriving them of their arms, as to what farmers remained in the Zuurberg. On his stating that Carel Matthys was still there, he was forced to guide them to that neighbourhood. I asked him if he had seen anything of my husband. He replied he had not; and he then assisted in putting out the fire. Having by great exertion succeeded in saving the house from the flames, inquiry was again made whether anything had been seen of my husband. Prince then remarked that he had observed something lying in the kraal, but did not know what it was. On this I requested him to go with the children and ascertain. It proved to be the corpse of my husband. Having had the body borne into the house, I sent for my mother from an adjoining house, where she and my father were living, both quite helpless from old

age—my father being eighty-six and my mother seventy-six years of age. On my dear husband being washed, it was found that he had received thirteen assegai wounds. On the following day, with the assistance of my children and the Van der Lindes, his remains were committed to the grave. I then sent a message to Mr. Hart, at Somerset, soliciting assistance. On the 9th January the Field-cornet, J. van der Vyver, arrived with some Burghers and a span of oxen. With their assistance I put a few things in the wagon, and under their protection proceeded towards the Brak River. We had travelled about four hours when my son William expired from the wound he received as abovementioned."

This case is adduced not from its sensational character, nor from its aggravated atrocity, but as affording a fair average instance of the fearful position of the exposed Frontier inhabitants, and their ruinous losses at the period in question. From this and other cases it is quite evident that the primary aim of the marauders was plunder, and that this outweighed every other consideration. The murderous attack on the house was the means used to facilitate the plunder of the cattle-kraal, and it was the excitement of cattle-lifting which saved the premises from the flames and the lives of those who eventually escaped.

Affording, however, as this case does, a sample of the frightful excesses of barbarian hordes when let loose upon a peaceful and comparatively defenceless community, there need be no wonder that the representative of British authority in the country should not only force back the invaders, but that he should exact security for peace in time to come.

The very name of Sir Benjamin D'Urban will be ample assurance to all who knew him that no step would be taken by him inconsistent with the justice of the case, or not called for by the condition of those whom he was bound to guard against a repetition of such wide-spread calamity. Every student of Colonial history will be conversant with what is known as the D'Urban system of Frontier defence. They will also know that the system so adopted was entirely abrogated by the Imperial Government; that the Governor was summarily superseded, and the invaders placed in a far more favourable position to plunder the Colony than they had held previous to the actual outbreak. Need it occasion surprise that an officer with the impetuous spirit of Colonel Smith should refuse to continue his service under the altered circumstances then introduced, or that he should decline to lend himself to the demolition of a system which he had laboured so earnestly to introduce and build up? The retirement of these two high-minded men was the first incident in a series of blunders in Frontier policy that culminated in two formidable outbreaks by the natives, and that entailed a loss to the Colony, and an expenditure by the Imperial Government that is not to be computed in thousands but in millions sterling. The monstrous folly of all this is seen in the fact that after fifteen years of dangerous experimentalizing with the

Kafir tribes, the whole completely collapsed, and in this the year of grace 1874 the boundary of the Colony is precisely where it was placed in 1833, all the advantages which were then anticipated from its firm establishment being more than realized.

It will be readily surmised that these officers did not quit the scene of action without placing upon record their remonstrances against measures which, in their opinion, were so outrageous, and which they did not hesitate to stigmatise as not only fraught with great official embarrassment, but also with imminent danger to the exposed inhabitants, already the victims of a delusion on the part of the Home authorities, which would be incredible were it not so indisputably authenticated. Well might Sir Benjamin D'Urban record in a despatch to the Colonial Minister, dated 17th March, 1837, referring to the policy then introduced :—"For this virtual abandonment of the border line of the Keiskamma and Chumie, as it had existed since 1819 and up to the end of 1834; for the resumption of the Fish and Kat Rivers, and for the introduction of the Kafir hordes to settle again, under their own laws, too, upon the very banks of the *latter*, I acknowledge I was not prepared; and so sure as certain causes will produce certain effects, so must this wild policy, as it appears to me, be fraught with disastrous consequences to the Colony."

It need scarcely be said that this opinion, without the slightest modification, was shared in by the gallant Colonel Smith, whose opportunities of arriving at a just conclusion on the subject had been of the most unquestionable character. Before quitting the Colony he placed upon record the following testimony :—

"I have," says he, "been identified with this Colony upwards of eight years; I have shared the festivities of the affluent, the proverbial hospitality of the Boer or farmer, the camp and the fatigues and hazards of war with a large portion of its brave people; and personal observation, on which a correct opinion can be best formed, enables me to assert that the Government has ever received the support of educated and influential men to promote the public good."

The decade which followed the enunciation of these sentiments must be ranked amongst the darkest periods in the history of British South Africa. Ten years of wretched trifling with the lives and property of the Frontier inhabitants culminated in an outbreak which for turpitude on the part of the aggressors, and suffering on that of the Colonists, has no counterpart in the history of any British dependency. The two great leading actors in this political drama whom we have named had, however, been removed to other scenes—one as Commander-in-Chief in Canada, the other as Adjutant-General in British India. The former, after a short but eventful service in North America, expired, regretted and beloved by the whole community. The other, on the burning plains of Hindostan, speedily made his mark as one of those gallant, irrepressible spirits which have frequently figured in that country, and

who have raised the British name to a pinnacle of greatness to which we have no parallel. His staff appointment was, however, soon exchanged for the more onerous duties of the leader of a division on battle-fields which have rendered the names of a Gough, a Hardinge, and a Smith for ever memorable. That Sir Harry Smith is entitled to be so ranked is certified by the highest and most competent authority that could be anywhere produced, namely, the Duke of Wellington, who in his place in the House of Lords gave utterance to the following testimonial :—

"And, my Lords, I will say upon this" [the battle of Aliwal] "I have read the account of many a battle, but I never read the account of one in which more ability, energy, and experience have been manifested than in this. I know of no one in which an officer ever showed himself more capable than this officer has in commanding troops in the field. He brought every description of troops to bear, with all arms, in the position in which they were most capable of rendering service : the nicest manœuvres were performed under the fire of the enemy with the utmost precision, and at the same time with an energy and gallantry on the part of the troops never surpassed on any occasion whatever in any part of the world. I must say of this officer that I never have read any account which manifests more plainly than his does that he is an officer capable of rendering the most important services, and of ultimately being an honour to this country."

These high eulogiums were but the precursors of the second appearance in this Colony of the subject of them. On that occasion Sir Harry Smith stepped from the jetty in Table Bay as the Governor of the Colony, Commander-in-Chief, and High Commissioner, with a prestige to which in intensity none of his predecessors had the slightest pretensions. And it may be safely averred that never did a Governor come hither with more genial feelings towards the people over whose affairs he was called to preside, or who ever entered upon the duties of his high office with a more sincere desire to advance the interests of all classes. The *éclat* with which he was received, and the high purposes he cherished gave presage of a most successful administration ; and yet with all this—the loud acclaim of the multitude, and his own generous intentions —there was a darker and more evil day before him than ever any of his predecessors had been called upon to encounter. At nearly one and the same time he had to deal with an anti-convict agitation, a debateable constitution, a Kafir war, and wide-spread rebellion. That this strain should be beyond mortal endurance can scarcely be wondered at, nor need we be surprised that the Home authorities should make him a scape-goat to cover their own blunders. Sir Harry Smith was recalled from his government—a mistake so unjust and serious as to wring from a Secretary of State an ample apology.

His remains now repose in his native village of Whittlesea, where his memory is cherished as among the most gallant soldiers and most loyal subjects of the present Reign.

The Snake-Fiend.

A KAFIR LEGEND.*

Has not the Baas e'er heard the black man speak
Of that most wondrous and most fearful snake,
Which takes whatever shape or size it please,
Small as a bee, or larger than the trees;
Who changes colour as he draws his breath,
Whose glance is madness first; and, later, death.
Has he not heard? Then shall his servant tell
A tale whose direful truth he knows too well.

Fat were the cattle in Sekopa's kraal,
And in his lands the maize grew thick and tall;
Warm was the sun, and frequent was the shower,
And vales were yellow with the thorn tree's flower,
When, with her friends, as Kafir maidens' wont,
While the young men were absent at the hunt,
Nolai, Sekopa's daughter, led the train,
With light, gay steps, like quickly patt'ring rain,
To where the grassy valley, op'ning wide,
Gave to the view the ocean's distant tide,
Whose breast was fleck'd with spots of shifting foam,
Which marked the pathway to the white man's home.

Then turning sideways thro' a shaded nook,
At once the girls were by a crystal brook,
Which with the sunbeams and the breeze at play,
Babbled and danced as merrily as they.
Here the gay maidens in the leafy shade
Danced, talked, or slept, while some few sportive strayed—
From the Mimosa snatched the glist'ning gum,
Plucked from the "tiger's-tree" the juicy plum,
Shook from the Xugubush its rosy fruit,
Or dug the wild Baroo, or Nooisboom's root.

But unaccompanied the young Nolai,
Left all her girl-companions at their play,
And singing, strayed the forest path alone,
Charming the birds to silence with her tone.
Ah! she was lovely as she roamed the field
With all her maiden beauties unconcealed,
Figure as pliant as the bushbuck's fawn,

* The author, in a note to the editor says:—"I enclose another Kafir legend, just as told me by a late servant of ours; but I got tired of it before I had finished it as you may see by the lame and impotent conclusion."

Eyes bright as dewdrops on the leaves at dawn,
Eyebrows round, arching, like a Bushman's bow,
Lips rippling smiles, like streams when breezes blow,
Plump, rounded arms, down curving to the wrist,
Long taper fingers like the snakes that twist
Thro' the green treetops. Ah! Sekopa's flower,
Twenty fine cows for her were little dower.
But woe is me, the tale I have to tell:
While thus alone she wander'd thro' the dell,
She thought she saw a little chain of steel
Like those the Kafirs twine around the heel;
She stooped to take it, but it moved along;
Ah! then her breath came thick, her heart beat strong.

The fear of evil hung upon her soul,
As, when tempestuous clouds together roll,
And black as midnight is the morning sky,
The weary traveller, with awe-struck eye,
Watching the cloud with lurid lightnings warm,
Holdeth his breath, and waits the coming storm.
Or as the youthful hunter, full of fears,
When first a herd of buffalo he hears,
Wildly he scans the stunted brush to see
The friendly shelter of some thick-stemmed tree,
While branches crashing at each thundering bound,
Make the wide forests echo to the sound.

Ee'n thus Nolai, but yet she seemed to feel
Compelled again to touch that chain of steel.
Ah! then the chain, the snake, the thing accursed,
Confess'd itself; a little chain at first,
A span long, now a yard—two—six—a score,
Thickening, increasing, lengthening, more and more;
Now with a crocodile's wide gaping jaws,
Now with a baboon's long snout, and grasping claws,
Now with a lion's head it threatens death,
Or its own serpent's head and poisonous breath,
While still the monstrous tail with snake-like curl,
Clasps in its hideous rings the fated girl,
Whose screams, borne swiftly on the friendly wind,
Roused from their sports the maidens left behind;
And soon the fleet Mabula came, and found
The hapless Nolai foaming on the ground;
The monster, now reduced to snake-like size,
Still glaring on her with malicious eyes.

Does the Baas laugh? He should not laugh but fear,
But Kafir legends suit not white man's ear.

Mabula saw the snake, saw Nolai die,
And does the white man think that she would lie?
Mabula, promised for my brother's bride,
But she had seen the serpent—she, too, died.
Nay, I have ended, and I say no more,
For Baas believes not, and my heart is sore.

B. M. R.

Loose Papers on Sundry Subjects.

BY IAN.

1. CARLYLEANA.

It is not my purpose to attempt to estimate the literary position and character of Carlyle. Nor do I wish to elucidate the particular anomaly of his writings; the altogether irregular and unsystematic utterance of his views on politics, religion, and philosophy. His admirers claim for him the proud calling of philosopher, although his works do not formulate any system. His detractors may, on the other hand, point out the glaring unphilosophic, pragmatic, and dictatorial style of his writings as unbecoming the calm attitude, rigid modes of thinking, and moderation of philosophic utterances.

There is in Carlyle a certain distinctive element which refuses to be bound down to any laws, or to be defined. It has been said that his special originality is the outcome merely of a determination on his part to look at everything from the opposite view-point of all sensible men. According to this opinion his very genius is an affectation.

That he is the incarnation of the *daimon* of Goethe is perhaps as near the truth as can be reached in regard to him. He ignores laws, systems, formularies. Work is law; the spirit is ever a true revelation to itself; earnestness in any cause is noble and divine. The world, as he has said, has been attempting in its religions, laws, and social structures to show itself to be *what it is not*, and this from the very beginning. Find thy work and do it. All experimental Christianity, everything that makes man pause. Each movement which is not the result of inward impulse or inspiration are miserable triflings with the stern inheritance of man—a life to live and definitely employ.

Very little would be gained probably from examining such a creed—if creed it may be called—and I purpose rather to throw light on the character of Carlyle, his opinionativeness, and his intolerable tyranny and absolutiveness of utterance, by describing the nature of his early upbringings and surroundings.

Scotland enjoys the singular felicity (and what an anomaly it is!) of having nothing of the nature of provincialism in any of its districts, however isolated these be. The genius of Scottish literature is the intense nationality of the country. However odd and outlandish a corner of the land of the Scot may be, or appear to be, to

the stranger, it can never be so to Scotchmen. In creating a literature for herself Scotland has levied from every part of her boundaries. To all this add the grand fact that Sir Walter Scott has in his novels centralized all forms and shades of Scottish life, from the Shetland Islands to the Mull of Galloway, and made one grand national structure of the whole. Shame on account of provincial ways and utterances is unknown therefore north of the Tweed, at all events until of late years and the days of Cockney extension.

Having said so much, nothing at the same time is more marked in Scotland than the several peculiarities of districts. Hence such expressions as the "Men of the North," the "Glasgow Baillies" of the tobacco trade days of the city, of Baillie Nicol Jarvie, "Paisley bodies," "Hawick deevils,"* and "Border men."

The Carlyle family are a typical border set. No doubt if their history could be told they were kept busy in the old days of border raids; and according to the favourite expression of old Carlyle, the father of Thomas, when he wished to be rid of the companionship or presence of anybody, they often had to "slent the bog." Dumfriesshire men the Carlyles were to the backbone, and with courage to go forward to the bitter end of a duty undertaken. How nobly and how like with sorrow such as only a god could manifest, Edward Irving, a schoolfellow and connection of the family of Carlyle, went on into the gloom of desertion and disgrace! Nothing appears to me grander in Carlyle than his persistent and persevering exposure of sham, maudlin philosophy, inane religions, and, in fact, of all systematized concerns sublunary; his avoidance of tricks of style and popular writing; his ungracious isolation from the world that "loved him not," seerlike saying what he had to say, despite of neglect, contumely, and misconstruction. I saw him lately, and a sadder face, as if aweary of the world and his fight, I never beheld.

The Carlyles are proverbial in Dumfriesshire for their oddity and originality. The father, mother, and family lived in an atmosphere of perpetual discussion. I was told by an old servant that when all were assembled in the evening they were like a debating society. Old Carlyle was in his early days a working mason, and gained the affections of his wife, a farmer's daughter, while he was such. She seemed not to have been wholly without an idea that she was lowering herself by reciprocating the affection of the young workman. At all events, it is related that she did use slighting language

* There is a time-honoured institution in Hawick belonging to the days when grants of land were given on all manner of absurd servitudes. Hawick burghers were required to "beat the bounds" once a year, which is still faithfully adhered to. Man, woman, and child all turn out and go, or rather run, the round of the burgh. In the course of a few hours, by means of free liquoring, running, yelling, and cudgelling, like the Flagellants of old, they work themselves up into a sacred frenzy, which stops at nothing, and takes possession of everybody from the magistrates downwards. The writer was an eye-witness of one of these inspired scenes, and saw a douce baillie vigorously engaged with some others in smashing the shutters of an obnoxious Tory. To use Carlyle's German adaptation, "Swarmery" can even make a temporary lunatic of a cool and canny Scot!

with reference to him, no doubt when she was being bothered about him. It is the manner of other than Dumfriesshire lasses to do so. He remarked to the tell-tale, who carried the news to him, that "it was the general custom to price down the beast ye were going to buy in the market." When he went to visit his intended he had his revenge. He knocked at the door, and the lass

"Wha' kent the meaning of the same"

went to open. She was allowed to open, and open full, and then James said,

"Now, Meg, ye can tell folk that ye opened the door wide to Jamie Carlyle and he would na go in."

He turned on his heel, and we may be well assured she had to come to terms.

He was assisted by some of his elder sons in his handicraft, but latterly he became farmer. They were thus all reared to farming. Although Thomas went to the university at the age of fourteen, we may be sure, that like the majority of Scotch students who are farmer's sons, he had to work during the six months' recess in summer and autumn. The old servant who lived in the family can remember little of Tom's early days. He tells, however, a good story of a horse purchase he and a brother made at the Dumfries Fair. The horse was a good sized one, and *all legs*. They arrived late at the farm, and the father was in bed. He was, however, afoot before them in the morning, and had visited the stable, when he met the purchasers.

"*Well, father, what do you think of our purchase?*" asked one.

"*I think it's a pity we hae gi'en up the business* (his old work). *It would have made a gran' scaffoldin' stool* (tressel)."

I have tried to ascertain which parent Thomas most resembled, and in mental and moral idiosyncracy followed. The mother was decidedly a homely little person. The father was tall, outspoken, and wantonly sarcastic. His theological views were a shade in the unorthodox direction, but his beau ideal of a minister was a man of power and originality to interest him and give him some material to think on, and, above all, to debate upon. The chance of a discussion, hot, angry, and weighty, was a perfect godsend, and that did not often follow sermons of the tame Presbyterian model of his day. I am sometimes of the opinion when I look over my notes that he had rather a contempt for the minister of Ecclefechan of the period.

It is related, at all events, on one occasion, he, in a dissatisfied state of mind, rose after the sermon was finished, and, without waiting until he reached the door, put on his hat at once. The minister observed the movement, and old Carlyle being no favourite with him, called out in the church, "James Carlyle take your hat off until you go out of the church." James raised his hand and *fixed it more stiffly on his head.* Priestly tyranny, at all events, he could not brook. The mother, on the other hand, with her fine-

toned and reverential soul, often tried to speak in favour of ministers condemned by her husband. On such occasions, although habitually bluntlike towards her, he would break out in an impatient and peremptory way.

Thomas Carlyle is tall; the other brothers whom I have seen are considerably below the average size. He may be, therefore, altogether after the father's stamp, grim in humour, impatient of time-honoured platitudes, and essentially sarcastic. He is no cynic, however. A cynic is always shallow and supercilious; but a man may be bitterly sarcastic and yet have a true and pitiful heart in his bosom. The author of the grand prose poem on "Work, and the horny hand of labour," must have much of the woman, and, therefore, I think the mother element in him is also deep-rooted, so much so that the strange and more tempting powers conspicuous in his works have ever and again to yield to it. There are passages in profoundness of pathos all through Carlyle's works which make the tears of Dickens mere drivelling. Carlyle is never melodramatic, but in his "French Revolutions" and his "Latter-Day Pamphlets" and "Past and Present," there are gleams and flashes of tragic power unsurpassed in our literature.

From what I have learned, the distinctive feature of the Carlyle family has been blunt truthfulness. In fact, impetuousness in regard to truthfulness might be fitly attributed to them. A spade in every case was a spade to the father and sons. In family worship I have been told that old Carlyle's commentaries on portions of Scripture would beggar those of a Primitive Methodist in their bald simplicity. One incident is related sufficiently suggestive of this. On one Sunday morning family worship was being held, and the passage read was the successful temptation of Samson by Delilah. They could all see as he read that the "*lyart-locked*" father was warming up into indignation, and when he finished, he shut the Bible with a bang, and, clenching his fist, brought it down forcibly on the table, uttering, with rare emphasis, his commentary, "*Was she not an infernal gipsy that?*"

I cannot part from Carlyle's upbringings without saying something of the success he has latterly met with as a writer. He has lived to be famous, and it is as certain that he has lived to be loved by many. His light may be a lurid one: his call may be that only of the voice in the wilderness warning and sounding the alarm against the evils of the day. If he be fierce in his attacks upon the times and on systems he is tenderly pitiful to a poor struggling humanity.

In concluding, I cannot refrain from quoting a letter of advice sent by him to a friend of the writer's, a student, who was for the time misled into the belief that he was a poet. He sent some poems to Carlyle, asking his opinion of their merits. The advice given by the great writer was not flattering, but it was thorough, and saved one good man from frittering away his time in poem manufacture. Here it is:—

"There is some *vestige* of talent visible here, much more of *industry*, but not the hundredth or thousandth part of talent to justify any young man in devoting his time to what he calls poetry, instead of giving his days to gathering knowledge, gradually gathering wisdom; and then it does not matter whether he expresses this in words that jingle or in words that don't, or not in words at all, but what is far better, in conduct, which is quite silent."

T. C.

CHELSEA, 4*th March*, 1862.

The Great River Snake.

THE great sea serpent having been permitted to exhibit itself in the columns of the *Cape Monthly*, perhaps it may be allowed to the Great River Snake to introduce itself to public notice in the same manner, and to give some account of itself in order that naturalists may have an opportunity of judging whether the two have any affinity together. On the coast it may not be known that it is claimed for the rivers that they are the habitation of monstrous snakes, but among the natives such an opinion has always been an article of belief, and many a white person would now come forward to make oath as to the existence of the monster which every now and then is reported to have been seen.

The writer knows the Orange River from the Wittebergen, above Aliwal North to Kheis, the western boundary on the Orange River of the Province of Griqualand West, and some twenty years ago he made sundry journeys along a great part of that distance. Then the belief in the existence of the Great River Snake was as fixed as it is now, and the writer made every effort to gain information on the subject. He met several who declared most positively that they had seen the snake, and the general report was that it had goggle eyes and a white star (a "kol") in the centre of the forehead, that the length was great and the diameter about that of a cask. Sundry stories were also told of cattle and men while swimming across the river having been quietly drawn down beneath the surface and never again seen—such disappearance being attributed to the snake. Those who claimed to have seen the animal also spoke of its great speed. Some said that it sailed along with its head above water and with a curved neck, and others said that they had seen it appear in the form of humps, slowing rolling along one after the other on the surface of the water. While considering the evidence afforded to him, the writer one day stood on a flat rock on the river side near Ramah close to the water, when a large smooth dark fish rose in the deep water within a foot of his feet, and showing its back, say some three or four inches above the surface, slowly rolled along exposing in the movement some five feet of its length; a moment afterwards the

fish repeated the exposure of its back in like manner. The writer at once recognized the fish to be a bearded "baager" of large size. Those fish sometimes reach about five or six feet in length and their heads are sometimes full nine inches or one foot in breadth. The smaller sizes are more generally caught in fishing, but the skulls of the larger are often found on the banks of rivers and spruits after floods.

The writer never saw or heard of having been discovered any remains or young of the snake. Near Prieska he met a Bastard, named Noel Nul, who lived immediately on the bank of the river, so that he naturally could and did look down on its waters. This man ridiculed the idea of "the snake," and said, that what people believed to be "the snake" was nothing more than an assemblage of "baagers," and that he had repeatedly closely watched them at certain seasons when they came on in one close long line and disported themselves in that order, sometimes rolling their backs out of the water. The questions arise, Do sea fish congregate in the same way at particular seasons and perform the same evolutions, and would such a habit account for the appearance of the supposed sea serpent? These questions have often arisen in the writer's mind. He has often seen at sea (and who that have gone down to the sea in ships and done business in the great waters has not?) many black fish observing military precision in showing their backs above water with a gradual roll forward at the same instant, and thousands of porpoises extending over miles of ocean doing the same. In these cases, however, the fish rose in successive ranks abreast, but they and other fishes may at other times play "follow the leader." It is remarkable that in most accounts of the sea serpent there is a great absence of observation of the head, and also that the ferry men of Kylerlea mentioned on page 124 of *Cape Monthly Magazine*, No. 44, vol. VII, as having seen the animal supposed by Revs. Macrae and Twopeny to be a sea serpent, "thought it might be a shoal of porpoises." Of course, it is not in any way to disparage the accounts given by others that the above remarks are made, but simply to afford additional matter towards the solving of the puzzle of the great sea serpent. Those to whom the vision has appeared, seeing have believed; but as there is great truth in the saying "seeing is believing but feeling is the naked truth," so there is room for the supposition that the eyes that saw have been deceived, and will remain deceived till more tangible evidence is obtained. It has been said that the sea serpent must be a *deep sea* fish, but how then, as regards its sight as well as breathing, would it sometimes appear to be at home with its head in the air. It may also be remarked that its observed motion—the upward arching of its length in successive curves—which would help propulsion in a snake on land by means of the belly scales acting as feet, is not likely to be the means of locomotion to an inhabitant of the sea. Lateral wriggling would probably be the motion of a water serpent as in the eel. A land snake crossing the

river or pool will keep its head and, say, its neck above water. The writer, however, remarked in the eye of the warm fountain at Guapa, to the north of the Limpopo, a bright yellow black spotted snake, of about three feet long, seemingly quite at home for a considerable length of time altogether below the surface. It may be that some snakes pursue frogs into their holes below water as they pursue mice in their underground galleries. That there are wonderful long *things*—a more particular denomination is difficult—in the ocean can not be denied, as any one may satisfy himself about in the "dog latitudes," where a large hook thrown out will bring up fragments of those singular transparent jelly snakes, perhaps six inches in diameter and any length, which at night illuminate the sea with a phosphoric light. The length of these creatures is sometimes very great, and the body breaks up into short lengths like the plant "mare's tail."

O. S. C.

Charades.

No. I.

My first was rev'renced much of old,
  Was good at music, too, we're told,
My second is much prized by me,
  Whatever sort or kind it be,
My whole is but my second, placed
  Within my first, because of haste.

No. II.

My first is a word employed in my whole, and my whole is the employment and enjoyment of my second.

No. III.

My first by my second was made for his use,
  And my whole has my first in his care,
But my whole is a great deal too fond of abuse
  Say those to my first who repair.

B. M. R.

Considerations: Social and Political.

II.

A FAIR way of gauging the intellectual status of a people is arrived at by estimating the quality and quantity of the *pabulum* that is served up for the public appetite in the journals and serial literature. To those who are acquainted with the habits of thought and social life of other colonies, the tone of our colonial publications appears sound and of a high standard. From the eventful days of John Fairbairn, the founder of a free Press in the Colony of the Cape of Good Hope, a good influence has traversed the channels of public discussion and criticism; it may be that, now and then, the acrimony of professional jealousy or of that disagreement which proverbially holds between two of a trade tinges a leader with a piquancy which fastidious stomachs cannot bear; but intellectual —like physical— dyspepsia, is a malady which deprives the patient of the enjoyment of a great variety of really wholesome dishes; and the wishy-washy diet which he has recourse to is not to be taken as a type of the food of those who have decided and vigorous appetites for sound, wholesome, and incisive language, in those extreme cases where the disease requires the knife of the writer.

We have no desire to appear to give countenance to licence or intemperance of language and expression in public writings; but, so long as human nature is so essentially human, we can hardly expect that all the feathers, whence public pens are shaped, have "dropped from an angel's wing."

Yet, whatever satisfaction people may feel at having a well-conducted Press at their service, it is too true that the circulation of newspapers, magazines, and periodic literature, is pretty well limited to a few centres of population. It is said that we are not a reading community; but a gossiping one we are, by evidence too palpable. The knots of gossips who button-hole one another at the corners of the streets show that there is plenty of talk, and no lack of topics. The eager way in which our country cousins take in the traveller's account of the doings in the Metropolis and our Parliament betokens the inquisitive spirit which is next akin to progress.

The English language is now understood at least along the main lines of communication; but the lessons of the printing-press do not circulate freely through the country, to spread clearer ideas of home and foreign politics, or to illustrate the bearing of the questions of the day on our own prospects. The leading newspapers, it is said, are too expensive; and the matter is not sufficiently varied with domestic and social topics to furnish family reading during the long, dull intervals between one post and another. The *Cape Monthly* reaches only the favoured few—just those who have free access to the papers and periodicals with which the ever-running mail furnishes our few (alas! how few!) reading-rooms and public libraries.

We want an equivalent to the *Australasian*—a weekly digest of Home and Colonial news; an *olla podrida* of social, domestic, and agricultural information; a tale or two; a dip into *belles lettres;* gossip; in fact, we want a cheap and thoroughly honest and healthy-toned family newspaper, published weekly.

There is no remedy for drunkenness; but there are palliatives; and, above all, there is prevention through the evening school, the village library, out-door recreations and amusements, and the family newspapers, for the leisure hours in the home.

III.

The want of medical treatment and of the knowledge of domestic therapeutics is one that is seriously felt in our rural districts and even in many towns and villages. Whether the habits of the people or the vicissitudes of climate are the moving causes of the diseases which appear to be more conspicuously developed amongst us than heretofore is a question which cannot be solved in the absence of carefully collected *data*. But when we hear of scarlet fever (if it be really so) in one district, typhoid in another, measles in a third, diphtheria, and croup, *passim* it seems that there is an unusual degree of sickness which a generation ago was to a great extent unknown or unnoted.

At all times, people of limited means who live a few hours' ride from a town are debarred from the rich man's luxury of medical advice: a £5 or £10 fee for a professional visit is perhaps not too much for the time, horses and cart and coachman of the medical man, but it is *caviare* to the general public. And if the friends of the patient tramp the weary way to the town, they may find no village apothecary, but have to wait,—wait many a long hour—for the district surgeon to return from his rounds; and then wait—yes! many a long hour again, until the medicine is dispensed.

But in the many localities, where neither district surgeon nor apothecary are to be found, suffering humanity must trust to Nature unaided; or have recourse to the *nostrums* of quackery.

It is nobody's fault, in particular, that this is the case; but is there no remedy? Cannot young men be trained to medical practice in this Colony? Cannot a public dispensary for the needy and the struggling families, who feel the pressure of the *res angusta*, be organized in all the towns and larger villages, where medicines can be dispensed gratuitously to the destitute, and at a moderate charge to the poor?

There is no doubt that the supply of medical practitioners is altogether inadequate to the demand. The Government is constantly inviting applicants for vacant offices of district surgeons; and local agencies offer guarantees of fixed incomes to qualified men who will come to their call.

It is easy enough to spy out and publish defects in our social system; but to alleviate the sufferings of humanity, to remove or mitigate the

causes of much self-inflicted misery, and to contribute to the physical comfort and health of the population, is a task difficult and worthy of the zeal and application of the statesman and philanthropist.

As a practicable measure, the functions and emoluments of the district surgeon should be reconsidered and readjusted on a liberal scale, and provision should be made for securing to each such officer the assistance of a qualified dispenser. But to get at the root of the evil, the Laws of Health should form an essential branch of instruction in every elementary school. Let us see what can be taught as conducive to domestic health and comfort. Drainage, and ventilation of the house—arrangements for personal cleanliness and decency; the value of soap and water freely applied in the stead of wiping the face and fingers with a *wasch-lapje*; the use of vegetable diet and clean clothing, free from smell; the disadvantages of muffling the head and throat with thick woollen comforters so-called, and of sitting all day in a close atmosphere and retiring at night to rooms into which the holy light and balmy air never find access. What traveller with his lungs in active and healthy play in the elastic and exhilarating air of the Karroo is not well nigh asphyxiated on admission to the *voorhuis*, where he asks for forage and lodging? And, then, the water—To dip from a dirty sluit the drinking water of the household is an outrage on common sense; but to keep an open *vatje* of water in the foul atmosphere of a room, where many eat, drink, and sleep, is to invite the germs of disease to fructify apace, when absorbed by copious draughts (and our South African is a thirsty soul) into the fevered stomach of any tenant, so cabined, cribbed, confined as the teeming households of our rural population.

These words are penned in sorrow: for it is sad to see how much misery is generated by the neglect of simple sanitary laws.

We are favoured by Nature with a climate which is proverbially the finest and healthiest in the world; but both in town and country, by setting all sanitary arrangements at defiance, and allowing festering filth, *alias* matter in the wrong place, to accumulate in and about our dwellings and streets, we are inviting the descent of the avenging Nemesis.

Δ

Memoirs of a Mummy.

In a certain city on the Continent of Europe stands a magnificent museum, remarkably rich in antiquities of every description. After going through extensive collections of all kinds the visitor to the splendid building, in which these are gathered from all quarters, descends by a staircase to the ground-floor, which is chiefly occupied by a large number of those antique articles and rare curiosities for which the land of the Pharaohs has been celebrated in almost all ages. Conspicuous amongst these mementoes of a bygone race are several mummies, standing erect in their sarcophagi, which have been

opened and placed in an upright position in a kind of recess formed in the thickness of a wall of the building.

Some years ago I happened one day to be going through this collection, and after a time getting rather tired, sat down in a lounge directly in front of these mummies with the purpose of examining them at greater leisure. Gazing upon the shrivelled face of one, which was so well preserved that some of the hair on its head was still to be seen, I thought to myself, this also was once a man or a woman, a human being like myself, with similar sensations and passions and feelings. What queer specimens of humanity these Egyptians must have been to be sure. Mankind has certainly vastly improved since these creatures were embalmed centuries ago. I might have continued my cogitations, and perhaps have begun speculating upon the Darwinian theory and the descent of man had I not now been startled by a rattling sound proceeding from the old bones, and a grin becoming visible on the face of my venerable friend. "Improved!" screeched the mummy in a voice of tremendous surprise, and in very good English, "Improved!! Why when I was a young man, almost twenty-five centuries ago, I was a very different looking object to what you are now, I can assure you. Improved!!! You son of a degenerate race, which is incapable of doing anything itself, and leaves it all to steam and to machinery; you who go across land and sea without toil or trouble or danger, what do *you* know about the improvement of the human race I should like to know? When *I* was a young man things were done in quite a different style; when I crossed the ocean I had to overcome dangers and difficulties innumerable; I———" "You have travelled then in your youth," said I, trying to get this antiquated *laudator temporis acti* to speak about some other topic, and fearing lest I should insult him by abusing those past times about which he himself was so eloquent. "I should think so," said the mummy, whom I soon discovered to be a veritable ancient mariner, "and now you had better cease talking and listen to me." I resigned myself to my lot and listened. With the garrulity characteristic of old age—the mummy had confessed that he was almost twenty-five centuries old—he thereupon began the narration of a long story, the greater part of which I (perhaps fortunately for my readers) no longer recollect; but the little I do remember I shall endeavour to embody in these Memoirs of a Mummy, premising that whatever inaccuracies may occur in them are to be attributed to my own treacherous memory, and not to a want of veracity on the part of the venerable narrator of this tale, which, as far as possible, I shall endeavour to give in his own words.

"I am not an Egyptian, as you think, but a Phenician, and was born in the city of Tyre in the days of its glory. My father was the captain of a vessel which traded between that port and the cities on the Nile, and I generally accompanied him on his frequent voyages. I thus at an early age became an expert sailor, and soon

acquired great renown as such, even amongst my own countrymen, the most daring seamen in the world. When I was of a proper age I got married and settled in Egypt, which was at that time governed by Necho. This king was fond of forming very ambitious designs, although he did not always carry them out. After having ceased from his great work of uniting the Mediterranean to the Red Sea by means of a canal and the Nile, the king conceived the idea of discovering the truth respecting the report which was prevalent amongst the wise men of the time, that Africa was shaped like a delta, with its base towards the Northern Sea, and its apex towards the Southern; and that if a person would only sail far enough he could go round the whole continent of Africa, returning to the same place whence he started. The king accordingly, hearing on inquiry that I was one of the best and most experienced seamen in Egypt, sent for me to come to his court. 'O Adonibal,' said he, 'I have sent for you to sail round Africa. I shall give you a good vessel, provisions, and a crew of your own countrymen. You shall start from the Red Sea, sail round Africa, and return by the Pillars of Hercules. If you accomplish this, great will be your reward; if not, you will be put to death.' 'O Pharaoh,' said I, 'if the thing thou speakest of can be done, here is the man who is equal to the task.' The king then ordered a fine vessel with rows of fifty oars to be built; this, when finished, he amply stocked with provisions of every kind, and whatever I asked of him he granted me, including men of my own race, upon whom I could rely. And thus did it come to pass, young man, that I soon after set out upon a voyage, for which I subsequently obtained the greatest renown amongst the Egyptians as well as my own countrymen. Alas! there are some now who desire to deprive me of that glory, falsely saying that Libya was first circumnavigated four hundred years ago. Do you then make known to the world how the matter really stands.

"It was on a lovely morning that we started, after sacrificing to the gods of our nation in the manner of our country; a great crowd on the shore bidding us farewell and shedding many tears. After sailing many days over the dismal length of the Red Sea, we at last came into the open ocean. You would scarcely believe me were I to tell you of all the adventures which we now met with; of the terrific winds which would sometimes arise, and the boisterous seas which would threaten to overwhelm us; of the horrible monsters of fearful shape which for days would follow our vessel; or of the scorching regions of heat, where several of our men perished. But regardless of these and other dangers, we ever went onward in a southerly direction, and always keeping close to the shore, and landing on the coast whenever we were in great fear of danger. And when the dark-skinned Ethiopians saw us they would flee in great terror, and leave their dwellings and villages unguarded, and we would have abundance of water and of provisions. And frequently

our vessel would sail onward without our sailors ever using their oars, or any breeze blowing; and we knew that the gods were propitious, and we summoned up new courage. And after a long time, whilst still skirting the land, we sailed westwards, and we remarked a very strange circumstance; for whilst we were proceeding in this direction the sun was on our right hand instead of on our left; and when we told this to the people on our return home there were but few who would believe us, although they believed many lies which our sailors had told them. At last a fearful wind arose, and we were driven to a harbour where we determined to land and to rest awhile from our labours. For, indeed, our provisions were now rapidly diminishing, and we thought that by landing and sowing some wheat we would reap sufficient grain to last for a great while longer. And the place where we landed was a beautiful valley, and on the one side of it was a hill which had the shape of a couchant lion, and on the other side a high mountain, the top of which the gods, for some purpose of their own, had made perfectly flat and level. And when we approached the coast we found that it was occupied by a dwarfish race, looking like pigmies; and as soon as we got on shore these people all fled to the mountains as if in great terror, and left their cattle behind them. And here we took our ship ashore; and we sowed some wheat; and during our stay we often tried to speak to the people in the Egyptian language, of which they seemed to understand a few words somehow or other; and we bartered pieces of metal for their cattle, as many as we wanted; and when we had reaped our wheat we prepared to start. And behold on the afternoon before the day on which we were to leave, a terrific wind arose and blew upon us from the top of the mountain, which the natives told us was the abode of evil spirits. And in the evening I slept not, for I was in great terror, and I recollected that I had not propitiated the gods of the country, and they were therefore wreaking their vengeance upon us. And I exclaimed, 'Ye gods! is it your will that we are to stay here, far from our native homes, for ever? If such be your wish, grant that we may first go back to our wives and our children, and then we may return here and found a new city.' And soon afterwards I slept, and behold during my sleep a vision came upon me. And methought I saw a spirit, enveloped in clouds and in darkness, and it said, 'Adonibal, to-morrow you will go hence to your wife and your children, and to your merited rewards. The time is not yet come when you should here found a new city; for the gods have decreed that when here a city is founded, then my reign shall be over; and no man shall invade my kingdom till you shall have been in your grave for twice a thousand years. And after twice a hundred years more a city will arise, and amongst the inhabitants thereof the name of Adonibal will not be quite unremembered. There lies the city before you; and people in a strange garb are walking up and down its streets in great numbers; and from its harbour sail great vessels driven by fire; and there is life and there is motion where

yesterday there was silence.' And the spirit forsook me, and I fell asleep and slept until morning. And the following day we left the land, as the wind had abated, and keeping the coast on our right hand we sailed steadily northwards, whilst a favourable breeze sent us on very swiftly. And after sailing over a long stretch of ocean, we again stopped and remained on the coast in a strange country, where the inhabitants had gold in abundance. And here we also sowed some wheat and reaped it, delaying no longer than was necessary; and after we had gathered in our grain, we again set sail and proceeded on our course. And when we had sailed onward for a long time, we awoke one morning, and behold we were near to the island of Kerné, and we were greatly delighted, for we knew that now we were not far from the Pillars of Hercules. And thence we sailed to Gades, which we reached within a fortnight, and where we delayed some days and got a fresh supply of provisions. And in twelve weeks' time we reached the Nile; and we found that we had sailed round Africa in the space of three years. And I reported myself to Necho, who abundantly rewarded me and my comrades, and ever afterwards I stood high in his favour. And he commanded me to give an account of my voyage to the priests that they might commit it to writing, but whether they have done so or not I cannot tell you.* But enough for to-day; at another time I shall narrate to you the further events of my life."

I looked up at the clock hanging overhead, and found that I had been sitting there at least a couple of hours, and that it was time for me to leave unless I desired to be locked up for the night with the ghosts of my mummies. The following day I departed from the town, and I have never since had an opportunity of hearing the continuation of his tale from my venerable friend the Mummy.

M. D. V.

John's Papers.

No. III.

I GOT an awful fright a day or two ago about these papers. It occurred in this way. It is not often John goes out to dinner, for his people are mostly in humble circumstances, and the two or three that are tolerably well-to-do are too busy to think of entertaining their friends. I wish he did go out oftener. As to myself it is quite out of the question. I can't take baby with me, and there is only one servant to leave him with and all the other children. I went

* Whether the priests committed this account to writing or not, the tradition of it was preserved amongst them for at least 150 years afterwards, as the "Father of History" testifies (Herod IV. 42).

once or twice to high-tea, but I sat on thorns all the time, fancying all manner of evil. My mind is quite made up to accept no more invitations until the children are all grown up, or John's congregation gives him a stipend which will enable us to keep more than one servant. I can't help it if the people do make unkind remarks about me. My first duty is to my family, and I have the highest authority for thinking that women who love their husbands and their children as they ought to do, even if they are clergymen's wives, should be *keepers at home.* My opinion is that a minister's wife who cares for her husband's health and comfort, and relieves him as much as possible of anxiety about his children and household affairs, serves the church *infinitely* better than if she devoted twelve hours a day to rag and duster meetings, soup-kitchens, and parochial gossiping.

It's quite a relief to my mind when John does go out to dinner, for I am often at my wit's end to know what to get him to eat. Many a time before I am out of bed in the morning I rack my brains to think what we can have for dinner; it is so difficult to avoid having the same thing day after day. I bought cookery books, but what's the use of cookery books with such a small income as ours, and in a village like this, where there is seldom anything beside mutton to be had? If it were not for home-cured bacon and dried snoek, eggs and poultry, I really don't know how we should subsist.

It has so happened that since Christmas John has had more invitations to dinner than usual. He came home one evening with a pretty large parcel in his coat-pocket, and, putting it into my hand, said, "Mary, that's for you; Mrs. Smith sends it." It was carefully wrapped in several folds of the *Mercantile*—(by-the-by, the publisher of that paper is a public benefactor, if ever there was one, and I, for my part, heartily wish his reward may be that *good thing* whose *price is far above rubies)*—and tied round and round with white tape in a style that would have puzzled the Davenport brothers. I cut the string and opened it with some little trepidation, when lo, and behold! a huge slice of plumpudding!

"Yes," said John, perceiving my amazement, "Mrs. Smith sends it with her love: and a dear, kind woman she is. She desired me particularly to tell you that there is *no suet* in it. *She* always uses fresh butter. I don't understand it, Mary; but I have no doubt you do."

Alas! I understood too well. Had it not been that conscience made a coward of me, I should not have refrained from expressing my indignation at Mrs. Smith's presumption. Mrs. Smith teach me! Why, I am old enough to be Mrs. Smith's mother, and am I to be told how to make a pudding—and told by her? But I held my peace, which is more than many women know how to do.

"It's a very extraordinary circumstance," proceeded John, "that wherever I go there is plumpudding on the table, and that it appears to be provided with special reference to my visit. The other day

Mrs. Jones said, 'Now, Mr. Anderson, everybody knows you like plumpudding;' and straightway she heaped up my plate with it in a most prodigal manner. I was loath to appear at all wanting in respect to my kind hostess, but I did wish I was as well prepared for such an emergency as Jack the Giant-killer when he sat down to breakfast with the Welsh giant. A few days subsequently at Mrs. Robinson's, the lady turned to me with a significant smile when the pudding was introduced. Mindful of painful experience on a recent occasion, I declined to partake of it, nor could I be induced to do so by her hospitable importunity. Mrs. Robinson seemed to be unnecessarily chagrined at my refusal, and hinted mysteriously at Christmas-puddings of currypowder and rice. All this, taken in connection with Mrs. Smith's parcel, is very extraordinary. What can be the meaning of it, Mary? An impression appears to be prevalent that I have a liking for this particular delicacy, and you know quite well, Mary, that I abhor and detest plumpuddings, as I do mince-pies and hot-cross-buns. As a Protestant minister, they are an offence unto me, for what are they but relics of Popish superstition? I have a suspicion that the enemies of the church have been attempting to make it appear that I am unsound in the faith, to damage my reputation and destroy my usefulness by imputing to me a weakness for plumpudding."

I knew the origin of it only too well. Oh, what a fright I was in! You might have knocked me down with a feather. I was on the point of falling down on my knees at John's feet and confessing all. But I didn't. Perhaps it would have been better if I had. I dare say he would not be so very angry with me after all. If any more is said, I am determined to tell him the whole truth as soon as I can. In the meantime my scribbling must come to an end as soon as I have copied some lines which I intended to send before Christmas, but one thing or another led me on in this rambling manner. Whether these lines are original or translated it is not for me to say. I can't believe John would ever be such an ass as to write stuff like this out of his own head, though he was not a little verdant when I married him. He knows better now, although a baby is still a mystery to him. He would rather sit all day discussing knotty questions of freewill and fate with doctors of divinity than touch one with the tip of his finger. I am forced sometimes to put baby into his hands for a few minutes, having but one servant, and it is really amusing to see the way he holds it, as if the dear little creature might fall to pieces any moment, and how precipitately he drops it into any person's lap as soon as it begins to cry. Yet he's improving, and by the time he's a grandfather I have no doubt he will be an excellent nurse. Now, lest I should say too much about his prospects in that respect, I hasten to subscribe myself

MARY.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO A FRIEND CONGRATULATING HIM ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Yours is delight unknown in all your life,
Until, you say, Heaven blessed you with a wife ;
Now full of bliss your present lot appears,
And Hope sheds brightness o'er the coming years.
Believe me, friend ! "things are not what they seem,"
And hopes like yours may prove an idle dream.*

Judge for yourself.—I have a child, a boy,
The idol of my heart, my pride and joy.
Alas ! he wrecks his father's peace of mind,
To such vagaries is the lad inclined.
He plays at times the very maddest tricks,
And, heedless of decorum, screams and kicks.
'Twould break your heart to see a youth so fair,
With no more manners than a Polar bear.
He cares for no man, and, though yet so young,
No power on earth can make him hold his tongue.

What kind of life he leads I blush to say,
Idling and sleeping all the livelong day.
Worst fault of all, at which I dare not wink,
He loves the bottle and gives way to drink.
For solid food he has no appetite,
It's drink he craves all day and drink all night.
Time after time I've urged, and urged in vain,
The beardless youth should totally abstain ;
To all my prayers he deigns me no reply,
But laughs and mocks and winks his wicked eye.

I tell his mother something must be done
To save from ruin this her darling son ;
And strange to say, she's not at all distressed,
She only smiles and clasps him to her breast.
I plead and scold, and threaten what I'll do
This habit vile for ever to subdue ;
"You may, my dear ! " exclaims my foolish wife,
"But if you do, 'twill cost the boy his life."

Bad as he is, one thing I can't deny,
He's truth itself,—he never tells a lie.
In language too, he has a wondrous skill ;
Try him with French or German, what you will,
Italian, Spanish, Gaelic, Latin, Greek,

* John, John ! how can you say so ? "Things are not what they seem," indeed ! It's the poor wives who know this to their cost. They find it out sadly too soon. The honeymoon is scarcely over before all the gilt is off the gingerbread.

It matters not to him what tongue you speak,
Nor strange to him the language, I believe,
Her firstborn uttered in the ear of Eve.
And as to science—what he comprehends
Is ever ready at his fingers' ends.

Within this house he's master, and not I,
A very tyrant whom none dare defy ;
The slightest utterance of his will is law ;
He cares for others' feelings not a straw ;
Firm as a rock he will his place maintain ;
You threaten, coax, and wheedle him in vain.

Whate'er his faults, truth forces me to say,
The youngster's no Lothario, gallant, gay ;
Though maidens woo him with bewitching smiles,
With fond caresses and a thousand wiles,
The tender passion he has never proved,
'Tis all the same to him by whom beloved ;
He looks on all alike, blonde or brunette,
The aged spinster or the young coquette.
It matters not how fair or dark they be,
They please awhile and leave his heart still free,

Prudence I prize, but oh ! a saint 'twould vex
To see with what disdain he treats the sex.
What will become of such a youth as this,
Who's given to drink and cares not for a kiss,
It puzzles me to think ;—I hope the best,
Yet many a fear disturbs my nightly rest.

To all such faults my dearest wife is blind,
And finds abettors in all womankind ;
When I propose to discipline the lad,
They call me brute and ogre, all that's bad ;
Should I remonstrate, then they laugh and jeer,
And coolly tell me not to interfere.
Not interfere, indeed !—What can I do ?
Their foolish fondness they will sorely rue.
Unhappy boy ! I fear he'll come to grief,
Unless he soon turns over a new leaf.

Farewell, my friend ! I hope when next I write
That I shall do so with a heart more light.
Commend me to the bride your love has won ;
Your ever faithful friend

JOHN ANDERSON.

Postscript.

I'd closed my letter when the thought occurred,
'Twould be as well to add another word ;
Writing in haste, I quite forgot to say,
My darling boy is five months old to-day.

Nineteen Hundred.

We live in high pressure times; events follow one another with such astonishing rapidity, and everything is spinning along at such a railroad pace, that it is positively a matter of no small exertion to check the mental reins and pull up so to say, with a view of taking a calm dispassionate glance around one as well as a look ahead. It is all very well to talk about taking it easy, but, speaking generally, there is no such thing now-a-days, not even for the man to whom the lines have fallen in pleasant places. His money-bags haunt him by night as well as by day: he is always on the feverish look-out for an investment that shall eclipse any of his former ventures, and instead of gliding on as well as the chequered circumstances of life will admit, he is hurried away with the anxious, bustling crowd, who are frantically in the pursuit of gain. Labour can scarcely afford time to stand at ease for a while, if only to wipe the sweat from its brow. What with superseding inventions on one hand and unrelenting competition on the other, there is but little chance for the working man to take it easy. He is irresistibly impelled along the stream of life at a breakneck pace, driven to all sorts of expedients to keep abreast of the times and his neighbours, and unable to think of much else but the present necessities of the hour. The cleverly contrived carefully wrought machine of yesterday is worthless to-morrow, by reason of some new improvement having been discovered, and the original is ignominiously pushed out of the market to make way for something which in its turn will be displaced by some other novelty. There is always an outcry for some new thing, and the mind and genius of man, ever susceptible of the necessity for satisfying the popular demand, suddenly conceives an idea which, put into practice, at once renders nugatory and futile the labour and researches it may be of years. Look for instance at the time and material that have been dissipated in the construction of ordnance and ships of war, and we may fairly assume that perfection is as far off as ever: indeed perfection is somewhat akin to the *ignis fatuus* destined to lead one on and on without the attainment of any satisfactory result or the fruition of one's most ardent wishes. The military world is suddenly startled by the introduction of some deadly weapon, some new cannon capable of carrying an immense distance and hitting its mark with unerring accuracy; but it results only in the invention of some counteracting influence, such for instance as thicker and stouter armour plating to a vessels bulwarks, and thus the game of cross purposes goes on *ad infinitum*. The shapely, well cut garment of the present season will in a twelvemonth's time be cast aside as useless and unfashionable; the habits and customs which society sanctions now will in course of time fall into desuetude, and without fear of contradiction one may confidently predict that as long as the world goes round this constantly renew-

ing process will continue, and the clamour for novelty and improvement cease to be quieted. Whether the present state of things is advantageous and beneficial is a question: indeed many there are who think that if all good did not die with George III. of blessed memory, it certainly ended with the abolition of mail coaches and rotten boroughs, and the enthusiastic votary of progress can hardly believe in the possibility of happiness outside the region of telegraphs and steam engines. I venture to say that our ancestors a century or two back were nevertheless far happier than we are, if only on the principle that what the eye sees not the heart does not feel. Folks in the good old times did not make themselves miserable and work themselves into a state of uneasiness about dilatory posts and slow-going mail steamers. They took things easy, and when they did receive their correspondence it was a deal more welcome, and the news was read with double the pleasure than are our letters which are received one on top of the other. There were no telegraphs or railways then, but did this make them unhappy? Certainly not, for in the one case they travelled slowly and surely, and without fear of accident, while on the other they were not liable to be startled at all hours of the day by having an official-looking envelope stuffed into their hands, and experiencing an uneasy sensation throughout their whole system prior to opening the portentious missive. Look at some of the pictures of social and domestic life drawn a hundred years ago, and one cannot but be struck with the apparent air of comfort, contentedness, and enjoyment of life, even if to our ideas there was too much simplicity, compared with the state of society at the present day. Every year, nay every day, life is getting more complicated; we are drifting away from many of our good, staunch, substantial moorings, and buoying ourselves up with all kinds of artificial hollow devices to the exclusion of everything that is real and earnest. But one must go with the times and learn the sometimes difficult lesson of accomodating yourself to circumstances, unless willing to lead a secluded and eremitical existence. True philosophy consists in knowing how to make the best of things, and it is useless attempting to stay the current of events; as well try to stop a steam engine in motion by clinging to the wheels, or repel the tide when it rises on the beach. But there is always a grain or two of comfort and consolation in the oft-repeated saying "things might have been worse." Those are the words you may remember used by the man whom the devil was carrying off below. When he was asked how it could have been worse, he replied, "why, the devil might have made me carry him."

Nineteen hundred! It will not be very many years before we, or our descendants rather, enter upon the twentieth century. Providentially the future is hidden from us; but assuming that the world is still jogging along when people write "nine" instead of "eight" *annomundi*, it is not difficult to forecast that socially, politically, and religiously, things will wear a very different aspect of what they do

now. Our habits of life and daily doings of the present age will be looked upon probably in much the same light as we regard the ways of our forefathers. The people of the present day will be voted slow and behind the age when our history comes to be written ; many of our manners will be regarded as singular, some of them perchance barbarous ; and it may not be uninteresting to picture a few of the phases of change which the ever rolling wheel of time may bring about. Put the clock on, so to speak, and fancy you have taken a hop, skip, and a jump over seven and twenty years. If you take up an atlas you will find the whole of the southern portion of Africa coloured with one tint, and labelled "South African Federation," and if you look at your geographical text-book you will learn that many years ago the dominion was split up into various parts known as the Cape Colony, divided into two provinces, Natal, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and so on. The book goes on to say that the federation took place in the year 1880, and has been attended with the greatest benefit to all the several constituent parts. Many lines of railway intersect this vast territory : the seaports of Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and Natal being united more or less with the inland cities by the iron road, and having communication, moreover, with one another by the same means. One of the great trunk lines runs from Cape Town on towards the Orange River, and along it an immense traffic is carried on, having branch lines to many important towns on either side. Cape Town itself is a large and thriving city with a population of over 100,000 souls. The docks, which many years ago were of very meagre dimensions, have since been immensely increased in size, and offer accommodation to steamers of the largest tonnage. The principal portion of the city is in the neighbourhood of the docks, and the buildings are very numerous. On the ground which many years ago was nothing but an extent of waste commonage may be seen well-built, substantial, looking shops and hotels ; while delightful villa residences slope down to the very verge of the sea. The railway terminus is an imposing looking structure, and also situated close to the docks. Trains may be seen arriving and departing at all hours of the day and night, and the bustle and activity at this important station is immense. Not far off is the balloon depôt : these vast aerial machines calling at the Cape on their route from England to Australia about once a week. Those to whom time is exceedingly precious avail themselves of this mode of transit, though places have sometimes to be booked a long time in advance, the car not holding more than twenty passengers at a time. The cost of a return voyage from Cape Town to England is one hundred guineas, the tickets being available to come back by any balloon in which there is a seat obtainable. To such perfection has this mode of transit been brought that during the last five years, since which time it has been established, there has only been one accident. Sixteen lives were lost on that occasson, and the balloon, or rather its remains, were picked up somewhere near the source of

the Nile. There are three magnificent lines of steam vessels between the Cape and England, the slowest of which perform the voyage in about a fortnight; indeed, it is difficult to conceive how people in years gone by managed to exist with such slow and inadequate means of inter-communication. That large building yonder is the Telegragh office, whence messages are dispatched to and received from all parts of the known world with the most astounding celerity. The postal arrangements are excellent, and a penny stamp franks a letter to any part of the country. The city rejoices in a handsome theatre and opera house, together with half-a-dozen other places of amusement, all of which are liberally patronized. The newspaper press consists of several journals, two of which are published every morning, and one each evening during the week. There used to be a small Dutch newspaper for the benefit of that very limited portion of the community, but it became extinct some years since. These are a few particulars affecting Cape Town, gleaned from a directory; but now to speak more generally. It is some few years since the former practice of burying the dead gave way to what is called "cremation;" and this system is now almost universally adopted. History, you see, repeats itself, for cremation, or the disposal of dead bodies by reducing them to ashes, was common among the old German tribes, and among the ancient Britons in Druidical times; but when Christianity established itself it ceased to be practised. It was a long time before people could relinquish the old method for anything that seemed so shocking and revolting to the feelings, but common sense has prevailed, and it is seen that the substitution of cremation for burial is not only advantageous in a sanitary and economical point of view, but is no more repulsive than the idea of those whom we love and cherish mouldering and rotting in the earth. The overcrowded state of the burial-grounds in the vicinity of most towns and cities necessitated in a measure some such step, and though the old system is still resorted to by many, cremation prevails to a very large extent, and is likely in course of time to be universally adopted. The body is reduced to cineration in a building specially provided for the purpose, and the ashes are in many instances carefully cherished by surviving friends and relatives, who place them in an urn, on the outward adornment of which much money is sometimes spent. On the score of economy the system possesses many advantages, as the funereal paraphernalia and trappings, which used to be so costly and tended to aggravate the lacerated feelings of the mourners, are thus dispensed with.

What a wonderful change the whole financial system has undergone during the last twenty years! In times gone by, what could not be done with that most potent of coins, a sovereign? The introduction of the decimal system of coinage, although it was some little time before people could get into the way of it, has been more successful, and when once understood wonderfully facilitates all monetary transactions. The French and English coinage is now almost

entirely assimilated; in all, indeed, but the names of the several representatives of value. The copper money consists, as formerly, of the halfpenny and penny; then there is the silver fivepenny piece, the shilling worth tenpence, the florin one and eightpence, and a larger coin of the value of 4s. 2d. The gold coinage consists of three coins, worth respectively 4s. 2d., 8s. 4d., and 16s. 8d. The latter is in size, style, and other respects similar to what was formerly the sovereign, but, as everyone knows, the intrinsic value of gold has materially diminished of late years, owing to the large discoveries of the precious metal in the southern portion of the African continent and elsewhere. The purchasing power of gold, too, is very inferior to what it was twenty years ago, in fact, all financial relationships have undergone a radical change. As an instance of this, a loaf of bread which, in 1875, cost fourpence is now ninepence. At the time referred to a good horse could be bought for five and twenty pounds, but it is a very poor beast that can at present be obtained in exchange for double that sum. A house that twenty years since let at sixty pounds a year is now cheap at twice the amount, and servants, who once upon a time were satisfied with a pound or thirty shillings a month, are now hardly content with fifty pounds a year. That class of individuals once known as domestic servants has almost entirely died out, and they are only seen in the service of the wealthy, who have to pay a very high rate of wages for their services. In the generality of instances the members of the household have themselves to perform the domestic duties. The great spread of education has unquestionably carried with it great and manifold benefits, but its results have not been entirely unalloyed with evil, inasmuch as in many instances it has tended to make people above the work which lies for their hands to do. What are called the liberal professions are overstocked, because the sons of clergymen and lawyers, educated as their fathers have been, shrink from going into business; while clerks and small tradesmen are content to exist upon a wretched pittance, when artizans and mechanics are earning a comfortable livelihood around them, because they think that, having been educated up to a certain point, manual labour is in some sense disgraceful to them. Snobbishness is rampant; in fact it is one of the vices of the age, permeating all classes of society, and with the equalization of political conditions, social distinctions would appear to have become more rigid and inflexible. Once upon a time men thought a great deal less of the "genteel" than they do now. Richardson, the novelist, like a sensible man, kept his shop and his shop kept him, and when Sheridan ran away with his first wife, the first thing he did on arriving in London was to take her to supper with an oilman who kept a shop in Holborn, and who was afterwards Lamb's godfather. Great writers—the welcome guests of the rich and titled—were not ashamed of being poor, but *nous avons changé tout cela*. The desire to keep the hands clean keeps innumerable stomachs empty, and makes thousands of men and women endure

privations and miseries which they might avoid if the tone of public feeling were more healthy and less "snobbish." The employment of women in all branches of trade and commerce has wonderfully increased; and in many instances they do the work much better than men, and are often more to be relied upon. Our grandfathers used to laugh at the idea of female doctors; now not only the medical but the legal profession is adopted by ladies, and the English bar can boast of more than one female barrister. The struggle for women's rights has been long and severe, but the fair sex have gained the day, and instead of being tabooed from public dinners or assemblies, refused the franchise, and made to labour under many other disabilities, as was the case in former years, the social standing and condition of women has of late vastly changed, and it behoves their squires to take care if they do not wish to be snuffed out entirely.

The latter years of the nineteenth century has been characterized by inventions of the most startling nature, beyond the dreams of the most Utopian visionary who lived five and twenty years ago. No longer does the weary compositor labour away at picking up type, for in establishments of any magnitude it is all done by machinery, and the column of a newspaper is set up in a twinkling, with no more exertion than it takes to play a tune on the piano. In the manufacture of raw materials the greatest possible perfection has been arrived at, time, labour, and expense being minimized to an incredible extent. Thanks to the researches of our scientific *savants*, aerial navigation has become an accomplished fact, and even railways are threatened with annihilation, so far at least as passenger traffic is concerned. Medical science has, in common with everything else, been improving, and specifics have been discovered for many complaints which were hitherto deemed incurable. The oldest among us can well remember the time when it made a considerable hole in a man's pocket to have to order a new set of teeth or an artificial leg, but these luxuries are now brought within the reach of the poorest, thanks to the advancement of dental and surgical skill.

That relic of barbarism, capital punishment, has happily long since been put a stop to, and instead of cruelly strangling our fellow-creatures with a running noose, a practice oftentimes attended with the most horrible incidents, solitary confinement for life is now the punishment meted out to him who designedly and maliciously takes the life of another. In civil law great are the changes that have recently transpired, equity entering far more into our legal system than was formerly the case, when very often a strict and rigid adherence to some ill-drawn statute put a suitor outside the pale of justice, and prevented him obtaining his rights. But there is one thing in which we are in no wise ahead of our ancestors. Like them we live in an age of doubt and inquiry, refusing to be satisfied with the traditional solutions of the great mysteries which surround our existence. As to false prophets their name is legion, whose theories and speculations are at times perfectly bewildering, but for any good

purpose they serve the world would have been as well without them. With all our deepening culture, earnest thought, and untiring researches, vain are the efforts of all our philosophers to satisfy the cravings of the human mind or to possess themselves of those secrets which are impenetrable to human reason. In all these matters we are as ignorant as our forefathers, and we can but re-echo the words of one of England's greatest statesmen, who was himself deeply impressed with the mental restlessness so prevalent in his day, "I believe there are ideas implanted in us, which, in a sound mind, no merely intellectual disturbances will long affect; and of which, in the deepest darkness we may always, if we will, keep hold. Right and wrong; honour, duty and country; benevolence towards men, and a responsibility towards the unseen power by which human actions are guided and controlled." Many years have rolled by since these words were uttered, but they have lost none of their force and freshness, and are in every respect as well adapted to the twentieth century as to its predecessor.

F.

Old Times at the Cape.

GOVERNOR VAN NOOT.—CONTINUED.

In the last number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, the translation of "Old Times" stopped at the point where cruel Governor Van Noot harshly refused to listen to the prayers of Lieut. Rhenius and Ensign Allemann, offered on behalf of the poor, ill-treated, and half-starved soldiers; and in this chapter we shall see how desperate they became.

Thirty or forty men, chiefly *Baaren*, or new people, greatly pressed by hunger and misery, banded themselves together, and determined to desert. They made up their minds to provide themselves with as much powder and shot as possible, let themselves down with their arms over the Castle wall, with the help of a rope, and then march quickly along the sea coast till they reached some Portuguese or other foreign settlement, and from there would they try and reach Europe as quickly as possible. But this was in every way a badly-formed plan, and a most inconsiderate one, for could they ever travel over the great, wide-stretching uninhabited wilderness, and across the deep swollen rivers, and where could they get provisions for such a great journey? But what will hunger not induce a man to do?

The plot would have grown still stronger if one of the conspirators themselves had not revealed it to the Governor. In the meantime was nothing yet undertaken, and the soldiers had good reason for joining the conspiracy, for what was theirs by right they did not

receive. The Governor, who had the list of conspirators in his hand, had them all arrested, and the Herr Independent Fiscal was ordered to make the strictest inquiries into the matter. Eight persons, and among them a German Cavalier, one Herr von E——, of a very good family, besides two theological candidates, were looked upon as the originators and ringleaders of the plot, and at the command of the Herr Governor, were at once put into the black hole—*donckle gatt*—a dungeon, into which only those sentenced to death were thrown.

My readers must not be astonished at my mention here of a German Cavalier, who came to the Cape as a common soldier in the East India Company's Service. There are many more such gentlemen at the Cape. In the year 1735 a soldier came to the Cape, calling himself simply D—, and gave himself out as an embroiderer, of which art he was a master. The then reigning Governor, Johann de la Fontaine, sent for him and gave him an extra fine piece of red velvet to embroider with silver for a coat. The tailor cut the coat, and this man embroidered it magnificently. It was nearly finished when a fire broke out during the night in the house where he was. It so quickly gained ground that D— was with great difficulty able to save himself. The house was burnt down, and the beautiful coat burnt with it. As one can easily guess, poor D— was in a terrible state of mind, but he went the following morning to the Governor's house to tell him of the loss of his coat. When he got there he looked like a corpse, tembling and shaking all over.

"*Mein Gott!*" exclaimed the Governor when he saw him. "Why, you look more dead than alive! What is the matter with you? Is my coat, perhaps, burnt?"

"Yes, noble Herr Governor," he replied, and the tears stood in his eyes.

"Think no more about it," said the Governor. "Make your mind at rest. I have more velvet and more silver, so you can embroider another coat for me after all. I thought the other embroidery too narrow."

No one was happier at this than soldier D—. The moment he received it from the tailor he began to embroider it broader and more handsomely than the last. But the shock, the anxiety, and the fear had so upset him that he fell ill and died just as he had finished the two lappets of the coat. He had not been very long dead when the Independent Fiscal, Herr Daniel van den Henghel, received letters from Holland, making inquiries if a certain young Count D—, aged twenty-two years, had not arrived at the Cape? In case there might be another person there of the same name, the description went on to say, as a further token, that he could embroider excellently, for at the time that he had been page to one of the princesses he had watched a French embroiderer who was in the princess's household, and had quickly picked up the art, and in

private expertly practised it. He was a grandson of that old Count D— who, because he would not submit himself at P——, had his head cut off. Just at this time a Swedish Baron, named Raiserfeldt, came out to the Cape. It was quickly discovered that he was another distinguished individual, and he was placed at once in the Governor's Guard. But this Herr Baron was as great a fool as Graf D— was clever, so he was not long kept in it, but sent back to Batavia. Notwithstanding his stupidity, he met with a distinguished patron in Batavia, who enriched him, and in a short time sent him to Holland as a ship's bookkeeper.

Now to return again to the eight prisoners thrown into the black hole. One of them, the Herr von E——, through a number of adverse circumstances, as *he* said, but probably through some youthful follies, had been sent to India as a soldier, but after all had been kept at the Cape. He retained his own name, it is true, but nobody knew that he came from a noble family. Herr Allemann became acquainted with him. He found him a refined gentleman, and, in strict confidence, Herr E—— revealed to him the secret of his birth. He would have taken much trouble to benefit him if he had not committed the folly of joining these deserters. Still, for the sake of the family, and not for his own merits, would he willingly try to rescue Herr von E—— from this scrape, for he knew well that all these eight men would most certainly come to an evil end. With this purpose in view he went to the gaoler of the prisoners, who, according to Dutch custom, is always chosen for his respectability and goodness of heart. He persuaded him to give Herr von E—— a hint to pretend to be sick so that he might be removed from the black hole to the hospital. The gaoler promised and kept his word. Herr von E—— quickly took the hint, but he had not much need to *pretend*, for from fear and anxiety he looked already more like a dead man than a living one. The Captain reported this to the Governor, who, longing for revenge, sent the chief doctor, Herr von Shoor, to inspect him in the prison, and himself bring the report to him. Fortunately Herr Allemann met the doctor just as he was going into the prison. With his usual civility he mentioned to Herr Allemann that at the order of the Governor he was going to examine one of the prisoners who was said to be very ill. Allemann quickly caught this up and told the doctor that he knew all the prisoners, that they were men of good family, but one especially amongst them was a young nobleman, and expected to inherit great estates. Immediately, then, he begged the doctor to take him into hospital, and to take good care of him, promising that he would himself see to this man's future fate. After the doctor had seen the prisoner and asked him some questions, he reported to the Governor that if he did not wish the man to die miserably he must at once be removed to the hospital. The Governor, satisfied with this report, wrote himself an order for him to be admitted into hospital, with the proviso that he must be well watched and sent back to the black hole directly he was better. The prisoner was then conveyed to

hospital, and Herr Allemann sent him, through a trusty soldier, some money to buy good things, with the message that he was to want for nothing, put all care out of his mind, and only think of getting well as soon as possible. After some days, when the prisoner had recovered himself a little, Allemann sent another message through this trusty soldier, containing directions of all that he must do. The same evening, directly it was dark, Herr Allemann went to the hospital with a pair of loaded pistols under his belt. The trusty soldier went on in front to prepare the prisoner, who was all in readiness. This hospital is a building like a church in the form of a cross, with a wall around it about seven or eight feet high. It is not divided into rooms, but has one long and one cross passage. It has two gates, one in the wall, and one in the building itself. Over this last is an inscription in gold letters, the only one I have ever seen at the Cape, so I will write it down here :—

> "Excipit hospitio fractos morbisque viisque
> Hæc domus et medica larga ministrat opem.
> Belga tuum nomen populis fatale domandis
> Horreat et leges Africa terra tuas."

Or in other words—"This extensive building affords shelter to all who are broken in health or injured in body, and administers aid to those in need of medicine. O Belgium! may African soil dread thy name so fatal for subjecting nations to her sway, and respect thy laws!"

Whilst the soldier went in to Herr von E——, Herr Allemann kept the porter of the hospital conversing outside the outer gate, and placed him so that his back was turned to the door. In the meantime the soldier, with Herr von E——, slipped behind the porter's back out of the hospital to the side wall. The soldier stooped down under the wall, while Herr von E —— jumped on his back, and then on to his shoulders, from there on to the wall, and thence into the street, which lies between the hospital and the Company's Gardens, and through which very few people pass after nightfall. From there he betook himself to a place of concealment already pointed out to him. The soldier slipped in again behind the porter's back, but presently came out with grave step, wished him a good night, and pretending not to recognize Herr Allemann in the dark, went on his way. By this sign Herr Allemann knew that the prisoner was safely out of the hospital. Thereupon he went one way and the soldier another to the hiding-place of Herr von E——, gave him the agreed-upon sign, he came forth, and, putting over him Herr Allemann's cloak, they conveyed him to a safe place, where he would have to remain for some days till the homeward-bound ship, then lying in the roadstead, should be ready to start, then they would take him on board in the evening, and he must remain concealed till the ship was at sea. Then he must make his appearance, bear patiently a lecture from the captain, and then tell him he was a deserter from the Cape, behave himself well all the voyage, and in

this way arrive in Holland safe and sound. From there he must get as quickly as possible to Germany to join his family, but nevermore behave so as to be sent to India again.

Before it was announced next morning to the Governor that the prisoner was missing from the hospital, it had been already arranged that it should be reported to the patrol guard from the sentry on the wharf (a jetty, which was built out into the sea about one hundred feet from the beach, and from which the ships' cargoes were embarked and disembarked) that on the evening before a man had been seen in the distance to throw himself into the water and had not appeared again. Another sentry reported having seen a man in the neighbourhood of the hospital who was rushing wildly down to the sea. Some sign was wanted that a man had been seen jumping over the hospital wall. With a word it was all arranged, and the hospital inspector reported that on the preceding evening he had seen the prisoner E—— rush out of the hospital and jump over the wall.

So Van Noot was obliged to suppose that in the delirium of his fever E—— had rushed out of his bed and drowned himself.

L. G. R.

Gert's Wife:

A SKETCH FROM THE ORIGINAL.

During my sojourn in the Free State I made the acquaintance of a somewhat remarkable woman who, at that time, tabernacled on the banks of the Modder River. Grietje, for such was the dulcet name in which she rejoiced, was not by any means a prodigy of nature, though she possessed some attributes and oddities which made her more conspicuous than her fellows. The isolated, nomadic life to which she had been accustomed formed for her a self-reliant spirit, which would have done credit to an Amazon. The perpetual trek of the Arab farmers of the Free State in dry seasons not only inures them to hardships, but, gipsy-like, begets a falling back on oneself to supply alternatives for deficient resources. Notwithstanding her colossal bulk, Gert's wife was probably as good a horsewoman as was to be found between the Vaal and the Orange Rivers. She had one peculiarity about her equestrian accomplishment, and that was (tell it not in Gath) she rode *a la* gentleman. This, however, was by no means an uncommon habit among the rural population of the Free State six or seven years ago; for maidens and mothers assumed the masculine attitude in the saddle. In addition to her agility in mounting a horse and adhesiveness to his back when once there, though unaided by martingale or pommel, she was a renowned shot, and could bring down a springbok or wildebeeste as readily as most burghers. The writer of this sketch had a convincing proof of her ability to use the rifle, a proficiency which she was by no means prone to display. Being pressed by her husband to show her English neighbour—as I was called—how she could shoot, she reluctantly

consented, but not till she had become nettled at my sceptical allusions and my offer to bet her a pound that she would not lodge a bullet within a yard or two of a black crow which was some considerable distance on the flat. Ordering her eldest son to bring the rifle, she deliberately placed a chair on the stoep, and, planting the gun to her shoulder, calmly covered her bird and fired. A cloud of dust, raised by the bullet, enveloped the crow, which, when cleared, we could easily see rise lazily with a broken leg. The blueback was of course paid, and with the same stoical indifference she ordered it to be put away. If Gert's wife dwarfed her compeers in the saddle and with the rifle, her physical stature distanced them in similar proportion. The features were by no means unpleasant and were symmetrically defined, but her huge size moved about with an apparent effort; and her domestic duties were invariably performed while sitting. Her favourite position was near to a window, where she nestled into an arm-chair of giant proportions; here a small table separated the spouses, for Gert was equally indolent and would sit in a chair—the fellow to Griet's—and smoke from early morn till dewy eve. Grietje would there sit and sew for hours, her feet resting on the inevitable "stoef"—a primitive sort of footstool,—when coffee would be served (often without sugar) from morn till night. Gert's wife was a despotic ruler in the house, and could cow sire and son into abject obedience. During one of my visits there, a Kafir shepherd came running breathlessly into the house to report the death of nine sheep by wild dogs. Griet rose calmly from her usual anchorage, and, without the least sign of passion, seized a "shambok" and belaboured the poor fellow till she was out of breath; upbraiding him for his cowardice and laziness in not warding them off. In the struggle the Kafir, a well-built savage, caught hold of the shambok and wrenched it from her grasp, but with wonderful celerity she battered at him with her fists, causing a dull echo to resound through the "*voorhuis*," front-room, at every thud which fell on his bare shoulders. My Dutch vocabulary at this time was rather meagre, and I fear the little I had acquired of that language was not of the most choice selections; but even the little I knew was called into use during the encounter, for Griet applied several of the embellishments to the Kafir. It would be unfair to infer from this that Griet was worse than her neighbours, for she was as devout in her worshipping, after the austere manner of her sect, as the generality of her country-women, and the evening service of the household was an approximate realization of Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night." There Gert would unclasp the big, well-thumbed Bible, and read a chapter from the Sacred Book, followed by the orthodox routine of the home worship of the Boer, concluding with the evening hymn, led by Griet in a somewhat shrill tenor. Service over, an audible sigh of relief could be heard from both Griet and Gert, and an unanimated coversation ensued preparatory to supper. The usual institution of feet-washing had to be gone through before this consummation. So the maid entered with a little tub and warm water; placing it in

front of "Oude Baas," she knelt, untied the veldschoenen, and began operations, drying the limb with the indispensible "*fadoek*,"—wash rag—going through the same performance with each member of the family, using the same "*fadoek*" and the same water. Suppe and the evening prating over, we took our candles and retired, leaving the eldest daughter tamely submitting to the importunities of her lover—the scion of a neighbouring Boer—who had come to "steek de kaars op," which, when freely translated, means to do the "spoony," or light the candles.

M.

Song.

"THAT I MAY SOON FORGET."

Farewell! we oft may meet again,
But never as of yore,
The love that I so long have felt
Has fled for evermore.
We'll meet as strangers, or as friends,
'Twas not so once we met,
But now my only hope is this,
That I may soon forget.

I never sought, nor wished to learn
The trifler's little art,
I thought it was enough to give
A fervent, truthful heart.
Thou art not worthy of such love,
And, though I suffer, yet
The only wish I breathe is this,
That I may soon forget.

I longed for danger that I might
Protect thy life with mine,
I sigh'd for fame, that on thy brow
It might reflected shine.
That such a love on thee was spent,
Is worthy brief regret,
And now my only prayer is this,
That I may soon forget.

B. M. R.

On the Geographical Distribution of Plants in South Africa.

[By Ernst Meyer.]

TRANSLATED, WITH NOTES, BY H. BOLUS, F.L.S.

I need, not, indeed, show how, from the same hydro-meteorologic conditions, the distribution of *Calarmariæ* and *Coronariæ* can be explained. But in order to render intelligible the multitude of species of South African plants, and the limited area of their distribution, even the scanty knowledge we possess of the hydro-meteorology of the country is wholly insufficient. For this purpose we need a knowledge of the whole climatic conditions of the country, of which we know so little.

It is well known that climate and soil affect vegetation, the one influencing it in limited and isolated characteristics, the other in wider conditions and in the mass. Great variety of vegetation in an extensive country enables us to infer with certainty a climate with many variable conditions. We find it thus in mountain regions. The different heights, the direction of the ranges and valleys, the slope of the mountain sides to the various points of the compass, the numerous points for the attraction and separation of the storm-clouds (Wetterscheiden), these and other similar circumstances give to each little spot its own particular climate, its own peculiar plants. Directly opposed to this, the simple, terrace-shaped formation of South Africa would appear to cause an extremely equal climate. But this appearance is certainly deceptive. In comparison with the whole of South Africa, that which Drège saw of it was merely coast-land, a narrow strip between sea and desert. It is easy to understand that we find here, in sharp contrast, cool moisture and burning heat; and the extraordinary changes of temperature every morning and evening are confirmed by every traveller. Just as evident is the influence upon temperature and moisture of all, even the slightest, modifications of the height and position of the country, of the direction of the mountain-chains, valleys, and defiles, even of the colour and chemical composition of the soil. Whether the soil is warmed a little more or less, whether the breezes which pass over it are bent a little to the right or to the left, must be of great importance where the extremes of heat and cold, of dryness and moisture, come so closely in contact with each other.

Still, the almost tropical character of the Flora on the Natal coast appears to me very enigmatical. The West Coast also has its peculiar

plants, and some of them, indeed, in the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Orange River, reminds one of the neighbouring tropic. Here, in Little Namaqualand, Drège found the only South African *Bauhinia*, a Loasacea which I have called *Cnidone* (*Kissenia spathulata R. Br.*) a couple of Hydrolaceae of the genus *Codon*, a *Martynia*, &c. But here the coast falls off so rapidly to the north, that we can only wonder that the difference in the vegetation is not greater. On the east coast the case is quite reversed. Very gradually the coast goes off to the north, and immediately on the first slight bend in that direction in Albany (V.A on the map) the vegetation changes almost wholly. *Cycadeae* make their appearance, *Strelitzia angustifolia* is accompanied by the finer *S. Reginae*, and the almost arborescent *S. Augusta;* instead of the *Selagineae*, and of the *Stilbineae* which quite disappear, several genera of *Verbenaceae* here first make their appearance, as *Lantana*,* *Priva*,* *Lippia*, *Vitex*, *Clerodendron*, and, lastly, an *Avicennia*. Still more numerous are the *Acanthaceae*, especially in the genus *Justicia*, and partly in quite new genera. Amongst the *Papilionaceae* we find only here, or rather only in the neighbourhood of Port Natal, the genera *Calpurnia*, *Sesbania*, *Zornia*, *Æschynomene*, *Desmodium*, *Patagonium*, *Abras*, *Voandzeia*, *Canavalia*, *Erythrina*, *Dalbergia*, *Guilandina*, and several new genera. The widely-spread Acacias are joined by a *Mimosa*, a *Zygia*, and a *Prosopis*. Amongst *Myrtaceae*, we find at Port Natal a *Barringtonia*, and two *Jambosae;* even further southward, two *Passifloreae*, and several species of *Psychotria;* besides *Begoniae*, *Boerhaaviae*, *Triumfetta*, *Strychnos*, *Erythroxylon*, *Turnaea*, *Osbeckia*, some *Malpighiaceae*, *Dioscoreae*, and even two Palms; thus numerous genera and even families, which either chiefly or exclusively belong to the tropical Flora.† I could have lengthened this catalogue of such genera, and it needs but to turn the leaves of the annexed catalogue of plant stations to see that I have only distinguished a few of the most striking forms. Whence this wealth, which even reminds us of tropical copiousness? It cannot be warmer here than at the mouth of the Orange River, which lies two degrees further north; it is merely moister on account of the predominating south-east wind. May not a lower temperature with a higher degree of moisture compensate for the higher temperature accompanied by a drier atmosphere?

But I feel that, from the safe ground of observation, I am getting deeper and deeper into the mists of hypothesis; and I believe that I have attained my object. I desired but to deduce from Drège's documents the principal conclusions to which they point, and especially to show their value for phyto-geographical researches; and I can foresee without envy that the same material will be used for the fuller development of this inquiry by abler hands than mine.

* *Lantana* occurs commonly as far westward at least as Graaff-Reinet, and *Priva* as far as Somerset East.—Tr.

† Of the forms here named, not a few have since been discovered westward of the Kei River, and some even, as *Calpurnia* and *Zornia*, westward of the Fish River. The numerous discoveries in Kaffraria and Lower Albany of sub-tropical forms, or of species originally known from Natal, and not met with by Drège within the Colony, has suggested the existence of a migratory movement of such forms south-westward along the coast. Drège's examination of this region, however, was not full enough to serve as a basis for such an hypothesis; and a sufficient time has not elapsed since the later and fuller collections of MacOwan and others were formed, to enable us to come to any conclusion.—Tr.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS,

COLLECTED BY J. F. DREGE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

		I.			II.		III.								IV.				V.		
		a	bc	d	bc df	e	Aa	Ac	Ad	Ae	B	C	D	E	A	B	C ab	Cc	a	b	c
1– 7 Algae	97	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	67	..	..	2	1	1	..	34
8–11 Lichenes	145	14	..	1	1	4	..	..	..	65	19	2	2	..	3	..	9	1	52	17	7
12–16 Fungi	64	1	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	2	2	..	3	1	1	..	18	6	16	28	22
17–21 Hepaticae	17	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	3	1	1
22–24 Musci	65	7	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	24	2	..	2	1	2	1	14	..	6	14	2
4 Chareae	7	1	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	2	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
25 Equisetaceae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..
26–32 Filices	91	13	8	1	4	2	..	1	6	40	4	..	7	1	4	5	23	7	21	35	8
33–34 Marsileaceae	5	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..
35–36 Lycopodineae	5	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	1	..	2	1
Total of Acotyledons ...	497	39	8	6	8	7	1	1	8	146	31	2	16	70	10	6	70	17	104	98	75
42 Gramina	312	69	19	16	34	6	31	8	28	41	45	4	33	26	18	13	..	23	52	63	62
43 Cyperaceae	184	32	4	7	10	2	10	7	16	33	6	3	26	26	11	7	8	17	27	50	27
45 Restiaceae	191	2	..	..	3	7	11	26	34	84	..	1	18	16	20	12	..	13	3	1	..
51 Juncaceae	13	4	..	1	2	..	3	2	3	3	1	..	6	2	1	..	..	5	3	2	..
48 Commelyneae	8	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	2	3	2
49 Alismaceae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
53 Melanthaceae	16	32	3	1	1	..	2	1	2	3	2	5	3	1	1	..	..	1	..	..	..
55 Liliaceae	264	6	11	14	29	4	10	7	14	25	21	27	33	21	4	14	4	13	36	19	4
56 Smilaceae	51	2	1	5	7	..	..	..	3	6	7	1	7	2	1	..	2	6	8	6	2
57 Dioscoreae	12	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	1	6	1
61 Irideae	286	12	3	2	8	4	19	9	22	68	13	21	72	26	13	38	15	9	17	19	11
62 Haemodoraceae	9	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	5	..	..	3	1	2	1	..	..	1	..	..

63 Hypoxideae	37	10	..	..	..	1	5	..	..	6	1	..	7	2	..	1	..	4	10	2	3
64 Amaryllideae	45	9	3	1	2	..	..	..	5	7	1	..	5	3	1	3	..	4	6	9	2
65 Orchideae	122	7	..	..	..	2	6	1	10	35	..	1	21	4	11	12	19	13	17	22	2
70 Musaceae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	1	1
75 Palmae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
73 Typhaceae	2	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..
71 Naiadeae	13	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	3	1	..	..	..	6	2	..	3
72 Aroideae	5	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1
38 Cycadeae	9	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	1	..
Total of Monocotyledons ...	1586	188	44	48	98	27	99	61	138	316	98	63	241	131	83	102	51	118	192	205	123
39 Balanophoreae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1
40 Cytineae	3	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	2	..	..	1	..	..	..	..
76 Cupressinae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	..
78 Taxeae	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	..	..	1	..	..	..	2	1	2	1	1
81 Piperaceae	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	1	2	..
82 Saurureae	5	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	..	..	..	2	1	..
85 Podostemmeae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
87 Myriceae	8	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	3	1	1	1	..	1	1	1	..
88 Betulaceae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
91 Celtideae	7	1	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	1	2
92 Moreae	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	2
94 Urticeae	18	3	1	2	4	..	1	..	..	3	5	1	3	2	..	..	1	1	3	7	1
96 Antidesmeae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
99 Salicineae	5	1	..	..	1	..	1	1	1	..	1	1	2	1	..	1	..	1	..	..	1
101 Chenopodeae	25	2	..	9	5	..	1	..	1	1	8	1	3	7	..	..	..	..	1	1	2
102 Amarantaceae	17	2	2	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	..	..	..	..	2	2	5	10
103 Polygoneae	23	4	1	2	2	..	1	..	..	2	6	1	4	4	1	..	1	6	2	5	5
104 Nyctagineae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1
106 Laurineae	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	2	..	..	..	1	1	..	2	3
108 Santalaceae	36	3	1	1	1	..	2	2	8	15	1	1	3	4	8	1	2	2	7	4	1
Carried forward	182	17	7	17	17	..	6	4	13	27	27	8	25	23	11	3	11	18	25	34	31

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS—(continued).

		I.			II.		III.								IV.				V.		
		a	bc	d	bc df	e	Aa	Ac	Ad	Ae	B	C	D	E	A	B	C ab	Cc	a	b	c
Brought forward	182	17	7	17	17	..	6	4	13	27	27	8	25	23	11	3	11	18	25	34	31
109 Daphnoideae	75	7	3	1	2	1	4	3	7	20	1	2	16	7	9	2	8	4	7	8	9
112 Penaeaceae.....	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	2	1	5	1	1	2	..	..	..
113 Proteaceae	157	..	..	..	..	13	1	13	32	58	..	..	29	30	35	23	12	10	3	3	1
116 Plantagineae	6	2	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	2	1	..	2	..	1	1	1	..
117 Plumbagineae	10	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	1	..	3	..	..	..	2	..	1	1
118 Valerianeae	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..
119 Dipsaceae	11	2	..	1	2	..	1	1	1	3	..	..	2	1	..	..	..	1	3	3	..
120 Compositae	1110	129	58	63	93	72	60	51	108	181	118	65	145	142	79	90	29	94	126	118	77
123 Goodeniaceae.....	16	1	..	..	..	1	2	1	1	3	..	1	4	2	..	4	2	1	2	3	1
124 Lobeliaceae	56	6	..	2	1	1	..	3	1	15	..	1	12	6	6	5	1	5	7	12	4
125 Campanulaceae	75	6	2	1	2	1	4	4	5	16	5	1	14	14	5	6	..	6	9	6	4
127 Rubiaceae	88	8	..	5	3	..	2	2	2	12	2	..	5	2	3	3	2	6	19	15	28
129 Jasmineae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	2	1	1
130 Oleaceae	6	2	1	..	..	..	1	1	..	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	..	..
131 Loganiaceae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
132 Apocyneae.....	9	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	4	2	2
133 Asclepiadeae.....	104	25	6	8	13	4	4	4	3	5	8	1	5	6	2	6	1	15	29	31	11
134 Gentianeae.....	28	3	1	1	1	..	..	1	4	8	1	..	9	4	2	3	..	4	6	7	3
136 Labiatae.....	79	8	5	10	6	1	2	1	8	4	5	2	4	4	..	5	4	7	19	32	17
137 Verbenaceae.....	18	..	1	1	3	..	1	1	1	1	1	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	3	6	6
138 Stilbeae	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	..	..	1	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..
140 Selagineae	69	5	9	1	7	2	4	4	16	16	10	5	11	10	5	7	2	8	4	3	2
143 Borragineae.....	52	8	2	..	7	..	7	3	4	7	5	..	7	5	3	2	1	3	5	3	1
144 Convolvulaceae	36	6	1	4	1	..	1	..	1	2	..	..	3	1	..	1	1	5	9	7	13
147 Hydroleaceae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..

148 Solanaceae	41	4	..	3	6	1	..	..	1	5	2	2	3	6	1	..	3	1	8	10	7
149 Scrophularinae	170	26	9	8	17	7	3	2	10	15	31	26	19	20	4	17	5	10	22	27	12
150 Acanthaceae	66	2	..	1	6	1	4	..	..	..	8	1	..	1	..	..	1	10	10	24	22
151 Bignoniaceae	9	1	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	2
152 Gesneriaceae	2	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	2	..
153 Pedalinae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
154 Orobancheae	12	3	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	4	1	..	..	3	2	..	..	..	2	1	1
155 Utricularinae	6	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	2	1	2	3
156 Primulaceae	5	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2	2	..	2	..	2	3	..	1
157 Myrsineae	4	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	1	..	1	..	3	..	1
158 Sapoteae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	1	1	1	2
159 Ebenaceae	27	2	2	2	2	2	2	4	1	4	2	2	3	4	1	..	3	3	10	4	3
161 Ericaceae	167	1	..	..	..	14	2	5	27	77	..	..	16	19	40	14	5	11	3	..	..
162 Umbelliferae	104	12	2	5	8	4	4	3	13	30	3	2	17	10	9	8	..	10	16	11	8
163 Araliaceae	3	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	2
164 Ampelideae	21	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	4	2	10	4	5
166 Loranthеae	17	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	1	9	1	..	3	..	..	1	1	3	3	1
168 Bruniaceae	38	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	20	..	..	4	4	7	2	..	3	..	..	..
169 Crassulaceae	108	9	5	14	12	10	2	1	7	14	10	4	10	12	2	7	1	9	18	6	5
170 Saxifrageae	3	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	2	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
172 Menispermeae	8	1	1	1	1	1	..	..	1	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	2	..
174 Anonaceae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
178 Ranunculaceae	23	1	1	2	..	1	..	..	1	4	..	..	4	..	2	..	1	..	6	2	1
180 Papaveraceae	8	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	..	1	2	..	1	..	..
181 Cruciferae	87	10	9	9	8	6	9	3	6	12	7	10	18	10	3	4	..	2	8	4	3
182 Capparideae	13	..	1	1	3	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	5	1	3
183 Resedaceae	4	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
185 Nymphaeaceae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..
189 Droseraceae	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	7	..	..	2	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
190 Violaceae	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	1	..	2	1
192 Frankeniaceae	3	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
194 Samydeae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Carried forward	3179	316	127	169	232	144	128	119	291	589	257	141	401	360	238	223	109	260	423	407	299

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF PLANTS—(continued).

		I.			II.		III.								IV.				V.		
		a	bc	d	bc df	e	Aa	Ac	Ad	Ae	B	C	D	E	A	B	C ab	Cc	a	b	c
Brought forward	3179	316	127	169	232	144	128	119	291	589	257	141	401	360	238	225	109	260	423	407	299
195 Bixaceae.....	2	1	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..
196 Homalinae.....	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..
197 Passiflorae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	2
199 Loaseae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
202 Cucurbitaceae	35	3	3	5	5	1	..	..	1	..	2	..	1	1	..	..	1	3	5	11	7
203 Begoniaceae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..
204 Cacteae.....	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
205 Mesembryanthemae	69	2	1	9	11	1	..	..	1	8	2	7	13	11	1	8	..	1	3	..	..
206 Portulacaceae.....	49	3	2	6	12	3	1	2	4	3	9	3	2	8	1	3	..	4	2	1	1
207 Caryophylleae	62	8	4	4	4	..	4	3	5	14	16	3	14	10	2	7	2	7	6	5	5
208 Phytolacceae	9	4	..	1	1	..	..	..	1	..	3	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	1
209 Malvaceae.....	68	7	..	4	5	..	2	1	2	4	1	..	4	2	1	3	2	7	10	14	27
211 Buettneriaceae	99	7	6	6	14	12	2	2	4	6	11	3	8	8	4	13	6	3	14	4	2
212 Tiliaceae	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	1	1	5	6
218 Hypericinae.....	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	2	1	1
219 Elatineae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	1
221 Tamariscinae.....	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
223 Olacineae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	1
225 Meliaceae.....	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	6
228 Malpighiaceae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
229 Erythroxyleae.....	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
230 Sapindaceae.....	5	..	1	..	..	1	2	..	..	..	1	2	1	..	..	1	..	..	1	1	..
233 Polygaleae.....	112	11	2	1	3	8	2	2	5	24	3	3	16	13	6	7	7	7	13	7	6
236 Celastrinae.....	40	5	..	1	3	..	..	..	1	3	1	..	3	1	2	1	3	5	11	7	4
38 Ilicinae.	12	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	2	..	..	2	..	..	..	2	4	1	3	1

239 Rhamneae	56	1	..	..	2	5	4	4	9	17	1	..	12	11	3	2	2	7	1	3	1
243 Euphorbiaceae	135	10	2	4	10	6	3	1	6	12	14	2	9	12	10	2	7	13	21	26	17
245 Anacardiaceae	65	9	3	2	4	1	2	4	6	8	5	1	10	3	2	1	..	5	13	15	7
248 Ochnaceae	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	1	..	2
251 Diosmeae	105	..	..	..	..	9	2	4	12	33	..	1	12	17	8	4	9	7	3	1	1
253 Zygophylleae	44	1	1	3	3	3	..	..	3	..	8	6	4	7	1	1	..	1	1	2	1
254 Geraniaceae	169	15	6	6	15	3	10	12	19	29	28	7	20	15	9	21	6	15	17	7	4
255 Lineae	6	..	1	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	1	1	1	1	..	1	2	3	..
256 Oxalideae	83	3	1	..	2	1	3	..	7	9	1	13	40	6	1	..	..	1	1	5	2
257 Balsamineae	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	1	1
261 Combretaceae	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2	2	1
263 Rhizophoreae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
265 Oenothereae	7	2	1	1	1	1	..	..	1	3	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	3	1
266 Halorageae	4	1	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	1	..	1	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	2
267 Lythrariae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	1
268 Melastomaceae	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	2
269 Myrtaceae	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	3
272 Rosaceae	71	7	2	1	1	2	2	2	2	25	4	2	9	6	9	5	2	5	5	4	1
275 Papilionaceae	496	47	9	11	21	17	23	25	39	87	28	11	88	46	32	25	19	32	57	88	66
277 Mimoseae	14	1	..	1	1	..	1	1	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	6	8
Total Dicotyledons	5909	463	172	235	352	216	192	186	424	881	411	205	675	539	331	330	184	405	624	642	495
Total Phanerogams	6595	651	216	283	450	243	291	247	562	1197	509	268	916	670	414	432	235	523	816	847	615
Total Plants	7092	690	224	289	458	250	292	248	570	1343	540	270	932	740	424	438	305	540	920	945	690

Epithalamion.

AFTER THE FASHION OF THE ANCIENTS.

Wake up, my Muses, for a nobler strain :
Sing that all earth may ring,
And Heaven with all its echoes answer you again.

A noble youth once touched Colonia's shore !
A vision bright
He passed before her sight,
Colonia hailed him with a loyal pride,
And on her forehead—" Welcome to Prince Alfred," bore,
Raise now to him, your Prince, your sailor-boy,
A jubilee of overflowing joy ;
And weave the garlands, maidens, for your Alfred's bride.

The Graces three
In bond of unity,
Have risen from the sweet Elysian plain,
And each has sung her hymeneal strain.
Round and round they lead the mazy motion,
Dancing to the rippling music of the ocean ;
The chaste nymphs throng
To join their song,

And all the sea-shore sounds to Marie's praises.
Ocean refrains not, but his voice in concert raises.
From East to West
A brilliancy has come,
That with unwonted splendour lighteth up the land—
Let Phoebus veil his face for shame,
And Luna hide her virgin breast,
For Marie has outshone their lesser flame.
Hail, Princess Marie, to thine island home,
Bring peace and plenty with thee by thy fairy wand.

Then Muses, Graces, all renew the strain ;
Sing that the earth may ring,
And Heaven with all its echoes answer you again,
Proclaim throughout Victoria's wide domain,
That now her son
The fairest gem has won,
That ever the far Scythian court did hide,
The newest, purest pearl that decks Victoria's reign.
Fill high the bowl, and bless the royal pair ;
Youths crown the goblets for your Marie fair,
And weave the garlands, maidens, for your Alfred's bride.

From Graham's Town to the Gold-fields.

A PHYSICIAN'S HOLIDAY.

PART I.

A CRASH and a smash, and a whizzing roar, crunching the life out of every pore as I ploughed up the gravel—head first—with loud snore and lay rolled in a heap,—and all was o'er !—

"Concussion of the brain !" said I, waking suddenly and looking up through the streaming blood at the terrified bystanders trying to raise me—"Let me lie, let me lie !" but my diagnosis was wrong; it must have been something more than mere concussion of the brain, for the least attempt, for a week or more, to move or raise my head, brought back the same dreadful feeling of being ground to death in a mill—the same horrid hurdy-gurdy in my brain threatened to repeat the performance, so I altered my will and lay quite still, dreaming away the idle hours obliviously. Then came jellies and custards, and silent friends with solemn look and noiseless step,—and I began to recover the use of mind and limb, and to feel how "awfully jolly" it is to recover under such circumstances; then faint whispers would reach me of how it occurred, and how the little girl was progressing whose leg was broken by the runaway horses, and how the wretched coachman escaped after throwing away the reins and jumping off, leaving me to my fate. A fortnight in bed and the knock on the head had drained off all muscular power, and it was clear from my faulty diagnosis in my own case, that the *medical half* of my brain, at any rate, required a holiday, so I booked myself for the Diamond-fields by short and easy stages, taking my chance of obtaining a seat by each succeeding coach.

On the second day the Cradock spire glistening in the sunshine greets us from afar, straining to pierce the heavens, with the flat-topped "Speckboomberg" towering far above it. A long thin strip of civilization—green, dotted with white—next appears, and we enter Cradock itself, baking in its brown clay bed between basaltic rocks and bare brown sandstone mountains,—a narrow fringe of gardens on the eastern bank of the Great Fish River, with low brick houses in long parallel streets, blue gums, poplars and pomegranate fences, a flagstaff, and a really pretty church, spoilt by big breathing holes like spiracles ranged in a row beneath the roof—a quaint device, no doubt, of the sarcastic architect to let off the superfluous steam in that hot neighbourhood. Crowds of gossippers in the streets, but no wagon, for the long drought had stopped all traffic; and there lay Cradock—fast, fussy Cradock—with its boasting "bricks" shouting furiously (after the manner of all small towns) for its *own direct line* of railway, like a desolate cow by the roadside bellowing for her dead calf! "You may bellow," thought I as we passed, "but it will never come." When funds are low, and limited railways should serve both

local and general purposes, and be made, as far as possible, reproductive, *we should help each other ;*—but the popular notion seems to be "push on to the Diamond-fields at once, before the diamonds get too deep to pay for extraction," and then ——? "Load up dead springbucks!" suggests a Dopper Boer sarcastically, "laay maar op springbokken!" "You doctors ride" (said one of these worthy wits) "as if you feared that your horse would knock up *before you could get there!*" So perhaps with *too hot* haste the "iron horse" may break down too.

Cradock was to have been my first halting-place ; but the refreshing sleep and the balmy air, and the soft delicious rain of a previous night at Daggaboer's had so invigorated me that I decided to go on. How wonderful the effects of sleep and rain on human and terrestrial life, worn down by long privation of these necessities of existence!

We cross by a costly iron bridge to the *wrong* side of the river, for by keeping on the Cradock side the expense of the bridge and of *many miles* of road might have been saved, so, at least, it appeared to me a stranger. On we go through the dreary veld, dusty and dry and desolate, past Michau's dead vineyard, and ostriches panting as if in a dying state, where only Boers seem to vegetate. No grass, no shrub, no vestige of green, not a beast, or bird, or a cloud to be seen on the barren hills or the flats between—no sign of life, not a flock or a herd, only *ourselves*, and the scavenger bird hopping about in his funeral cloak, with his solemn, sad-desponding croak—"*naar! naar!!*" (queer-queer!)—nothing left for a crow to eat here! No solitary aasvogel—only the crow looking askance at the skeletons bare that lay by the roadside everywhere,—*They had eaten the last ox long ago!*

On, on, through the brown karoo and over bare kopjes of browner hue, over iron-stone boulders and arid plains gaping wide for the summer rains, we wend our monotonous way till night, when Philip's inn is hailed with delight, and we sleep with loud energy *seven*-deep in a room where not more than *one* should sleep! Long before dawn we are off again, rumbling over the rusty plain, till daylight showed us in the distance table-topped hills and conical peaks of ethereal blue—Tebus and Tafelberg, Doornberg and Platberg—with long serrated ridges of bare rock in front and around us on every side ;—happy springboks welcome the sunrise, leaping madly over the road and bounding along by our side, to the infinite amazement of one of our first-class passengers on the box with me, admiring and staring at everything. He had not been a month from London, and had come to see our world with two Jewish friends—a fellow of infinite fun and loud mirth quite irrepressible. His dress was Cape white (*i.e.*, somewhat dirty,) with a fine florid complexion, red lips and a pinkish nose, and still redder eyes, and *such* an expressive look, and, a stump-tail still more expressive! How he strains at his collar and shouts at the bucks not a hundred yards off,—but alas! poor "Bull" is muzzled and chained for fear of accidents, although £18 10s. was

paid for his passage up to the Fields! A hard case, truly, as all of us felt it; he was so gentle and amiable, and full of life; in fact, the pet passenger. So we took off his muzzle and lifted him out of the boot, and he sat by me on the box helping to take notes. I saw him go up to a wolf that was caught in a trap a few weeks before, and the two met and greeted familiarly, smelling each other and fraternizing in the most friendly way as if both belonged to one family; but what could he, of London, know of such distant relatives at the Cape? We were sixteen passengers in all, ten inside and six out—or reckoning our friend in the boot, seven—and a more jolly hilarious crew never sailed in a desert ship.

On the third day at six p.m. we reached Colesberg, a desolate dorp of unplastered houses and universal rock—fit home for wild bushmen and rock-rabbits only, yet chosen by Boers for their "church-place" in the olden time on account of the water which, dammed up by igneous dikes, flows on with continuous trickle all the year round. These intermittent Boer villages, filling but four times a year at the "Nachtmaal," like Colesberg, Philippolis, Jacobsdal—are empty the rest of the year or nearly so—half of the houses at least being closed and untenanted. In this season of drought its aspect was particularly cheerless and uninviting. The baked karoo soil, the bare rocks and black fetid ditch breeding fever; whilst famine peeped through the boulders!—no wonder its worthy Professor Shaw writes "on the *desiccation* of South Africa." Living in such a home what else could he write about? The very ink dries up as you write, and the reflected heat from its rock-bound sides parches the throat and chokes all utterance. Who could stay in a place like this, with famine threatening and fever rife, who had any regard for health or life? So off again in the early dawn, to the snort of the horses and shrieks of the horn, waking the sleepers and snorers that dwell by the ditch in that narrow rocky dell; not the bark of a dog nor a shrill cock-crow (the cocks were all slaughtered *long ago?*) nothing to greet us as we go, but the bugle and rumble of Cobb & Co. The sun is peeping over the blue mountains, throwing long shadows across the plain, and the korhaans and paauws hide their heads or pretend to do so as we pass, whilst the springbucks gambol and gallop off, and we descend slowly through a poort to the Orange River, and get a glimpse of the "railway country" beyond it, a sea of mountains with never a gap between—interminable, and to all appearance impracticable for railways—yet we go up by successive small rock-bound flats to the wide plains beyond, with mountains only in the extreme horizon, the railway plateau of South Africa.

Jacobus Paulus Voesse.

A COUNTRY STORY.

A VERY readable book might be written containing nothing but incidents of travel and experience amongst the rural population of this Colony; but to make it acceptable or even tolerable it should be written by one who, by long residence amongst the colonists and by a thorough knowledge of their language and habits of thought, is able fully to enter into the genius, spirit, and humour of people; above all they should be pure and simple—not hashes and made-up tales. There would be one serious difficulty in the way, and that is, that without the free use of the Dutch patois of the colonists, justice could frequently not be done; such would notably be the case in telling the many humorous tales that might be collected by any one of any lengthened experience amongst the Boers. To a resident with even a very partial knowledge of the Cape Dutch the free use of that language would give piquancy; but to others, of course, it would be very objectionable. I have been led to make these remarks upon reading the "Boer Stories" in the last number of the *Cape Monthly*. The writer is well qualified to do his stories justice, and I hope we shall have many more from his pen. After reading the "Experiences of a Country Agent," too, I expect that many another country agent will be tempted to put on paper, in a readable form, *his* experiences; I confess to having caught the *cacoethes scribendi* myself from that writer, and by way of experiment present you with the following.

As you are aware, dear reader, if a colonist, by the term "general agent" is meant one who, in addition to supplying the wants of the farmer and disposing of—if not purchasing his produce,—acting as his banker, his guide, philosopher, and friend, his adviser under every possible circumstance in which he may be placed, also undertakes to see his client through any matter involving reference to the Circuit Court or that of the Resident Magistrate. I had only very lately been installed as junior clerk in an office of this kind, the principal of which being a man of considerable ability, and one who commanded the respect and confidence of all who came in contact with him, when one broiling summer day—more years ago than I care to count—a huge, ungainly Ruggens' Boer stepped into our office, saying that he had a "Zaak op handen," and wished to see the chief. Our visitor was a fair specimen of the unwashed "finger pol," as the residents of the Zwarte Ruggens were called in those days. He certainly could not boast of much blue blood in his veins; his complexion was none of the fairest—neither black not white, but a lovely brown—as near as possible the colour of the sixpenny sugar in our bin. His hair was of that particular kind and colour known as "vos-kroes," half-way between the Hottentot's "peeper correl" and

the straight, European carrot crop. He was dressed in home-made moleskin; his hat was one of Dormehl's very heaviest and best, weighing some 6 lbs., so stiffened with glue that it could never be coaxed into altering the shape which had been given it by the block; while his feet were cased in untanned and undressed "veld schoenen." His head and half his face were bandaged up with some dirty white rags, which gave him a most woe-begone look, and the cloths interfered most awkwardly with the fit of his hat, so that it had to be piled loosely on the top of, instead of fitting on, his head. Upon the arrival of Mr. B——, our client at once proceeded to undo the bandages from his face and exhibited his left eye and one half of his face much swollen and disfigured, resplendent in every colour of the rainbow. "Kyk daar, mynheer!" he said, and then burst into tears. When he had managed to gulp down his feelings a little, he proceeded to describe the manner in which he had come by this disfigurement. I will not trouble you, dear reader, by giving you his very circumstantial account of the affair, which combined a detailed history of every incident in his eventful life—no matter how trivial or irrelevant—for a couple of days before and after the event. It appears that our client attended a sale of effects, held by a widow of her deceased husband's estate, at which the usual priming of Cape "smoke" was freely indulged in, under the excitement of which a quarrel had arisen between some of the heirs—a sort of general *melée*—during which, he said, the widow had hurled *a ladder* at him and caused the damage complained of. After hearing the whole of his story, Mr. B—— advised his client to settle the matter amicably without going into court, but our friend had set his heart on the luxury of a law suit, and nothing would induce him to forego that pleasure, and I was directed to prepare a power of attorney. Addressing the complainant, I inquired, "Wat is oom zyn naam als ik vraagen magt?" Upon which, after stroking his hair over his eyes, he broke out with, "J-a, Ja—c-o, co—Jaco, b-u-s, bus—Jacobus: p-a-u, pau—Jacobus Pau: l-u-s, lus—Jacobus Paulus: v-o-e, voe—Jacobus Paulus Voe: z-e-e, zee—Jacobus Paulus Voessee, is my naam, my neef," with a sigh of relief as he concluded this long-winded and very primitive mode of spelling his name. For the fun of the thing I pretended not to have caught it the first time, and made him go through the same (to him very severe exercise) two or three times. The document duly prepared, he had, of course, to sign it; this was a very formidable matter to him, his hand, he said, "shook so." Could not "neef" do it for him; it was "so warm," and so on. No, no; there was no help for it: he must overcome his scruples, &c., and do it himself. By way of preparation, he took his jacket off and went on to his knees at the corner of the writing-table. Would "enkelde letters" do, or must the horrid name be given in full? "Oh! in full by all means," I replied, for I enjoyed the joke. After making several preparatory movements to free his arm for action, with pen in hand he began the task. Commencing

about the middle of a sheet of foolscap, he struck out desperately with a small "j" but of most unusual proportions. I thought it best at once at starting to tell him that if he kept up that style of thing he would run short of paper. This caused him to pull up very abruptly and to make an unnecessarily small "a," but he could not be bound by any such enslaving considerations, and he soon relapsed again into the error of his way, and the result was a marshalling out an array of very rugged letters, amongst them a most formidable "o," descending diagonally towards the right hand corner of the sheet, setting at defiance all the ordinary rules of orthography. In a most arbitrary manner he had used capital letters in the middle of a word, but always began his names, humbly, with small ones: that is, I mean, not with capitals. By the time he got to the "Voe" of his surname he began to realise the truth and force of my warning, for his space in a direct line was exhausted, he had got to the length of his tether. Looking up with a troubled countenance to me as I stood over him, he inquired, "Hoe nu, my neef." "Oh, slaat de blad om, oom," I said, and he did so accordingly, putting the "zee" in the uppermost left hand corner on the back of the paper. He remarked, "Dat lyk zoo snaaks," in which I fully agreed with him; but as he had written it so it remained, and doubtless still lies buried in the archives of the Magistrate's Court.

But while describing this preliminary matter of the power of attorney, I am forgetting the purpose of it,—that our friend Jacobus Paulus had instituted an action against the widow for assault and battery. As the parties would have to be duly summoned, together with the witnesses, which would necessitate a week's delay, our client decided that rather than go all the way home and back he would remain in the town and see the affair over before he left, and, in order to utilize the intervening time as much as possible, he decided upon having his three youngest children baptized, as he had up to that time omitted attending to the matter. There was much to be done before the eventful Sunday arrived in the way of preparing suitable clothing for father, mother, and three children, so as to cut a decent figure in church, the ceremony having to be gone through before the whole congregation after the service. Our friend Cobus indulged in the extravagance of English patent leather boots, at that time quite the rage amongst the farmers.

Sunday arrived; and after much ado in the way of cutting and contriving, the party was dressed out in very tolerable style. It is true that at the last hour it was found that little Piet's unmentionables had been forgotten, which certainly, as he wore skirts, did not so much matter, but a happy thought occurred to his mother at the critical moment,—it was to cut the sleeves from the father's "linnebaay shirt," tie them above the knee, and button them knickerbocker fashion round the ankle by the wristband. This answered to admiration. The getting on of the father's boots was no easy matter, and the delay in accomplishing that feat made them full late at

church. Arrived there, the mother took the three children with her into the body of the church, while Cobus filed off at the door, and betook himself to the gallery; his secret reason for this was that his boots had begun to pinch his feet terribly, and he hoped by going to the gallery, that part of the church being but little frequented, to obtain some relief by taking them off. He had no sooner gained his seat than he proceeded in hot haste to divest himself of his tormentors. This in itself was no easy task, as his great feet, which had the greater part of his life enjoyed perfect freedom from restraint, had never been encased in anything more binding than veldschoens, made very loosely of untanned leather. His object gained, he sat at the edge of the gallery with his bare feet—socks being discarded as quite unnecessary—resting against the rails in front, while he looked over into the body of the church. The minister had got well into his sermon, when he abruptly and quite unexpectedly ended, and called upon those who had children to be baptized to come forward. Some six or seven couples arranged themselves with their children in front of the pulpit, and amongst them Mrs. Cobus and her trio,—but where was Cobus himself? Ah, poor fellow; the moment the minister had stopped, he grasped frantically at his boots, and made desperate efforts at getting them on, but all to no avail; the day was warm, and his feet swollen, but he tugged and tugged away most manfully, first at one foot and then at another, till the loops of each gave way, and he saw that his case was a hopeless one. Oh, that he had but his much-despised veldschoens even there; but no, all were waiting for him, the wife looked up towards him and beckoned to him to come; the eyes of the whole congregation were fixed upon him, but all that they could see of him was his flushed and heated face bobbing about from side to side over the banisters in a most unaccountable manner, as the poor fellow made one more desperate effort to get his "blink-leers" on. I regret to say that his efforts were not crowned with the success that his devotion to the cause merited, so slipping his feet loosely into the legs or tops of the boots, he made slow and awkward advances towards the head of the descending stairs, but the first step he took his boot slipped off, and fell down all the way to the bottom with a horrid toc-toc-toc. Quickly pulling the other off, he chased the deserter in his bare feet to the foot of the stairs, where he made one more desperate effort to gain his point, but without success, after which he seemed to give himself up resignedly to his fate, and taking his Wellingtons up in his hands by the tops, he walked up bare-footed to the group as they stood ranged ready to have the sacred rite performed, a sadder if not a better man, but cutting a somewhat undignified figure. The ceremony passed off without any other *contretemps*. The minister, however, inquired how it happened that he brought three children at once to be christened,—it was proof, he said, that he must have neglected his church lately. Cobus explained that it "was door de droogte," which satisfied the minister at the time, and he went on to read the form of service prescribed. Cobus, not

understanding such high Dutch, fancied that Mr. V— was lecturing him all the time, and would exclaim with more vehemence each time, "Dit is maar door de droogte,"—"Hoor tog, Mynheer," much to the annoyance and interruption of Mynheer.

The case against the widow was gone into in due course before the Magistrate, but as was to be expected under the circumstances, the evidence of the many witnesses was most conflicting, and there was a great deal of hard swearing on both sides. The Magistrate dismissed the complaint, thinking most probably that there was as much fault on one side as on the other; and the only satisfaction that friend Cobus got was that of paying a pretty heavy bill for witnesses' expenses, and thus ended the first and last lawsuit of Jacobus Paulus Voessee.

Agassiz and the Darwinian Theory.

Of the character of the great naturalist so recently departed, we give the following memorial extract from the *New York Tribune*:—

Professor Agassiz was simple in dress and mode of living. His figure was somewhat under the medium height, his massive head, slightly inclined forward, rested on a thickset and sturdy frame, the natural expression of his face was of cordiality and good humour, his large eyes of bluish grey were ever ready to brighten with kindly interest when a student was seeking information or telling of what might, perhaps, be a new discovery. But whether the thought presented was new or old, Professor Agassiz rarely failed to bring forth from the storehouse of his memory some illustrative or cognate fact investing the subject with a broader significance. His lectures and public addresses were, with few exceptions, extemporaneous, or, at all events, largely dependent upon the inspiration of the moment for their form of words. He was a fluent speaker, using English, though evidently not a varnacular tongue, with ease and accuracy, hesitating, or rather pausing sometimes for a moment, not as if there was any deficiency of thought or words, but as if he was in doubt which to select from a throng of ideas presenting themselves. The secret of his great personal influence, which enabled him to secure from wealth the assistance that his extensive scientific undertakings required, lay principally in his singleness of soul. He had but one object ever in view, and other matters were not merely subsidiary—they were all but forgotten. To science he was not only an humble student, a ministering priest—he was a self-abandoned devotee. A business man was urging him to become a partner in some commercial undertaking in which the technical knowledge of Professor Agassiz was to be regarded as an equivalent for the capital and mercantile experience of the other members of the firm. "You would make any amount of money in the business," said the man of dollars. "I have no time to make money," said the man of science. Somewhat similar is another incident which he mentioned in private conversation, with the request that it should not be repeated with names. A publishing firm wrote to him urging him to write a book on natural history for use in schools, and offering him a large pecuniary inducement. "I wrote them," said he, and his eyes sparkled with indignation, "that I was not the man to do this sort of work; and I told them, too, that the less of this work was done the better. It is not school books that we want, it is students. The book of nature is always open. All that I can write and say shall be to make them study that book, and not pin their faith to any other." The self-denial of Professor Agassiz may be better appreciated when it is mentioned that the salary of his professorship was only 1,500 dollars a year. His love for truth in science was only equalled by his antipathy to shams and falsehoods. In the rare instances

where he thought imposition was practised, it called forth from him a fierce wrath that astonished those who had only seen the gentler side of his nature. Some friends made an arrangement, when a noted exhibition of "spiritualists" was in progress, to have a scientific investigation of the alleged "phenomena," and invited Professor Agassiz to make one of the party. He turned his back upon his friends, pointing them to the open door in almost speechless anger, and only adverted to it afterward in expressions of surprise that anybody who knew him should insult him by asking him thus to waste his time. He added to his other enterprises last summer the Natural History School at Penikese, the island presented and the school endowed by the liberality of our townsman, Mr. Anderson. The responsibility of these great enterprises weighed upon him, and perhaps hastened the conclusion of his labours. There is none to fill his place. A great light has gone out in the halls of science, and the remaining torches burn but dimly. But the work that he has accomplished remains, and the vast accessions to science which are due to his efforts will be the most enduring monuments.

We have made these extracts here as only introductory to longer and more important ones from the latest writings of Agassiz himself, published also posthumously in the *Atlantic Monthly* for January last. We hear the Darwinian theory so often spoken of by sciolists and dogmatists as an established and demonstrated truth, that it will serve a good purpose to show that one of the foremost, if not the very first, naturalist of the age rejects it altogether as being anything more than a mere interesting speculation. The article from which we quote is entitled *Evolution and Permanence of Type:*—

It is not my intention to take up categorically all the different points on which the modern theory of transmutation is based. Metamorphosis plays a large part in it, and it is treated as an evidence of transition from one animal into another. The truth is that metamorphosis, like all embryonic growth, is a normal process of development, moving in regular cycles, returning always to the same starting-point, and leading always to the same end; such are the alternate generations in the lower animals and the metamorphoses in higher ones, as in the butterflies and other insects, or in certain reptiles, frogs and toads, salamanders, and the like. In some of these types the development lasts for a long time, and the stages of embryonic growth are often so distinct that, until the connection between them is traced, each phase may seem like a separate existence, whereas they are only chapters in one and the same life. I have myself watched carefully all the successive changes of development in the North American Axolotl, whose recently discovered metomorphoses have led to much discussion in connection with the mordern doctrine of evolution. I can see no difference between this and other instances of metamorphosis. Certain organs, conspicuous in one phase of the animal's life, are resorbed and disappear in a succeeding phase. But this does not differ at all from like processes in the toads and frogs, for instance; nor does it even differ essentially from like processes in the ordinary growth of all animals The higher Vertebrates, including man himself, breathe through gill like organs in the early part of their life. These gills disappear and give place to lungs only in a later phase of their existence. Metamorphoses have all the constancy and invariability of other modes of embryonic growth, and have never been known to lead to any transition of one species into another.

Another fertile topic in connection with this theory is that of heredity. No one can deny that inheritance is a powerful factor in the maintenance of race and in the improvement of breeds and varieties. But it has never been known that acquired qualities, even though retained through successive generations, have led to the production of new species. Darwin's attractive style is never more alluring than in connection with this subject His concise and effective phrases have the weight of aphorisms and pass current for principles, when they may be only unfounde assertions. Such is "the survival of the fittest." After reading some

chapters of The Descent of Man, could any one doubt, unless indeed he happened to be familiar with the facts, that animals, possessing certain advantages over others, are necessarily winners in the race of life? And yet *it is not true* that, outside of the influence of man, there are, in nature, privileged individuals among animals capable of holding on to a positive gain, generation after generation, and of transmitting successfully their peculiarities until they become the starting point for another step; the descendants losing at last, through this cumulative process, all close resemblance to their progenitors. *Is is not true* that a slight variation, among the successive offspring of the same stock, goes on increasing until the difference amounts to a specific distinction. On the contrary, it is a matter of fact that extreme variations finally degenerate or become sterile; like monstrosities they die out, or return to their type.

The whole subject of inheritance is exceedingly intricate, working often in a seemingly crapicious and fitful way. Qualities, both good and bad, are dropped as well as acquired, and the process ends sometimes in the degradation of the type and the survival of the unfit rather than the fittest. The most trifling and fantastic tricks of inheritance are quoted in support of the transmutation theory; but little is said of the sudden apparition of powerful original qualities which almost always rise like pure creations and are gone with their day and generation. The noblest gifts are exceptional, and are rarely inherited; this very fact seems to me an evidence of something more and higher than mere evolution and transmission concerned in the problem of life.

In the same way, the matter of natural and sexual selection is susceptible of very various interpretations. No doubt, on the whole, Nature protects her best. But it would not be difficult to bring together an array of facts as striking as those produced by the evolutionists in favour of their theory, to show that sexual selection is by no means always favourable to the elimination of the chaff and the preservation of the wheat. A natural attraction, independent of strength or beauty, is an unquestionable element in this problem, and its action is seen among animals as well as among men. The fact that fine progeny are not infrequently the offspring of weak parents and *vice versa* points perhapsto some innate power of redress by which the caprices of choice are counterbalanced. But there can be no doubt that types are as often endangered as protected by the so-called law of sexual selection.

As to the influence of climate and physical conditions, we all know their power for evil and for good upon living beings. But there is, nevertheless, nothing more striking in the whole book of nature than the power shown by types and species to resist physical conditions. Endless evidence may be brought from the whole expanse of land and air and water, showing that identical physical conditions will do nothing toward the merging of species into one another, neither will variety of conditions do anything toward their multiplication. One thing only we know absolutely, and in this treacherous, marshy ground of hypothesis and assumption, it is pleasant to plant one's foot occasionally upon a solid fact here and there. Whatever be the means of preserving and transmitting properties, the primitive types have remained permanent and unchanged—in the long succession of ages amid all the appearance and disappearance of kinds, the fading away of one species and the coming in of another—from the earliest geological periods to the present day. How these types were first introduced, how the species which have successively represented them have replaced one another,—these are the vital questions to which no answer has been given. We are as far from any satisfactory solution of this problem as if development theories had never been discussed.

The most advanced Darwinians seem reluctant to acknowledge the intervention of an intellectual power in the diversity which obtains in nature, under the plea that such an admission implies distinct creative acts for every species. What of it, if it were true? Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And what are thoughts but specific acts of the mind? Why should it then be unscientific to infer that the facts of nature are the result of a similar process, since there is no evidence of any other cause? The world has arisen

some way or other. How it originated is the great question, and Darwin's theory, like all other attempts to explain the origin of life, is thus far mere conjectural. I believe he has not even made the best conjecture possible in the present state of our knowledge.

The more I look at the great complex of the animal world, the more sure do I feel that we have not yet reached its hidden meaning, and the more do I regret that the young and ardent spirits of our day give themselves to speculation rather than to close and accurate investigation.

Notes and Queries.

From among a series of replies to the Query published in our last respecting Tennyson's Dream of Fair Women, we select the following :—

The following passage from *Libellus a Margareta More, Chelseiæ inceptus*, goes a long way to show that she, the daughter of Sir Thomas More, was the fair woman alluded to by Tennyson, but does not explain the allusion "in her last trance"———

"Nor lookt I up, till aneath the Bridge-Gate, when casting upward a fearsome Look, I beheld the dark Outline of the ghastly yet precious Relic; and falling into a Tremour did wring my hands and exclaym, "Alas! alas, that Head hath lain full manie a Time in my Lap; woulde God, woulde God, it lay there now!" When o' suddain I saw the Pole tremble and sway towards me; and stretching forth my Apron, I did, in an extasy of Gladness, Pity, and Horror, catch its Burthen as it fell."—p. 262.

Δ

Delta's inquiry about Tennyson's allusion in his "Dream of Fair Women" may, I think, be answered by giving the names of Sir Thomas More and his daughter Margaret Roper. If you recollect, as a great favour, the Chancellor begged the King to let his family follow his funeral after his execution. Thereupon Margaret, her brother Richard More, and a younger sister, went early in the morning to London Bridge where their dear father's head was exposed as a traitor, and determined to carry it off. While the boat waited under one of the arches, Margaret singly obtained the head and then swooned away. Eventually, she reached the boat safely with the head rolled up in her apron, and upon her brother asking her what made her stay so long, she explained how terribly frightened she had been by the actual weight of the head, and how she never would be parted from it, &c.

All the incidents seem to point to her as the most fitting representative of Tennyson's Lines—The Dawn—the Judicial Murder—the Swoon—the Dutiful Service rendered—are exactly in accordance with the poet's conception.

Yours truly, W. H. R.

P.S.—Sir Thomas More was a very handsome man, and his daughter Margaret was very "fair"!!

Volks-Liederen.

A correspondent has suggested that we should, in the pages of the *Magazine*, from time to time collect some of the best of the "Volks-liedjes," written in the Cape Dutch patois, and which are current now among the people; and he has sent us two of them as samples. We respond to the request with pleasure, and shall be glad to receive others hereafter from other correspondents. The first of these appeared only a few months ago in the *Volksblad*, and is in our judgment very excellent of its kind. Of the name of the author we are not aware :—

Die Stebeltjes van Sannie.

(Een Rijmpie in ons lands-taal.)

Pas altijd voor een vrouwmensch op;
Dit help jou net geen stuk nie,
Steek jij jou nek eens in die strop,
Dan kan jij nooit los ruk nie.

Zoo is dit ook met mij geweest;
Ik was nie reg van plan nie,
Toen was dit lank al klaar met Kees;
Ik was geknoop aan Sannie.

Schaars was ik 18 jaare oud,
Toen vrij ik al na Sannie,
Mij zak-oorlosie was van goud,
En 'k gee pad ver geen man nie.

Haar ou-ers het ons uitgelach,
Hul zeh ons is maar vulletjes,
En ik moet nog en beetje wach,
Met zulke kinder spulletjes.

Maar neef, ik moet jou toch verhaal,
Hoe dit met mij gebeur is;
Jou tijd die kom ook nog een maal,
Voor jij mooi reg daar deur is.

Ik droom mos dat zij voor mij staat
Met splinter-nieuwe stevels,
Hul mag van kleine voetjes praat,
Maar Sannie het twee knevels.

Ik trek mij aan die ochtend vroe,
"Zaal op die schimmel daar,"
Toe rij ik regt-uit Sannie toe,
Om te hoor hoe zij nog vaar.

"Goeije môre Tante—môre Oom,"
"En waar is Sannie dan?"
Daar kom zij net zoos in mij droom,
Met die zelfde stevels an.

Wel ik zal jou maar kortaf zeh,
Ik het haar toe gevraa,
Of zij mij ver en man wil heh,
Toe zeg zij sommer, "Ja!"

En mensch die blij toch maar en mensch,
Ik weet nie wats die rede,
Maar zoos hij krij net wat hij wensch,
Dan wordt hij ontevrede.

Dat help nou weinig om te huil,
Al het ik spijt van Sannie.
Kon ik die oû ding maar verruil,
Dan zou ik—maar ik kan nie!

The next also appeared in the *Volksblad* some two or three years ago; and we believe that while the Chief Justice-Elect of the Free State is responsible for the authorship, the Attorney-General of the Transvaal recited it at a public entertainment in Cape Town with very perfect success. It is a charmingly perverse rendering of Tam O'Shanter:—

Klaas Gezwint en zijn Paert.

(Burns' "Tam O'Shanter" vrij gevolgd.)

Als jij misschien nog met jou maat,
Boo in de dorp zit lach en praat;
Vergeet jij, jij moet huis toe gaan,
Anders zal Elsie voor jou slaan,
Zij zit al bij die vuur en brom,
"*Ik* krij hem, zoos hij huis toe kom."

Jammer dat mans zoo zelde hoor,
Als hulle vrouwens voor hul knor;
Dit is maar zoo, hul kan maar praat,
Ons luister toch nie na hul raad.
Dat dit zoo is, het Klaas Gezwint
Een donker nacht ook uitgevint,
Hij 't leelijk in die knijp geraak,
Toe hij terug rij van die Braak.

Had Klaas geluister naar zijn vrouw,
Dan het dit hem nog nooit berouw;
Geen dag gaat om of zij vertel hem,
"Maar Klaas, jij is toch al te schellem,
Nog nooit is jij van huis gewees,
Of jij gedraag jou als een bees,
En loop Klaas Titus met jou mee,
Dan gaat dit woes met julle twee."

Eén aânt, plaas van na huis te gaan,
Blij Klaas nog in de dorp in staan,
"Nou, arrie! moet jul mij trakteer,
Kom, kerels, gooi maar nog een keer."
Hulle gee oom Klaas ook nog een dop,
Toe was hij net mooi hoenderkop.

Nou scheel dit nix, al wordt dit nach,
Hij blij maar daar gezels en lach;
Als Klaasie eerst begin te slinger,
Dan kan jij gloo, hij zal maar linger.

Plezier is nets een jong komkommer,
Als jij hem pluk, verlep hij sommer;
Of nets een schulpad in zijn dop in,
Zoos jij hem vat, dan trek hij kop in.

Als Klaas van aânt'zijn huis wil haa,
Dan word dit tijd om op te zaal.
Zoo klim hij "Kol" maar zaggies op,
En druk zijn hoet vas op zijn kop.

Een flukse merrie was ou Kol,
Al was haar rug en bietje hol;
Eerst fluit de ou—want hij was bang—
De neen-en-neentagste gezang,
Dan kijk hij weer een slaggie om
Of daar misschien geen spook aankom.
Voor hij van aânt zijn huis kan krij,
Moet hij de kerkhof noch verbij.

Die drank is toch een snaakse goed,
Hij gee die bangste kerel moed.
Al is een Hotnot nog zoo oolik,
Een zoopie maak hem net nou vrolik;
Steek hij maar net een dop of drie,
Dan stuit hij voor geen d—v—l nie.

Maar Klaas het daarom naar gelijk,
Toe hij daar in de kerkhof kijk;
Zijn bloed het wonderlik gekook
Toe hij gewaar hoe dit daar spook.
Daar speul de d—v—l op een tromp
Voor veertig spooke in een klomp;
Hul dans daar rond, dat dit zoo gons
Geen ouderwetze cottiljons.
Maar eers "Alexander Klip salmander"
Trap hulle algaar met malkander,
Toe was dit weer die "honde krap,"
Tot dat die zweet zoo van hul tap.

Die goed was bijna poedel kaal,
En zie, die vrouwens was *te* skraal,
Maar een daarvan, een bietje dikker,
Maak zoo een uitgehaalde flikker,
Dat Klaas, plaas van zijn bek te hou,
Schree, "Arie! dit was fluks van jou."

Zoos hij dit zegh, toe moet hij jaä,
Die heel boel zet hem achterna;
"Kol, loop nou dat de stof zoo staan,
Anders is Klaas van aant gedaan;
Kom jij maar net die drif voorbij,
Dan dalkies raak jou baas nog vrij;
Een spook is nets en bok kapater,
Hij loop nie zoomaar in die water,
Toe Kol, die d—v—l snij jou spoor."
Hier leg de drif "*hiert*" zij's daaroor,
Haar stert het hul glat uitgeruk,
Maar Klaas is los, dits een geluk.

Voor die wat lus het om te draai,
Wil ik maar net een woortje raai:
Gedenk aan Klaas Gezwint zijn paert,
En vraag jou zelf: waar is haar staert?

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Law Reform.

It is indisputable that, generally speaking, what was sufficient for the wants of a Colony in its infancy becomes utterly inadequate as it advances in population, commercial enterprise, and wealth. It requires better and more rapid means of transport, more frequent postal communication, and more extensive telegraphic communication with other parts of the world, in order that the competition with the products of other countries may be carried out on somewhat equal terms. In like manner as commerce extends the law requires additions and reforms. As a recent writer observes :—

> That a code of law ought not to be final would seem to follow from the obvious truism that laws ought to be accommodated to the habits and wants of the people ; and that, as human habits and human wants change, law must also change to be in harmony with the habits and wants of the people over whom it dominates. Law is made for man and not man for law, and an immutable law is but a form of Procrustean tyranny.

There are few places which have in a short space of time undergone greater changes than those that have taken place in this Colony within the last few years. Before the discovery of the Diamond-fields large tracts of land remained unproductive for want of capital to cultivate and stock them ; and also for want of adequate means of transport of the produce of the various farms to any market. There were very few farms that were not encumbered by heavy mortgages—twelve per cent. being a not uncommon rate of interest on the money lent ; and proprietors were generally satisfied if their farms were sufficient to support their families and to keep down the interest on the sums borrowed. But even then, as persons acquired property, they became more anxious about the future disposition of it, and the settlement of it by Antenuptial Contract or by Will.

The late Mr. Justice Cloete gave the following evidence on the subject before the Law of Inheritance Commission in 1865 :—

> 797. Mr. *Busk.*] It was stated just now that, at the present time, very few marriages take place without antenuptial contracts ?—I think antenuptial contracts are considerably more numerous now than they used to be.

798. Does not that show that there is an increasing feeling among the inhabitants against marrying in community?—It shows that people are more attentive to the subject. It may also show that people have acquired more property than they had in earlier times; and also that in marriages of the present day, the parties look more after the main chance than they did before. In fact I believe that, generally speaking, people are at present more wedded to the love of lucre than they were in those days.

799. But it shows a feeling against marrying in community of property which did not formerly exist?—No; formerly people did not look mainly to £ s. d. when they married; unfortunately they do now very generally, and true personal affection towards each other is the exception and not the rule.

May it not, however, be said that it is the change from a more simple and primitive state of living to a more luxurious and expensive one that makes those now entering into the marriage state more careful (and properly so) that poverty entering at the door may not put love to flight through the window. It is fortunate for the Colony that people look more earnestly to £ s. d. now than formerly; and yet it will scarcely be said that personal affection towards each other is the exception and not the rule. But whatever be the cause, it is unquestionable that a desire for change in the law respecting the settlement and descent of property has very much increased since the evidence of the learned and much lamented judge was given.

It is not intended in these pages to enter upon the much vexed question of the law of community of property. There are many reasons for not interfering with it, especially as, if the law be altered respecting antenuptial contracts, it will be in the power of all persons contracting marriage to exclude community, and provide for the settlement of, or power to will, his or her property upon their respective deaths.

In order that it may not be said that the opinions here advanced are the mere abstract opinions of the writer, several extracts are given from the evidence taken before the Inheritance Commission.

Mr. Moore very clearly states the principal objections to the present law in the following evidence, p. 102:—

549. I collect from what you have said about being in favour of free testamentary disposition, that you are not a friend to our law of inheritance as it stands?—Certainly not.

550. What is your principal objection to it?—My principal objection is the evil resulting from children anticipating a certain inheritance from their parents. I think it destroys to a certain extent that proper feeling of respect and submission which a child should entertain towards a parent; it cramps the parent's efforts, and creates a tendency on the part of the children to idleness.

551. Might it not be said that if there were free testamentary disposition the children of rich people would calculate upon getting property from their parents, and the same tendency to idleness be encouraged?—

There might arise cases of this kind ; but children, knowing that their parents had the power of disposing of their property as they chose, would be more likely to be anxious to please their parents by pursuing industrious courses. And there are other reasons which I have against the law of inheritance here.

552. It appears to you, then, that it is not favourable to the cultivation of the feelings that ought to subsist between parents and children, and that it is unfavourable also as tending to check energy in the children ?—Yes ; certainly.

553. Are there any grounds that occur to you upon which you have an opinion unfavourable to this law ?—Yes ; cases have been brought to my notice in which the evil results of the present law of inheritance have satisfied me that my opinions with regard to that law are correct. I know an instance of a man who got married several times. Of course, on each occasion he had to make provision for his children by the previous marriage. The last woman he married was a widow, and when she died, although he had previously been a man of some means, he was obliged, in order to satisfy those children, who were all majors, to sell his own riding-horse and his own watch. They would not take any appraisement, but demanded that everything should be realised to ascertain what they were entitled to ; and he had to do it.

554. I really cannot myself venture to say what our law is upon that subject. I am aware that judicial decisions have fluctuated upon the point. Do you conceive that these children were entitled to force a sale ?—Yes, I think so.

588. Would you be of opinion that any legislative change of the law would excite alarm amongst our fellow-colonists, especially in the country parts ?—Their strong attachment to old forms and customs might to a certain extent alarm them for a short time ; but I think that if it were properly explained to them that they had the power of marrying either in community or without, and of disposing of their property amongst their children as they liked, it would soon die away. Of course, there is a strong feeling amongst the agriculturists—"As my forefathers did, so I wish to do ;" but by leaving them the power of marrying either in community or non-community as at present, and, in regard to the law of inheritance, giving them the power of disposing of their property and leaving it to their children in any way they choose, I do not think would create so much alarm as might be anticipated.

589. Some people who have much considered this question lay it down that people have no right to bring children into the world without giving society—which, somehow or another, must provide for them—security that they will if they have the means provide for those children, and have derived from that an inference that our law of the legitimate portion is a reasonable law, involving only a reasonable protection to society against mouths being brought in upon them, and nothing left to fill them. What is your view of that ?—My view is this, that the provision made for the children by law is so inadequate to their support as to be practically of no use to them. In reality it is no provision ; it merely places at their command a certain amount which is of no use whatever to them ; and the consequence is that it does more harm than good. *It damps the energies of the child, and cramps the efforts of the parent.*

590. What you have just said would depend a good deal upon the amount of the property?—Certainly.

591. Then, I understand your view to be that upon the whole our colonial properties, especially in the country parts, are so small that when divided by the number of children, which is generally very great, such small amounts are left that the property is rather dissipated and lost than rendered productive to the community?—Certainly; I think an inspection of the accounts filed in the Master's office for several years will prove that as a rule the amounts coming to the children are so small as to be practically useless.

Upon this point Judge Cloete also says (p. 132):—

There is not the least doubt that, to a certain extent, compulsory division of property acts prejudicially; or that it tends materially, by distributing the property among the different branches of a family, to diminish the size and value of the separate estates. Especially in this country, where marriages usually take place early in life, and the progeny is generally very numerous, the larger estates become very soon subdivided, and in that way the law acts prejudicially to the political interests of the country.

The greatest opponents of the present law tending in many cases here, as in France, to an almost microscopic division of property, could not ask for stronger or more convincing evidence. The report of the law of Inheritance Commission (as to the subdivision of land) says:—

There were in France in 1846 four millions of land-owners, whose farms averaged no more than eight acres and a half. After every allowance has been made for difference of soil and climate, it may safely be asserted that this Colony is still very far distant from any danger of undue subdivision of its landed property. There are evils connected with the manner in which much of our colonial land is held; but these evils do not exist because the law of inheritance has split up our farms into too many parts. They arise from the fact that the parts of the several owners are too often held undivided. And cases, we have reason to believe, are not unknown in which farms which, when occupied by one family, left or kept that family in constant poverty, have, when occupied by a greater number of families, supported the whole in comparative comfort.

To what extent have these several properties of eight acres and a half been subdivided since 1846? It is very true that in many cases the farms in this Colony are so extensive that, *as yet*, the evils of subdivision have not been felt; but it must be remembered that every year changes this state of things. The value of those farms also from their extent is more apparent than real, because their productive power is much less per acre than land in France or England. In the latter country six sheep, on an average, will be supported by a morgen of land, while here not more than two could be fed on a similar space.

A good deal was said before the Commission respecting the law of entail in England, and the independence possessed by tenants in tail. But the question does not seem to have been thoroughly explained; and the reply of a son to his father, which has been told of many sons and many fathers, and has been introduced by Dickens into one of his works of fiction, referred to a case where the son was altogether dependent on his father, the property of the former not having been entailed.

The law of entail in England does not leave the tenant-in-tail in remainder so independent of the tenant for life as has been assumed. The estate is settled on the father for life; he need not make his son any allowance; and if the latter die in the lifetime of his father without leaving issue, the estate goes to the other parties to whom it is limited in remainder. Thus the tenant-in-tail is thoroughly dependent on his father, the tenant for life, during the life of the latter, and the result is that upon the eldest son attaining the age of twenty-one years the entail is generally "cut off" and a re-settlement made, again limiting the estate in remainder to the son for life with the usual remainders in tail. And this system of constantly re-entailing estates explains the mode by which estates in England are so long preserved in the same family, notwithstanding the rule of law that no entail can be originally created for a longer term than a life or lives in being and twenty-one years after; the law against accumulous entail which is more strict, was made not very long ago in consequence of the will of the late Mr. Thelluson who so "tied up" his property by will that it was considered that if such a course were frequently adopted it would materially affect the interests of society.

The stories of isolated cases of the disobedience of children and disrespect to their parents may be left out of the question; no doubt such instances have occurred, but not so frequently as to justify so illogical an argument from a particular to a general proposition. The same may be said of unnatural parents. Those who have experienced the relation between parent and child can best judge whether such arguments as have been relied upon in the report are so strong as to justify a continuance of the present law; or whether the feelings of affection of parents for their children, so deeply imprinted in our natures, are not a sufficient safeguard against the evils referred to. It has been the result of long experience in those countries in which the power of free disposition of property existed that the extravagance of parents was more to be apprehended than their disinheriting their offspring; those who, yielding to mistaken parental fondness, have brought up their children in luxury and idleness, and subsequently left them in abject poverty without the ability to do anything for themselves.

As has before been said, the habits of society are daily undergoing great changes. The system of a number of families living on the same farm is not so common as it was; and as the relationship between families becomes more remote it will cease to exist.

According to the present law, except in cases of property held in trust *(fidei commissum)*, owners of property can, during their lives, do anything they like with it; but they cannot make any disposition of it to take effect after their deaths which will deprive children of their legitimate portions. It has been proposed to give all owners of property power to dispose of it by will, excluding, if they please, all or any of their children from their legitimate portions. Just as this appears to be to a large section of the community, would it not be absurd not to go farther, and allow owners of property to settle upon their children by postnuptial, as well as by antenuptial, contract, that same property which they can give away or spend in the most reckless extravagance or immorality? Encourage the practice of making settlements, and there cannot be a doubt that, instead of its being a means of disinheriting children, it will be found to be, as in England, their greatest protection. If we are to judge by experience all property will be settled, providing for the life enjoyment of both husband and wife, with remainder for the issue of the marriage, depriving the parents, by their own agreement, of all power to waste their estate, and reserving to them only the liberty to appoint the property, after their decease, amongst all or such one or more of their children as they or either of them (as may be agreed on) shall select. With reference to postnuptial settlements, it is said there would be the difficulty of dealing with vested interests. It would be manifestly unjust to deprive a man of all hope of his legitimate portion which he had long calculated upon, and relying upon which he may have married and have had issue, who would also have similar vested interests. This difficulty may be met by making the proposed law take effect from a certain period, as in the English Act, abolishing the right of dower. Let it be provided that no postnuptial settlement or will shall deprive any children, in existence at the time of the passing of the Act, of their right to legitimate portions as under the present law, or it may be thought sufficient to protect such children only as shall have attained a certain age—say ten years at the time of the passing of the Statute.

With reference to legitimate portions, Mr. A. W. Cole says in his evidence before the Commission (p. 201):—

I deny that the present colonial law forces a man to do his duty at all; it forces something upon him which it calls his duty, but which I do not consider to be necessarily his duty. In some cases what it forces him to do may be very much less than his duty, and in other cases very much beyond it. *I think that each man should be the judge of his own family affairs, and that the less the law interferes with him the better.*

The concluding sentence appears to express the universal opinion throughout the Colony.

Mr. C. A. Fairbridge remarks (p. 59):—

I must say I have found that the greatest admirers of the present law are those who have neither wives nor children. Bachelors and childless

men (who are not subject to its operations) are the greatest admirers of the present law.

And further he gives the following evidence :—

Would you be favourable to preserving the legitimate out of the estate of the survivor ?—No ; my principle is that a testator has a perfect right to dispose of his own property as he likes. I do not like paternal Governments ; I do not like paternal laws ; I do not like laws intended to make good spouses or good fathers. If you leave a testator free, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred he will do justice. I do not like a law which compels a man to be just to his children. The operation of the law here, as far as my experience goes, is very bad. It has been my misfortune to witness very many scandalous scenes between parents and children, arising out of the operation of that law. I have seen a son shake his fist in his father's face, and designate him an old scoundrel, and accuse him of robbing him of his legitimate portion. I have seen a son do the same thing to his mother. I have known an Englishman say to a reckless son, " I will cut you off with a shilling." " Ah !" said the son, and snapping his fingers in his father's face, " you can't do it." I have known worthless fellows, plunged in all sorts of debauchery, have advanced to them—because their fathers were rich people, to a share in whose estates they must succeed—money for every purpose ; the lenders calculating that they must get their legitimate portions, however worthless and depraved they may be. These things make me look with aversion upon the present system.

327. There are some causes for which by law children may be deprived of their legitimate—provided those causes are sufficient and are expressed upon the face of the will ?—But they are practically inoperative. What man would publish to the world his daughter's disgrace ? Besides, how very difficult it is to prove unnatural conduct on the part of a child towards a parent.

328. Then I understand you to think that children who deserve it may fairly be left to the strong natural instinct that parents have to provide for their children ?—Yes. I have never yet met with any case of unnatural conduct in parents towards their children ; although I have made many wills, and witnessed many more. I have seen partiality here and there, but never any gross injustice. I consider that the law of primogeniture is unjust ; but it is equally unjust that a worthless profligate, who has been a source of constant heartache to his father, should be entitled to demand from him a certain sum to be squandered in idleness and debauchery, simply because his mother had died. I would rather, of the two systems, however, that a man should have the right to leave everything to his eldest son, and nothing to his other children, who may be equally deserving ; for that would not happen in one case in a thousand ; and I would rather let one man commit an act of that kind than see every son and daughter, good, bad, and indifferent, empowered by law to claim equally, whether deserving or not.

329. Then it seems to be your opinion that our law is open, though not in the same degree, to the objection that would lie against a law which declared that there should be no power to make a will at all, but that everything should be divided amongst the children equally ?—Yes, I consider it is just as objectionable.

The same witness, referring to the important subject of improving estates, says :—" Look at the effect of this law of subdivision in this Colony. * * Ask the farmers why they don't plant, and you invariably get for answer—What is the use? I shall not see the trees grow. When I die the property must be sold. I believe that is one very great reason why the farms of this Colony are not improved by planting." And he might have added, or in any other way involving expenditure of capital or labour.

356. You speak of there being widespread dissatisfaction with the law of the legitimate portion?—No, I did not make use of that word. I said amongst all business people, and those who have any means, and the educated classes, they do not like it. But, of course, amongst the Boers and farmers who live from hand to mouth, it is different. They do not think about these things, and they marry under the law as it stands. But if you go into the great commercial towns amongst men in business and of property, you will find every one now-a-days availing himself of the opportunity afforded by the law of marrying out of community.

The present Attorney-General, who was a member of, and gave evidence before, the Commission for the Eastern Districts, proposed the following amendment to a resolution proposed by the Honourable Mr. Wood :—" That there should be a Permissive Law enabling all persons to dispose of their property as they please ; " which amendment was seconded by the Honourable Mr. Godlonton, and carried. Mr. Justice Connor, who was also a member of the Commission, gave most valuable evidence ; every word of which is deserving of attention, but which is too long to be inserted here.

Since the holding of the two Commissions in the West and the East, the great change in the wealth and future prospects of the Colony before alluded to has taken place ; previous to which it would be difficult to exaggerate the amount of despondency that prevailed amongst all classes, but especially amongst the farming community in this Colony. It was, however, the cloud with the silver lining. In a short time after the discovery of " The Fields " all was changed : mortgages were paid off by men who hitherto thought of nothing but " trekking." Debts which had become barred by the statute of limitations, and otherwise irrecoverable, as well as in some instances forgotten by the creditors, were honestly discharged, in a manner which showed the high moral feeling of both the Boers and settlers. Sheep and every kind of farming produce increased in value to a most unprecedented extent ; the value of money fell from twelve per cent. to five per cent., and even at the latter rate a large amount of capital is still without investment. Proprietors, instead of throwing up their land to their creditors, and migrating to the Free State or the Transvaal, began to think of improving their estates, and were no longer satisfied with the mere necessaries of life, but sought after those more artificial requirements which arise from a higher state of cultivation and more frequent and extensive social communication.

It is not strange, therefore, that, within the last few years the law relating to the settlement, transfer, and devolution of property should have been more anxiously considered than previously; that as land became more valuable, and afforded the means of a better style of living and of education, proprietors became desirous of such alterations in the law as would afford them some assurance that, for some time at least after their decease, their estates, upon which they had spent the greater part of their lives, and on which they had expended all their labour and capital, would remain in the possession of their descendants.

Those who have seen a desert or a wilderness converted, under their care and industry, into a well cultivated and productive farm, with its comfortable homestead, luxuriant pastures, and well-bred flocks, can realise the sorrow and disappointment with which the owner contemplates, not merely the possibility but the almost positive certainty, of its passing into other hands immediately after his decease; or of its being subjected to constant subdivisions amongst his more remote posterity. The present state of the law with reference to the necessity of leaving to children their legitimate portion, and giving to them the power of calling upon a division of their deceased parent's estate immediately upon his or her death is most unsatisfactory to at least the great majority of British-born subjects and their descendants. It is well known that several men of capital and position have left the Colony at the very time that their presence would have been most conducive to its welfare, sooner than the property which they had acquired should be disposed of according to law, but, *possibly*, in opposition to their own wishes. Would it not, therefore, be advisable that all persons should have, as proposed by the Attorney-General, power "to dispose of their property as they please," and that persons entering into the marriage state should have a similar right of doing what they liked with their own property, and of settling it and any of which they might die possessed, by antenuptial contract.

Extraordinary stories have been told about men in England getting possession of the property of women whom they married, and squandering it in the most reckless dissipation. But such cases very rarely occur. Men and women, when they marry in England, almost universally settle their property by antenuptial contract, and any one who will take the trouble of reading a precedent of one of these settlements will find how little power is reserved to either spouse over his or her property. By the common form of settlement the property of both spouses is so settled that each shall have his or her share for life, and that the share of the one first dying shall be enjoyed by the survivor. Then as to the devolution of the joint property amongst the children (if there be any), the usual provision is that the parents shall have power jointly to appoint, from time to time, any portion or portions to or amongst any child or children. If no joint appointment takes place, then power is

reserved to the surviving parent to appoint in a similar manner ; and in default of any such appointment, which may be by deed or will, the property devolves upon the children in equal shares. Thus the parents have not "the liberty to bring children into the world at pleasure, and in case of death to be at liberty to leave them penniless and destitute, a burden on the public, when they possess the means of providing for the necessary support of their children." It will be seen that the form of settlement proposed renders the future prospects of children much more secure than they are by merely relying on a small legitimate portion ; the parents cease to have any power of disposition over any portion of their property except *amongst their children*, the whole of it must go amongst those children (if it be so provided by the settlement). They are protected against the reckless extravagance of their parents, who can dispose of or encumber nothing but their own life use. It is very true that parents may, if it be so provided by the contract, exclude any one or more child or children from any benefit under it, but such a power is found to work well ; it meets the difficulties that are said to arise from children being made independent of their parents ; and also the case of those who have been made independent by professional and other pursuits, in the lifetime of their parents, claiming equal portions with their helpless brothers and sisters.

It would be well if an antenuptial settlement could protect the wife and children against misfortunes in trade. According to English law, such protection can be thrown around them. Marriage is looked upon as a valuable consideration, and a grant of property to trustees for the benefit of the wife and children is upheld against *subsequent* creditors when duly registered as provided by law. In this Colony such protection cannot be afforded. The sixth sec. of the Placaat of Charles V. forbids it. Creditors are to be preferred before the wife in all cases, whether the settler was or was not in insolvent circumstances at the time the contract was entered into. The following words of Lord Cairns (the present Lord Chancellor of England), when delivering, in a recent case, not only his own opinion, but that of the other very eminent members of the Privy Council, are sufficiently forcible as to the justice (?) of this law, and the reasons for its repeal :— "Nothing to us can appear to be more unjust than to make void *bonâ fide* provisions on behalf of a wife and children entered into before marriage. Nothing to our idea can be more inconsistent than an Ordinance which would make void the provisions made under such circumstances for the wife, and leave those made for the children untouched. Nothing, according to our idea, can be so unnecessary as an Ordinance containing provisions of that kind, extending, as it is said this Ordinance would extend, to the case of non-traders as well as traders. But with these considerations we have nothing to do. They are considerations for the Legislature which exists in the Colony ; and which has the power, if it be so minded, to put an end to this Ordinance."

It is a mistake to suppose, as some do, that, if the Placaat were repealed, the wives of insolvents would be able to claim as preferent creditors upon the assets of the estate ; no more erroneous idea could exist. What was actually invested in trade, together with the stock, would be administered for the benefit of the creditors ; and at most those claiming under an antenuptial contract could only prove as concurrent creditors, and that in very special cases ; but if a trader or non-trader, for it has lately been decided in the Supreme Court that the provisions of the Placaat apply to both, had immovable property, and were married, it would be very easy by a reference to the Registry of Deeds to ascertain whether such property had been settled by antenuptial contract. It does not appear just that marriage should not here, as in England, be looked upon as a valuable consideration, entitling persons in SOLVENT circumstances to settle their property by *antenuptial* contract, which, when duly registered, would give a preference against future creditors over the property comprised in the settlement.

The Insolvent Ordinance, without the Placaat, is quite sufficient to protect creditors against all fraudulent conveyances of property. From the evidence of the Commission so often referred to, from the expression of contemporary opinion collected from the Press and other sources ; and after a careful consideration of the question in all its bearings, it would appear that it is expedient, for the present at least, that the law respecting community of property should not be interfered with ; but that all persons should have the power of settling their property as they please, reserving to each of the spouses the right of disposing, by deed or will, of his or her property in case there should not be any issue of the marriage ; and in default of any such disposition by the spouses, it seems only reasonable that the property of the husband should go to his relations, and that the successors to the property actually brought by the wife into community, together with the increase if any, should be sought for amongst her relations. It is impossible within the limits of any article in a magazine to deal with all the questions that may arise on such subjects. The evidence given on the Inheritance Commission forcibly illustrates the expression *quot homines, tot sententiæ ;* yet it may be hoped that some measure in furtherance of this branch of Law Reform may receive the attention of the Legislature during the ensuing Session of Parliament.

The Law of Inheritance, however, is not the only branch of the law that requires reform. Amongst other improvements it is desirable to have a Court, in the nature of a Court of Appeal, where cases affecting the lives and liberties of the people may be reserved by the Circuit Judge for final decision. It seems an anomaly that points arising out of trifling civil cases may be reserved, but not in criminal cases of the greatest magnitude.

The law relating to the care of Minors and Lunatics and the administration of their property is also capable of improvement. Law

Reform, though the words may frighten nervous people opposed to every change, does not necessarily mean any interference with the great principles of law. It will scarcely be denied that if Magistrates were obliged to take down the evidence given before them, or such of it as is relevant, instead of the duty being committed to the junior clerks, a great improvement would be effected; the records would be more intelligible and more easily dealt with by the Judges, besides rendering the services of the clerk available for other purposes. Facility for the recovery of rent dependent upon the existing principle of the tacit hypothec of landlords, but without the present roundabout and expensive method of putting it in force, would create a system of small tenant-farming, would lead to a more general system of cultivation of the land, and an increase of the population.

The stamp duties payable on leases require revision. Their present mode of calculation amounts to a prohibition, and thus is obstructive of one of the best means of improvement and cultivation of land; and deprives the country of what, if properly managed, would be a considerable source of revenue.

The stamp duty on a lease for fifty years, at a yearly rental of £50, would be £25; if the term be for 100 years the stamp duty would be £50. In England the stamp duty payable on a lease for a term exceeding thirty-five years but not exceeding 100 years, and at a rent exceeding £50 but not exceeding £75, would be £2 5s.

The law relating to the duties of carriers requires interpretation and amendment, especially when the whole system of transport throughout the Colony is about to be so changed. Public companies, as well as the public, should be in a position clearly to understand what their relative rights and liabilities are. In England this branch of the law has from time to time been the subject of several legislative enactments; and unless some such statutes be soon passed in this Colony, very great difficulty will be found in applying the existing law to the great changes that have taken and that are about to take place.

The above appear to be some of the questions relating to Law Reform not altogether undeserving the attention of the Legislature. They cannot be dealt with in one or even two Sessions of Parliament; indeed without a Law Commission (similar to the Real Property Commission in England or the Judicature Commission) composed of persons in whom both Houses would have confidence, and not confined to members of the Legislature, it will be difficult, within any reasonable time, to introduce any substantial and effective reform in the law. It may be for a time delayed, but the increasing prosperity, and with it the increasing wants of the Colony, will ultimately render it imperative.

Sketches on the East Coast.

I.

We have looked our last on Port Elizabeth for some time to come, and can't help thinking it must seem rather an uninviting place to the eyes of those who have just a short time before left the fine cities and towns of the mother country. The best description of Port Elizabeth from the sea is to imagine a river of houses coming to the edge of a hill, breaking there, and then streaming down through different channels to the sea. On the brink of the hill, which rises steeply from the sea, the Scotch Church occupies a conspicuous place, and further along on the same hill the Hospital is to be seen—a large low building, only one story high, and not at all so imposing as the castellated Somerset Hospital, near Cape Town. Near the shore are great stores, which, from their peculiar structure, look in the distance like gigantic bathing-boxes, in fact, we have heard a lady landing at Port Elizabeth for the first time inquiring if these were not those more certainly useful than ornamental articles.

It was a splendid afternoon when we left Algoa Bay in the S.S. *Zulu*, bound for Natal and intermediate ports. As we steamed out a long reach of coast lay stretched before us, neither picturesque nor inviting in any way. The distance was veiled in mist. The golden sands of Africa indeed were there, but we would rather have seen trees and cultivated fields with comfortable homesteads nestling among them. As we sailed on the coast improved in appearance, and, though low, was beautifully green and grassy. We were close enough to see the houses on shore, pleasant country homes, no doubt; and it is no wonder that young people brought up in such wild breezy homesteads take badly in after years to the conventionalities of home society. Owing to a trick they have of ending their days in a bar of sand, African river mouths are not easily made out from sea, and owing to the time we passed we did not see the Kowie mouth.

> "Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard,
> When the surge was seething free."

Such is a poetical but true description of what we had to endure for three days at East London, decidedly the most unpoetical and worst place to lie off on the whole coast. Sanguine people predict a great future for East London, as the port of King William's Town and the up-country districts; but when we called it was more sanded up than ever. The turf is, however, emerald green, and is a pleasant change to the eye from the burnt-up appearance of Cape Town and the sandy barrenness of Mossel Bay and Port Elizabeth. East London is the last place on the coast from which it is possible to send a telegram, and so we pleased ourselves with sending a message that would be received at a country office by the only native telegraphic

clerks in the Colony. The landing of cargo at East London is a most slow and laborious process, from the clumsy surf boats being hauled along a warp, and one cannot help wondering how many years of the very great exposure and toil connected with working these boats the men in them are able to stand. When we passed there were only one or two bathing parties encamped on the shore, but we have seen as many as fifty or sixty wagons on the beach, and in fine weather have been told that it is a delightful life, and a very thorough holiday. In its most complete form it means one or more wagons, a tent or tents, cows, horses, and servants. The gentlemen bathe, shoot, fish, and smoke ; the ladies gather shells, bathe, sew, and chat. There is not much dressing, and plenty of good things to eat are an indispensable part of the programme. While watching one of the *Zulu* boats taking out a warp to the surf-boats, one of those strange things happened that make us feel that the world is not such a large place after all. It was merely a name shouted by the first officer, but it was enough. We were no longer rolling off East London, but were in a Highland district, which some that read this may remember as the Aird. We seized the first opportunity of making the acquaintance of the gentleman owning that name, and found that he came from a place about twelve miles from our own old home. Leaning over the bulwarks one night we had a pleasant talk about Auld Lang Syne.

At last the long roll was over, and we set off again on a Friday afternoon. All along the shore the grass was emerald green, more like the Green Isle than these traditional African deserts. Next morning the scene changed, and the coast became far bolder and more rocky. Just before breakfast we passed the Hole-in-the-Wall. This is the name for what looks like a gap in a rocky wall built by some of those fabulous giants of old. After we pass the Umtata the coast is very beautiful, rocky krantzes present a bold front to the breakers, and every now and then comes an interval of wooded and rounded hills, beautifully green, descending in a succession of billowy swells to the beach.

About the middle of the day we came in sight of St. John's with its magnificent Gates. It is the grandest river mouth along the coast. On both sides the forest slopes down to the water's edge, and towering above all rise the great Gates. These resemble two gigantic steps, of which, as you look at them, those on the right side seem to be wooded rocks, while the others rise in two beautiful though unequal terraces, wooded up the sides and topped with what, at the distance, looks like green turf. Taken poetically the two Gates were pictures of rugged strength on the one hand, and grand yet at the same time soft beauty on the other. To ourselves mentally the thought came, man and woman, different and yet the very difference making the beauty, and what is more, the wholeness of the picture. While going on mentally in this strain, there was a sudden ding dong behind us, and lo ! the luncheon bell calling us back from the world of

fancy and romance to the sober and substantial realities of luncheon, and to the discovery that we were most unromantically hungry. As if to make the change from poetry to prose still more complete, the talk at lunch turned upon money, and the last thing my ears caught, when closing my cabin door after luncheon, was, "Money is the latch-key of everything." By one of these strange transitions of thought that come, we don't know how sometimes, two or three sentences from an old fashioned book came into my mind, "The love of money is the root of all evil;" and "Thy money perish with thee," said to one of old who thought that his gold latch-key would fit Heaven's Gate. It is as well perhaps for those left behind in the race of life that there is one portal that Mammon can neither open nor shut.

Soon after passing St. John's we reach Waterfall Bluff, so called from two fine waterfalls. The first makes a clear leap into the sea, the second, which has a greater body of water, falls in a fine cascade. There seemed, as far as we could judge with the glass, to be some caves too in the face of the bluff, and the rocks under the first waterfall were very much hollowed out, and the whole was hung with delicate green creepers.

After leaving the Bluff the scenery again changed, and we got beautiful green hills, sparsely wooded, rolling down to the beach. We were told it was a splendid cattle country, and with the help of a glass could make out herds of cattle on the grassy slopes. During the afternoon rain set in and blotted out the coast, and then came night and wrapped everything up in her sable veil, so that we did not see the lagoon-like mouth of the Umkomassi with the cultivated slopes rising up from it, and the trim walks and well-kept planters' residences that are visible even from the sea. When we saw it a year ago there was an air of comfortable well-keptness about the place that was visible from afar.

There was great merriment on deck that evening, for we had some Natalians on board going home, and their spirits seemed to rise as we neared land. At seven o'clock, on a beautiful Sabbath morning, we dropped anchor in the Durban outer anchorage. A brief interval of hope, quickly succeeded by disappointment, for we were soon told that we must lie there all day. It was a splendid day, but rather a heavy swell on, and we spent a dreamy lotus eater's Sabbath, sometimes reading, sometimes chatting, sometimes, I must confess, dozing. About six o'clock in the evening every one began to get wide awake. Signals were made to us to get ready, and we could see the tug in the bay getting up steam. Then came the bustle of preparation, ports screwed down, and everything packed away for crossing the bar. The little tug was a pretty sight, as it came along churning the calm sea and dancing about us like a fussy little living thing. The pilot came on board, the anchor was heaved, and off we set for that terrible bugbear "the bar." On it before we were aware of the fact, and off it by the time we realized we were on that dreaded crossing,

was in reality like some of life's graver terrors when faced—nothing at all. There are, however, times when it is formidable enough. After crossing the bar we glided into the beautiful Bluff channel, with the Bluff like a wall of greenery rising up on one side, and the bay, with low wooded hills studded with houses, rising round it on the other. The bay was a picture of loveliness. On the clouds still rested the hues of the just set sun, the water was calm as glass, all around were lying ships of different sizes, and over all was an indescribable Sabbath hush. One passenger was all that went ashore, and when the bustle was over, and the *Zulu* moored alongside, we all settled down. It was pleasant to have a quiet end to this strange Sabbath, and to chat agreeably on deck in the peaceful hush with a friend whose face you might never see again. Such is life, and those whose business it is to wander must just make these short meetings with friends as intense as possible.

On Monday morning all was bustle, and the only through passenger seemed to feel a becoming and dignified pity for the unfortunate mortals who had to go worrying after boats and luggage, instead of being able to rest in the calm content of their future home being alongside, and the portmanteaus having only to be handed over the bulwarks.

A distinct difference could be felt in the atmosphere, a sort of damp steam heat, just like an English hot-house. The bay looked as beautiful as ever in the morning light, and cargo-boats began to come and go. Among the passengers landed from the *Kafir* were two camels, brought down from Zanzibar to try if they would suit Durban sands. They fully sustained their oriental character, and took the slinging over and landing in the gravest and most impassive manner. In the smooth waters of the bay cargo-boats have a very different time to what they have in Algoa Bay or East London, and are mostly worked by sails. Landing at the jetty we proceeded to the railway station, compared with which that of Cape Town, wretched though it be, is a palace. Our luggage was bundled into an open truck, like one for carrying stones. We thought there must be some mistake, but were told that it was all that they had for such purposes. Next we asked for the ticket office, but were told to take our seats in the carriage, and that the ticket clerk would come to us with them. We then set off in search of a carriage, and, intending to travel first-class, rejected the first we came to as being third-class. On going along the train we found that it was all there was, with the exception of a very open and rough-looking concern that we at first thought was a fourth class affair, but afterwards found did duty for a smoking carriage. On the jetty there were plenty of Kafirs and Indian Coolies—no Malays. The Indian Coolie is fully as picturesque as his Malay brother, but the difference between him and the Kafir is very marked. The physique and expression of the two races are very different, but the Kafir has decidedly the advantage in bone and muscle. Panthery

litheness is the characteristic of the Hindoo Coolie, muscular power and a sort of sledge-hammerness that of the other.

The short railway from the point runs partly through some pretty bush, and, in fact, the bush is one of the pretty things about Durban, with its strange mixture of wild and tame. Wild trees and climbers, and nestling among them pretty cottages with a little space of cleared garden ground. The station in Durban itself is no better than a shed, no waiting rooms or anything of the sort. No such thing as a hansom cab. You put your luggage on the shoulders of Kafirs or coolies, and walk off to an hotel through the sand of Durban streets. The plan on which Durban is laid out is very simple. Two long streets, West-street and Smith-street, the first-named being the main one. Smith-street is simply paved with loose sand, but the main street is being gradually metalled and made fit for man and beast to walk upon without being tired out. The court-house, post-office, &c., is a neat two-story building in a cross street between the two principal thoroughfares. Just behind the public building, the space between the two streets is laid out as a small park, which is the great resort of the children and nurses of the town. The little ones seem to be allowed to play about to their hearts' content on the grass, and are not confined to promenading the walks like little old men and women. Besides a park, Durban also boasts a Botanical Garden, which, however, is unfortunately not within easy walking distance of town, like those in Cape Town. We rode out there with a friend, and the curator kindly showed us over. It is on the slope of the Berea Hill, and unfortunately was begun from the bottom instead of the top of the hill. The consequence is, the rain rushes down from the bare land above and tears up the garden. The trees are many of them very fine, but they are not arranged properly, and look in some places more like wild bush than anything else. There were some fine screw pines ; a traveller's tree, with its leaves dove-tailed into the stem ; a fine jack tree, with its large globular fruit ; the solanum in blossom, more like a gigantic potato plant than anything else ; the tanghin tree ; the St. John's bread, silk oak ; croton tree ; silk cotton tree, white and yellow flowered ; wild bananas ; beautiful Mauritius palms, and a host of others, some beautiful, some curious, that made me wish myself a botanist to have the power of describing them. Dwarf bamboos and pine apples are used to mark out the paths. Side by side grew a fine Mauritius palm and an English oak. It was easy to see which was a native of the soil. The oak was a poor little stunted specimen, the palm was luxuriantly beautiful. One silver leaf tree was in the garden ; it was not twelve inches high. The suburbs of Durban are very pretty, but of the three, namely, the Point, Berea, and Bay, we like the Bay best. You have the fresh breeze from the bay, the beautiful view which takes in the harbour and shipping, and last, but not least, you can bathe and boat. If a few of the Cape Town hansoms could be imported into Durban it would be a great boon, for trudging about through the sand, calling

upon friends, is heavy work, and to make calls in the Berea you must hire or borrow a horse, which, if you are not a rider, it makes a pain of pleasure. The streets here would be much worse in appearance if it were not for the good sense and taste of the inhabitants in having spared some of the wild trees to ornament them. The wild fig in particular, with its splendid leaves, is an ornament wherever it grows.

We were very much struck by the conversation at the hotel table, at one meal in particular. It was like a page out of Uncle Tom's cabin. Speaking of natives, and the difficulty of keeping them as servants, one gentleman said the best plan would be the old Jamaica one of branding them. Another said, "Natal would never do until all the natives were out of it." Another, rising from his seat as he spoke, delivered what he thought was a clincher. "They are Ham's sons, they were intended to be servants, and servants they must be." It is strange how well men know the curses of the Bible, and how good they are at misquoting them. The God-Man took the curse, and gave us the blessing, and the only curse in the New Testament is on him who is incapable of human sympathy and love. This kind of talk, too, in the hearing of native servants who understand English is bad policy as well as bad religion. If your servant hears you call him a cursed brute in the morning, how is he to be expected to do a man's work and give you a man's obedience during the day.

We are now stuck behind the bar, and this is the third day of our detention. All hope of catching the mail at Zanzibar is gone, and we must just make up our mind for a month there. The *Zulu*, bound now for Cape Town, is also detained, with most of her passengers already on board. It is tiresome work for the captains and officers of the two ships, but whatever may be the matter their patience, their courtesy and kindness never give out. Watching the monkeys on the Bluff and the boats from the shore are almost the only amusements. We have come to the conclusion that docks are a grand institution.

A Voice from the Chumie.

THE CHAPTER OMITTED IN THE NARRATIVE OF THE HON. THE COLONIAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

"You did not see it!" Precisely so, that is just the thing here forming matter of complaint. You came abroad professedly to see, yet one of the institutions of the Colony, and one of no minor interest or importance, you passed within a few hundred yards of without recognition or notice at all. Were I an "Eastern," even though not a "Star," I would say, Ah! that is just the way in which we are always served. Had the local habitation and name of that institution been anywhere on the other side of the line, real or imaginary, between what points stretching, not yet determined, but supposed to divide west from east, how far otherwise would it have fared with it! Would its very existence have been thus ignored then?

But fancy now that they are in manuscript, the pages of our South African "Maga" are not licensed for the publication of such reflections! The difficulty, however, of repressing such outbursts of complaint, under a lively sense of all our manifold forms of injustice, cannot well be appreciated by those who have no cause of complaint. How that difficulty is increased when one has the pen in hand, and using it in writing for the public eye! But here on this occasion let me exercise a highly praiseworthy self-restraint.

I shall proceed, and most respectfully request you to exercise your faculties of memory for a little, or what is better, now that I think of it, refer to your notes of travel, the *memorabilia* thereof. May be these notes are still in the keeping of your secretary, well he can do it, that is the reference, who so apt at such work? On the afternoon of —— well! ascertain and supply the date, I can't. On the given afternoon you descended the south-eastern slope of Peffer's Kop. You came to the Police Tree at the bottom. You could not resist the temptation to call a halt, and to come down from your travelling conveyance? Ah! you had not seen much of such scenery as that. In the background that is Gaika's Kop, and that to the east of it is the veritable Hog's-back, along the flank and ribs of which, those of us who are not yet either bald or greyheaded, hope yet to see an improved branch of the great northern road carried.

That tree too, which you so greatly admire, why, had your escort consisted of two hundred men, you could all have been sheltered under it comfortably. Would travel in the west a long time before such a specimen of nature's singularity and beauty could be met with, to gratify your taste for the beautiful in nature, or to afford you shade from sun, as well as shelter from storm. There was the head-quarters of a body of native police, previous to the war of fifty, hence the name of the tree.

Withdrawing your eye from bald mountain summits, with dip of sheer precipice of rock for hundreds of feet, succeeded by a sweeping rounded and furrowed semi-circular ridge, clothed in refreshing green.

The sombre forest hanging on its steep southern slope, too steep almost to be called a slope at all, and at narrow intervals the waterfall, dashing down the shelving rock, or springing with one bound from the top, is lost to the eye behind the thick curtain of lofty trees, long ere it reaches the pool at the base, into which it has kept falling these thousands of years. These various streams have a coverging direction around the whole semi-circular sweep of mountain, and when they reach the valley below, fall all into one channel and form the Tyumie River. The name is almost Grecian, has a quite poetic euphony, though no native poet has ever sung its beauties. All that the name is associated with in the native mind is plenty of corn, the fat of the land.

The valley has its historic spots too. At the top of it, and almost in a line with the lowest and central waterfall, stood the military village Auckland, which name calls up a tale of blood, with which Christmas 1850 was celebrated; a tale, however, which has one feature to redeem it from the barbarous: while not a man on the place escaped the foeman's relentless weapon, every woman and child was sent away to go to a place of safety. At Woburn, eight miles farther down the river, was a repetition of what was done at Auckland.

The "Gwali," however, has connected with it happier historic associations. There was the first established and permanently maintained Mission Station among the Kafirs. The honoured names of Brownlee and Thomson and Chalmers are inseparably connected with the founding and building up of that centre of blessing and beneficence to the native tribes.

But what wandering from my subject! Though not far from any of those places, you cannot see one of them, standing where you now do. It is refreshing, no doubt, to rest your eye, gritty and dust-dimmed from travelling, upon natural scenery so imposing, so striking in its contrasts, so varied, yet withal so harmonious. But be pleased to withdraw it now from the more distant, and as you do so, it can scarcely fail to light upon a small white shiny farm-house, almost within hail of your voice, and nearer to you still by a hundred yards, a building of dimensions sufficient for a Constantia wine-store. What, you ask, what can be the use of such a building, so unlike anything seen in your travels.

Aye! that is just what I have wished all throughout to bring you to. Let us make that another historical spot if you will. A dozen years will cover the history of that building, so as well tell it you. When that was built, oathay-growing was reckoned one of the most profitable branches of frontier farming industry. The withdrawal of the military made an end of that, however, so that the builder here was wise almost too late. But what is it? "Keep a thing seven years and a use will be found for it." Better days have come. The passenger carts along our main trunk lines of road give employment to more horses, and, of course, these consume more oathay than was done in ordinary times by the military, and oathay realizes

a price now unknown in those past golden days. But this is by no means the most important feature of the case. People have thereby become convinced that we can live by ourselves, stand upon our own feet, and half ashamed of the unmanly fears of the old times, would gladly have all the harping about the removal of the Imperial troops forgotten. None of the forebodings of mischief and ruin have come to pass. It is found rather that an expenditure for the furtherance and support of commeree is in every way better than any military expenditure whatever. The one is the outcome of applied and reproductive industry, the other is the waste of idleness, utterly unproductive.

Led away by my political economizing, I have not yet given an account of the large building. It was intended, the upper portion for a forage loft, the ground flat for sheep and cattle sheds. The original constructor was one of our speculating farmers who build barns, and find that playing cricket and riding over the country is not the way by which they are to be filled. A man, poor but industrious, hard-working and keeping at home, came into occupation, and now fills yearly that immense building with wheat of finest quality, and is in a position to purchase the place, which the original proprietor failed to make support his family.

Prosaic enough all this. Had you gone a little nearer to the building you would have been able to make out, done in large letters with Stockholm tar, or something of the sort, on one of the smooth stones in the wall "*The Tyumie Times* Office." Whatever your tour of the Colony may have made you acquainted with, and without doubt some things that you did not know before have cropt out at sundry points in your progress, some of them as matters of surprise, others half anticipated ; here is a something for which you were not prepared. Thus much might safely be said. At how many farm places in South Africa, whose owners and occupants must still be spoken of as gentlemen, men of understanding, is it known even what *The Times* refers to ? And the *Tyumie Times* really had an existence, though like not a few of its not less pretentious contemporaries in the world of newspaper enterprise, it has changed its name and form, and been floated off as *The Tyumie Banner*. The *Banner* office is, however, a less noticeable building on the other side of the farmhouse.

> "It was na the bonnet, but the head that was in it,
> Made the hail country talk o' Rab Rorrison's bonnet."

So it is not the office of either *Times* or *Banner*, but the occupant of said office, that I at present would commend to your regard. Mark here, sir, should the tone of reprehension at any time become too easily distinguishable, it will be under the thought that I have missed my object. In yon day, when the New Zealander and the fragment of London Bridge shall be made history of in the present tense, and the school-boys shall have masters drilling them into an acquaintance with the verbal inflexions and syntax of what is now our Queen's

English, just as we had, ere our beards were grown, masters to initiate us into the mystery of scanning the versification of the poets of old Rome. To have had my name immortalized in connection with yours! When you should have been sung as the Mæcenas, I might have been casually mentioned as the—well, the Virgil; though I have written no Bucolic, nor am in the least likely to do! But is not the opportunity for all this lost? You passed by as if there had been no genius to be inquired after or patronised! Well, whatever may come of it, I shall do the full tale of work for my immortalizing.

The occupant of the *Banner* Office—there he is, a large boned loosely knit together youth, slouching rather than smart in gait. He always involuntarily fills my eye when having the personal appearance of the "Claimant" described by those who knew him when a youth, only he is taller by several inches than the real Sir Roger. I should have indeed liked that you had been with me the last time I saw him in his office. It may have been publishing day, he was very busy. The principle of division of labour does not obtain in this office, the reason—there is but the one workman. A novelty I marked in his process of producing his broadsheet. He inked his types with the points of his fingers; the reason I cannot tell. It strikes me that the proper temper and composition of the treacle roller is not always hit with success by the hand of the apprentice manufacturer thereof. The digit is the simpler tool or instrument. Dispense, however, with the etiquette of handshaking, on such occasions of calling and finding the editor thus at work, unless indeed, as you well may, you wish to carry away with you a *souvenir* of your visit.

The *Banner* itself: it is not very large it is true. But the importance of or the interest centered in a banner is not according to the yards of bunting which forms it. As to the circulation of the *Banner*, I am no authority here. 'Twas said to have paid, however, which is something. Many of those who took it in professed to do so for fun. And they had an honest pennyworth: they were not cheated out of what they expected to get.

A few trifling peculiarities which the editor had afforded would-be critics some amusement. One, his first personal pronoun rarely got beyond this form, *i*. The reason I do not profess to give. He is a young man, and what so becoming in youth as modesty? And if he had a feeling of delicacy in strutting forth in the large, self-assertive *I*—who may turn that into ridicule? Is not this a feature very often characteristic of true genius, and one which is often not found in very ordinary men? Another reason suggests itself in his very limited stock of type—his capitals must have been very soon all used up; then necessity had to be yielded to.

One thing brings up another, this most naturally, what of the editor's education? The answer to which question is, Entirely self-educated. Holding that there is no real education which is not self-education, and that the true success of the teacher is just the extent

to which he works this conviction, as a first principle, into the mind of his pupil, and establishes him in the practice of persevering self-application in the acquisition of knowledge, with a spirit of self-reliance and self-denial in the formation of character. When I write self educated here, I mean educated without the assistance of a teacher. True, he when a boy did attend a class and enjoy the services of a regular teacher, walking some six miles daily to do so, but this was only until the scarcely more than mechanical acquisition was made of pronouncing words or reading a simple lesson, and writing only a little in advance of pot-hooks. This can never with propriety be called more than the initiatory step to the means by which one mode of mental improvement or real education may be followed out And in these few school-boy days of his he gave no promise of extra aptitude in either acquiring the means, or that he was likely afterwards to improve them—the reverse rather. His real education has therefore been a thing subsequent to school-going. A taste, one might almost say a passion, for reading, not books but newspapers, became markedly developed. He seemed to be ever on the look out for papers. When he went with the week's butter to any of the neighbouring villages, or police station, he came home laden with "Illustrated news" and such things. Seeing the boy's earnestness, his unquenchable thirst, no one having read papers was so churlish as to withhold from him such means of gratification.

In the diamond-digging fever time, the contagion but slightly affected him. Like most of our Colonial young men he made a venture, which causes the *Banner* to be discontinued. He would have for himself, and from his own means, a larger press. The measure of his success gave him the means of procuring this. A press and newspaper plant arrived a few weeks ago, ordered from home, and is now in active operation, producing weekly "*The Alice Times and Seymour Gazette.*"

Do not be unreasonable or impatient at all. The youth never had a week's instruction in the art of printing, or any experience in a printing office until he established his own. As an art workman, the "Clarendon Press" or the "Bradbury and Evans" style has not yet been attained to, but improvement is being made. When about the end of the say first quarter of the century that is to follow this our nineteenth, another Smiles shall have his advent, and shall write another "Self-help" or "Men who have Risen," who shall say that the mechanical genius and intelligence which we to-day see in blossom will not have attained to maturity and ripeness, such as to secure recognition by the historian of the future! The cases are few in which "Self-help" is better illustrated. And there are none less indebted to the patronage of men high in place.

Mæcenas. . . .
Nemo generosior est te,
Nec . . .
Ut plerique solent, naso suspendis adunco
Ignotos."

Nature and Human Nature.

A Queen of Hearts, who through the day,
And far into the night,
Had led some score of heads astray,
Some score of hearts aright,—
Grown weary of the easy doom
Her beauty brought to pass,
At last retiréd to her room,
And stood before the glass.

Cold moonlight silvered the pure place:
She laid her jewels down,
Unlaced her boots, unlaced her stays,
And stept from out her gown:—
Undressed, she knotted up her hair,
And clothed in virgin white,
Sank into a little low arm-chair,
And looked out on the night.

"I don't think I have done so bad,
Considering this and that;
Although I made *him* look as sad
As any dismal bat."
So ran her thoughts—the old, old tale—
While, yearning to be heard,
The sweet Time spoke, without avail
As also without word.—

Behold the great calm night holds sway,
The moon sheds down her light;
The rolling star-worlds on their way
Throb through the Infinite.
A mild pure influence hallows all
In heaven, earth, and sea:
While nature lies in gentle thrall
How darest thou be free?

"That oak-leaf wreath became me well,
Six partners said as much—
I caught the whisper, 'She's the belle,'
But then I'm always such.

How silly of that man to fall;
I'm sure *he* liked my dress:
It really was a pleasant ball,
'A very great success.'"

The ancient night-winds, long and low,
Draw in their palsied sighs,
Weary with wandering to and fro
Since man lost Paradise.
Hark! 'tis the sorrow of the earth
That fills each failing breath,—
The first sad wail that comes with birth,
The last that goes with death.

"I wonder how *he* liked that dance;
I know his partner did,
And let me see it by a glance
She might as well have hid.—
Well, it was wrong to plague the dear,
The noblest, truest, best.—
That woman's head looked very queer,
Quite like a last year's nest."

How many eyes have watched this scene
Since the worn world began,
Now lost, as though they had not been,
Forgotten,—beast and man.
Thou too must pass, and all that's thine,
Each petty hope and fear;
And leave in Time no greater sign
Than in the waves, a tear.

"Just hark how those musquitoes hum!
I must jump into bed."
She knelt, and childhood's "Kingdom come"
With folded palms was said.
Sweet formula!—but Nature took
Her child unto her breast;
And the grand moon stooped down to look
Upon her placid rest.

Y.

Recollections of an Old Resident in a Midland Town.

Oh! what changes the last thirty-five years have effected in this place as well as in everybody and everything in it! I well remember arriving here in one of the old style tent bullock-wagons, a passenger, with lodgings on the top of a transport load. There were no buck-wagons in those days carrying 10,000 lbs. each, nor for fifteen years after;—2,000 lbs. was considered a good load up from Port Elizabeth, and five bales of wool, weighing about 1,500 lbs., a very full weight down. No great hurry either was thought necessary on the road. Our driver owned the wagon and oxen; and as he had a farm on the road, we leisurely broke our journey there while the vrouw baked biscuits afresh, and got some "beest biltong" ready for the remainder of the journey. After resting thus for a week, we resumed our journey with fresh oxen, and arrived at our destination a little more than a month from the time we started.

This break in our journey was pleasant enough to me, as it enabled me to see something of Boer life. I was very hospitably entertained: there was abundance of good wholesome food; but everything was in the most primitive style,—abundance of children and flies, a low thatched dwelling house—the beams so low that a tall man had to stoop to escape bruising his head, no ceiling—reims, biltong, voorslag, sheep and buck skins, &c., hanging pendant from them, with quinces and pomegranates stuck into the thatch by their stalks; mud floors, with ducks and fowls all about with their broods picking up crumbs and catching flies, while the youngest branches of the family who had not yet found the use of their legs, with their dresses tucked up behind, crept about at their own sweet wills. In one corner of the room sat the "oude tanta" at her "tafeltje," presiding over the kettle and "comfort," dispensing coffee or tea incessantly in gaudy painted cups, her stockingless feet resting on a "stoov," while her head was bandaged up with coloured handkerchiefs, surmounted with a huge white "kappie," by her side her tin snuff-box and damp *vadoek* or dish-clout. There were but two compartments in the house, one a sitting-room, the other a small bed-room. There were no bedsteads, but all the bedding was arranged on clean rush mats, covering one-half of the floor, making one great bed for all. Father, mother, boys and girls, as well as visitors, all had shares impartially allotted them. Just before break of day all arose, and by the light of a candle a chapter of the Bible was read and a hymn sung, after which coffee was handed round, when the work of the day began. The cooking was conducted in a small "rond-oven" near the front door, with a thorn fence round it to serve as a screen from the wind, on which the soup-pot was constantly kept going, presided over by an old crone of a Bushwoman, with a few tatters about her for clothing.

At the time of which I write there was but one kind of vehicle in this part of the Colony—the old tent-wagon; and all travelling had to be done either in it or on horseback. I don't think that there were more than two or three spring horse-wagons or carts in the country

in that time, and not till many years after was a Scotch cart introduced as an experiment. There was at that time but one Dutch church and a chapel; the services in both these were conducted in the Dutch language. There was but one school, I think, at which girls and boys were taught—there are now, besides the two mentioned, an English Episcopal Church, a Wesleyan, a Congregational, a Free Protestant, and a Roman Catholic, besides three meeting-houses for coloured people, at which services are held regularly, while we have ten or twelve schools, some largely, and all well attended, proving a very decided advancement in the inhabitants. Dutch was the all but universal language spoken. The Minister of the Dutch Reformed Church used once a month considerately to perform service in English for the comfort of the few English then resident here. Occasionally Dutch people would attend the English service, though they could not understand one word. I remember once asking a Boer after he had attended one of these services, whether he understood what was said. He replied "Yah, hier en daar een woord, maar zeg myn tog, Mynheer, wat zou dit meen dat de Predikant van de *bles hengst* en de *blesse Merrie* zoo veel in zyn preek gesproken hebt." I had to explain that the reverend preacher had frequently during his discourse spoken of the "blessings" we enjoyed, and had occasion to mention the name of the "Blessed Mary." So much for his knowledge of English, and the probable benefit and edification he derived from the service.

In those days folks about to be married could be accommodated with suits of clothing, which were kept for the purpose of *letting* upon such occasions. There was not much of a choice—only two sizes were kept for brides, and the same for the bridegrooms, and what did change of fashion matter in those days?—that was a trifle not worth noticing. I knew one of the parties who kept a wardrobe of this kind; he was a wag, and sometimes perpetrated rich jokes in dressing out his customers. I remember upon one occasion when he had the opportunity of operating upon a pair of particularly raw Doppers, male and female, from the Rhenosterberg, that he turned them out of his establishment in a style much to the amusement if not the admiration of the public.

The Boer to be operated on was a giant in proportions, and required garments of quite an outside size to fit him at all. The larger coat, trousers, and vest kept were several sizes too small for him, but had to be pressed into service notwithstanding. The black cloth trousers could not be coaxed lower down his legs than half way down his huge calves; but our friend, the outfitter, was a man of ready resources: he explained that straps were all the fashion, so he got his wife to sew on some yellow satin ribbon, about three inches wide—which had done good service on her Sunday bonnet for some years—on the inside of the bottom of the trousers; he then passed it under the foot, inside his veldschoen, and up to the trousers on the outside, where he fixed it, ornamenting it with a big rosette, and, doing the

same by the other leg, overcame *that* difficulty. He next addressed himself to the coat. After much struggling and tugging, as well as much torturing of poor Chart, this was got on, but so tight was it in the shoulders and arms that our friend looked like one pinioned in a straight waistcoat, nor could the sleeves be got anywhere near the wrists, but he was told this did not much matter, as "hand-schoenen" would hide *that*. Of these, however, none could be found in the "repertoire" of sufficient dimensions, so a pair of blue worsted socks were pressed into service, and drawn over his hands. Well might Neef Chart say, "dit lyk zoo snaaks," as he cast a glance at himself in the looking-glass. By the time all was ready, the bride being dressed to match, it had come on to rain. The pair had to walk to the Matrimonial Court; and so, as they passed out of the door, an umbrella was opened over them, and put into the bridegroom's hands. He had never seen a thing of the kind before, but he grasped it manfully with both hands, and held it at arm's length in front of him, his little bride walking on one side and a little behind him, with the tips of her fingers hooked round his arm. On he walked with stately strides, like a drum-major with his staff, at such a rate that his little "intended" had occasionally to break off into a "tripple draf" to keep up with him. Not knowing how to lower and fold up "de ding," as he called the umbrella, he kept it over his head as he walked into the magistrate's office, and returned home with it just as he had left. The magistrate, not otherwise given to joking, could not refrain from remarking to Chart as he stood before him in the office with the umbrella over him, "Dit regen!" "Ja mynheer," said our stolid friend, who could see no point in the joke.

The Young Moon sinks behind the Hill.

The young moon sinks behind the hill,
The dew on leaf and flow'r lies still,
The night-breeze has forgot to sigh,
And cloudless is the star-gemmed sky.

Nought breaks the silence save the bark
Of buck from wooded valley dark,
Or when the moonbeams tempt some dove
To coo aloud his dreams of love.

Mem'ry and fancy, light-wing'd fays,
Fly swift to past and future days;
But waking life calls once again,
Scatters my visions bright and vain.

B. M. R.

Sketches from Nature.

No. II.—The Goose.

This sinful old world of sorrow possesses more varieties of the goose than it is aware of—more than it would put in its schedules if it were to surrender its estate to-morrow. Most of the species are bipeds; and many are members of the family without knowing it. My present discourse deals with two of the species—first, the Common Goose (*Anser Vulgaris*); second, the Tailor's Goose (*Anser Sartoris*).

The Common Goose.

This is a downy bird; and, however paradoxical it may seem, although "downy" means wide-awake, the down of the goose stuffed in a pillow is said to be conducive to somnolence. Moreover, notwithstanding the downiness of the goose, he is the favourite emblem of simplicity and mental incapacity. This is a popular delusion; but so popular is it that a most wide and scientific concoction of milk, sugar, spice, and a delicious fruit is called *goose*berry-*fool*. I have called the goose "he." The species are not all of the male gender. The male goose is called a gander; but he is as great a goose as his feminine relatives. Indeed, after consulting the highest authorities, etymological, ornithological, and zoological, I am convinced that a gander is always a goose; but a goose is never a gander. Up to the middle of the present century the greater part of young geese were hatched from eggs; and so were young ganders. But science has made rapid strides since the repeal of the paper duty, and while I am unable to say positively that the manufacture of geese has improved, I know many of the present generation who have been reared by the aid of the feeding bottles, Godfrey's cordial, and perambulators.

To return, however, to the old-fashioned system. During the process of incubation the gander watches the eggs vigilantly. I have never heard that he lays any. But he is very energetic at night, when even philosophers sleep, and there is no knowing what he does. I have heard of a goose laying golden eggs. That was a great goose. But the fellow who cut her open was the greatest goose I ever heard of. There is one remarkable peculiarity about the goose. To be able to address a certain monosyllable to a goose is considered a satisfactory proof of a certain degree of mental perfection; and has been suggested as an easy method of applying the intellectual test to electors. Indeed, it has been contended that the conditions of the case would be met by placing the candidates for legislatorial honours all in a row, and allowing the elector to shout "Boh!" to the patriot on whom he confers his vote. The goose is a bird of one idea. I do not say that every being of one idea is a goose. For example, young ladies whose one idea is marriage are not geese. If they do not belong to that higher order

of birds called angels they are probably ducks. But the common goose is a bird of one idea. It believes that its mission is to hatch. If it has eggs to sit upon all well; if it has no eggs it will sit all the same. A neighbour of mine has a goose who has been trying pertinaciously, for the last six weeks, to hatch an empty preserve jar; and both she and her expectant gander grow more excited every day. As soon as the result is ushered into existence I will chronicle the event for the behoof of the scientific world. Notwithstanding periodical parental cares, the goose is supremely placid and happy. One of the sweetest of the ancient poets has sung—

> O! would I were a geese,
> For they spends their days in peace,
> And accumulates much grease.

That's all I have to say about the *Anser Vulgaris*.

The Tailor's Goose.

I now come to the second division of my subject, and will discourse on the Tailor's Goose—*Anser Sartoris*.

Young naturalists, with the bump of weight tolerably developed, will soon learn to distinguish this goose from that already described, as he is much more plump and solid. But an unfailing test is one similar to that which our wise forefathers employed with so much success and humanity to distinguish women from witches; namely, ordeal by water. The *Anser Vulgaris* won't sink, and the *Anser Sartoris* won't swim. In one respect the latter resembles the common goose, viz., he is a *great flat*. Like his master, when his bill is long, he is very pressing; and he has a habit of getting on other people's new clothes. This goose is generally served up hissing hot. He is not recommended by the faculty to persons of weak digestion, and is not likely to become a favourite dish until ostriches are the lords of creation. If any one desires to regale off a Tailor's goose I would advise him to whet his appetite with copious nips of Maag Bitters, and order his cook to send it to table *a la* Turkey, chained up with sausages; then, provided the gravy is unlimited, a fair meal may be made off a Tailor's goose, and there will be more left for the next day's dinner than the whole family will eat.

The *Anser Sartoris* has ever played an important part in history. It is said that it takes nine Tailors to make a man; but nine hundred and ninety-nine Tailors could not turn out a decent specimen without the aid of a goose. As long as two thousand two hundred and sixty-four years four months and sixteen days ago, new style—I like to be exact about dates—this bird saved Rome from the horrors of invasion and sack. It happened thus: The ancient Romans of the Republic were great swells, and, naturally, they never paid their Tailor. But they honoured his goose, and held it sacred as a prominent co-partner in their creation. The Tailors grew importunate, as is the wont of Tailors, and were expelled beyond the city walls by the very men

they had helped to make. The sacred geese were all placed in a row on the walls of the Citadel, in number twenty-four, matching with the number of the expelled Tailors. The Tailors, as is the wont of Tailors, resolved to call again; and, outside the walls, met with an army of Gauls who, to quote the historian of the time, "resolved to make an attack upon the Citadel." In the dim twilight, when the air was soporific with the perfumes of a hundred beds of garlic and the hum of the drowsy beetle; when the wind had whistled itself to sleep, and the mists had woven a nightcap about the heads of a population of statues; when every Roman, free from toothache and an uneasy conscience, was wrapped in slumber, the Gauls prepared to make the attack. Their design was to send on the twenty-four Tailors first and follow up close enough to cheer on any flagging *Acûs Eques* (Knight of the Needle), with the points of their spears—a stratagem adopted towards native allies with great success since those days. So silent and stealthy was their approach that not a dog made his "bow wow" to them.

But they had reckoned without their host, whose name, by the way, was Manlius. Now, Manlius was the greatest Roman swell of that day; and owed more to the Tailors and their geese than all the rest. He slept, it is true; but his slumbers were disturbed by dreams. He thought the whole city was about to fall into the hands of the exiled and unpaid Tailors. In his vision he heard them approaching to the soul-appalling strains of a martial air, very popular at that period, viz., * *Quatuor et viginti Sartores omnes ex ordine.*

Manlius awoke; never before had his hair been stiffened or his cheek blanched with fear. He could have faced ten thousand Gauls, but two dozen Tailors! It was appalling! However, his terror soon subsided. It was only a dream after all. Everything was silent; and, haply there was no more reality in the dreaded approaching army than there was in the visioned martial strains. And as the danger vanished the courage of this brave man returned. And it was when he was fully convinced that all was right that he uttered those immortal words which even Shakspeare has deemed worth stealing to put in the mouth of his King Richard III.

> Hence babbling dreams! ye threaten here in vain!
> Tailors avaunt! I'm Manlius again!

So, fired with all his wonted valour, he kissed his wife and told her to be kind to the little ones, in the event of his never returning, and descended the staircase two steps at a time, determined to visit the Citadel and satisfy himself that all was right. On the first landing—for Manlius occupied a second-floor back—he put his martial foot into a pail of water that had been left there a few hours before by a charwoman. Any one less heroic would have kicked the bucket at such an alarming misadventure. But not so our Manlius. He bestowed a volley of classical expletives on domestic arrangements in

* Four-and-twenty Tailors all of a row.

general, and reserved his kicks for those who had never been able to get his halfpence, viz., the rebellious Tailors.

On the door step he made sure that his watch was wound up and his latch-key safe in his pocket, and then set off with gigantic strides for the Citadel; on reaching it he rushed to the top of its walls. The first thing in human shape that he encountered there was—not the Gallic General—No! worse than that!—Not old N——K—No! far worse than that! To his unutterable horror he found himself face to face with the very one-ninth part of a man who had been dunning him unmercifully for the preceding six months! Taken at a disadvantage, Manlius exclaimed, "Call again next week!" But he caught the eye of his foe, saw that he was inexorable, and resolved—as it was certain he must die if he didn't fight—to fight or die. Brave Manlius! The gods saw thee and applauded thy courageous resolve! It was their direction that guided thy hand to the very goose which thine opponent had wielded for thee so artistically and so unprofitably!

Behold Manlius on the walls of the Citadel! Upheld, at the full length of his muscular arm is a Tailor's goose of some forty pounds weight! Before him, in a crouching attitude, with a sleeve-board held as if to parry the impending blow, and a long bill as a weapon of offence, is his favourite Tailor, his chief creditor and deadliest foe! What a tableau! I must fall back upon the inspired language of this historian for the *denouement*. Speaking of the manner in which Manlius treated his ill-starred foe, the classical writer says—*Eum in capite ipsius ansere percussit et pronum dejecit.* The English of which is, "He hit him over the head with his own goose and sent him spinning."

By the time the other slumbering Romans were aroused and had reached the walls of the Citadel, arming themselves with the sacred geese, the Tailors came on armed with sleeve-boards, and flourishing their terrible bills, while the Gauls, at a safe distance, shouted "*Ite capellæ*" ("Go it ye cripples!") most lustily; wisely determining to be in at the death if they saw the course clear. The conflict between geese and sleeve-boards was dreadful while it lasted. But victory soon dropped her laurels on the former; and as the baffled Gauls retreated into the darkness they were greeted with such a hissing as was never heard before or since. Whether this sibillation emanated from the geese or the victorious Romans, the historian doth not say. It is enough to know that the geese gained the victory—the geese!—those emblems of all that is foolish and imbecile; and that to this event we are indebted for the time-honoured proverb—

"The biggest fools have the best luck."

I could say much more about the *Anser Sartoris*; but, as you have a far greater authority at hand, even John Stonier, I forbear. I could say much more about geese generally, but hesitate, lest my readers should infer from my intimate knowledge of the family that I belong to it.

Colonial Roads, Routes, and Modes of Travel.

A SKETCH FOR HOME READERS.

Old as the Colony is, the opening up of roads and facilities of communication are quite of modern date. During the whole of the Dutch East India Company's occupation, and for fully a quarter of a century afterwards, there was little done to improve its condition in this respect. The physical features of the country, and especially its rugged kloofs and rocky terraces, presented obstacles which seemed in those days too formidable to be encountered; and the settlers who removed to the inland districts, then designated the "Overberg" (beyond the mountains), were absolutely blocked up in an isolated world of their own, their energy cramped by the hazard if not impossibility of reaching any available market with their produce, and they and their children living in an unprogressive mode of existence without any means of advancement. This continued to be the general state of things until about 1843, when Mr. John Montagu, worthily named "the road-making Colonial Secretary," initiated a system of public works which by rendering easy the means of communication conferred most extensive benefits upon the community. Prior to his time the only great roads opened were those close to Cape Town known as the French Hoek and Sir Lowry Cole's Passes. Beyond them were many mountain barriers, to cross which wagons had often to be unloaded, and sometimes the wagon itself taken to pieces and transferred to the backs of bullocks. Those who have seen Colonel Mitchell's graphic sketch of Cradock kloof (now the Montagu Pass) in 1840, will be able to form some idea of the difficulties and dangers of travelling in those days. The bullock wagon dragged by a double span of oxen up a steep ascent furrowed by ruts and chasms, or obstructed by masses of rock, presents a picture which some might suppose rather highly coloured, if not exaggerated. But such was in fact the general character of our mountain passes until twenty or thirty years ago. Then Mr. Montagu devised the construction of main lines of communication throughout the Colony, together with the advantageous employment of convict labour upon them; and, aided by a public board of administration was successful in carrying to completion undertakings which, to use the language of Governor Sir Harry Smith, "would do honour to a great nation instead of a mere dependency of the British Crown." Hard roads were made through deserts of driving sand; rivers were bridged over, and rendered passable in the heights of winter; torrents and mountain precipices were rent open, and highways constructed over them, equal to any in Europe. The expenditure of Government for these objects since 1844 has been upwards of one million pounds sterling; and now throughout the Colony there are more than 2,000 miles of main roads, and between thirty and forty constructed bridges on the great commercial routes between the coast and

the interior, independently of numerous subsidiary roads in the various districts and divisions.

From Cape Town, as the metropolis, trunk lines radiate to every part of the Colony; one proceeding along the south-east coast districts to Port Elizabeth, and thence to the different frontier towns; another along the west coast districts to Clanwilliam and Namaqualand; and a third to the Karoo and Midland and Northern districts in the Orange River Basin. But the principal arterial routes are those leading from the chief sea ports—Table Bay, Mossel Bay, Algoa Bay, Kowie and Buffalo Mouth—to the interior; and by these the staple productions of the country are brought out and supplies of imported merchandise transmitted in return.*

Travellers who have accepted, as a matter of fact, the very common imaginary idea of the monotonously sterile character of the country will be pleasantly surprised at the varied, and in many instances magnificent, landscapes which are to be met with along some of these routes. Cape scenery generally is somewhat strange, but it possesses peculiar charms from its exquisite vegetation and brilliant atmosphere; and it has a fair proportion of grand and majestic as well as richly beautiful, and picturesque points. The abrupt, bold, towering mountains compare favourably with anything in Wales, the West of Ireland, or the Highlands of Scotland. The combination of hills and lakes and woodlands in the divisions of George and Knysna bear contrast with those of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The jungly ravines and the dense primeval forests where "Nature reigns supreme in awful loveliness," have a wild grandeur and beauty of their own; while the luxuriant slopes and glades of the frontier districts present all the delightfully soft and tranquil characteristics of Arcadian life, described by Pringle in his "Evening Rambles," where

> "The sultry summer noon is past,
> And mellow evening comes at last,
> With a low and languid breeze
> Fanning the Mimosa trees,
> That cluster o'er the yellow vale,
> And oft perfume the panting gale
> With fragrance faint."

Even the wide extending pastoral plains of the Karoo have a certain attraction for some—not merely as valuable sheep-walks, or for the flocks of wild game occasionally met with, but from their freedom and airiness, and that strange sense of solitude which is realised as the eye gazes over the unbroken perspective of blue sky and fading distance to the

> "Blank horizon round and round,
> Spread void of living sight and sound."

* Strange to say, whoever passes his younger days in South Africa clings to that country like the Tyrolese to his mountains. The Cape sky has this peculiar effect that whosoever lives under it and wanders along the wild Karoos, will remember it to the end of his days, and will long to see it again.—*Letter from Julius Mosenthal, Esq., in the Empire, Feb.* 7, 1874.

Along the roads which scale the mountain ranges near some of the sea ports there are many views to be obtained which, for diversity of grand and picturesque scenery, are scarcely inferior to some of the great Alpine passes. The Hottentot's Holland Kloof, on the main route from Cape Town to the frontier, is one of these, rising a sheer height of near a thousand feet, and overlooking the whole of the Cape Peninsula from False Bay to Table Bay. Still more attractive as well as imposing is the entrance to the interior by Bain's Kloof, Mitchell's Pass, and Karoo Poort. The railway carries you from Cape Town to the pretty village of Wellington, at the foot of the mountain range, where the road winds up with many a curve and stretch for seven or eight miles to the crown of Bain's Pass, which commands a magnificent panorama of the surrounding country. Here the prospect extends over a distance of forty or fifty miles, yet the atmosphere generally is so clear and transparent that every feature stands revealed with the most minute distinctness. The silvery stream of the Berg River, the tree-embowered township of the Paarl stretching at the base of the immense glistening domes of granite rock which the old colonists named the Pearl and Diamond; the little village of Wellington, with its white-washed houses and brown orchards; and the succession of trim homesteads, vineyards, and corn-fields, spreading out mile after mile to the white line of roof which marks the deep blue sea north of Table Bay, are all as plain to the view as the smooth velvet slopes of the Groeneberg, and the dark green and gold of the orange groves surrounding the farms snugly nestled in the Wagonmaker's Valley many hundreds of feet immediately below. From its comparatively thickly populated and richly cultivated appearance, the scene is one of pleasing domestic landscape beauty, such as no other part of the Colony affords; and it contrasts most strikingly with the wild grandeur of the eastern side of the Kloof, a few yards further on. Huge mountain masses, rising to the sky there form the portals of the Titanic gorge, through which the Pass gradually descends for about ten miles to the Breede River Valley. Nearly all along this way the road has been blasted and scarped out of a hard quartzose sandstone—in some places being cut through frowning krantzes, leaving gigantic gates, natural arches, and overhanging ledges—in others crossing abyss-like gaps and fissures, which have been built up with precipitous retaining and parapet walls from 100 to 300 feet high. "Hills upon hills in quick succession rise" as you advance, and new objects of admiration or astonishment are ever presenting themselves. The rock scenery is singularly weird and fantastic—now rising in majestic buttressed walls, then piled up in craggy pinnacles, here standing in gaunt spectral groups, or there strewn in broken and crumbled confusion. Its scathed and weather-worn character in many places might convey a dreary and perhaps monotonous impression, if it were not for the endless charms of light and shade arising from the winding course of the road, and the varied colours and forms of the vegetation

which fringes the sides of the mountains. Although not so luxuriant nor so dense as in other places, there is generally a rich display of characteristic Cape Flora. Heaths of scarlet, purple, and other hues; bulbous plants of every variety; orchids of lovely forms; ferns of numerous species; and several handsome shrubs and dwarf trees alternate together with grasses, creepers, and soft mosses; and the stratified formation of the sandstone encloses many humid recesses whence issue rills and streams which keep these evergreen and fresh all the year round. The flowering season of September, however, is the time to see the Pass to advantage; then, too, after the winter rains, there are countless sprays, cascades, and waterfalls, leaping from ledge and precipice, and rushing down to swell the dark tarn-like pools and roaring torrents of the Witte River at the bottom of the deep ravine.

Emerging from the Kloof at Darling Bridge, the flats forming the Tulbagh and Worcester valley are traversed, and then the Mitchell's Pass in Mosterd's Hoek greets you. This is another mountain scene of great boldness and picturesque beauty. The Breede River, a clear wide stream, is bridged across at the entrance, and the road ascends along the left bank for a length of about six miles, the whole of it being scarped out of the rock, and strengthened by a retaining wall, from three to forty feet in height. The old road—little more than a cattle track—is still to be seen climbing over projecting krantzes, and then descending abruptly to the river bed, and farmers delight to tell of their perilous adventures in crossing it, not many years ago, when wagons and produce had to be carried piecemeal, tied on the backs of oxen, and afterwards re-arranged, when they had managed to scramble through. In this kloof the mountains appear more huddled together, and tower up overhead in grand and wild confusion—the cliffs, and peaks, and crags seeming to topple every way from the highly inclined stratification of the rocks; while many grassy hollows and patches of flowering heaths and shrubs clothe their sides, and give a soft and verdant character to the changeful and varied scenery. On reaching its summit, which is about 2,000 feet above the sea, the village of Ceres and the district of Warm Bokkeveld are seen stretched out on a circular undulating plain of about eighteen miles in diameter, bounded by the heights of the Cold Bokkeveld, which are all snow-clad in winter. From here one road passes over these heights by the Gydow Pass to the northern parts of the Bokkeveld, the Roggeveld, and Calvinia; and another—the main trunk line—leads by the steep and toilsome ascent of the Hottentot's Kloof to the Karoo Poort, where commence those wide extending plains, reaching to Beaufort West and the interior, whose peculiar features are monotonous or pleasing according to the absence or presence of the summer rains, wanting which they have been described as "an arid desert, peppered with small bushes like scattered tufts of wool on the head of a Hottentot, which no effort of imagination can convert into a sublime or beautiful object," but

when moistened by a drenching thunder-shower, presenting "a scene of the gayest and most luxuriant vegetation inconceivable to those unacquainted with more tropical countries, and rather resembling the instantaneous action of a creating hand than the ordinary process of germination and growth."

From the central port of Mossel Bay there is another and more direct road to Beaufort and the interior, which in its course crosses over two magnificent mountain passes—the Montagu Pass and Meiring's Poort. The lover of the picturesque will find many beautiful views along this route, which after leaving the coast ascends by the wooded heights and emerald grassy downs of the Brakke River to the George district, in the upper part of which are some of the very richest valleys in the Colony, and close by stretch the extensive forests of Outeniqualand, with their line of lakes and lagoons. The Montagu Pass was constructed as part of the great trunk line between the Eastern and Western Districts, but by the opening of the Meiring's Poort through the Zwarteberg range it is now available to the interior districts as well. From the village of Blanco to the top of the Pass occupies about three hours in travelling, and where formerly there was a barely accessible track there is now a beautiful and easy road winding its way up the rugged mountain, its precipitous parapet walls overlooking large forest trees, hundreds of feet below, while all along the road side, and above, are endless varieties of flowers, shrubs, and trees of every shade of colour. On the other side, the frontier road proceeds eastward through the Long Kloof, while in another and more northerly direction, the interior line passes through the fertile district of Oudtshoorn to the tortuous rift, or chasm, in the Zwartberg range, forming Meiring's Poort, which opens into the Beaufort Karoo. The Poort is about sixteen miles in length, and is constructed along the bed of a stream running circuitously through the ravine, among massive boulders and grim precipices, while overhead are towering cliffs that appear to pierce the sky. Previous to the opening of this Pass in 1858 there was no interchange between the coast and the neighbouring inland divisions, as the only means of communication was by tedious roundabout routes, which it took months to traverse; but now the products of George and Oudtshoorn are easily and expeditiously spread into the interior, and Mossel Bay has become the natural port of supply and export for a great part of the Midland Karoo.

From Algoa Bay, again, there are three routes to the interior—one by Uitenhage to Graaff-Reinet and the Midland districts; one by Zuurberg to Somerset, Cradock, and the northern districts; and one by Graham's Town to the eastern and frontier districts. The mountain passes on some of these lines quite equal, if they do not excel, especially in beauty of vegetation, those at the western end of the Colony. As traffic routes it is likely enough they will soon be superseded by the railways now in course of construction; but we hope it will be long before they will fall into utter disuetude, if even

for the sake of the entrancing beauties of nature which they reveal. The Zuurberg Pass, within a day's journey of Port Elizabeth, is unrivalled in this respect. The course of the road is over three or four long and bold mountain ridges, rising 2,500 feet high, and running from west to east nearly parallel, but separated by narrow valleys or kloofs; and its length following all the zig-zags over these several necks is fully twenty-four miles, although the distance from one side to the other, as a bird flies, would be somewhat under eight. In approaching it after crossing the Sunday's River at Tunbridge's and the flats of Commando Kraal, the way for a considerable distance is through the Addo Bush—a dense jungle consisting chiefly of thorny and succulent plants, growing in such rank luxuriance as to be absolutely impervious unless a path be cut through them. Many parts of the frontier are covered with such thickets, which in the time of war were occupied by the Kafirs as natural strongholds, whence they could surprise their objects of attack or elude their pursuers. At this place they still give shelter to a few herds of elephants, whose foot-prints and tracks are occasionally to be seen crossing the road; and Mr. Fourie, the occupant of a farm about half way to the mountain, is sometimes subjected to a nocturnal visit from them. The flies and the elephants, he says, are the only troubles of his life; the former swarm around and tease him on a hot day, whilst the latter trample the corn-fields at night, and are "too big to wrestle with." Their numbers, however, are now fast diminishing, and apparently they are getting more timid and suspicious of man, as they have removed their haunts to the extreme recesses of the "bush." Nearing the foot of the Pass, the wooded mountain heights in the foreground, and the wide extending jungle on every hand, have an imposing and sombre effect; but this is soon lightened and improved as the view changes. When the first ascent of a quarter of a mile is made, and the grandeur and beauty of the hill and forest scenery is disclosed, there are massive bushy cliffs and weather-stained rocks bristling against the sky overhead, while in he valley below lofty trees, draped with gray lichens, or festooned in gay exuberance with convolvolus or wild vine or monkey-rope stand up like ancient monarchs, as they are, out of the tangled mass of copse, clustering shrubs, flowering plants, grasses, and ferns, which form the undergrowth vegetation. Through this rises the road, cut out of the solid rock on one side, with deep perpendicular precipices on the other, offering at every winding turn some new picturesque feature unnoticed before, until it passes through a rocky gateway, and emerges at the top, on what is apparently a table-land of grassy downs, but in reality is one of the several hilly ridges, running off into deep furrows and kloofs in every direction. It is in crossing these necks or ridges that the peculiar character of the Zuurberg is realised and seen to advantage. The poet Pringle was strikingly impressed with it, as far surpassing anything of the kind he had witnessed elsewhere, or formed a conception of from the accounts of

others. He describes it as "a billowy chaos of naked mountains, rocks, precipices, and yawning abysses, that looked as if hurled together by some prodigious convulsion of nature, while over the lower declivities and deep sunk dells a dark impenetrable forest spreads its shaggy skirts, and adds to the whole a still more wild and savage sublimity." It is indeed a superb scene when looked upon for the first time from some points of the road, which being on the very snmmit of the mountain commands a bird's-eye view of all the ranges. Then you can mark the arches and folds and labyrinthine contortions of the rocks, now rising in soft rounded contour then swelling out in gentle undulations, to converge and close together again, their emerald grassy slopes contrasting with the grey precipices and dark foliage of the forest recesses or the bright silvery gleams of the streams in the intervening deep valleys. There is also a splendid prospect of the surrounding country, stretching to the coast, and the waters of the Indian ocean, as well as of the fantastic peaks of the Winterhoek Mountain (the Cockscomb), which in the clear atmosphere appears much nearer than it actually is. In the midst of this grand mountain scene, the elder Stockenstrom, who was then landdrost of Graaff-Reinet, was treacherously slain by the Kafirs sixty years ago. He was in command of the burgher forces, operating with Colonel Graham, to clear the Zuurveld, and proceeding across the narrow ridges called Slagters Nek which connects the arms of the great chain, he and his friends observed numerous bands of Kafirs issuing from the thickets, and assembling on both sides of the path by which they had to travel. Some of his party strongly urged the necessity for caution in approaching these bands; others thought it the best policy to be beforehand with the Kafirs by at once attacking them. Mr. Stockenstrom, however, who had great confidence in the more magnanimous part of the Kafir character, viewed this as a fine opportunity for exerting himself to prevent bloodshed by persuading the Kafirs in an amicable conference to leave the country without further hostile operations. He therefore rode straight up and dismounted in the midst of them. This confidence appeared to have at once conciliated their goodwill, and the chiefs and principal men formed a circle round the venerable magistrate. His companions (the burghers) also followed their leader, determined to share whatever hazard his generous confidence might incur. The number of Kafirs increased every moment, but Mr. Stockenstrom was smoking with the chiefs in the most friendly manner, apparently making progress in the object he had at heart; and when one of his party hinted suspicions as to the movements of the natives, he replied with a smile that there was no danger. But scarcely were the words uttered when a frightful yell—the Kafir war-whoop—pealed the signal of destruction, and the shout was wildly re-echoed through the adjacent hills and dales for many miles around. A simultaneous rush was made upon the colonists from all sides. The tragic scene was brief, Mr. Stockenstrom and fourteen of his men fell pierced by assegais;

the others, although wounded, were glad to avail themselves of the fleetness of their horses to escape

The route from Port Elizabeth to Graham's Town and onwards to King William's Town is still more suggestive of these tales of strife and disaster, which occurred during the old Kafir wars, when the country was overrun by hordes of savage foes; and the Albany settlers can recall many a sensational event connected with spots which now present scenes of pleasing industry. The height above Graham's Town on this line commands a magnificent view of characteristic frontier scenery—a glorious landscape of tumbled hills and dales, variegated with verdant slopes and wooded heights, and backed by massive mountains, whose tops merge into the blue haze on the far distant horizon. Woest Hill and Botha's Hill on the main road each afford a good prospect, but the culminating point of view is Governor's Kop, an eminence about 2,700 feet high, ten miles east of the city. Directly in front and north-eastward the gloomy dark valleys of the Great Fish River extend; we can discern the tower of Fort Peddie, and the sand hills between the Fish River and the Beka, and beyond the mountains of Kaffraria, with the peak of Tabindoda or the Man Mountain. To the right there appears spread out

> "The gardens of Albany with its evergreen parks
> And rich corn-lands,
> Its soft grassy slopes, wooded kloofs and deep
> Vleis, with the broad-leaved lotus
> Wafting delicious perfume around;"

while in the distance the white farm houses of Bathurst and the Kowie are scattered in groups, and girded with a beautiful sapphire belt, formed by the South Indian Ocean, extending as far as the eye can reach, from the Bushman's River to the Keiskamma. The northern sky is bounded by the grand range extending from the Boschberg above Somerset East along the Gaga, the Great Winterberg, Katberg, and Gaika Kop, to the Amatola, and showing in a well defined secondary range the Kroome, the Chumie and Seven Kloof Mountains, and, nearer still, the more subordinate heights of the Koonap, Grass Kop, and Koodakop, near Trompeter's Drift. To the westward again are the hills and ravines of the Zuurberg, and peeping over them the summits of the Winterhoek, nearly a hundred miles distant, sometimes appear. "There is," says Mr. Hall, the geographer, "no more extensive characteristic or commanding prospect in South Africa for a stranger, or one more calculated to give him a better geographical idea of the country, than this view from Governor's Kop. It is now seventeen years since we first saw it, and never shall we forget the impression it made upon us. Then, however, our view to the eastward had the charm attached to it of being bound by the land of the Amakosa. The mysterious smokes arising from that quarter on the left banks of the Fish River,

then thickly inhabited by Fingoes and Kafirs, added no doubt to the interest of the scene. Many years have elapsed since we last looked on it, and we may probably never again contemplate it, but its memory is ever engraven on our imagination."

On the great northern road, leading from Graham's Town to Queen's Town, there is another mountain pass, the Katberg, of striking grandeur and romantic beauty, and the approach to it through Fort Beaufort and the Kat River district is fittingly picturesque. The mountain at the point where the road crosses it cannot be less than 3,000 or 4,000 feet high, and the pass winds up on the ridge of a kloof, through bush and forest and rocky krantzes and over waterfalls and fearfully deep gullies, which make one marvel at the intrepidity and skill of the engineer who laid it out. It was the last and crowning work of the late Mr. A. G. Bain. The pass which bears his own name (Bain's Kloof) is perhaps superior to it in wild ruggedness, but the features of the country surrounding the two are so widely different that it is impossible to institute any other comparison between them. On the breast of the Katberg there are three distinct belts or zones. The lower consists of undulating slopes and "coombs," some of them of richest emerald green; others, hardly less beautiful, of a ripe russet-yellow tint, which harmonize delightfully with the dark sombre forest foliage in the zone immediately above. This forest covers not merely the ravines, but the whole breadth of the mountain within the limits of elevation to which it extends; and at some points in the pass nothing can be more striking than to gaze upwards to the forest-crowned heights above you, and then glance down into the yawning depths of still grander forest in the ravines and gullies almost perpendicularly beneath. Above all this again you have the third zone of magnificently precipitous rock, rising in columnal basalt, and forming a perfect diadem along the mountain crest. From the top, again, a magnificent outlook over the valleys far below is to be had, and, according to the season of the year or the state of the weather, it changes from the picturesque to the wild and fantastical. We visited it on a bright clear summer's day, but it may be seen under different circumstances,—such as in winter, when snow enwraps the heights in its white wreaths, giving it a perfectly Alpine appearance; or in dark storm, when loud thunders echo over the rocky peaks, and vivid lightnings illumine the yawning precipices around; and at other times, when the spreading vales below are covered with a sea of silvery mist, out of which the tops of the hills rise up like solitary islands on an expanse of ocean.

The modes of travelling and the means of locomotion throughout the country have of late undergone a marked improvement. Instead of a solitary journey on horseback with an attendant *achter-ryder* on a sumpter horse and an occasional "off-saddle," to give the animals a "roll in the dust" to refresh them withal—or by the primitive ox-wagon with its equipment of drivers and leaders,

crawling along from "skoft" to "skoft," or outspan to outspan—one may now proceed from one end of the Colony to the other, and even as far north as the utmost limits of the Transvaal, in comfortable public conveyances at the regular pace of six or seven miles an hour. This is one of many beneficial results which have followed the discovery of the Diamond and Gold-fields, The rush to the "diggings" led to the formation of transport companies, who, despite all difficulties, very quickly established good and rapid communication to these inland points of attraction; and what were formerly remote towns and districts are at the present day as easily accessible as those which were nearest to the old centres of population a few years ago. The vehicles employed are generally of colonial manufacture—large, roomy spriog wagons, with tent covers, accommodating eleven or twelve passengers, and drawn by teams of eight or ten horses or mules. On one of the frontier lines the American coaches, which Messrs. Cobb & Co. made famous in Australia and New Zealand, have been introduced, and seem well adapted to the heavy gradients and irregularities of the roads in that part of the country. American "spiders" of extra strength in springs and fittings are much liked, even for general use in colonial roads, and our Governors have repeatedly driven in them on their extended official journeys to the border and back again. But the ordinary travelling vehicle is the Cape cart, a tented dog-cart capable of seating three persons comfortably besides the driver, and drawn by two or four horses. With one of these we have travelled with ease from Cape Town to Bloemfontein in sixteen days, without any change of cattle on the road, stopping at the various towns along the route as well as enjoying the "kind and hospitable care" which the true old African farmer still freely dispenses to all comers. For rapid transit, however, the "post cart," by which the mails are carried to and from the metropolis, is the best if not the only means. The vehicle commonly used for the purpose is exceedingly well adapted to the work it has to do and the country it has to traverse. It is a rough, strong, dog-cart, the body of which forms a "well" where the letter-bags are stowed, and over these a few passengers may be seated back to back along with the driver; and in this manner it is not unusual to make a journey of 500 or 600 miles at a stretch with only occasional halts to change horses. The rate of travelling, including stoppages, is about ten miles an hour. On it goes, at a jerking gallop, which is seldom altered to any other pace, hour after hour, through daylight and dark, toiling up the rises, plunging down the descents, springing over the flats, as described by Mr. Advocate Cole—

> Rumbling, rattling, shaking, jolting,
> Galloping, kicking, plunging, bolting,
> Driver giving eternal "colting,"
> To horses 'neath th' infliction moulting.
> So merrily goes the post-cart.

Passenger holding on tight and smoking,
Vowing the thing is beyond all joking;
Cursing his folly, the saints invoking,
Swallowing pounds of sand and choking.
So merrily goes the post-cart.

Horses prancing, pulling, fretting,
Straining, snorting, panting, sweating,
In a manner to tender hearts upsetting,
And still no end of a thrashing getting,
As merrily goes the post-cart.

Driver hallowing, shouting, tearing,
For nothing on earth but the time-bill caring,
Never a moment his sjambok sparing,
And in *very* low Dutch, too, sometimes swearing.
Thus merrily goes the post-cart

Through the rivers, across the sluits,
Over the mountains and into the spruit,
As fast as can drag it the half-fed brutes,
Away like a flash of lightning it shoots.
So merrily goes the post-cart.

It stops—the bags to the ground are cast;
But the passenger's ills are not yet past,
For his bruises a very long time will last,
And remind him he *has been* terribly "fast."
As merrily went the post-cart.

Notwithstanding all the modern improvements in the mode of transit, the good old Conservative bullock-wagon still contrives to be the characteristic type of South African travelling. In every direction it may be seen, steadily moving along, at the rate of two or three and a half miles an hour, drawn by eighteen or twenty oxen, and sometimes laden with as much as 8,000 or 10,000 lb. weight of produce or merchandise. It is a big clumsy looking conveyance, but extremely strong, and wonderfully adapted to twist and turn and recover itself through roads and river-beds, which would be thought utterly impassable. To many a farmer it is quite a home whilst "trekking" with his flocks to new pastures, or journeying to the sea ports, or riding his produce to market; and even to a stranger it is not an unpleasant style of travel if time is a matter of no consideration, and there is a determination to enjoy the novelty of bush-life. The carrying trade of the country is chiefly done by its means, and thousands of men, wagons, and oxen, with their attendant drivers and "voorloopers," are engaged in this as a regular industry. The Eastern and Border districts generally supply most of them—the grassy fields of Albany and Kaffraria affording the best pasturage for maintaining large draught cattle in good condition. In some of the

Midland and Western districts, however, mules are employed, and with great success. But their mode of transport, although largely increased of late, has proved quite unequal to the requirements of the advancing production and traffic of the Colony. For months together, whenever there is any absence of rain, and the pasturage fall off along the main routes, commerce is crippled by the inability to transmit supplies which are in demand, or to get out the produce which is lying idle in the heart of the country. The rates of carriage advance to an exorbitant amount, and the cost of everything is proportionately excessive. Our circumstances have lately required that extraordinary measures should be taken to remedy this. Trade has largely increased, and the value of time in the economy of Cape farming is now being much better understood, as well as the fact that the profit or loss upon produce is dependent upon the fractional cost of its transport. In these respects, nothing short of extended railway lines will meet the wants of the country. By their means alone can ample provision be made for the prompt delivery of any amount of freight which may be offered, at fixed and reasonable rates of charge—the certainty of which would stimulate the cultivation and development of its resources immensely.

Prospecting for Gold in the Bokkeveld.

We have been favoured with the following very excellent report by Mr. Thomas Bain, sent in to Government in January last. Although the search for gold has proved a comparative failure, the geological descriptions and discussions will be found extremely interesting:—

Eike Boom, 5th January, 1874.

Sir,—With reference to your instructions conveyed to me through the resident engineer to visit the reported gold reef at Laken Vlei in conjunction with Mr. Gibb, the chemist, and report thereon, and a subsequent communication from the Honourable the Treasurer-General on the same subject; but having reference more particularly to an inspection of the "Kragga," a place where a nugget of gold was picked up by a farmer named Leroex, eighteen years ago, I beg to state for the information of the Government that I started for the above localities on the 11th, and returned on the 24th ultimo.

I met Mr. Gibb at Wellington, who accompanied me on the inspection. I also met a Mr. Clear there, the discoverer of the gold at Laken Vlei, who promised to join us there, but I regret to say did not fulfil his promise. His statement about the discovery of gold was as follows:—"That he had been prospecting for nearly two months on a reef at Laken Vlei, and had collected a great many pieces of quartz from different points of the reef,

in which gold was not visible to the eye, but after burning, crushing, and washing it, the sediment—which was taken to Cape Town and assayed—was found to contain gold. He was therefore unable to point out the exact spot on the reef which produced the gold."

We reached Laken Vlei on the 13th ultimo, and were very kindly received by the proprietor, Mr. Petrus van der Merwe. On speaking to him about the discovery, he substantially corroborated the statement made by Clear, adding that Clear was in his employ at the time, and that he had promised him half the Government reward for his trouble, in the event of his discovering gold in sufficient quantity to merit that reward. Mr. Van der Merwe introduced to us also a Mr. P. Marais, an intelligent young farmer residing there, who was in company with Clear during the greatest part of the time he was prospecting; and Marais further corroborated Clear's statement, and declared that he had often helped him to crush his specimens of quartz, and had seen him take out little pieces of stuff like gold from the sediment of his washings, which were subsequently sent to Cape Town.

The farm Laken Vlei lies in a complete basin, at an altitude of nearly 4,000 feet above the sea level, drained by a small stream called "Mill River," which runs through the Great Bokkeveld Mountain into the Hex River Valley. I mention this because there is not a single map of the Colony showing a gap through that range. The reef upon which the gold was reported to have been found is one and three-quarter miles long, bearing fifteen degrees west of magnetic north, as viewed from the lower end. It runs nearly straight, and has a small branch about the middle forming a tangent to it. The reef is composed of a coarse granular quartz, rather crystalline, very easily crushed, and is upon an average about twelve yards broad, projecting above the surface to the height of twenty-five feet in many places. The difference of level between the top and bottom of it is 460 feet, showing a dip of nearly four degrees, or a slope of one in twenty. It is more or less interlaminated with the strata of the great quartzite mountain behind it, the rocks of which dip to the north at an angle of fifty degrees, flattening off to a greater angle at the upper end of the reef. As near as possible, it lies on the junction line of the quartzite and upper silurian shale, which latter abounds in its characteristic fossils of mollusca and crustacea, &c., of which I left a specimen at your office. On examining the reef carefully, I found innumerable places where bits of quartz had been broken off, and marks of fire also where it had been roasted. With the assistance of Mr. P. Marais and a couple of men, placed at my disposal by Mr. Van der Merwe, I collected bits of quartz at as many places where Clear had taken his specimens as possible, and had them all crushed, and I *panned* it *a la* Australia, as acquired from Mr. Dunn, the mineralogist, and preserved all the sediment which had a metallic appearance. I likewise panned a good deal in the alluvium below the reef, but succeeded only

in finding a few specks of light coloured metal in some of the washes. I must, however, observe here, that the alluvial deposit is so deep in the valley that unless a shaft or two are sunk, and washes made from the debris lying immediately on the bed rock, it can hardly be considered as prospected. To effect this, I should have required six or eight men for at least a fortnight or three weeks.

* * * * *

Before leaving Laken Vlei on the 16th for the Karoo, I sent Mr. Clear an official letter, asking him to come up, so as to meet us on our return, but he never came. On leaving Laken Vlei I inspected the place where a private company of enterprising farmers had made an excavation for gold. The site chosen was on the north side of Laken Vlei, 440 feet above Van der Merwe's house, on a narrow ridge running east and west, with much surface quartz strewn about, giving it the appearance to cursory observers of a reef, while in reality it is nothing more than a mere capping of quartz on a ridge where the rocks happen to form an anticlinal axis. The quartz was, moreover, of such a highly crystalline character—containing crystals of from two to three inches long—that I did not consider it a promising place at all. The "Ceres Venture," a few miles further on, is precisely similar in bearing, dip of rock, quartz, &c., where a shaft had been sunk in a sloping direction about forty-five feet deep, passing through about four feet of quartz, and then through a soft kind of sandstone, interlaminated with minute streaks of quartz.

From there we went to "Kaaiman's Gat" in the Verkeerde Vlei Basin, where we ascertained that Mr. Jan Van der Merwe had some fine specimens of quartz, and wished very much to see us. Mr. Van der Merwe took me over his place to point out a reef very similar to that at Laken Vlei, which had several offshoots of very promising looking quartz. As far as ocular inspection and examination by the lens went, we returned unsuccessful. But Van der Merwe promised to have the quartz crushed and sent to Ceres for examination on my return, which I had an opportunity of washing, but found nothing in it. The samples were, however, insufficient for a proper test, Since my return home, I received a letter from Mr. Van der Merwe, telling me that he had discovered gold in that reef by washing the crushed quartz, but he sent me no specimens. I beg to annex his letter. From Kaaiman's Gat we passed the fine lake "Verkeerde Vlei," which is about two miles long at present, and three-quarters of a mile broad, abounding in water-fowl of every description, and some very fine fish about the size of the ordinary springer. This vlei is the source of the Touw River.

Stopped a couple of hours at a place called the "Draai," where gold had also been reported. I made a wash from the contents of an old well forty feet deep, but found nothing but small amethysts and rubies. Here the rocks suddenly have a metamorphosed appearance, sandstone highly silicious, and ordinary shale converted into chert,

from the intense heat of the trap conglomerate which crops out about a mile from the Draai. This marvellous formation extends eastward in parallel belts on both sides of the Witte and Zwarte Bergen, the Zuurberg, Botha's Hill, and runs into the sea near the Great Fish River mouth, and northwards along the Cedar Bergen, and right into Great Namaqualand, forming a complete zone round the Colony. Its eruptive origin is without a doubt, as you find embedded in it fragments of granite, gneiss, clay slate, quartzite, and silurian shale; in fact, bits of all the rocks underlying the place where it protrudes; and it is evidently the cause of the wonderful contortions and folds in the strata of the Zwarte and Witte Bergen, which can be seen to great advantage in the Seven Weeks' and Meiring's Poorts. Another remarkable feature about that formation is that it forms the line of demarcation between the marine and fresh water fossils of the Colony, which has led some geologists to imagine it to have been the boundary of a vast inland lake.

About nine miles from the Draai we halted at Mr. E. du Toit's farm, called "Jan de Boor," and made some washes, resulting only in minute amethysts and rubies. I had previously ascertained that Mr. Du Toit had accompanied Mr. Wyley, late geological surveyor to the Kragga, when the spot was pointed out to him by Le Roex where the nugget was found; so instead of sending for Le Roex, who lives a long way off, I engaged the services of Mr. Du Toit to do the needful.

The Kragga is about seven miles from Constapel, which we reached the following day. It is a loan place of Mr. Andries Slier, who has leased it, as well as the adjoining farm "Brand Kloof," for twenty-one years. The nugget was found in a valley between two parallel ranges of the Wittebergen, about four miles broad and twenty-five or thirty miles long. About the middle of the valley the trap conglomerate rock protrudes, and is evidently the cause of the formation of the valley, because the Wittebergen rocks dip away from it, one to the north and the other to the south; and just along the upper side of the trap rock (or junction line with the shale) the nugget was found, which, geologically speaking, is just the place to look for metal.

Although Mr. Du Toit and myself made a diligent search all round the valley and several washes, we found nothing except the usual amethystic sand; but to search for gold superficially over such an extensive plain would be almost waste of time, and quite a piece of luck if any were found.

The valley ought to be properly prospected by sinking shafts through the shale and quartz *débris*, and a search for gold made on the bed rock. This should be done during the winter season, when water is plentiful, and could be effected at a trifling cost. The immense quantities of quartz visible everywhere, and the general character and appearance of the rocks, would fully justify a proper investigation being made.

I obtained rather an important piece of information from Mr. Du Toit in reference to the nugget. He declares that it was not a nugget, but a large piece of quartz with a distinct band or vein of gold running through it. If this is correct, and the piece of gold could be borrowed from Sir George Grey, who purchased it, I believe, only as a specimen, it would be very desirable for comparison with the Kragga quartz, which is very peculiar, owing to the metamorphic influence of the trap rock. The Prince Albert or Gouph nugget had not a trace of quartz upon it for comparison with local quartz, which made it a difficult matter to give an opinion about, more especially as it was found in the lower carboniferous beds—not a likely place for gold.

On our return to Laken Vlei we delayed two days collecting and crushing quartz, but found nothing more in the sediment than already described.

While on the subject of gold prospecting, I would beg to bring to your notice that there is a splendid reef of quartz in the lower silurian rock between Worcester and Darling Bridge, at the farm "Windheuvel" of Mr. De Vos. It comes from the Hex River Mountain side, and runs across the main road, nearly east and west, and disappears in the Breede River Valley towards Du Toit's Kloof.

The proprietors would do well to have a lot of the quartz crushed and tested, as it has a very promising look; and being lower silurian, the chances of finding gold are even better than in the Bokkeveld.

Before concluding, I would wish to observe that if no gold is discovered in the Bokkeveld at all, it may be a satisfaction to the people who were enterprising enough to search for the precious metal, to know that they have done so in the right formation,—not like their first attempt to dig for coal on the Witzenberg, which is considerably below the carboniferous formation.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
THOS. BAIN.

Child's Hymn on Awaking.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.]

God of my father, father mine,
Whom men address on bended knee;
Who dost my mother's heart incline
In love and fear to worship Thee:

They say that yonder brilliant Sun,
Hung like a golden lamp on high,
Beneath Thy feet its course doth run,
Faint image of Thy majesty:

They say Thou mad'st the birds to live
That carol in the meadows green;
And little children souls didst give,
Whereby Thy goodness may be seen:

They say that every flower, each shoot,
The garden's pride, Thy hand doth keep;
That but for Thee no timely fruit
The greedy husbandman would reap:

Thy gracious bounties spread around
Invite all living things to share;
No insect but its place hath found,
And banquets unforbidden there.

The lamb feeds on the thymy bed,
The kid upon the flowering thorn,
The fly upon my cup is fed
With snowy milkdrops every morn:

The lark with grain his hunger sates
From out the gleaner's bundle pressed,
The sparrow on the thresher waits,
The infant on its mother's breast.

And how to win each gracious boon
Thy mercy every moment showers,
At break of day, at eve, at noon,
We name Thy name and it is ours.

O God, if I have breathed the word
That angels only name with fear,
I know an infant's prayer is heard,
When uttered from a heart sincere:

They say that He the prayer approves
By children lisped in accents mild,
That loving innocence He loves
The simple goodness of the child:

They say that to our Father's ear
The hymn of childhood sweetly sounds,
That we like seraphim appear
With which the happy sky abounds.

Since He then from His seat on high
To childhood's humble prayer attends,
I'll pray to Him unceasingly
For help in need to all my friends:

O Lord, make Thou our fountains full,
With feathery coat the sparrow shield,
Provide the tender lamb with wool,
And dewy shadow for the field.

O let no hungry beggars roam,
Relieve the sick man from his pains,
Give to the orphan child a home,
And free the captive from his chains :

Bless him, O Lord, who feareth Thee
With store of little girls and boys,
Give fear and wisdom unto me,
That so my mother's heart rejoice.

Like Him, who, by His parents led,
Before Thee in the temple stood,
Whose image smiles above my head,
Make me, tho' little, wise and good :

Plant justice in my soul, O Lord,
Upon my lips let truth reside,
Let fear and reverence for Thy word
Still ripening in my heart abide :

O, may my voice to Thee ascend,
As when from sacred chalice thrown
Soft incense odours heavenward tend
From hands of children like my own.

J. G.

Native Folk Lore.

THE JACKAL AND THE LION.—RELATED BY A KORANNA.

A JACKAL went out hunting and shot a fine eland; he rejoiced greatly over it, thinking that he and those at home would now have meat to eat. But a lion came and took the eland away from him. The jackal returned home and told the people what the lion had done. One of them, who was a sorceress, advised him to be silent and to go out hunting again the next day. They all slept; and on the morrow he arose and went early. He again shot a fine male eland, and rejoiced greatly—admiring its size, and thinking that they should now have both meat and fat to eat. While he exulted, the lion again came and demanded the eland. The jackal refused, but the lion took it on account of his superior strength. The jackal returned home empty-handed, and asked for the sorceress, who, although they were all hungry, told him not to go out hunting on the morrow. They slept; and the next day he remained at home. The sorceress caused the surrounding bushes and water to vanish and dry up, so that the ground was for some distance bare. Then, by her power, she made an eland come up to the very front of their dwelling. She looked on while the jackal shot it, and then she suddenly caused the dead eland, the jackals, their houses, with the ground on which they were, and the water, to arise high into the air upon a tall mountain, which had a round, flat top. The lion came, but could not climb the mountain, which was too steep for him; he looked about on the ground and saw neither bushes, water, nor stones. He went round the mountain, seeking water; he looked up and saw that the jackals were far above him on the mountain top. He threw down some of the smaller mountains, but could find no means of throwing down the one upon which the jackals were. He asked the jackal, whose game he had taken away, for to give him water to drink, but the latter deceived him and said that they were themselves without water. The lion, being very thirsty, asked again and again; but the jackal assured him that they had none, saying that the lion could see for himself that the ground was dry. The lion asked why they had made such a large fire if they were without water,—seeing the fire high above him like stars. The jackal showed the lion eland's fat in a vessel, which the latter requested him to pour into his mouth. But the jackal refused, saying it belonged to the children. The lion jumped and ran about below, wanting very much to get some. He asked again that some fat should be poured into his mouth. The jackal now appeared to agree to this, but said that the lion must wait a little. Meanwhile the jackal went and told the others, who advised him to get a stone and heat it. One of them fetched a stone which they put to heat, while the first went back to tell the lion to wait. When the stone

was hot it was taken out of the fire, and the dish of fat was filled to the brim from the pot which was boiling on the fire. The jackal again showed the lion the fat, telling him to open his mouth and shut his eyes so that the fat might not fall into them. While the first jackal held the dish of fat, another brought the hot stone in the wet eland's skin and stood near. When the lion's eyes were closed the first jackal drew back, making way for the others. The stone was dropped into the lion's mouth, burning his throat and chest terribly. He sprang back and ran away, soon falling down dead as he ran. The jackal looked down upon the bare plain, and said, "The fellow lies dead." All the jackals came to look, and said, "The lion was a strong man, how is it that he was not strong before fire? He seemed a great, strong thing, but he is only a little thing and could not resist a small stone. We are little things, but the lion's body is large; we are little like a small stone."

THE JACKAL AND THE TIGER.—RELATED BY A HOTTENTOT.

Reynard kept a boarding-school; the children of Uncle Tiger (Oom Tiêr) were entrusted to his care. Now "Oom Tiêr" usually came to see his three boys every day. Reynard did not like this very much, as he was in this way prevented from tasting young tigers' flesh, which was a great delicacy to him. He therefore told "Oom Tiêr" that it was not good for children placed at boarding-schools to see their parents every day, as it made them home-sick. "Oom Tier" could at first not be persuaded, but at last agreed not to show his face to his children, but merely to come and look at them from a window in the roof of the boarding-house, where "Jakhals" would show them to him one by one. The very first evening after "Oom Tiêr" had agreed to this, Reynard killed one of the young tigers; when "Oom Tiêr" came to see his children next day, Reynard showed to him the three little ones, one by one, of course one of them twice over again. The next day he killed the second, and in the evening showed to "Oom Tiêr" the remaining one thrice over again. He then made away with the last one. Now he had to leave his house and fly for his life, for "Oom Tiêr" was sure to kill him if he found that he had eaten his children. After roaming about the fields for a few days, he at last came upon a troop of baboons; he joined them, and while there he one day spied "Oom Tiêr" at a distance. He asked the baboons to get up a game of "bal-balslaan," and to sing "Lekker 'Oom Tier' zyn kinders gevreet." He then feigned great sorrow, and screamed so loud that he attracted the attention of "Oom Tiêr," who came up to him, and inquired the cause of his great grief. "Oom zyn kinders is weg, en hoor wat zing die babe-janens." "Oom Tiêr" went nearer to the baboons, and when he heard that they sang about his children, he inquired why they sang so, and who had eaten his children. They, of course, did not know, and therefore merely said that they had been asked by Reynard to

sing so. Meanwhile this personage had made himself scarce. "Oom Tiêr," however, who had guessed at the truth, resolved to hunt Reynard out. After some time of fruitless search, he at last found Reynard asleep under a "krantz." He softly approached him, and, jumping upon him, said, "Nou het ik jou, joù vaêbond." Reynard, with his usual presence of mind, kept as cool as possible, and was ready with a trick before "Oom Tiêr" had time to bite him. "Kyk, Oom Tiêr, die krantz val, die krantz val, help Oom, help!" "Oom Tiêr," who did not in the least expect this, was quite bewildered, and, instead of going on with his work of punishing Reynard, was soon actively helping him to support the "krantz." As soon as Reynard was altogether loose from the clutches of "Oom Tiêr," he said, "Hou, Oom Tiêr zoo lang vast, ik gaat mikpaaltzes haal." Of course, Reynard never returned, but "Oom Tiêr" only found out his mistake after he had stood a whole day under the krantz.

Similarity of Boer and Mosaic Customs.

THE title of this paper does not mean to convey an analysis of the habits of the Chosen People and those of the African Boer; it aims at a simple comparison of some incidents detailed in Israelitish history and customs still extant in the Free State, some of which are now gradually receding before a more advanced state of civilization. Climatic influence forms for mankind certain habits, and the pastoral farmer of the frontier is probably more subject to that influence than any other white dweller in the land. In seasons of drought whole families in the Free State roam about with flocks and herds, pitching their tents near the well-watered plains, and leading about as primitive a life as ever did Patriarch previous to the Egyptian bondage. The Jewish maiden had the drawing of water from the well in a pitcher, and the bruising of corn between the stones, while the daughter of the frontier Boer has to carry the same liquid in a calabash measure, and if not the grinding of corn, has the stamping of mealies to perform. With the laborious duties of their nomadic lives there is a similarity of occupation with an almost imperceptible difference, and even with such a vast elapse of time it requires very little stretch of perception to discover the existing family likeness. The manner of courtship in very many cases reveals a more direct evidence of a common origin, or affords proof of a striking coincidence between the young Boer girl of the present day and her Jewish prototype. We are all pretty conversant with the Bible stories of Moses and others having tended their fathers-in-law's flocks previous to the getting of their daughters in marriage, and that in some instances there was an addition to the term of servitude. Such by no means

gives a modern Englishman an idea of romantic courtship; but there is just as little spice of romance now in match-making with the unsophisticated daughter of the Republican flockmaster beyond our borders as there was in the days when Jacob served seven years, and had to be content for the time with Leah instead of her sister. In our day, Jacobus, Isaac, or Aron—sons of poor farmers—leave their paternal home to stay with neighbours and kinsmen, and after a term of five or seven years, during which time they attend to the flocks, herds, and general farm work of their future fathers-in-law, the consummation of their Paradisical bliss is realised by the acquisition of an Eve,—Rebecca, Rachel, or Johanna has been won, and Jacobus or Isaac settle down to obey the injunction of multiplying and replenishing the earth. In this way many and many a gray-haired sire have disposed of their daughters, and placidly folded their hands in holy commiseration at the barbarity of the Kafir custom, which allows the father to dispose of his daughters for the greatest number of cows and goats—thus condemming the untutored heathen, while at the same time, this veldtschoen Pharisee sells his daughter for a term of servitude. Even in the names I have used to illustrate my meaning there is a distinct Jewish sound about them, and they are certainly familiar—I might say common names—if not originally Cape. The very pronunciation of such names as Isaac and Jacob could scarcely be dissociated in England from the Circumcision. The institution of feet-washing prevalent in our Border Republics—however reprehensible—seems to have an Eastern origin. There are few modern practices that can parallel this loathsome one of handing round a tub of water and dirty rag from master to mistress and the "stranger within their gates," for the purpose of washing their feet, and yet with Moses and the modern but rustic flockmaster of the frontier the practice did and does hold good. The pedestrian of Patriarchal ages, and the sockless Boer of the Present, whether from a similarity of occupations or other causes, undoubtedly esteemed feet-washing a luxury, and proffered this to the wayfarer as a token of hospitality.

I am now about to tread on dangerous ground, not to hazard an opinion, but to suggest a probability. After the usual greeting of two Boers on meeting, and the general inquiries having been made about families, stock, and veld, an invariable answer to the last query would be *onze wereld is moie groen*—our world is beautifully green—or, *vice versa*; the "our world" has here a limited signification, and probably gives an explanation to "the world" which is said to have been deluged; at all events there can be little doubt but that the "world" of the simple Free State farmer and the "world" of the flood has a common origin, arising from unexpanded ideas and geographical ignorance, for the circuit to which their journeys have extended has defined the boundary of their world. A more complimentary comparison may be traced in the hospitality of the people, and more particularly of the frontier farmer. It will readily be

admitted by those who have travelled through the Colony and the free Republics beyond, that the entertainment of travellers is an universal custom. It may be the bill of fare consists of diminutive junks of boiled mutton and mashed mealies, minus bread or other adjuncts of the table, but, however meagre the meal may be, it is given with welcome. The respectable traveller who drives up to the Boer's stoep, as a rule, is sure to find himself and horse provided for as comfortably as the position of his host will permit. He may have to content himself with mud floors, bare, gaunt-looking walls, and a shakedown in the voorhuis; his supper may be simple, and the accompanying beverage less potent than the wines of Collison's and Son's; but, middling or munificent, it is given with a geniality of good will which is Samaritan in its unselfishness.

M.

Old Times at the Cape.

GOVERNOR VAN NOOT.—CONCLUDED.

In our last notice of Herr Allemann's biography, we left Governor Van Noot in a perfect fury, because one of his political prisoners had escaped from his dungeon by the connivance of our hero. In the present pages, we have largely availed ourselves of the late Mr. Thomson's pen, and determined to bring our own efforts to resuscitate this particular phase of Old Times at the Cape, to a close. The present translation will therefore conclude the Van Noot series, and may be found amongst the collected posthumous works of Mr. Thomson, edited by John Noble, Esq.:—

"As regards the seven other prisoners confined in the 'black-hole,' a process was framed against them, and when the trial was over, they were condemned by the Senate of Justice each to run the gauntlet ten times, and then to be sent to Batavia as sailors. But this sentence did not please the Governor. He cried out, like another Wallenstein, 'They shall hang, the brutes! they shall all hang!' The Fiscal-Independent and the whole Senate protested against this, and remonstrated that these people could not receive sentence of death, since they had only planned a desertion but had not carried it out, and had, besides, been driven to think of it by being deprived of privileges to which they had a right. But their arguments and pleadings were of no avail. The Governor interrupted them with the authoritative sentence, 'I take the responsibility;' and the Senate had to be silent. A criminal sentence was made out against them, with the usual Dutch formalities, that they were to be hung with a rope from the gallows until death followed. The Governor immediately signed his name on the margin, with the terrible death warrant, *fiat executio.*

"The following morning early, between eight and nine o'clock, the sentence of death was read to the seven prisoners, and they were informed that the execution would take place the next day at nine o'clock. As soon as the sentence had been communicated to them, the second minister of the Reformed Church entered the now opened but doubly-guarded dungeon to prepare the condemned for death. But one of the theological candidates requested the minister to be pleased to go back to his house, remarking that he and his companions all belonged to the Evangelic Lutheran Church, and that he and the other candidate would try to console and prepare themselves and their companions for death. The minister announced this to the Governor, and he, who generally showed no feeling for religion, was quite content to let him depart. On the same day the prisoners were, according to custom, fed from the Governor's kitchen, and supplied with everything they wanted. But they ate little, and spent most of the day in singing and prayer.

"The following morning early, at eight o'clock, the whole garrison, with the free-ticket men who had uniforms, paraded in the Castle-yard, or field-of-arms, and at nine o'clock marched past the Governor's house; but, as usual on such occasions, commanded by only one officer. The prisoners were brought from their dungeon by a guard, and the sentence of death and the notice of their crime were again read to them from the top of the steps which, running up both sides of the entrance to Government House, form a sort of small balcony. Thereupon the garrison marched off and paraded at the place of execution, forming in circle round the gallows. The prisoners were then gently led away and brought to the spot. The one candidate took three, and the other two of their companions, and comforted and prayed with them as they went. A large tent is on such occasions erected at the place of execution, and thither the whole Senate of Justice is escorted by the Governor's guard. The sergeant of the guard marches in front with six grenadiers, then follows the messenger of justice, with a long thorn wand (mounted with silver at both ends) in his hand, and carrying his hat under his arm. Behind him come all the members of the Senate, walking two and two, and the corporal of the guard with six grenadiers closes the procession. The members of the Senate seat themselves in the chairs provided for them in the tent, and watch the whole execution from the beginning to end. The two candidates knelt down with their companions at the place of execution, prayed with great feeling and edification, and took most affectionate and impressive leave of each other, as one after the other they were led away to execution. Millions of tears were shed by the soldiers and spectators standing around; even the members of the Senate of Justice could not conceal their tears and emotion. At last the turn came to the first of the two candidates, and they said farewell, in the hope and assurance of soon meeting again in the holy tabernacle above. Last of all, the second candidate was also led to the ladder. The hangman was about to put the rope round his neck, when he interrupted him: 'Pardon

me a moment, I have something to say.' The executioner stopped, and the candidate turned his face towards the Castle and the Government House beyond the gate, and cried with a loud voice, 'Governor Van Noot! I summon you in this very hour before the Judgment Seat of the Omniscient God, there to give account of the souls of myself and my companions. Now, in God's name,' said he, turning to the hangman, and allowed the rope to be fixed round his neck, and ascended the ladder with a firm step, when another rope was put round his neck, and when both had been fixed to the cross-beam, the hangman pushed him from the ladder, and there he hung, dead, without a single struggle.

"After the execution, the whole Senate, escorted by the guard in the order before-mentioned, returned to the Castle and to the Governor's house, to report to him, as duty and custom required, the execution of the sentence. They entered together into the large audience-hall in which the meetings of the Senate were held, and in which also the Governor's table was spread at midday. The Governor was sitting at the end of the hall in an arm-chair. They bowed to him: but the Governor did not make the least sign of recognition. The gentlemen drew nearer to address him, when, merciful God! they saw that he sat motionless in his chair.* He was dead; despair was on his countenance, and he had such a horrible look, that all the gentlemen suddenly and together stepped back, greatly alarmed, and quite overcome with wonder and horror. From this first shock they could scarcely recover themselves or think what they were doing. An alarm and cry got up—'The Governor is dead!' but no one could or would believe it; for he had been seen only half an hour before, healthy and hearty. Every living being in the Castle rushed to the spot; but the guard at the door of Government House at once got orders to admit no one. The doors were locked, and the Senate adjourned to the house of Acting-Governor La Fontaine, to deliberate as to what had best be done.

"One of the remaining prisoners under arrest, a man named Winkelmann, had a sudden idea, and shouted out, 'Nood (Need) is dead; now there is no need!' ('*Noot is dood, nu is er geen nood!*') This was the signal to the other prisoners, who shouted out in chorus, and in a moment all the soldiers, workmen, and sailors in the Castle—nay, it would not be wrong to say everything that had life—echoed the cry—'Noot is dead; now there is no need!' This very Winkelmann, who was afterwards promoted to be sergeant, used, when relating the tale, suddenly to get quite enthusiastic when he remembered and vividly pictured the great joy which possessed all.

"As soon as the gentlemen of the Senate had recovered themselves, and calmly weighed the matter, they gave orders to the carpenters to prepare a very mean coffin or shell, and when that was brought into

* The visitor to the South African Museum will find, on entering the hall of that institution, the chair in which Governor Noot died, which has been preserved by one of the old colonial families, and a few years ago purchased and presented to the Museum.

the Governor's house, his slaves were to take up the dead body and put it in just as it was. At midnight the captain of the guard ordered a small gate which opened from the back of the Castle into the open field, and which was called the sally-port, to be opened, and the slaves had to take the shell with the body and bury it at a spot pointed out to them. They were forbidden, upon pain of death, to speak of the matter, and still less to reveal the spot where they had buried him. Thus the matter remained a secret, and it was only presumed that he had been interred on an islet at the head of the bay, called Paarden Island.

"The carpenters had after this to prepare a magnificent coffin of Indian teak, and as soon as this was ready, the funeral ceremonies were arranged with an empty coffin. The two trumpeters, whom the Company allows to the Governor at the Cape, went before, with their trumpets muffled in black cloth. An ensign, with pike reversed, and draped in black, led the six hautboy-players, whose instruments were also draped with black cloth. Then followed the commandant and all the other officers, with the whole garrison, marching with arms reversed; the spontoons were simply draped, but both banners were completely enveloped in black. The drums of the drummers were each wrapped round and muffled with three ells of black cloth, and the sergeants had crape on their halberds. The adjutant, apparently in deep mourning, but inwardly rejoicing, bore aloft, on a pole covered with black cloth, and with long pieces of crape fluttering from it, the Governor's coat-of-arms, painted on a square board. Then came the empty coffin, borne by secretaries and assistants, and surrounded by the Governor's guard. Four under-merchants held the four corners of the pall. Behind the coffin followed the Acting Governor, the Fiscal-Independent, the clergy, merchants, and all people of distinction. In marching past, the guard at the gate presented arms, the officers saluted, and the drummers beat their drums. Every minute during the procession, according to a watch held in his hand by the constable, a gun was fired from the bastions of the Castle, and answered from all the ships lying in the bay, and at each gun the flags on the ships, as well as the one flying on the Catellenbogen bastion of the Castle, were dipped. After the coffin had been carried into the church and interred in the vault, the whole garrison fired three rounds with small arms, each of which was answered by the guns from the Castle, and then the soldiers marched back to the strains of lively music. Never was the well-known return march, 'Praise God that he is dead! praise God that he is dead!' played more gaily than it was played by the drummers on this occasion. As this imposing funeral ceremony had been conducted with an empty coffin, the common people found cause to believe and to relate that the devil had made away even with the soulless body of the deceased Governor Van Noot.

"It is not to be supposed that this mournful tale was kept quiet, and only whispered in the ear in confidential discourses. Even in my

time—and I did not arrive in the Cape for three years after the event—it often formed the subject of conversation in public companies. I have put together the narrative exactly as I heard it related, without variation, by many citizens, high and low. Both from Herr Allemann and his wife, however, I had to understand that they were very cautious in saying a single word in such conversations. They always tried to break away from the subject, and bring up some other matter for conversation. Their good hearts, overflowing with gratitude, as they well might, could not endure the recollection of the mournful event, still less to speak of what they could not think of without experiencing a shock of horror."

Apropos of this subject, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to be told it is currently believed by the native population that the ghost of the wicked old Van Noot still haunts the precincts of the General's Quarters in the Castle. At times strange voices have been heard there, and bits of plaster, have fallen from the ceiling, exposing to view fragments of some old sinners' bones and petrified rubbish!!

L. G. R.

The Geology of the Cape.

A SKETCH IN TWO CHAPTERS.

I.

SOUTH AFRICA in its geological features is singularly attractive from the peculiarity of structure and configuration of the country. The

> "Sterile mountains rough and steep,
> That bound abrupt the valley deep,
> Heaving to the clear blue sky
> Their ribs of granite bare and dry;
> And ridges by the torrents worn,
> Thinly streaked with craggy thorn,
> Which fringes Nature's savage dress,
> Yet scarce relieves her nakedness"—

are impressively suggestive of volumes of "Sermons in Stones," which, in the hands of a Murchison or Hugh Miller, would reveal wonderful events in its past physical history. The tabular terraces, truncated cones, serrated peaks, and other strange forms and shapes of the hill ranges, plainly testify to some of the forces which were once in operation and contributed to the present contour and condition of the land. They are the mere skeletons or "vestiges" of the old Creation; and their outlines show how vast and powerful were the denuding agencies, aqueous and atmospheric, in past ages. There are clear indications also of subsequent volcanic outbursts which penetrated the primary and secondary formations in all directions, vertically and horizontally, and probably caused an upheavel of the conti-

nent, the maximum rise being in the centre and diminishing towards the present coasts. This again may have led to the drainage of the Interior, by the bursting of barriers which gave vent to further denuding forces, from whence probably within a comparatively recent geological period have come the large boulder and gravel heaps which form the pliocene deposits along the Vaal and Orange River Valleys, many hundreds of feet above the present beds of those rivers. Such are some of the ideas resolved from the external peculiarities of the country's framework, the great mysteries of which have still to be penetrated by science.

No systematic investigation of the geology of the Colony has yet been made, although portions of it have been explored by qualified observers whose notes and conclusions have been published and serve to throw some light upon the subject. These contributions prove that in general structure and palæontological character, many of the rock formations, especially of the palæozoic and mesæozoic epochs, are analogous to those of other regions; but there are some of volcanic and metamorphic nature, which are altogether novel in their composition as well as in their relationship to the stratified rocks, and form a peculiar feature inviting the most careful and attentive scientific observation and research. It is in connection with these latter that the rich diamondiferous mines of Griqualand West occur.

The importance of an accurate knowledge of the structure and mineral conditions of the country has become specially apparent since the discovery of diamonds and gold; and we trust it will ere long lead to the prosecution of a practical geological survey, so as to obtain a thorough examination of those portions already partially known, as well as of the extensive tracts which still remain a *terra incognita*. What has hitherto been done cannot be regarded as more than a superficial exploration, and none of the pioneers who were engaged in the work claim to have in any way solved the problems of South African Geology, or to have enumerated a fraction of the various economic minerals and soils to be met with. Their labours, however, are valuable as a groundwork for further investigation; and, as such, a review of the facts and observations recorded by them will be interesting to those who may not have the means of obtaining access to their published papers.

The first important account of the formation of South Africa was given by the late Mr. Andrew Geddes Bain, whose name is imperishably associated with the rocks of the Colony as the constructor of its magnificent mountain passes. In the course of his professional business as a road-maker, he had specially favourable opportunities of study; and, although an amateur, the results of his work elicited high commendation from the fathers of the science in England. His papers were published in the Geological Society's Transactions in 1856, accompanied by a map and sections, with a series of plates depicting all the leading types of fossils exhumed, and the reports of Professor Owen and other palæontologists upon them,

Starting from Table Bay through the Western Districts, Mr. Bain represents granite as the fundamental rock, though he regards the superincumbent clayslate, which is in many places interpenetrated by it, as older. This clayslate he considers is non-fossiliferous, as many extensive excavations in these rocks have never yielded a single fossil. It is of great thickness and presents a diversity of aspects, always stratified at high angles, frequently almost vertical, as in the Lion's Hill or Robben Island quarries. It extends on the west coast beyond Piketberg and eastward near to Cape St. Francis. Above the clayslate, and resting on it unconformably, is a vast deposit of unfossiliferous sandstone and conglomerate,—well illustrated in Table Mountain and Lion's Head, also in the mountain ranges in the south-west of the Colony. He estimates its thickness at from 10,000 to 12,000 feet; so that if Table Mountain had retained its deposit until the present day, it would eclipse the Peak of Teneriffe or even rival Mont Blanc itself. This quartzose sandstone he ranks as Lower Silurian. Resting comformably upon it in the warm and cold Bokkevelds are a series of argillaceous schists and coarse red sandstone, which, from the abundance and beauty of its fossils, is the most important in palæontological interest of all the Western formation. The fossils consist almost wholly of trilobites, conoids, brachiopodas in considerable variety, and from the general characteristics of these Mr. Bain supposed the formation to be Upper Silurian, but the members of the Geological Society differed from this opinion and, after examination of the fossils before them, concluded it to be more recent and most probably of the Devonian, or Old Red Sandstone period.* Passing further inland, not far beyond Karoo Poort, at the outspan place known as Platfontein (Esau's), there is a dyke-like band of igneous rock, which Mr. Bain says trends along an enormous tract of country,

* Mr. Sharpe, the President of the Geological Society, and Mr. J. W. Salter, in describing these, remark that "the few South African fossils originally collected by Dr. Andrew Smith in the Cedarberg, and referred to in Sir R. Murchison's Silurian system, are identical with those found by Mr. Bain in the Bokkeveld, and are illustrated along with the latter. As we are unable to identify any of these South African fossils with species which have been described from districts where the age of the formations has been fully ascertained, we can only conjecture their place in the geological series from their analogy with European forms. This comparison, however, while it tends to invalidate the conclusion that any of them are from true Silurian strata, as formerly supposed, makes it very probable that they belong to 'the Devonian.'" At the same time, and quite independently, a similar result was arrived at by Dr. F. Sandbergen, and all three authorities agreed in rejecting as improbable the association of Lower and Upper Silurian species of trilobites and shells in the same beds with Devonian types. Mr. Salter, in his observations on the crustacea and radiata' adds the following conclusion:—"It will be seen by the palæontological reader that of the twenty-seven species here described, all, with two exceptions, belong to genera in Devonian strata, and some of them to forms of those genera peculiarly characteristic of such rocks. This is especially to be noted in the case of the broad-winged *spiriferi*, the speciose *Homalonoti*, the fan-tailed species of *Phacops*, and the *Sentaculites*, which looks so like *T. Annulatus* of the Rhenish provinces, that it has been identified as such. In no other formation can such an association as of the above forms, with species of Cucullella, Bellerophon, Conularia, Chonetes, and Strophomena, be discovered; and hence, in the absence of any true Silurian species, or even of any purely Silurian genus, we are compelled to regard the formation as Devonian."

passing in a waving line from the Bushman Karoo of Namaqualand south-eastward through the southern part of the Great Karoo, and north-eastward through the Zwartberg, past the Zuurberg and Graham's Town, to the mouth of the Gualana River, in Kafirland, and onward to Natal. He calls it a claystone porphyry, and speculates upon its origin being in some way attributable to a primeval vast volcano, somewhere near the junction of the Vaal and the Orange Rivers, and thence "deluging with fiery billows the Silurian plains, and spreading ruin and desolation over the carboniferous forests for tens of thousands of square miles."

In the Eastern Province, and resting below this claystone porphyry, is what Mr. Bain seems to have satisfactory grounds for concluding to be a carboniferous formation, differing little in lithological structure from the Devonian sandstone of the Western. No workable coal has been discovered in it, but fossil plants characteristic of the carboniferous epoch have been found, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Kowie. According to the map, this carboniferous formation extends through the Winterhoek and Zuurberg ranges, along over Albany, and eastward to the sea, from the Gualana to the Bushman's River. Above the claystone porphyry is the vast area of what Mr. Bain calls the reptiliferous strata, covering the whole northern portions of the Karoo, and extending eastwards, at least, to the Caledon River. His opinion of the lacustrine origin of those vast beds is based on the general uniformity and homogenity of the deposits; the great abundance of fossil wood, and the similarity of the vegetable remains found through the range of these beds; the large quantity of fresh-water plants traversing the strata in the vertical position on the spot where they grew; the peculiar character of the reptiles found in these strata, and unknown elsewhere; and the general absence of marine exuvia, and the presence of small fresh-water shells. But Professor Owen is of opinion that the extraordinary bidental reptiles here alluded to, and their numerous congeners, are probably of the New Red Sandstone epoch, and therefore among the most ancient of reptiles. Mr. Bain gives a general brief sketch of the superficial deposits of calcareous tufa, such as that forming the low limestone hills at Green Point, or the limestone rocks of the Duivenhok's River, in Swellendam, which he thinks are the detruits of the tertiary deposits, which at a former period, he has no doubt, everywhere fringed the coast. Frequently resting on these are still more recent beds of marine shells, similar to those now existing in the neighbouring seas, and not seldom containing the remains of recent land animals, and even fragments of native pottery and other works of man intermingled. From this the inference is natural that those beds are elevated sea-beaches, raised within the historical period. Some traces of such beds have been observed even on the Camp's Bay slope of the Lion's Head, and are common at the mouth of the Fish River, Kowie, Van Staaden's River, at Mossel Bay, and Port Elizabeth, as well as along Kaffraria.

Mr. Bain also refers to the trap-dykes—that remarkable feature in the geology of South Africa—which in immense numbers reticulates through the whole of the Dicynodon strata, their erupted matter capping even the highest mountains, such as the Spitzkop.

About the time that Mr. Bain determined to bring before the public these results of his observations, the many indications of mineral wealth in various parts of the Colony, and in Namaqualand especially, induced Parliament in its first session to authorize the appointment of a Geological Surveyor, and through the late Duke of Newcastle, who was then Secretary of State for the Colonies, the services of Mr. Andrew Wyley, of the British Geological Survey, were secured. This gentleman was employed for about four years. His first and most important work was the examination of the mining region of South Namaqualand, on which he furnished a most elaborate and complete report, accompanied by plans of each mine, their situation and general character. In this report he describes the general geology of the country as consisting of one common formation of gneiss and schists, capped and overlaid by newer rocks. Those newer rocks in the more northern districts consist chiefly of thick deposits of shales, limestones, and very ancient sandstones, forming, towards the Orange River, mountains almost as imposing as Table Mountain at the Cape. The sandstones are probably of contemporary formation with Table Mountain, and like it are wholly unfossiliferous. Underlying the schists and gneiss, and at varying depths, is a general granite mass which appears to come much nearer the surface in the southern portion of Namaqualand than in the north. The most remarkable feature in the mineralogical structure of the country is connected with the more southern districts. The gneiss which forms the characteristic surface rock, wherever the celebrated copper indications abound, is soft, and altered by contact with a subjacent igneous rock. This underlying rock is felspathic in composition, very hard and crystalline, and evidently igneous and intrusive in its origin. It is the same rock which, in more distant districts, by the addition of quartz and mica, passes into a true granite. This felspar rock is frequently thrust up in dyke-like masses, through the superincumbent gneiss, and in branching veins, thus ramifying through the gneiss above, and corresponding veins for a short depth in the felspar rock below, the copper ores are most abundant. At the junction of the two rocks, and in the felspar rock, the ores are generally sulpheret, which seems to have been their original condition ; as nearer the surface they appear to have been decomposed, in some cases into oxides, and in other frequent instances to have formed silicates by combination with the silica of decomposing felspar. In the crystalline felspar the cupreous veins often extend downwards for a few feet, but they gradually become so diffused that they are ultimately lost in the general mass, and the copper seems to become a constituent portion of the rock itself—which is of course equivalent to a loss of the ore altogether. From

this it is evident that the ore is of contemporary origin with the felspar rock itself; and, says Mr. Wyley,—"We can account for the facts in no other way than by supposing that when the felspar rock came up in a state of fusion from beneath, it brought the copper along with it, in the form, most probably, of copper pyrites, distributed throughout its mass. This, on cooling, would naturally egregate itself into veins, more or less definite, and where the circumstances were favourable, into large lode-like masses, while a portion would still remain in a state of minute division throughout the rock. A portion would at the same time find its way into the more broken portions of the gneiss above,—and this by gradual decomposition would produce oxides and silicates and such surface ores." From all this Mr. Wyley infers that when rich veins in the altered gneiss are met with, they may continue their richness for twenty, thirty, or forty feet downwards, till the subjacent felspar rock is arrived at; that in that rock for a certain depth they may continue still of varying productiveness; but that the probability of their entire disappearance in that rock, their absorption into its general mass is so great as to amount to almost positive certainty. Hence, even the best mines of Namaqualand he is far from considering inexhaustible. Some will endure longer than others, but the felspar rock will be reached sooner or later in them all. "Of those mines which have been abandoned," he says, "there is not one that I can point to as holding out a certainty or even a probable chance of being worked with success. Of the few mines now at work, I believe that Springbok Fontein is likely to hold its ground the longest." Mr. Wyley of course judged only in accordance with the evidence then within his reach in regard to the wealth of many of these mines, but the unquestionable result of the practical working of them has since proved his theories and impressions in that respect to have been erroneous. The Schaap River Mine is mentioned by him as an exceptional place, where, though there was ore on the surface there was none below; and yet experience has proved that ore of surpassing richness has been found there at considerable depth. Still more remarkable is the O'okiep lode, where, instead of disseminating in valueless diffusion among the rocks, its ore becomes still richer and more resplendent with every fathom of the descent. The mining phenomena of the northern part of the district Mr. Wyley speaks of as being much more simple and more easily explained. "These small portions of copper have found their way probably from igneous rocks below, far up through the more open beds of the nearly vertical schist, or have been deposited in cracks, along with the quartz veins—modes of concurrence which are common enough all the world over, and which therefore do not call for any lengthened explanation."

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Forster's "Life of Dickens."

Nearly four years have elapsed since the sudden and sad announcement of Dickens's death startled the world; and still the English-speaking population of this globe have never wavered in their allegiance to the one great literary magician of the age in which we live. Far from being forgotten—the life of Charles Dickens is calculated to reawaken within us all the generous enthusiasm with which we were wont to receive the works of the inimitable "Boz," and make us more deeply cognizant of the debt of obligation under which we labour, while trying to review the thirty-five years of his literary exertions. As was finely said of Addison, "his death eclipsed the harmless gaiety of nations;" and Mr. Forster, in his third volume, has done his utmost to show that, in spite of petty detraction and unmerited abuse at the hands of superfine critics, his earliest and most intimate friend was, without exception, the most wonderful writer that ever wielded a pen. Apart from his differences with his wife, in every relation of life Charles Dickens seems to have been most admirable and excellent. Hear what Thomas Carlyle writes of him:—"It is almost thirty years since my acquaintance with him begun: and on my side, I may say, every new meeting ripened it into more and more clear discernment of his rare and great worth as a brother man; till at length he had grown to such a recognition with me as I have rarely had for any man of my time. His death is an event world-wide—a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct. No death since 1866 has fallen on me with such a stroke. No literary man's hitherto ever did. The good, the gentle, high-gifted, ever friendly, noble Dickens—every inch of him an Honest Man." This is not the language of a humbug or a snob; but the genuine heart-felt tribute of the deepest thinker of our time; and therefore we may fairly assume that there was not a grain of vanity or pretence in the composition of the man who earned such a tribute from the great and rugged "Tom of Chelsea." Judged by ordinary standards, Charles Dickens appears on occasions to have been hard and obstinate, and to have set his teeth against the opinions of his best friends; but when we come to read his private correspondence with

some of the ablest men of his day, we are driven to the conclusion that whatever he did he did with his whole heart ; and that he gave the most minute attention to every matter that in any way concerned him, or affected his credit with the public. Upon these points there are abundant proofs of the care and minuteness with which he discharged his private obligations, and resented any attempt to put him in the wrong with his readers. Whether on these occasions he was always perfectly careful of the motives or feelings of others is a matter that is perhaps open to some doubt ; but of his frankness and genuine belief in the purity of his own aims and thoughts and actions there can be no reasonable doubt. In fact there was such a transparency about Dickens's character, and the man's whole system was so boiling over with fun and enjoyment of his own keen sense of the humorous and ridiculous, that for the greater part of his life, his popularity was the outcome of that strong personal interest which the public took in everything that came from his tongue or hand. No matter what he wrote or said, the people were always delighted to have it. They felt that his creations had vitality about them ; and that they were not evolved from his inner consciousness or transplanted from regions beyond their moral gaze, but were the genuine product of a master mind, taking accurate note of what is going on around us in this every day world of pain and joy and hope and sorrow, and which, too, came within the range of their own personal experience as being essentially true and vividly life-like. There is something so exceedingly natural about the utterances of Pickwick and Pecksniff, Sam Weller, Sairey Gamp, and the ever hopeful Micawber, that we seem to recognise them not as types of humanity but as veritable portraits of people whom we have known. The mingled humour and pathos of Dickens's writings are unequalled. Here laughter and tears strive with each other for mastery ; and whether we roar with Dick Swiveller or weep with little Nell, we are utterly unconscious of doing anything of which we need be ashamed. Nor, indeed, does Dickens ever seem to be writing for anything but amusement. There is an easy grace about his earliest and later efforts that show what a labour of love it must have been to him to invent and set his puppets dancing. As he himself has somewhere said, "May I not be forgiven for thinking it a wonderful testimony to my being made for my art, that when in the midst of trouble and pain I sit down to my book, some beneficent power shows it all to me and tempts me to be interested, and I don't invent it—really do not—*but see it* and write it down. It is only when it all fades away and is gone that I begin to suspect that its momentary relief has cost me something."

Whatever view may be taken of the man who wrote these words, Mr. Forster thinks he had the claim to be judged by reference to the highest models in the art in which he studied. "In the literature of his time, from 1836 to 1870, he held the most conspicuous place, and his claim to the most popular one in the literature of fiction was by common consent admitted. He obtained this rank by the sheer force

of his genius, unhelped in any way, and he held it without dispute. As he began he closed. After he had written for only four months, and after he had written incessantly for four and thirty years, he was, of all living writers, the most widely read. His leading quality was Humour; it accounts for his magnificent successes, as well for his not unfrequent failures in characteristic delineations." This quality has been denied him by some of his critics, notably by M. Henri Taine, who thinks that in Dickens's writings he does not find that the natural or simple prevails sufficiently. "The tone is too passionate. The imaginative or poetic side of illusion is so uniformly dwelt on, that the descriptions cease to be subsidiary, and the minute details of pain or pleasure wrought out by them become active agencies in the tale. So vivid and eager is the display of fancy, that everything is borne along with it; imaginary objects take the precision of real ones; living thoughts are controlled by inanimate things; the chimes console the poor old ticket-porter; the cricket steadies the rough carrier's doubts; the sea waves soothe the dying boy; clouds, flowers, leaves, play their several parts; hardly a form of matter without a living quality; no silent thing without its voice." Fondling and exaggerating thus what is occasional in the subject of his criticism, into what he has evidently at last persuaded himself is a fixed and universal practice with Dickens,—M. Taine proceeds to explain the exuberance, by comparing such imagination in its vividness to that of a monomaniac. He fails altogether to apprehend that property in Humour which involves the feelings of subtlest and most affecting analogies, and from which is drawn the rare insight into sympathies between the nature of things and their attributes or opposites, in which Dickens's fancy revelled with such delight. He exhibits Dickens, as from time to time, in the several stages of his successive works of fiction, "given up to one idea; possessed by it; seeing nothing else, treating it in a hundred forms, exaggerating it, and so dazzling and overpowering his readers with it, that escape is impossible." To the same kind of power he attributes the "extraordinary clearness with which the commonest objects in all his books, the most ordinary interiors, any old house, a parlour, a boat, a school, fifty things that in the ordinary tale-teller would pass unmarked, are made vividly present and indelible; are brought out with a strength of relief, precision, and force, unapproached in any other writer of prosification; with everything minute yet nothing cold, with all the passion and the patience of the painters of his country." For language of this kind some excuse may be found in the fact that M. Taine is a Frenchman, and therefore nothing if not logical, even while dealing with the writings of a foreigner; but what are we to say of an essayist like Mr. Lewes, who, in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, has sought to expound the inner meanings of Dickens in relation to criticism, and to show that though he had a splendid genius and a wonderful imagination, yet the objectors were to be excused who only called him a stagy sentimentalist or a clever caricaturist. In the boldest way

possible, Mr. Forster carries the war into the enemy's country, and says of this particular piece of English hypercriticism that the pretentious airs of the performance, with its prodigious professions of candour, force upon him the painful task of stating what Mr. George Henry Lewes's essay really amounts to. "During Dickens's life, especially when any fresh novelist could be found available for strained comparison with him, there were plenty of attempts to write him down; but the trick of studied depreciation was never carried so far or made so odious as in this case, by intolerable assumptions of an indulgent superiority; and to repel it in such a form once for all is due to Mr. Dickens's memory. The paper begins by the usual concessions—that he was a writer of vast popularity; that he delighted no end of people; that his admirers were in all classes and all countries; that he stirred the sympathies of masses not easily reached through literature, and always to healthy emotion; that he impressed a new direction on popular writing, and modified the literature of his age in its spirit no less than its form. The very splendour of these successes, on the other hand, so deepened the shadow of his failures, that to many there was nothing but darkness. Was it unnatural? Could greatness be properly ascribed by the fastidious to a writer whose defects were so glaring, exaggerated, untrue, fantastic, and melodramatic. The vividness of Dicken's imagination, M. Taine found to be simply monomaniacal, and his follower finds it to be merely hallucinative. Not the less he heaps upon it epithet after epithet. He talks of its irradiating splendour; calls it glorious as well as imperial and marvellous; and to make us quite sure he is not with these fine phrases puffing off an inferior article, he interposes that such imagination is 'common to all great writers.' He was, we are told, 'a seer of visions.' Amid silence and darkness, we are assured, he heard voices and saw objects, of which the revived impressions to him had the vividness of sensations, and the images his mind created in explanation of them had the coercive force of realities. His types established themselves in the public mind like personal experiences. Their falsity was unnoticed in the blaze of their illumination. In vain critical reflection showed these figures to be merely masks, not characters, but personified characteristics—caricatures and distortions of human nature. The vividness of their presentation triumphed over reflection; their creator managed to communicate to the public his own unhesitating belief. Just as the wooden horse is brought within the range of the child's emotions and dramatizing tendencies, when he can handle and draw it, so Dickens's figures are brought within the range of the reader's interest, and receive from these interests a sudden illumination, when they are the puppets of a drama every incident of which appeals to the sympathies." So far we have quoted Mr. Lewes, and the refutation of his views is not very difficult to find; but we will now pass on to a review of Dickens as a novelist by Mr. Forster.

"I have said that Dickens felt criticisms, of whatever kind, with too

sharp a relish for the indifference he assumed to it; but the secret was that he believed himself to be entitled to higher tribute than he was always in the habit of receiving. It was the feeling which suggested a memorable saying of Wordsworth, 'I am not at all desirous that any one should write a critique on my poems. If they be from above they will do their own work in course of time, if not they will perish as they ought.' The something 'from above' never seems to me absent from Dickens, even at his worst. When the strain upon his invention became apparent, and he could only work freely in a more confined space than of old, it was still able to assert itself triumphantly; and his influence over his readers was continued by it to the last day of his life. Looking back over the series of his writings, the first reflection that rises to the mind of any thoughtful person is one of thankfulness that the most popular of writers, who had carried into the lowest scenes and conditions an amount of observation, fun, and humour not approached by any of his cotemporaries, should never have sullied that world-wide influence by a hint of impurity or a possibility of harm. Nor is there anything more surprising than the freshness and variety of character which those writings include within the range of the not numerous types of character that were the limit of their author's genius. For this also appears, upon any review of them collectively, that the teeming life which is in them is that of the time in which his own life was passed; and that with the purpose of showing vividly its form and pressure was joined the hope and design to leave it better than he found it. It has been objected that humanity receives from him no addition to its best types; that the burlesque humourist is always stronger in him than the reflective moralist; that the light thrown by his genius into out-of-the-way corners of life never steadily shines in its higher beaten ways; and that beside his pictures of what man is or does, there is no attempt to show, by delineation of an exalted purpose or a great career, what man is able to be or to do. In the charge abstractedly there is truth; but the fair remark upon it is that whatever can be regarded as essential in the want implied by it will be found in other forms in his writings, that the perfect innocence of their laughter and tears has been itself a prodigious blessing, and that it is otherwise incident to so great a humourist to work after the fashion most natural to the genius of humour. It is thus that all things human are happily brought within human sympathy. It was to the heart of everything Dickens wrote. It was the secret of the hope he had that his books might help to make people better; and it so guarded them from evil that there is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hands of a little child. It made him the intimate of every English household, and a familiar friend wherever the language is spoken, whose stores of harmless pleasure he has so largely increased."

"The loss of no single man during the present generation, if we except Abraham Lincoln alone," said Mr. Horace Greeley, describing

the profound and universal grief of America at his death, "has carried mourning into so many families, and been so unaffectedly lamented through all the ranks of society." "The terrible news from England," wrote Longfellow to Mr. Forster," fills us all with inexpressible sadness. Dickens was so full of life that it did not seem possible he could die, and yet he has gone before us, and we are sorrowing for him. It is no exaggeration to say that this whole country is stricken with grief." And the Bishop of Manchester fitly declared of the statement that he might be called an apostle of the people—that he "supposed it meant that Dickens had a mission, but in a style and fashion of his own; a gospel, a cheery, joyous, gladsome message, which the people understood, and by which they could hardly help being bettered; for it was the gospel of kindliness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word. I am sure I have felt in myself the healthful spirit of his teaching. Possibly we might not have been able to subscribe to the same creed in relation to God, but I think we should have subscribed to the same creed in relation to man." Nor were these expressions of opinion only forthcoming after his death. His correspondence with every literary man of note is full of most delightful and varied experiences, and he possessed in life the wonderful gift of attracting both young and old to his side by his admirable *bon hommie* and genuine sympathy with every form of suffering or fun. But charming as were his writings, they became doubly charming when assisted by the inflections of his voice and the play of his lively features over his reading-desk. Here Dickens was entire master of his audience, and with the flashing of his brilliant brown eyes kept his thousands of hearers spell-bound and entranced by his wonderful reading of the "Carol," or the murder scene in "Oliver Twist." Of the enthusiasm excited by these readings in England and America, Mr. Forster gives many details in this volume; and we ourselves have been witness to the extraordinary bursts of applause with which they were generally received at St. Martin's Hall in 1858. It was then necessary to secure your seats for days previous, and the moment eight o'clock struck, the doors were promptly shut, and no more ticket-holders admitted. Of course these readings involved great personal exertion, and enormous fatigue in travelling backwards and forwards on the various lines of railway; but he always was most punctual in keeping his engagement at all hazards. In a letter to his eldest daughter he describes the nature of the reception accorded to him in Dublin, when giving his last reading there:—"The last night in Dublin was an extraordinary scene. You can hardly imagine it. All the way from the hotel to the Rotunda (a mile) I had to contend against the stream of people who were turned away. When I got there, they had broken the glass in the pay-boxes, and were offering £5 freely for a stall. Half of my platform had to be taken down, and people heaped in among the ruins. You never saw such a scene. They had offered frantic prices for stalls. Eleven bank-notes were thrust into a pay-box at one time for eleven

stalls. Our men were flattened against walls and squeezed against beams. Ladies stood all night with their chins against my platform. Other ladies sat all night upon my steps. I wish you and the dear girls could have seen the people look at me in the street; or heard them ask me, as I hurried to the hotel, to "do me the honour to shake hands, Misther Dickens, and God bless you, sir; not ounly for the light you've been to me this night, but for the light you've been in mee house, sir (and God love your face), this many a year." In America his experiences were still more extraordinary. Here Yankee cuteness caused a regular army of speculators to spring up, who bought up all the tickets for the series, and then resold at a very large profit, to the infinite disgust of all parties concerned. At Brooklyn, near New York, he wrote to say:—"The noble army of speculators are now furnished (this is literally true, and I am quite serious) each man with a straw mattress, a little bag of bread and meat, two blankets, and a bottle of whiskey. With this outfit *they lie down in line on the pavement* the whole of the night before the tickets are sold; generally taking up their position at about ten. It being severely cold at Brooklyn, they made an immense bonfire in the street—a narrow street of wooden houses—which the police turned out to extinguish. A general fight then took place; from which the people furthest off in the line rushed bleeding when they saw any chance of ousting others nearer the door, put their mattresses in the spots so gained, and held on by the iron rails. At eight in the morning Dolby appeared with the tickets in the portmanteau. He was immediately saluted with a roar of chaffy inquiries, in the midst of which he proceeded to business, and concluded (as usual) by giving universal dissatisfaction." * * *

In Edinburgh he was received in the most enthusiastic manner. He read with the platform crowded with people. As he says in one of his letters (Dec., 1861):—"I got them to lie down upon it, and it was like some impossible tableau or gigantic picnic—one pretty girl in full dress, lying on her side all night, holding on to one of the legs of my table. Such a pouring of hundreds into a place already full to the throat, such indescribable confusion, such a rending and tearing of dresses; and yet such a scene of good humour on the whole, I never saw the faintest approach to. While I addeessed the crowd in the room, G.——addressed the crowd in the street. Fifty frantic men got up in all parts of the hall, and addressed me all at once. Other frantic men made speeches to the walls."

These triumphs, however, in the end were to cost him very dear. Undoubtedly they laid the foundation of that brain mischief which was aggravated by excessive activity and over work, until he literally died in harness. Perhaps, if he had followed his doctor's advice, and rested from his labours, he might still have been alive; but Dickens was such a terribly energetic worker and walker that he never would give himself rest. He was always pegging away at everything that came under his hand to do; and the story of his life

is but another illustration of the waywardness of genius when called upon to exercise common sense. When he returned from America he was dead beat by his exertions there; but the voyage home quite set him up again. As he himself writes to his friends in Boston—descriptive of his being burned brown beyond belief, and causing the greatest disappointment in all quarters by looking so well:—"My doctor was quite broken down in spirits on seeing me for the first time last Saturday. '*Good Lord! seven years younger!*' said the doctor, recoiling."

When Dickens first decided to read in public, he did it as a relief from home worries, and because he felt that his inventive faculties were flagging. He was anxious to drown care and save a little money for his numerous family, and thought at any time he could return to his writing-desk when he grew tired of his reading. But unfortunately for himself, he hit the taste of the public so thoroughly, that he was constantly being tempted to undertake more and more reading work, until at last he committed his books entirely to memory, and acted out the parts as carefully as if on the stage. Four nights in the week put a terrible strain on his physical strength, and the record of his pulse kept by Dr. Beard, after going through the murder scene with Nancy and Sykes, night after night, is a very instructive commentary on his folly and foolhardiness in persevering with these readings because he was under an engagement to do so with the Messrs. Chappell, and did not like to disappoint them. Frequently his pulse rose to 118 and 124 per minute. At length he was forced to give them up, and take to writing "*Edwin Drood*," the last of his books; but even the exertion of inventing was too much for him, and he finally fell a victim to apoplectic seizure in his fifty-sixth year.

Mr. Forster in his closing chapters deals very tenderly with Dickens's personal characteristics, and shows him to have been a very loveable man, and singularly free from vanity or affectation. His letters are certainly very fresh and genuine. "I have read them," writes Lord John Russell, "with delight and pain. His heart, his imagination, his qualities of painting what is noble, and finding diamonds hidden far away are greater here than even his works convey to me." "It will be difficult even for his detractors," says Mr. Forster, "to look over letters so marvellous in the art of reproducing to the sight what once has been seen, so natural and unstudied in their wit and fun, and with such a constant well-spring of sprightly runnings of speech in them, point of epigram, ingenuity of quaint expression, absolute freedom from every touch of affectation, and to believe that the source of this man's humour, or of whatever gave wealth to his genius, was other than habitual, unbounded, and resistless. I suppose so remarkable an author as Dickens hardly ever lived who carried so little of authorship into ordinary social intercourse. Potent as the sway of his writings was over him, it expressed itself in other ways. Traces or triumphs of literary labour, displays of conversational or other personal predominance, were no part of

the influence he exerted over friends. To them he was only the pleasantest of companions, with whom they forgot that he had ever written anything, and felt only the charm which a nature of such capacity for supreme enjoyment causes every one around it to enjoy. Of his hearty, undisguised, and unmistakeable enjoyment of his astonishing, and, indeed, quite bewildering popularity, there can be as little doubt as that there is not a particle of vanity in it, any more than of false modesty or grimace. Few men in the world, one fancies, could have gone through such a grand display of fireworks, not merely with so marvellous an absence of what the French call *pose*, but unsoiled by the smoke of a cracker. No man's strong individuality was ever so free from conceit."

As a specimen of his graver mood, we have much pleasure in transcribing the following letter to his youngest son, when about to join his brother in Australia, in 1868, and we commend its repeated perusal to all our fellow colonists:—"I write this note to-day because your going away is much upon my mind and because I want you to have a few parting words from me, to think of now and then at quiet times. I need not tell you that I love you dearly, and am very, very sorry in my heart to part with you. But this life is half made up of partings, and these pains must be borne. It is my comfort and my sincere conviction that you are going to try the life for which you are best fitted. I think its freedom and wildness more suited to you than any experiment in a study or office would have been; and without that training you could have followed no other suitable occupation. What you have always wanted until now has been a set, steady, constant purpose. I therefore exhort you to persevere in a thorough determination to do whatever you have to do, as well as you can do it. I was not so old as you are now, when I first had to win my food, and to do it out of this determination: and I have never slackened in it since. Never take a mean advantage of any one in any transaction, and never be hard upon people who are in your power. Try to do to others as you would have them do to you, and do not be discouraged if they fail sometimes. It is much better for you that they should fail in obeying the greatest rule laid down by our Saviour, than that you should. I put a New Testament among your books for the very same reasons, and with the very same hopes, that made me write an easy account of it for you when you were a little child; because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world; and because it teaches you the best lessons by which any human creature, who tries to be truthful and faithful to duty, can possibly be guided. As your brothers have gone away, one by one, I have written to each such words as I am now writing to you, and have entreated them all to guide themselves by this Book, putting aside the interpretations and inventions of Man. You will remember that you have never at home been harassed about religious observances or mere formalities. I have always been anxious not to weary my children with such

things before they are old enough to form opinions respecting them. You will therefore understand the better that I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it. Only one thing more on this head. The more we are in earnest as to feeling it, the less we are disposed to hold forth about it. Never abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it. I hope you will always be able to say in after life that you had a kind father. You cannot show your affection for him so well, or make him so happy, as by doing your duty." "They who most intimately knew Dickens," says his biographer, "will know best that every word there is written from his heart, and is radiant with the truth of his nature!"

A dislike of all display was rooted in Dickens. He had a great aversion to being patronised—even by the Queen; and he withdrew from the Literary Fund because he considered that literature was not properly upheld by it. The Queen, indeed, was so pleased with his acting in the "*Frozen Deep*" that she desired him to wait upon her, that she might thank him in person, but he excused himself upon the ground that "I was in my farce dress, and must beg to be excused." Whereupon she sent again, saying that the dress "could not be so ridiculous as that," and repeating the request. "I sent my duty in reply, but again hoped her Majesty would have the kindness to excuse my presenting myself in a costume and appearance that were not my own. I was mighty glad to think, when I woke next morning, that I had carried the point." This was in July, 1857, but the opportunity of presenting himself in his own costume did not arrive till the year of his death, though the Queen frequently expressed a wish to hear the "Carol" read. But Dickens would only read before her on condition that she would indulge him by making one of some audience or other, for he thought an audience necessary to the effect. This difficulty was never got over, but the Queen met him at last by accident, having got Mr. Helps to borrow some large and striking photographs of the Battle Fields of the Civil War, which Dickens had brought with him from America. Dickens sent them at once; and went afterwards to Buckingham Palace with Mr. Helps at her Majesty's request, that she might see and thank him in person. The whole of the interview was most interesting, but we have not space to transcribe it here. The upshot of it was that the Queen took up a copy of her own book on the Highlands, and saying that "the humblest of writers" should be ashamed to offer it to "one of the greatest," wrote his name on the fly-leaf, and placed the volume in his hands, as a slight proof of her Royal regard. So that as the mountain would not go to the great Mahomet, Mahomet had to go to the mountain, ask him to attend her levèe and Court-ball, &c. We think the anecdote to be characteristic of Dickens's spirit and

independence, and in no way unworthy of him. But, indeed, his genius could not brook being made a show of; and if he was not good enough for the Queen in his private capacity, he certainly would not dance to Court music in motley. That the Queen lost something by this determination is clear, because Mr. Forster says that "at social meetings Dickens's acute sense of enjoyment gave such relish to his social qualities that, probably, no man, not a great wit or a professed talker, ever left, in leaving any social gathering, a blank so impossible to fill up. In quiet and varied sympathy, in ready adaptation to every whim or humour, in help to any mirth or game, he stood for a dozen men. If one may say such a thing, he seemed to be always the more himself for being somebody else, for continually putting off his personality. His versatility made him unique. What he said once of his own love of acting, applied to him equally when at his happiest among friends whom he loved; sketching a character, telling a story, acting a charade, taking part in a game; turning into comedy an incident of the day, describing the last good or bad thing he had seen, reproducing in quaint, tragical, or humorous form and figure, some part of the passionate life with which all his being overflowed."

We had marked many more passages for extract from this delightful record of a blithe, happy disposition, ever eager to oblige others, and ever foremost in all kind works to lessen the burdens of his neighbours, but we must forbear. We will leave his writings to speak for themselves; and refrain from following Mr. Forster into the details of his illness and his burial in the Abbey, as the affecting incidents connected with both are too recent not to still linger in the memories of all. We shall, however, here take leave of our author, by thanking him most heartily for a most charming and genuine piece of biography—worthy of its subject—and of his own good reputation in the field of letters. With a full knowledge of the mystery of his early life, and of all the circumstances that had an influence upon the youth and manhood of Charles Dickens as a recognised genius and the idol of thousands, Mr. Forster had good reasons for being proud and even jealously careful of the reputation of his friend. Without slurring over the dark passages in his life, or ignoring his occasional fierceness and hardness against opposing barriers to his will, Mr. Forster has shown his hero in every variety of light, and in nearly all he has succeeded in making him out to be a good and brilliant man of genius. Of course he had enemies, but they were comparatively few, while his intimate aasociates were amongst the best and noblest of men. This book requires therefore to be read as a whole, and we believe the verdict of all sensible readers will be identical with our own—that out of a bewildering mass of valuable materials Mr. Forster has constructed a noble monument, alike honourable to the architect, as to the person in whose honour it was projected and raised.

The Angler.

(FROM GOETHE.)

The water swayed, the water swirled,
An angler sat beside,
And listless watched his tackle twirled,
Full in the calm noontide.
And as he sat, and as he dreamed,
The water crept and crept;
And from the flood, that glanced and gleamed,
A dripping maiden leapt.

She sang to him, she spoke to him:—
"Why lure my race, ah! why,
With mortal guile, and mortal wile,
Entice them up to die?
Our happy life, did you but know,
'Neath the soft waters' breast,
All as you are, you'd plunge below,
And sink to perfect rest.

Do not the sun and moon regain
Their glory in the mere;
Do not their orbs, wave-washed from stain,
Shine doubly beauteous here;
Do not the heavens move your soul,
Mirrored in liquid blue;
And has your own face no control,
Set in eternal dew?"

The waters swayed, the waters swirled,
And washed his naked feet;
His head and heart as wildly whirled
As when two lovers meet.
She spoke to him, she sang to him,
And so it fell between:—
Half from the bank, she drew, he sank,
And never more was seen.

A Letter from the Country.

BY A LADY.

"Up country Life!" What different ideas these words give to different people! I know some of my friends and acquaintances who fancy life away from the busy city of Cape Town and its fashionable suburbs must of necessity be a life of toil and care to us women, while to our husbands it is a slow process of degeneration; in the course of which all gentlemanliness is lost, and their main occupation is to drink coffee (or something stronger), smoke Boer tobacco, and discuss the rise and fall in the wool market. Others have said to me "How enjoyable must be your long days of home-life without this incessant visiting, or the worry and annoyance of state calls, or ceremonious callers." Perhaps a few lines from a country home, many miles beyond the Great Karroo, truthfully giving a few experiences of "Up country life," may not be unwelcome to some lady readers, who when not otherwise engaged take up the "Cape Monthly" for an odd minute's recreation.

Well first! To know something of the life you must know somewhat of the surroundings. The village is, much like all other young things, capable of improvement; and as yet our resources are undeveloped. But we live in good times, and are very hopeful. The front street, where most of the business is transacted, is a shady pleasant walk rather than a street, and only at Nachtmaals or particularly busy times gives one the idea of a thoroughfare. In this street are the principal shops, the parsonage with its pretty garden, and the market place with its public buildings. The houses are all homelike and comfortable; each housewife seems to vie with the other in the degree of comfort and coziness she puts into the home. I think we country wives who found a home of our own so far away from the places associated with our youth, try more earnestly than many, situated where comfort is more easily attained, to make that one spot on earth as full of all joy and happiness as possible. The natural features of the surrounding country are barren and bare—wide stretches of "veldt," with here and there a rise or hillock, and many a broad flat, where never a blade of grass or bush is seen. These are known as "Salt Pans" here, and are the favourite resorts of cricketers and croquet players. Our one beauty is a range of far-off hills, which the sun lights up every evening in a glory of gold and purple, and at which one never tires of looking; nor must I forget our sunsets. I doubt if in any land the sun sinks away in such unbroken splendour as here in our far-off home. The village supply of water is on the whole bad, and many residents supplement it by means of wells on their premises. The real supply is a pretty fountain at the top of the village, where the water bubbles out of a black barren rock in an almost mysterious manner.

Poplar and willow trees attaining a wonderful size shade the principal street, and the pear, apple, and peach trees in the gardens add greatly to the aspect of the village; in spring covered with their bridelike costumes, and in summer rich with ripe yellow fruit. The climate here is reported by some as "the finest in South Africa," but the heat in summer is intense: dry and overpowering, and knocks the weaker species of humanity over very quickly. Winter is fine. Keen frosty mornings and nights and mild warm days. In midwinter the place does look terribly bare; not a leaf to be seen, the poplars stretch their long bare branches to the bleak sky, and the willows look skeletons of their summer selves. Long icicles have hung from my bedroom window, and every morning delicate fern work is traced by Jack Frost's finger on the panes. Then have we recourse to our firesides, and with them comes an idea of our fuel. It is very similar to the peat of Scotland, and is dug in squarish blocks from the sheep-kraals of our neighbouring farms. Wood is very scarce indeed, and fuel very expensive; this too requires some management in piling or packing into the grate, but if "scientifically" done, a bright warm steady glow soon fills the chimney corner. Our domestic life is, I suppose, like most other women's lives who have very little to attract them away from the pleasures of home. In every place some days must be more tiresome and trying than others, and here as elsewhere servants are a great drawback. Unless we get them from Cape Town (and then it is running a risk) we get on but badly. Their ideas of work and ours are so totally different, and by the time we teach them our ways they go; so we have to begin the wearisome task of teaching over again. It is not an unusual thing when going into the kitchen about nine o'clock, to give "orders" about dinner, to find the "help" in such a delightful state of inebriation as to be perfectly incapable of anything further than to stagger off to bed, with the remark that she "is not lazy, missis, only sick!" After which no more is seen of her till the next day, when she will be full of repentance and promises. As she goes off to sleep away the effects of that curse of the Colony, Cape Brandy, you remember that this is baking-day, and you "would *so* have liked to have got the mangling done, and ever so much else," and it is not in the most amiable frame of mind you turn up your sleeves and begin the kneading and baking yourself. But then, if the bread turns out well! How proud you are to show six or eight beautiful lightly browned loaves to your admiring good-man, who is as proud of them as you are yourself, and as you put them away think who would eat bakers' bread, even if brought to the door, when such wholesome sensible bread can be turned out of your own oven! There are very many little trials of this sort through the servants, and their love of drink; and some of my neighbours have trying experiences; but we get on somehow, and when the vexation is passed, it is something to laugh at, and, may be, profit by.

The great event of our week is the arrival of the post, and very

anxiously do we watch for it. No one minds being roused from an early morning's peaceful slumber by the noise of the bugle, and the rumble and rattle of "Her Majesty's Mail." One dresses in a pleasant state of excitement, knowing that the bright hour of the week is at hand. All morning goes in a sort of holiday fashion, a lingering over newspapers, periodicals, and dear home letters. Neighbour discusses news with neighbour, and a kindly interest is taken in all that concerns each other; for here I may say a joy to one household is a common joy, just as a sorrow in one house casts its shadow over every home in our little community. If our society is limited, it is very enjoyable, nevertheless; and there seems to me a great amount of real domestic happiness. Perhaps the want of places of public amusements has something to do with this; and when we do have anything out of the ordinary, as a dance or picnic, with what energy we "go in for it."

Our number of ladies is very limited, and unmarried ladies so scarce, that I should be sorry to confess how few are amongst us. When we have a party, there is never a "wall-flower" to be seen, and the ladies are kept going till quite exhausted with incessant dancing. The balls only cease when we are too tired to dance any more. Music on these occasions is generally furnished by six or eight of our coloured brethren, and it is wonderful how nicely they play, when one considers the little opportunity they have for learning. Two or three with an accordeon or concertina, another with a banjo, and two more with the guitar, form quite an orchestra in a small way. A very favourite evening pastime is "whist:" sensible, social whist, too, for we ladies are permitted to join the gentlemen players, and may "talk" as well, which to my thinking, unlike that of Sarah Battle, adds to the pleasure of the game.

And now I will close with this remark—Home is just what we choose to make it, and wherever it is it will have its charms as well as its drawbacks. I think country life is very simple and innocent, and if it does lack some of the excitement of a more fashionable existence, one has plenty of leisure to do a kindly turn for a neighbour, and for occupations which supply the mind and body with healthy and legitimate employment.

Translations.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

The butterfly is in love with the rose,
Flutters round her a thousand ways;
But round himself, with the tenderest gold,
Flutter the sweet sun-rays.

With whom, with whom, is the rose then in love?
My wit cannot fathom so far;
Perhaps with the love-singing nightingale,
Perhaps with the love-silent evening star.

Though I know not with whom the rose is in love,
I love them all without fail:—
Butterfly, rose, and sweet sun-rays,
Eve-star, and nightingale.

Summer evening lies in twilight
Over wold and grassy meadow,
Golden moon in azure heaven
Sheds down light with cooling sweetness.

By the fountain chirps the cricket,
While the waters murmur softly;
And the wanderer hears a plashing,
And a breathing in the stillness.

Yonder in the brook in secret
Bathe themselves, the lovely fairies;
Arms and necks, all white and glancing,
Shimmer in the silver moonlight.

Y.

Considerations, Social and Political.

IV.

What constitutes a citizen? Aristotle's definition was "one who is a partner in the legislative and judicial power of the State." Whether this is a sufficiently accurate definition or not of our privileges as constituents of a Constitutional State, it behoves every one of us to know something about his rights and his obligations as a citizen, and to understand the principles of the Government system under which he lives. As a simple instance of the want of the power of discriminating between colonial and civic interests, general and municipal revenues and objects, an objection was recently raised to the continuance of the house-tax on the ground that it had been paid regularly for two or three years, and yet no improvement was manifest in the drainage and guttering of the Town streets!

An outline of the constitutional form of Government may be uninteresting and unnecessary to those who have access to Hallam, Macaulay, Todd, and May; but to the many who are too busy with the struggle for life to dip into the dry records of the history of the constitution, a few casual jottings may be interesting and perhaps instructive. The component elements of a free country are

> Men, who their duties know;
> Who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain.

It would be idle to indulge in the spreadeagleism of those who exaggerate the perfection of their own system of Government at the expense of other nations; or even to claim a universal panegyric for the principles of the British Constitution. The fashion of some countries is to turn out to order, every now and then, a spick-and-span machinery; and no doubt these political machinists would tell us, as the urchin of a link-boy told Pope (*homunculum*), when he uttered his usual phrase—God mend me! "It's much less trouble to make a new man."

We like the British Constitution with all its faults, and only pray that it may be delivered from the unskilful tinkering of embryo statesmen. What is to be feared in a colony is that in this money-getting age, the tradesman and the merchant should disdain to take a due share and interest in public affairs. The people cannot expect to be efficiently governed if the people's eye is closed, or if each citizen, like Cowper's jackdaw,

> . . Sees that this great roundabout,
> The world, with all its motley rout,
> Church, army, physic, law,
> Its customs and its businesses,
> Is no concern at all of his.

Although the functions of the Privy Council under Parliamentary Government, as now developed, are shorn of much of their pristine dignity and importance, yet from that council alone emanate the position and authority assumed and exercised by the Imperial Cabinet of Ministers, just as the high offices of Secretaries of State have been evolved out of the humble post of King's clerk.

The Crown councillors assisted in the Great Council or Court of Parliament, and, even if they did not enjoy the full privileges of other members, gave reasons and advice, until gradually the Privy Council took a detached position and exercised a judicial authority through its committees, independent of the House of Lords; so that in the original connection between the Sovereign's Councillors and the Court of Parliament the germ is traceable of the present system, whereby the Ministers and Responsible Advisers of the Crown are entitled to sit in Parliament.

In this Colony, the Sovereign's ministers and advisers are members of the Executive Council, appointed absolutely, just as the members of the Privy Council of Great Britain, at the will of the Crown; and the whole Council as well as each member is liable to dismissal at the Sovereign's pleasure. There is no limitation but in the pleasure of the Sovereign to the number or the qualifications of the members of the Executive, nor are they necessarily members of Parliament.

The Ministerial Cabinet is therefore a committee of the Executive Council, having in itself as a Cabinet no legal status; and no official notification of the members composing it is ever made. In practice, certain persons being members of Parliament, or likely to become so, are appointed Heads of Departments, and then become, at the summons of the Crown, members of the Executive Council. Besides the administration of their own departments, they have executive functions which compel them to meet for the mutual preparation and dispatch of public business; the actions or line of policy agreed upon and shaped out in Cabinet meetings are only authoritative so far as they emanate from the Executive Council, presided over by the Governor; and hence proclamations, appointments, &c., are notified as issued by the Governor with the advice of the Executive Council.

The question of responsibility is at once a delicate and a difficult one. As holding an office of profit under the Crown, each Minister is personally accountable, like any other civil officer, to the Governor or the Crown as represented by him and by the Secretary of State for the Colonies; but in regard to political and administrative matters it seems to be held that there is a mutual relation of responsibility among those of the Executive who form the Cabinet or Ministry, and that such responsibility applies even to the carrying out of any particular act of public policy; but apart from the understanding that the ministers of the day plan and work out their policy together, and sink or swim together, according to the *popularis aura* as indicated by Parliament, each minister has a definite and unqualified responsi-

bility, and is not necessarily screened or defended by the collective Cabinet; nor do other ministers necessarily partake of the censure or the penalties attached to his individual course of precedure. Practically, the censure of the Parliament leads to removal from office; and these are really the only ordinary means of punishing a minister for errors of administration. How far an ex-minister remains still accountable for his own mal-administration, after he has ceased to hold office, cannot be accurately defined; there are two courses of procedure open here, I presume, as in the Imperial Parliament, viz.—by a process of law, or by parliamentary impeachment.

As the Cabinet of the Council is, in effect, the supreme executive element in a constitutional system of Government like ours, it follows that the Governor, as the Sovereign's representative, is not responsible, in the same way as the ministers are, for the Government policy, or for any particular acts of administration; but as guardian of Imperial interests and of the relations of the Colony to the Empire as a whole, and as an officer holding a place of profit from the Sovereign, he bears a serious responsibility to the Crown.

Although the Cabinet was known in Parliamentary arrangements as far back as the reign of Charles the First, yet its relations to the Sovereign, to the whole Privy Council, and to the Houses of Parliament, were never sufficiently developed and defined until some time after the Revolution of 1688. These relations were established by custom and convenience; and arose primarily from the scheme of Sir William Temple, A.D. 1679, in the time of Charles the Second, who hoped to throw a bridge across the chasm which separated Prerogative from Parliamentary Government, by selecting the members of the Cabinet from among the leading men of the Parliament. But conflicting interests were not thus reconciled; the plan was inoperative from internal causes; in fact, from the absence of political cohesion. Still, this was undoubtedly the point of transition from the old to the modern system of Government.

Even under William the Third there was not a sufficient recognition of the necessity of union in the Cabinet policy to secure easy and harmonious working in the new machinery; the experiment seemed hopeless; the cogs of the wheels wanted adjustment; and when the House of Commons, A.D. 1700, resolved to exclude all officers of the Crown from seats in the House it seemed inevitable that the King's advisers would be thereafter excluded; but wiser counsels soon prevailed, and in the reign of Queen Anne, 1705-7, measures of compromise were adopted; and although the general rule of excluding civil officers or placemen was maintained, it was provided that any member of the House of Commons accepting an office of profit from the Crown shall thereby vacate his seat, but shall be capable of re-election; which rule still holds good in the Imperial Parliament.

In this Colony, it is unnecessary to send a member of Parliament

back to his constituents to be re-elected, should he accept a post in the Ministry.

This sketch may illustrate some of the relations of the Cabinet-Ministers to the Executive Council, on the one hand, and to the Parliament on the other. Although advisers of the Governor and appointed by him to offices of profit under the Crown, their tenure of office is practically dependent on the pleasure of Parliament. The permanent Crown officers who remain unchanged during successive administrations, and direct all the non-political business of the various departments of the Public Service, subject to the concurrence of the Ministers of the Cabinet for the time being, are released from the turmoils and strifes of political parties.

Such a system is found, on the whole, to work well and to suit the characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race; but it is one that requires the light of public opinion and public scrutiny to be thrown full upon it in all its ramifications. The tree of party Government must have no shady side, but stand ever under the vertical rays of the mid-day sun of Public Opinion.

△

Geology of the Cape.

A SKETCH IN TWO CHAPTERS.

II.

In 1857-8-9, Mr. Wyley traversed the Colony in two directions — from Cape Town to the Orange River, near Hope Town; and afterwards across to the Stormberg coal districts, and by way of Middelburg, Graaff-Reinet, Somerset, and the Zuurberg, to Port Elizabeth. By these journeys he was enabled to obtain a knowledge of the various geological formations, and to refer them to their European equivalents. Of his qualification for the work, the reader may judge from the fact that prior to his arrival in this Colony, Mr. Wyley had been engaged for nine years on the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, during which he distinguished himself by the character of his labours; and upon his appointment to the Cape elicited the commendation of Sir H. de la Beche that he "would place implicit confidence in the truthfulness of any representations he might make." In the elaborate report which he presented to the Government here, at the conclusion of his term of service, he gave an interesting detailed account of the features of the country through which he passed, and stated generally the grounds upon which he has based his conclusions as to the age of the formations, and other questions of Cape geology. We shall briefly state the most important of these.

Mr. Wyley's survey may be considered as commencing at Mitchell's Pass, at the base of the Table Mountain sandstone of the second range of mountains, fifty miles from Cape Town. These (which Mr. Bain classed as Upper Silurian) he represents as the Lower Devonian, or Old Red Sandstone series of the British Islands—the shales and grits of the Bokkeveld hills above them being the Upper Devonian. "The Hex River and the Scurfdeberg Mountains, enclosing the Warm Bokkeveld," he says, "are of hard sandstone or quartzite, the same as that of Table Mountain. Within a mile of Ceres, this sandstone is twisted round at right angles to its former course, forming the above ranges; and through a fissure at this bending the Breede River escapes from the Warm Bokkeveld, falling about seven hundred feet before it reaches the Tulbagh Valley. To the northward the Warm Bokkeveld is overhung by a high, tabular-looking mountain, about two thousand feet above the plain. On the right of this is the road to Karroo Poort; on the left is the pass of Gydow leading into the Cold Bokkeveld. The lower portion of the Gydow mountain and the passes on either side of it, when examined, are found to consist of dark coloured thin shales, with beds of brown, earthy, or rusty sandstone. These are overlaid by several hundred feet of strong grits or sandstones forming the upper part of the mountain. The eastern side of the valley is closed in by low, rounded, or flat hills, which are made up of similar grey, dark grey, or brown argillaceous shales, with a few bands of brown, earthy sandstone—the whole differing most strikingly from the white, hard shaleless sandstone of the opposite side of the valley. These shales contain numerous fossils, which, for the most part, are of a marked Devonian type, more especially the long-winged spirifers, and a Strigocephalus, very like *Strigocephalus burtini*, which belongs to a genus unknown in Silurian rocks. Of the trilobites, the Homalonotus is a genus found both in Devonian and Silurian strata; the Phacops is, perhaps, the most Silurian-looking form. Neither of themselves are sufficient to decide the question of age; but the fact of there being only two or three species of trilobites affords in itself a strong presumption against their Silurian origin. In the Carboniferous and Devonian rocks of Europe, trilobites, though at times numerically abundant, are few in species; while, in the Silurian rocks of Great Britain alone, there can hardly be less than thirty-five different species—the greater number ranging through both Upper and Lower Silurian. If the fossiliferous shales of the Bokkeveld were of Upper Silurian age, as provisionally assumed by Mr. Bain, we should naturally look for a greater variety of forms than the two or three species we now find. Taking these fossiliferous shales, therefore, to represent the Upper Devonian rocks of Great Britain and Europe, the Table Mountain sandstone on which they everywhere rest conformably will come in as Lower Devonian. Whether the Table Mountain sandstone is non-fossiliferous yet

remains to be proved. It certainly appears so in this part of the Colony; but that is only what we would expect from its peculiar lithological character, for scarcely ever do we find fossils in a pure sandstone, such as it is. It is only when beds of argillaceous shale are interstratified with the sandstone that we are likely to find even plants; but unless there is a mixture of calcareous matter there is scarcely a chance of marine fossils. In the lower Old Red Sandstone of England and Scotland, it is only in the calcareous nodules, or cornstones, or in the calcareous flags, that fossils occur; and I have not the least doubt that if the Table Mountain sandstone included calcareous layers like these, fossils would be found as well as in the above. In the 'old red' of Shropshire, Hereford, and South Wales, there are sandstone beds, several thousand feet thick, without fossils; but I know of no place which presents a greater parallel to the Cape Devonian than that of the South of Ireland. There we have the lower old red represented by hard green and grey sandstone, in many cases nearly quartzites, with intermediate red and green shales of enormous thickness, without a single fossil of any sort. I have examined these frequently, bed by bed, for a thickness of more than five thousand feet, without the slightest fossil trace; whereas, in the calcareous or earthy sandstones, and in the dark shales that lie above them, constituting the Upper Devonian group, fossils are especially abundant. Even in mineral character these last much resemble the Bokkeveld beds of the Cape, and the thickness of non-fossiliferous sandstone and shale below them is about the same in both countries. These and other considerations, which I have not now time to refer to, have left no doubt on my mind that the above classification is the correct one, and that *we must look for the Silurian rocks*, not in the Table Mountain sandstone and Bokkeveld shales, but *in the old clay slates*, and other highly inclined strata of the littoral zone of the Colony. In these I have little doubt that fossils may yet be found, if examined in the proper place. In the Cape district these old slates are more or less altered by the granite to which they are in close proximity, and we need not expect to find fossils in them there; but it will be strange, if, occupying such a large area, fossils do not turn up in some particular beds."

Passing on he notices the yellowish sandstones of Karoo Poort: "The Poort is about two miles long, and the rock all through is a whitish or yellowish coarse sandstone, with a few beds of brown or purplish shale. The beds are a good deal rolled and folded; one fold, on the right-hand side of the Poort, is well seen on approaching from the south. The above is a characteristic feature of this sandstone, everywhere I have met with it. Further east, in the Witteberg, in the hills by the Towes River, and far away to the Zuurberg and the mouth of the Fish River, it exhibits the same great folds and undulations. This is probably owing to its comparatively small thickness, and to its position between soft and yielding shales, more than to its having been subjected to any peculiar dis-

turbing agency. The Karroo Poort and Witteberg sandstones seem to constitute a new series, resting upon the fossiliferous shales of the Bokkeveld. As there cannot be a doubt that these last are Devonian, and as there is every reason to believe that the beds of the Karoo and Roggeveld belong to the coal measures, the Karoo Poort series must represent either the carboniferous limestone or the millstone grit. Most probably the former, for the latter is of too local a character to justify us in looking for its equivalent in South Africa."

Shortly after entering the Karoo, he comes to a peculiar trap conglomerate (the "claystone porphyry" of Bain), indicated by a low range of dark-looking craggy hills or "kopjes," similar to what he had already seen at Graham's Town and the Ecca Valley. "It presents here exactly the same structure and external aspect as in the other places where I had met with it. It appears to form a thick horizontal bed in the shales, to which it is everywhere conformable; but it is cleaved, nearly vertically, into rude schistose masses which, when weathered, stand up bristling over the flats and mountain ridges like inclined grave-stones, as is frequently the case with the proper hornblende schists." The basis of the rock is a compact felspar, of a greenish or dark-grey colour occasionally, with minute crystals of felspar disseminated; but these are never so developed as to give it a true porphyritic character. There are also small nodules and patches of white crystallised carbonate of lime, and these sometimes give it an amygdaloid look. But its characteristic feature is the great number of imbedded pebbles and fragments of other rocks—granite, quartzite, and slate—the quartzite most abundant. These vary from the size of a pea to eight inches across, and some are much larger. It belongs, therefore, to the class of rocks called trap conglomerates, or trap breccias, according as the included fragments are of a rounded or angular form. At Pienaar's Kloof it must be above five hundred feet thick, and as it is there nearly horizontal, it spreads out over a considerable tract; and, like the shales on which it rests, it is sometimes repeated in parallel bands, or occurs in detached masses, in the hollows of the sandstone anticlinals as at the Kragga, Graham's Town, and elsewhere.

From the Karoo inland, over a very wide-spread area, he found Bain's "lacustrine beds"—the horizontal sandstone and shale constituting most of the higher mountain ranges, and forming the most important formation of the Colony. These, after a careful examination, he classifies as representing the coal measures of England, for though coal is confined to their upper part, he found fossil plants at every stage of the series. He says:—"From the map and sections accompanying this report it may be seen that I have divided the great sandstone and shale formation of the interior into three stages. The uppermost of these is represented by the Stormberg beds, characterised by continuing coal plants in great abundance, and *coal*. Lithologically they are distinguished by the shales and sandstones being aggregated into bands of considerable thickness, so that the

sandstone-beds crop out in bold stripes, nearly equidistant from each other. The middle portion of the series consists, in a great measure, of shales, frequently of a red or purple colour, occasionally with nodules of limestone. It is in these that most of the reptilian remains have been found. The lowest portion consists of sandstones and shales, with a few plant remains; but the sandstone-beds are more scattered, and do not appear at distinct intervals. These may be considered to be represented by the beds of the Kleine Tafelberg, near Vogelstruisfontein, and by those between Somerset and the Brakke River, near Bruintjes Hoogte. Whether the shales lying beneath these belong to the same great formation there may be some doubt, so I have merely attached them to it provisionally, on the strength of their containing plants. These rocks are the same which Mr. Bain calls his lacustrine series. He considers them to be of fresh-water origin, and to have been deposited in a fresh-water lake—a position in my mind utterly untenable. I do not purpose here entering fully into the theoretical question; but may observe in passing that deposits in lakes are, of necessity, very insignificant—that they are of a very mixed character—that they are certain to contain many beds of gravel or boulders; although they may maintain the same character for a great distance in one direction; if followed in others, they will be sure to change from gravel to sand, from sand to mud, or *vice versa*. The fact on which Mr. Bain founds his most improbable hypothesis is the absence of marine remains. The presence of land reptiles in particular portions of the formation, and even of fresh-water shells (though it is not at all certain that the few casts found in the Sneeuwberg were fresh-water species), goes for nothing. Such remains, as well as land plants, could be washed down by rivers to the sea as easily as to a lake. The formation we are considering has characteristics of the very opposite character. It is of enormous thickness, being not less than six thousand feet. It preserves exactly the same character for hundreds of miles together, in whatever direction we cross it. It never, to my knowledge, contains beds of ordinary conglomerate or gravel. The peculiar conglomerates, mentioned as occurring in connection with dicynodon remains near Middelburg, at most indicate only a neighbouring land, which may just as likely have been the shore of the sea, or an island, as the margin of a lake. We know too little of the causes which regulated the disposition of animal life at that remote period to justify us in placing much dependence on the negative fact of the absence of marine shells, in the face of the entire physical evidence, which is strongly in favour of the marine origin of this great formation. In the Silurian and Devonian strata of Britain there may be found enormous thicknesses of non-fossiliferous strata, but no one ever dreams of attributing to them a lacustrine origin. Even in the corresponding formation, the English coal measures, marine fossils, except in some peculiar beds, are excesssvely rare—so rare that without the oppor-

tunities presented by coal mining they might never have been discovered. These English rocks contain abundance of land plants, and many species of reptiles, as is the case with the great African formation. Both are made up of sandstones, shales, soft shales, or fine clay, and beds of coal; both contain occasionally nodules or layers of limestone. If the English coal measures contain ironstone nodules, the reptilian strata here contain nodules of iron pyrites. I think, therefore, that we are perfectly justified in assuming that they are one and the same, and that the great so-called lacustrine formation is simply the equivalent of the English coal measures."

Returning from the Stormberg, by way of Middelburg and the Sneeuwberg, where he made an ascent of the Spitzkop (the height of which he found by actual measurement to be 7,800 feet), Mr. Wyley passed on by Graaff-Reinet and Bruntjes Hoogte, near to the Zuurberg—"where," he says, "the shales disappear, and we enter upon rocks exactly the same as the Witteberg and Karoo Poort sandstones in the Western districts." On the seaward side of the Zuurberg, he had a passing glance at the trap conglomerate which there reappears, also at the Enon conglomerate, and the Oolitic rocks of the Sunday's River and Zwartkop's River Beds, which have been carefully examined and described by Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town. The Enon conglomerate, Mr. Wyley thinks, we may safely take to represent the New Red Sandstone of England, as it rests unconformably upon rocks of carboniferous age, and is immediately below the shales and earthy sandstones of the Zwartkop's and Sunday's Rivers, which are undoubtedly oolitic. These last contain most beautiful fossil plant impressions—fine fronds of the Zamia, and several species of ferns.

The geology of the country between Table Bay and Port Elizabeth Mr. Wyley left untouched, as the time of his engagement had expired, and colonists, somewhat disappointed with the negative results of his search for mineral wealth, did not desire to renew it. But a question of some interest was then raised by the late Dr. Rubidge, of Port Elizabeth, respecting the character and age of the clay-slates of the littoral zone or shore beds. A gentleman at Jefferies Bay, near Cape St. Francis, had exhumed specimens of trilobite, spirifer, orthis and encrinite, from the rocks there. and Dr. Rubidge maintained that if similar fossils would be discovered in the clay-slates of Table Bay, Malmesbury, &c., all were of the same formation—viz., Devonian. This view was supported by Mr. Pinchin, of Port Elizabeth, who had also found encrinites identical with those of Jefferies Bay and the Bokkeveld, in schists of the same character. Mr. Wyley, however, doubted the correctness of these conclusions, giving as his reason that the clay-slate of the Cape district and south-east coast, of whatever age it may be, seemed not to extend farther than Cape St. Francis, if so far; the coast further eastward to Natal being occupied with newer rocks; and adding that

it was too hasty to assume that the fossiliferous shales or slates of Jefferies Bay were of the same age as the old clay-slate referred to—as before this could be established more must be known of the geology of Cape St. Francis, in which, in all probability, slates of two different ages occur, separated by the Table Mountain Sandstone of intermediate age; and besides, in a country where the rocks are so folded and repeated as in the Uitenhage district, no geological reasonings could be depended upon that are not based on closely detailed observations, carefully projected on a good topographical map.

Mr. Wyley attached to his report the following statement of the order of the several formations observed by him in the Colony :—

		Feet.	
Tertiary		150 ?	Marine clays and limestone near Olifant's Hoek. Lignite beds and clays, and Tigervley sandstone of the Cape Flats.
Jurassic oolite		400 ?	Sunday's River beds, with marine shells, fossil wood, and land plants, Koega beds, Zwaetykop's beds, Bushman River beds.
New Red Sandstone.....		300 ?	Enon conglomerate, Bushman's River sandstones and conglomerates, Knysna conglomerates.
Coal Measures	Upper.....	1800.	Stormberg beds, upper beds of the Sneeuwberg, Nieuwveld, and Roggeveld, &c. Distinct tiers of sandstone, separated by shales, abundance of land plants, beds of coal and graphite (altered coal); reptilian remains, but not abundant.
	Middle	1700.	Proper reptilian or dicynodon beds, purple, greenish, and grey shales, with fewer sandstone beds, reptilian bones, fish teeth, plants.
	Lower	1500.	Brown sandstone and shales, greenish ditto, with plants pretty common, especially in the upper part scarp of the Kleine Roggeveld, Fish River, and at Fort Brown.
	Upper Karoo Shale	1200.	Shales usually dark grey, with few sandstone beds, Karoo plain, Fort Brown flats, Ecca shales, impressions of land plants.
Trap Conglomerate		500 to 800.	Trappean conglomerate, or hardened trap ash, with numerous rounded and angular fragments of the older rocks, from the smallest grain to two feet in diameter, conformable as a mass to the beds above and below, having a rude cleavage nearly at right angles to the general bedding.
Carboniferous Shale ?	Lower Karoo Shale.	800.	Lower Karoo shales, dark shales, usually contorted, like the sandstone below them, of small thickness, though seen both at Pienaar's Kloof and the Zuurberg.—("Marine Shells." *Bain.*)
Carboniferous Limestone.....		1000.	Witteberg and Zuurberg, Graham's Town and Winterhoek sandstone. Sandstones of a white or yellowish colour, a few beds of red or yellow shales, plants, lepidodendron, &c

	Feet.	
Upper Devonian } Old Red Sandstone.	1100.	Dark grey and brownish shales, with fossils abundant of a Devonian or carboniferous limestone type, beds of brown rippled sandstone, with long-winged spirifers
Lower Devonian } Old Red Sandstone.	4000.	Table Mountain sandstone, and sandstones of the tibboral range of mountains generally, grey sandstones, conglomeritic at base, reddish shaly sandstone below.
Silurian	Unknown.	Slates and grits, usually of a greenish, grey, or brownish colour, beds as usually seen, vertical, or at high angles, broken through and altered by granite.
Metamorphic		Greiss, granitic gneiss, and metamorphic schists, limestone, &c. Namaqualand, Bushmanland, Kalihari desert, and great part of the interior. Copper, iron, &c.
Granite.....		Granite of Table Mountain, Cape, Paarl, Malmesbury, and George districts, Namaqualand, &c. (Minerals, schorl, garnet, kyanite, fluor spar, &c.)
Greenstone		Greenstone, syenitic greenstone, basaltic greenstone, amygdaloid, &c., occurring chiefly in beds and dykes in the middle and upper coal measures, and in the gneiss, minerals, calc-spar, sulphate of barytes (in one place only) asbestos epidote, prebnite, agate, chalcedony, &c. The crystalline felspar trap, associated with the copper of Namaqualand, is more of a greenstone than granitic character. A peculiar felspar trap conglomerate occurs in the Roggeveld spitz.

In 1867 the accidental discovery of diamonds in the Hope Town division, on this side the Orange River, and afterwards more numerously in the basin of the Vaal River gave an incentive to mineralogical search in all directions throughout the Colony, and attracted many from other parts of the world. Various contributions on the subject of the geology of these regions were then made—the most interesting of which were by Dr. Shaw, Dr. Atherstone, and Mr. G. W. Stow; but in none of them was any satisfactory conclusion advanced as to the origin of the diamond or its matrix, beyond the fact of its occurrence in connection with rocks of the volcanic and metamorphic series. A small pamphlet, embodying the result of three months' observations and experience at the Fields, was at the same time published by Mr. E. J. Dunn, an Australian, who had considerable practice as a field worker in the Geological Survey of Victoria. This gentleman lately read a paper on the subject before the London Geological Society, in which he described the peculiar circular areas in which the diamonds are now found at Kimberley and Du Toit's Pan, and submitted specimens of the rock forming the "pipes," which he considers to be the agent in bringing the diamonds to the surface through the horizontal shales in which they are situate. Dr. Maskelyne, of the British Museum, who had examined specimens of the rock, said he would not attempt

to give it a name, as it differed essentially from the dolerites and other igneous rocks in the neighbourhood; and its materials so far as they could be determined in their present altered condition were such as would not build up any of the known rocks. And Professor Ramsay, who presided at the meeting, summed up by remarking that "looking at the question broadly, the facts seemed to be that, among nearly horizontal shale there were patches of rock of approximately circular form, with the shale turned up around their edges, and altered for a certain distance. The appearances were, therefore, those of the extrusion of a heated or molten body by expansion from below; and, possibly, as Mr. Dunn suggested, other traces of eruption had been removed by denudation. He could not regard the rocks in the pipes as in any way metamorphic in the usual acceptation of the term. Though the volcanic origin of those rocks might be accepted, he thought it more probable that the diamonds were brought up from some subterranean metamorphosed rock, than generated in the lava." So that thus far the real origi of the diamond is still wrapt in mystery.

During 1872, the Government engaged Mr. Dunn to prospect some parts of the Colony where it was supposed gold might be met with, and he made a running survey from Cape Town east to Swellendam and George, and afterwards along the west coast districts to Malmesbury, Clanwilliam, and Namaqualand, up to the Orange River. On the south-east coast he found the clay-slate rocks (mudstones, schists, and gritty sandstones), which he names "Malmesbury Beds," after the locality in which they are most extensive in area. Resting on them in an unconformable manner is the Table Mountain Sandstone. Near Mossel Bay gneiss appears, and continues to within a short distance of George. Between the sea and the mountains of George the formation is highly metamorphosed schist and gneissoze rocks, penetrated by granite veins. This continues on to the Kuysna, and is of similar character as the metamorphic schists of Namaqualand. Throughout the country traversed, "wherever there appeared a probability of gold occurring, a thorough system of prospecting was carried on, but without success, except in proving that it exists in mere traces only in portions of the country examined."

The reports furnished to Government by Mr. Dunn contain a description of some of the geological features of Namaqualand and Bushmanland, and of the northern parts of the districts of Fraserburg, Victoria, and Hope Town,—a great portion of which was then for the first time examined. Gneiss, schistoze, and quartz rocks, with extensive igneous dykes, are the peculiar characteristics of the formations, which will in all likelihood yet prove of considerable importance. The most interesting result of Mr. Dunn's inspection of that part of the Colony, however, si the conclusion he has come to as to the occurrence of a glacial conglomerate drift, extending over a wide area, from the upper part of the Orange River Basin to the Kamiesbergen, and an outlier of

which is to be met with within a few miles of Beaufort West. He describes it as covering the general surface of the country with a calcareous crust, and when this has been denuded the sides present steep banks, and the sides and bases of such banks are frequently a heterogeneous mixture of boulders, pebbles, and fragments of many kinds of rocks—the boulders frequently weighing many tons each. "The description of rocks included in this conglomerate are very numerous, and include amygdaloids (its characteristic constituents) of many kinds. One very interesting variety is porphyritic, others contain almonds of red agate, chalcedony, prehnite, small round almonds of quartz, or the 'almonds' having disappeared, leaving a vesicular rock, diorite, dolerite, porphyry (with quartz crystals and with crystals of felspar distributed through the base), granite (rare), gneiss, quartz rock, quartzose conglomerate, metamorphic schists, crystalline limestone, *red* jasper chalcedony, white quartz, &c. In some places the conglomerate is intensely hard, apparently cemented with silica; at 'pan,' fourteen miles south from Niekerk's, an instance of this occurs. On Zak River it is also exceedingly hard, in places shooting out of the ground in large angular blocks. At Niekerk's, the lower portion, resting on the shale for about three or four feet in thickness, consists of a buff-coloured hard mixture of what appears to be lime-clay, &c., having a septarian tendency. A few small pebbles are distributed through it. Next above this is from ten to twenty feet of clay conglomerate; above this again is from ten to twenty feet of carbonate of lime, with occasional pebbles through it. The surface of this calcareous upper portion is very hard. Here and there it has a terrace-like form, but is no where hillocky or uneven on the surface. It appears as though it had been deposited in still or deep water. Carbonate of lime, probably of this same age, in ragged small pieces, covers a considerable extent of gneiss country in the higher portions of Bushmanland. The boulders and pebbles are rounded, frequently scratched, grooved, or striated, and occasionally one or more sides are ground down flat."

Mr. Dunn has also compiled a geological map of the Colony, which is now being published by Mr. Stanford, of London. It embodies the labours of A. G. Bain, Wyley, Atherstone, T. Bain, jun., R. Pinchin, and himself, and gives the following arrangement of the order of the several formations:—

Glacial conglomerate.		
Tertiary		Mesozoic.
Enon Conglomerate and Sunday River Beds	Oolitic	
Stormberg Beds (coal-bearing)	Triassic	
Upper Karoo Beds		
Lower Karoo Beds		
Zuurberg, Zwarteberg, and Witteberg Sandstones	Carboniferous	Palæozoic.
Bokkeveld Beds—Upper Devonian		
Table Mountain Sandstone—Lower Devonian (Wyley)		
Malmesbury Beds—Silurian		

Namaqualand Schists	Metamorphic.
Gneiss	
Granite	
Trap Conglomerate	
Dolerite Dykes	
Dioritic Dykes	

This map shows at a glance what has been observed of the features of Cape geology up to the present time. Many of the conclusions come to, however, are disputed, and remain open and unsettled questions. There are yet wide-spread tracts to be examined, and the economic value of various formations and their soils have still to be ascertained. These considerations, independently of the desirableness of knowing something of the extent of the rare and precious mineral productions which have already been discovered, ought to be sufficient to urge on the immediate necessity of a systematic and practical geological survey.

Anthropology—A Review of Modern Theories.*

[BY LANGHAM DALE, ESQ., A.M., LL.D., VICE-CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.]

THE current of men's thoughts in these days runs rapidly; and the results of experiment, research, and reflection come in hasty succession from the press, teeming with lessons of progress and materials for future speculation.

It is no light task to keep up with this tide that never ebbs; and it is well, therefore, at such anniversaries as this, to review our own stand-point in regard to the questions of the day. The occasion does not permit us to trace the processes by which the laws of the worlds of matter and of mind are established; yet we may register in our memories those conclusions which are to be the starting points, or the mile-posts, to those who travel after us along the *via sacra* which leads up to the Temple of Truth.

We may, therefore, fitly turn to any of those inquiries which, "as the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns," bring us by varied paths to the limits which still bound our knowledge of humanity. Science deciphers the long-hidden testimonies which lapsing ages have been recording within the earth's crust; and is busy in tracing through these deposits, these relics of the unstoried urns of bygone epochs, an evolution of successive types of organic life, from the simplest organism to the first vertebrated animal; and thence link by link to the mammal, which culminates in man, the latest and highest type in the scale of animal life. And, in the

* This Address was delivered at the annual meeting of the South African Public Library on the 9th of May.

search for some proof of the antiquity of man's existence and his early condition, science proceeds to examine the rude works of art, the stone implements, found deep in the alluvial gravel of the valley of the Somme, in the cave of Brixham, Wookey Hole, and Kent's Hole, and elsewhere, mingled too with the bones of now extinct forms of animal life. Weighing the evidence which points to the human race as the inventor of these implements, and as the tenant of the European continent at a period so remote as to make man contemporaneous with the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, cavebear, and other extinct species, we note the modified aspect under which the solution of this question of a remote, universal, or synchronous stone age, is presented to us; because implements of stone, roughly made, but adapted to various uses, as spear-heads, arrow-tips, sling-stones, scrapers, &c., identical in form and general characteristics with those found in Britain and other parts of the world, have been recently discovered in this country—some embedded in the sand and clay, which form the surface of the flats adjoining Cape Town, others at varying depths in Lower Albany, East London, and elsewhere, as far north as the Vaal.

This discovery does not weaken the evidence of man's remote existence on the European continent; but the notion of a successive advance through what are known as the ages of stone, bronze, and iron is untenable. No reasoning based on these discoveries appears conclusive as to the primal condition of mankind; all that we infer is that man, guided by natural powers of observation and invention, turns to account for self-preservation the most convenient material at hand, whether obsidian, as found hy the Spaniards, in use among the Mexicans; flint, as found in Europe; iron and other metals, as in use among the natives of Africa generally; or the varieties of jasper, quartzite, and chert, from which the Cape implements have been fashioned; and that man, wherever he exists in a very low state of civilization, makes his implements for warfare or domestic use in pretty much the same way.

The arguments may be conveniently put in this shape. Implements of stone are found with the bones of extinct mammals in the river-deposits of the Somme Valley. It is assumed that these tools are the work of man, and it is inferred that the human race lived at the same period with those now extinct species; and the extreme antiquity which has been assigned to the latter is assumed in the case of man, and is thought to be confirmed by the long period of time during which the geological changes in the valley where the remains are found have been effected.

But that no one may blindly commit himself to these conclusions, it may be urged (1) that the association of these remains—tools and bones—does not *prove* co-existence (note A); for causes may have been in operation, whether in caves or river-deposits, to mingle the more recent implements of stone with the long-embedded relics of extinct animals; and (2) that even if the human race was coeval

with the now extinct mammals, we may perhaps be justified in prolonging their existence into what is commonly reputed to be the human period just as much as in antedating the origin of man upon earth (note B); and (3) there is so much difference of opinion as to the duration of time necessary for the development of the geological phenomena of the drift-beds that we may, at all events, suspend judgment and calmly await further proof.

If the evidence for the age of the human bones which have been found in caves were less equivocal, the co-existence of man with the extinct mammalia would be as good as established. But the skulls found in Belgian caves, and the Neanderthal skull found near Dusseldorf, as well as the skeletons recently discovered in the valley of the Lesse and near Mentone, do not justify any conclusion as to the antiquity of the cave-buried men. (*British Quarterly*, pp. 358-9, April, 1874.)

Biology is busy about cognate questions—the phenomena of vitality—and those who have been accustomed to the doctrine of final causes as accepted by Christian philosophy will have to face at once the negation, in modern biological views, of the conclusions based on such arguments as those of the Bridgewater Treatises and other works on Natural Theology. (Vide Note, *Teleology*.)

We have been taught to trace a unity of design throughout the phenomena of Nature—that means are adapted to special and designed ends. The teleologist argues thus :—The eye with its delicate apparatus of vision—was it not thus made to enable me to see? was not its structure contrived to this very end? Note the transparent convexity ; note how the tear-gland furnishes from its reservoir moisture enough for the surface of the *cornea!* You know how to regulate the focus of a telescope according to the distance of the object ; the eye has this property, this power of accommodation ; but it is exercised so easily, so instantaneously, that you take no heed of it. Note also how the nerve of vision is wonderfully guarded against the sudden or excessive intrusion of light by the *iris*, serving the purpose of a curtain.

Are not all such contrivances subservient and in relation to a designed end and purpose? Biologists warn us not to be hasty in ascribing intention to Nature. Things do fit into each other (they say) as if they were so designed ; but all we *know* about them is that these correspondences exist, and that they seem to be the result of physical laws of development and growth. But surely we do know some among the countless purposes of the Creator. What we do not know, what transcends the faculty of thought and the power of research, is the method, the process of Creation. What is the origin of living things? What and whence is Vitality? We know indeed that new individuals are created by being born ; are we at liberty to widen our notions of the origin of forms of organic life, and say that what is affirmed truly of this one and that one may be equally affirmed of the species?

In the case of man, it is inconceivable that the first human pair should have been created, as we are born, in the utter helplessness of infants, so that the question is really narrowed to the choice between special creation and the evolution of life. Whether organic life can not only propagate itself in its ordinary types, but further develop into new and higher forms, is the prominent question, and when we are weighing the evidences for origin of species by special creation or by natural evolution, it should be distinctly apprehended what is meant by the creation of a new species. We do not mean by a species an organized being having an *individual* existence, for no one considers the birth of each individual as a special creation, but we mean a combination of physical properties, conceived in our minds, not existing *per se*, shared by and manifested in individual beings. Individuals are facts; this man and that tree are facts; but the species, *man or tree*, exists only as thought. The creative energy in bringing a species into existence is therefore not analogous to any ordinary phenomenon, and it is difficult to see how the *species*, which is a nonentity, can be affected by the changes in *individuals*.

The doctrine of the origin of species by "Natural Selection" has been clouded over by recent discussions and criticisms; and it may be convenient to enunciate it here in a brief way.

The theory is based on the assumption that, both in the animal and vegetable worlds, the individual communicates to its offspring a common or specific likeness, and also individual differences or variations. In the struggle for life the fittest out of the offspring will survive; or, to put it more fully, those structural variations which are manifested in the individual and enable it best to hold its own and reproduce itself, will be preserved and be more and more developed. These favoured individuals, being better adapted to resist all influences which might weaken or destroy them, will survive, while the rest die out.

Physicists now admit generally that natural selection is one, and an important one, among the great and imperfectly known agencies of organic change. We thus learn something of the intermediate phenomena of production; but in reaching back to the source of vital power, such a doctrine falls short. Here is a new world to conquer; here is a dark abyss into which the feeble taper of human science has thrown no ray of light. If science can unveil the combination of chemical elements which constitutes an organized being, who shall say what is that innate power, principle, or condition which, lying beyond the world of matter, makes us conscious beings and secures a specific affinity of structure, force, and use in our constituent parts and functions? (Note D.)

Thus to the question, What is Life? we can only reply by an alternative question. "Does Life belong to what we call matter? or is it an independent principle inserted into matter at some suitable epoch?" Is Life the *result* of a combination of certain elements in an organism? or is it a shaping and creative force, *a cause*, which

permeates elements, fixes the common nature, and differentiates the individual forms?

We dare not hope to pierce the veil that hides to-morrow: may we hope to lift that veil that hangs between us and the day-spring of Life

That which is knowable has its limits; beyond these, one creative voice alone is heard—"Let there be"—and *there was.*

Man cannot ignore the consciousness that the soul, the self, is immortal; the still small voice of the spirit-world communes in silence with our conscience:—

> 'Tis the Divinity, that stirs within us,
> 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
> And intimates Eternity to man.

But if the organisms, which you and I represent, are transitional and intermediate forms, leading up to other and higher types, where in the series, retrospective or prospective, is the germ of immortality to find a beginning? Indestructibility may be true to the materialist and to the pantheist; but you and I claim the personal attribute of immortality. Or is there yet the sting of death? Is there yet a Victory to the Grave? Do we bury our dead in faith and hope? or is Faith a blank? Is Hope a phantasy?

Whether belief in the immortality of man's soul is founded on the light of nature or on the Christian Religion, any theory which appears to cut away the ground of an individual future existence appals most men and pre-determines them against it. Yet there is a significant force in Darwin's remark that "few people feel any anxiety from the impossibility of determining in the development of the individual [from the first trace of the minute germinal vesicle to the child either before or after birth] at what precise period man becomes an immortal being; and there is no greater cause for anxiety because the period in the gradually ascending scale cannot possibly be determined."

The late Professor Agassiz, in his last work, recently quoted in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, sums up the lessons of a life of uninterrupted research into the *arcana* of nature, with words that seem to toll the knell of the advocates of evolution:—"*It is not true* that a slight variation among the successive offspring of the same stock goes on increasing until the difference amounts to a specific distinction; on the contrary, *it is a fact* that extreme variations finally degenerate or become sterile; like monstrosities, they die out or return to their type." As to the objections of evolutionists to admit the intervention of distinct creative acts for every species, Agassiz says:—"What of it, if it were true? Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And what are thoughts but specific acts of the mind? Why should it then be unscientific to infer that the facts of nature are the result of a similar process since

there is no evidence of any other cause?" (*Vide Atlantic Monthly*, Jan. 1874.)

The difficulties of an evolution-hypothesis are enhanced by the admission that the civilized man arrests (Note E) those influences of nature which acted freely upon him in a low savage condition—influences which we know to be hindered from natural and uninterrupted action on those portions of the animal and vegetable worlds which fall under the control of man; who develops or modifies or destroys this individual or that, and exercises a sway over all, so far as suits his own ends and uses. What are we to conclude? *Either*, if development is still active, and if man is but a term in an Algebraic series of terms ascending *in infinitum*, that the man, of which we are specimens, is now evolving variations, and will merge into some type of organism, as different probably from the present as this is presumed to be from the original; *or*, if otherwise, that man has now by the skilful appliances of civilized life so fenced himself round as to arrest the processes of evolutionary changes, and stereotype his present condition. Accept the former, you seem to imperil the personal attribute of immortality; admit the force of the latter, and you foster a theory which, pushed to the extreme, makes the creature to triumph over the Creator.

In a few words, it may be summed up that the modern theories of Biology require the solution of the following problems, before they find general acceptance—(1) The physical basis of Life; what is it? Is it to be found in solar fire or nebulous gas? Is protoplasm or bioplasm any explanation of the stuff that vital force is made of? (Note F.) This question is not easy of conclusion, if it be admitted that there is a barrier impassable between organic and inorganic substances, between living matter and dead matter (Note F.), and that there are essential differences between the phenomena of the one and the other; and (2) apart from the difficulty of bridging over this chasm, how is species transmutable? seeing that we know by observation that the individuals of a species vary within normal limits; but there is no example to show that the transmutation of one species into another has actually taken place; and (3) apart from the material basis of a life-giving energy, apart from the bridgeless gulfs between matter and living and dead, between the worlds vegetable and animal, and between one species and another, what proof is adduced of a link between a lower type of animal life and man? seeing that as far as human research and experiment have yet gone, the lines that represent human life and lower animal life appear to run ever parallel, never approximating, never converging to a point of union, however remote; and seeing further that man stands alone, apart from and beyond the rest of animated nature, as a being morally, if not physically, distinct; capable of moral degradation on the one hand, and endowed with the unique faculty of speech on the other.

Modern inquiries are leading to the recognition of laws which regulate the growth and decay of speech, no less uniform and consequent

than those of the external world. Language is being unclothed. As the material crust of the globe tells a truthful tale to him who probes beneath the surface, so the philologist hopes to unveil the links, which, although crusted over or weakened by the accretion or decay of ages, join the words by which we represent and communicate our ideas in continuous sequence to the utteringsof the first man.

And what is Language? An invention of man, a work of human art, elaborate by his necessities? or is it a special gift of the Creator, heaven-sent, as a repository of thought and means of communication? The philologist in his anatomical dissections and comparisons deals with all speech. The sacred language of Northern India, the Sanscrit, and its sister-tongues, including the inflectional systems in which the lore of old Greece and Rome is fossilized, the monosyllabic Chinese, the Polynesian, Hottentot, and Kafir, and other African languages, all must be analyzed by the alchemy of comparative grammar, until this ever-speaking witness teaches the philologist how to recognize the place of this and that radical form among the constituents of human speech, just as the great anatomist, from the fragment of a bone, reconstructs the animal, and gives it a due position in the animal world. When language has thus been analyzed in the crucible of philology, the process will leave a residuum—which is in effect the seeds, the simplest primary elements of speech; so that the question, what is language, is resolved into an investigation of the origin and nature of these roots, just as it is the province of physical science to resolve matter, by analysis, into its ultimate elements. The theory which claims attention in these days is that which refers the beginnings of speech to the cries, sobs, shouts, and general exclamations and utterances of pain, sorrow, surprise, triumph, contempt, and other emotions to which man gives voice to express his sensations.

Now, those who look for the origin of language in connection with the theory of evolution must rely chiefly on the interjection as the germ of articulate speech. When upon the "first being, worthy to be called a Man," "born of some inferior creature," the consciousness of a faculty of speech first dawned, the interjectional utterances prompted by his sensations must have been the first words, and those expressions laid the foundation of the nomenclature of the primary ideas of mankind. By degrees this low-typed man, overcoming the mechanical difficulties of linguistic utterance, used these ejaculations as significant of things, as names of objects; either when realizing the objects to his own nascent mind, or when striving to convey to his own notions of objects. What countless difficulties might be urged against this slowly-built process of word-manufacture!

What reason is there to believe that the *so-called* man would be acted upon by sensations to repeat always the same utterance at the sight or remembrance of the same object; much less is it likely that his fellows would also produce the same; or arrange, by mutual agreement, that some uniform interjectional sound should stand as the name of an object or of some quality inherent in it. A difficulty,

too, there is, not so much in reviving the conception of an object by the repetition of a sound, as in inventing sounds expressive of the relations between an object and a quality, and concluding an act of judgment in conventional and appropriate language.

If language is thus the natural product of the peculiar conformation of the first, and that a low-typed race of men, it would be reasonable with our distinguished South African philologist and his compeers to seek for the traces of the primal language among those who are noted for the characteristic mechanical difficulties of speech, as the Bushmen, who still retain those asperities which every language would throw off in its natural tendency to seek ease in articulation.

As to the identity of origin of the root-words which are supposed to constitute the common basis of the great families of language, it must be premature to speak, whilst the classification of the families is perhaps incomplete (Note, Philology E); and the analysis of human speech hitherto has been very partial.

The original unity of language must, therefore, be considered as not yet *proved;* and the position taken up by Max Muller is the safest approximate conclusion which we can adopt—no amount of variety in the *material* or *formal* elements of speech is incompatible with the admission of one common source.

Some contributions have been made towards the study of man in society, and the construction of a social science. At the first promulgation of so intricate a subject most men absolutely reject the notion that social phenomena can be generalized. If social science means anything, we must allow that there are recognizable laws which regulate the conduct of men in the various social relations,—births, marriages, deaths, habits and customs, crime and punishments, labour and wages, as well as religious ideas, moral and æsthetic sentiments, and all the other incidents of social life; and that these laws are as constant, uniform, and inevitable as those to which the world of external nature is conformed.

The bias of every man's mind is of course created or influenced by education, mode of life, the tone and opinions of the sections of society in which he moves, and chiefly by religious belief and impressions; so that it is difficult to approach any, especially social, questions with what is called a scientific spirit [Herbert Spencer's Essays,] and besides, the physiology of society is so complex, and the causes and sequences of social phenomena are, apparently, so remote from observation that few will accept the truth of the relations sought to be established. There is, no doubt, a general acquiescence in a successive order, whether retributive or compensative, in the chequered vicissitudes of life; as implied in the notions of the Greek *φθόνος*, or jealousy of the gods, and the Nemesis of tragedy, the Goddess of Retribution, who checks immoderate good fortune, and abases the *ὕβρις* or arrogance of prosperous men, and in the course of mora. discipline expressed by the tragic apophthegm *πάθει μάθος*, or wisdom by suffering. Similar articles of popular faith are embodied

in our proverbs and household words, as "Every light has its shadow," "Every dog has his day."

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
> Omitted, all the voyage of their life
> Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

"It never rains, but it pours," and

> "When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
> But in battalions."

This belief is also largely illustrated by those sayings which imply a compensative distribution, as

> "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.
> Quick come, quick go. The race is not to the swift.
> God never measures men by inches.
> God never shuts one door but he opens another."

And in the re-organization of governing agencies after social convulsions, or in the adjustment of the relative functions of the parts of the social machinery, statesmen and legislators are often taught that national institutions are not created, but are evolved from the inherent social tendencies of a people; that legislation is not in itself an effective cause, but rather a subsidiary one, dragged in by the force of public opinion to assist in maturing and legalizing necessary social developments.

Men feel that the whole process, by which the greatest of the social changes of English history will ere long be effected, is now fermenting. Voiceless is the fiat; Society is educating itself for the disruption of the national religion; and when the marriage-bond of Church and State of England is dissolved, the causes must be looked for, not in the policy of this or that statesman, but in the social characteristics of the day; and legislators (if social science be true) will have had no more to do with it than they had to do with the disestablishment of the Protestant Church of Ireland. A stupendous change, fraught with important consequences to the State, to religion, and to society, which none may presume to forecast, is felt to be evolving from civil and religious causes. No statesman, no legislator can withstand the tendency of the age in that direction; but they, too, will bend to the imperative voice of social order and development, and provide the machinery for severing the link.

It will be said that such a Theory of Evolution in social life represents the basis and operations of society as beyond the overruling of God, or the influence of any man, hero, king, or statesman, and implies that the links in the continuous chain of causes and effects are not welded, nay not even traversed by the influence and spirit of Providence. As an exponent of the topics of the day, I need only add that the difficulties in accepting Evolution in the departments of Sociology are, after all, similar in kind to those which meet the inquirer in the physical sciences; for social science can only

reach its conclusions by a purely deductive method of reasoning; it arrives at the law of effect by inferences from the presumed law of causation, on which the effect depends; and, therefore, although we may conclude that a cause will produce a certain effect, we are unable to *predict* an effect, because of our ignorance of the many counter-agencies which may be at work. Such inquiries, however, may lead to an acquisition of knowledge, which, "though quite insufficient for prediction, may be most valuable for guidance." (Mill's Logic, Book vi, c. 6.)

The study of Comparative Thology is also of too recent a growth to admit of its results being classified; in fact, a scientific investigation of the systems of human Faith is, with the application of comparative methods to the elucidation of history and politics, the newest phase of intellectual speculation; and if it is destined, in the words of Professor Max Muller, to evoke, in the very heart of Christianity, a fresh spirit and a new life, we may look with much interest, and no anxiety, to such a panoramic exhibition of the laws of growth of the religions of the human race.

But I doubt whether the author of the "Science of Religion" will carry many a psychologist with him in his assumption that among the mental attributes of man is to be included a "faculty of faith"—a faculty of apprehending the infinite, a power "independent of sense and reason"—just as man has a special faculty of speech. Much less support can be given to another theory that the religious ideas of a people are dependent on the structure of their language, involving the strange hypothesis that the religious conceptions of the mind are evolved from the mechanical casualty of speech, whereas all experience shows that the mind makes language its slave, and moulds it into forms expressive of its conceptions. In fact, words are the registers and vehicles of the product of the mind. We may readily allow the mutual action and reaction of thought and language, and that language is often the father to thought; but this is no evidence for a law of identity in both.

By such an inquiry into the Protean phases of Faith, it is probable that many difficulties which arise from our way of interpreting Semitic modes of Speech will be removed. We interpret ancient thought by modern thought, ancient language by modern language. The imagery, personifications, and anthropomorphisms of the Hebrew are in strong contrast to the character of our English tongue; and yet most readers seek to interpret the "Law and the Prophets" as if the conceptions and the words were those of this age (Muller's Science of Religion, p. 280).

We, who are the inheritors of the traditions of the Hebrew Faith, as underlying the teaching of Christ, are apt to undervalue the religious heir-looms of the other great families of the earth; and yet, through all time, as far as language is yet traced back to that mother-speech, which lies behind Sanscrit, Latin, Greek, and our own tongue, the devout aspirations of our race have risen to the Heaven-Father.

The comparative study of religions may teach us that God never left himself without witness in the hearts and the language of men, and may unveil the contin uous history of the Divine education of the world. Those who are best qualified to speak, who know the strength and the weakness of science, are least disposed to let their imaginations wander towards, *What might he. What is* bounds their labours and their speculations. Their business as explorers is, to find the truth within the horizon of human research. Our duty as learners is to weigh all evidence, and wait with suspension of judgment, knowing that behind all these theories, all these runnings to and fro after knowledge, lies the great question, unanswered by reason—"Who made all these things?" Light, more light! was the prayer of the dying philosopher, and is the watch-word of modern science. Life is progress; life is action; no longer the contemplative quietism of the philosopher, nor a brooding over the faded memories of the past. No! the life of to-day is an earnest reaching after the revelations of the morrow.

I have sufficiently trespassed on your patience by this sketch of one long line of modern inquiry: it would be a vain task to try to register here to-day the accumulating facts of physical observation and chemical experiment; to condense "the fairy tales of science"—to tell how the sun has been virtually brought into the laboratory of the physist, and its constituent elements tested by the spectrum analysis; and to tell how nature economizes and conserves her energies.

We had been prepared by previous solar observers to recognize a connection between the phenomena of the sun and occurrences on our own globe—to acknowledge that science had established a relation between the sun-spots and terrestrial magnetism, and that the meteorological changes of earth and sea are affected by changes on the sun's surface; but the marvellous revelations of the spectroscope, by analysing soar light, indicate the presence in the sun and of the stars also of the s ame substances of which our globe is constituted. Each new applica tion of this, the most wonderful discovery of our own days, brings before us the enormous forces at work in the sun, and, to use Lo ckyer's words, it is impossible to foresee what depths of space will not in time be gauged.

Thus each inquirer is building up an edifice on his own ground-plan; the varied phenomena of matter are yielding a fast-accumulating mass of facts. Who shall harmonize and arrange them? Of these detached fabrics, who shall re-arrange the materials into a Temple of Knowledge? Who, with all these results of experiment and observation, shall be privileged to write the Literature of the Sciences?

But it is well for those amongst us who do not care to follow the progress of science, that the human mind is not restricted to the study of physical phenomena—that "the circle of human nature is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion" (Tyndall)—that our studies and enjoyments are not confined within the circle of the

sciences. The æsthetic faculty has a kaleidoscopic variety of subjects accessible to every educated man. Literature and art furnish abundant and tempting material of self-culture to those who turn from the severer discipline of Science. When the snowy wreaths pour down the castellated front of yon Table Mountain, when you scent the dewy morn, or watch the "golden lightning of the sunken sun," it is not the relation of cause and effect that thrills and fascinates; the song of the birds, the gaudy tiring and perfume of the flowers, the gay face that mother earth puts on in her Spring time, derive none of their beauty or of their means of ministering the chastest pleasures from the catalogues of ornithologists and botanists. No! In themselves they are "things of beauty, things of joy." The tendency of this age would direct you to an exact acquaintance with the phenomena around you, and there is for you and for me a real enjoyment of light, "holy light," of the genial sunshine, and of the voices of the air, without scrutinizing the effects of solar energy or calculating the velocity of light or sound; but the mind falls short of the standard of real education if it does not unite the appreciation of scientific knowledge with a receptivity of what is good and beautiful.

And here I venture to say that whether you believe or not in the evolution theory, you must apply its principles to the Colonial Institutions, whether for science, art, or literature, to meet the absolute requirements of the day. This noble library in which we are assembled, which offers its treasures to all, without money and without price, and the sister institutions, the South African Museum and the Botanic Gardens, are too limited in space as well as in resources. Here and there throughout the Colony an earnest inquirer works, hermit-like, in philology or botany, or other fields of natural science; but there is no place of reunion; no Royal society, where the products of individual research may be discussed and chronicled. But it is by the intercourse of mind with mind; by association and discussion, by adding the individual contributions to the common stock of knowledge, that we may hope to spread refined tastes and higher culture; to elevate the social life of the Colony, and at the same time to develop the yet untold resources of the South African Continent.

The following is the appendix referred to in the body of Dr. Dale's address:—

Note A.—To the inquiry, Does the mere association in the same deposit of the flint-implements and the bones of extinct quadrupeds prove that the artificers of the flint-tools and the animals co-existed in time? I answer that mere juxtaposition of itself is no evidence of contemporaneity, and that upon the testimony of the fossil bones the age of the human relics is *not proven*.—Professor Rogers in the "Reputed Races of Primeval Man," written after a visit to the localities referred to: *vide Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1860.

Note B.—We have now to inquire how this contemporaneousness is to be accounted for, whether by prolonging the existence of these mammals into the human period, as ordinarily understood, or by antedating the commencement of

the human period. . . . The acceptance of the former might be justified by the unquestionable fact that the existence of the *bos primogenius* was prolonged even into the historic period.—*Vide Westminster Review*, April, 1863.

NOTE *Teleology*.—The teleology which supposes that the eye, such as we see it in man or one of the higher vertebrata, was made, with the precise structure which it exhibits, for the purpose of enabling the animal, which possesses it, to see, has undoubtedly received its death-blow. (Huxley: Critiques and Addresses, page 305).

NOTE C.—We have already seen that M. Guizot lays it down as a physical impossibility that Man, the human pair, can have been introduced into the world except in complete stature, in the full possession of all his faculties and powers. He holds it as certain that on no other condition would Man on his first appearance have been able to survive and found the human family.—(Duke of Argyll on M. Guizot, in the Reign of Law, p. 270.).

Le fait surnaturel de la création explique seulement, la première apparition de l'homme ici-bas.—(Guizot, quoted in the Reign of Law, p. 28.)

NOTE D.—According to this view, an internal law controls the action of every part of every individual, and of every organism as a unit, and of the entire organic world as a whole.

It is believed that this conception of an internal innate force will ever remain necessary.—(Mivart, Genesis of Species, c. XI., p. 274.)

I deem an innate tendency to deviate from parental type, operating through periods of adequate duration, to be the most probable nature, by way of operation, of the secondary law whereby species have been derived one from the other. (Owen, Anatomy of Vertebrates, vol. 3, p. 807.)

NOTE E.—Man has not only escaped "natural selection" himself, but he is actually able to take away some of that power from nature which before his appearance she universally exercised. We can anticipate the time when the earth will produce only cultivated plants and domestic animals, when man's selection shall have supplanted "natural selection." (Wallace, Natural Selection, page 326.)

NOTE F.—No physical hypothesis ever founded on any indisputable fact has yet explained the origin of the primordial protoplasm, and, above all, its marvellous properties which rendered evolution possible.

No valid evidence has yet been adduced to lead us to believe that inorganic matter has become transfused into living, otherwise than through the agency of a pre-existing organism, and there remains a residual phenomenon still entirely unaccounted for.

(Professor Allman, President of the Biological Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science; *vide Nature*, 18th September, 1873, page 425.)

NOTE, PHILOLOGY G.—Dr. Bleek's Comparative Grammar of South African Languages; *vide* Prefaces to Parts 1 and 2.

NOTE H.—Man, though he has great variety of thoughts, and such from which others might receive profit and delight, yet they are within his own breast, invisible and hidden from others. . . . The comfort and advantage of society not being to be had without communication of thoughts, it was necessary that men should find out some external sensible signs, whereof those invisible ideas which his thoughts are made up for, might be made known to others. . . . Thus we may conceive how words came to be made use of by men, as the signs of ideas, not by any natural connection that there is between articulate sounds and certain ideas . . . Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, book 3, c. 2—see also Section 6, "words by use readily excite ideas."

Loose Papers on Sundry Subjects.

BY IAN.

No. II.—Baboons and Barbels.

From Carlyle to the Orange River is a great stretch, but not so great at all in the real world,—to every individual mere circumstances of place and time are illusionary, and the sole reality is the chain of thoughts and conditions of mind which go to form the doctrine of personal identity—not so great a stretch, moreover, in the particular small world, which I happen to be bold enough to bring before my gentle reader in the form of "Loose Papers."

I am having a holiday, and in my journeyings have encamped beside woods and water, the great essentials to attractive scenery. Perhaps more by virtue of the contrast it is; but somehow I feel the beauty of a landscape in South Africa. Here where I sit and write I have below me a long reach of a magnificent river—whatever may be said to the contrary—fringed with woods; and above me its course is shut out of view by a lofty peak on either side. The river channel in this direction—to use geological language—is the result of a "fault." The rocks of the one peak are perpendicular columnar trap, and those of the other are horizontal shales and sandstones. There are several concomitants which add to the attractions of my surroundings. We are, as it were, in the wilds,—baboons and jackals make night hideous with their strange cries. Then, to use the fine old expression, the air is filled with the voice of many waters. The Orange River cannot be equivocally praised like the Thames in the words of Denham:

> Though deep, yet clear; slow, yet not dull,
> Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

There is, however, in the Orange River a perpetual, many-tongued complaint,—a confusion of noise only to be compared with that of one other South African phenomenon—a flight of locusts. I have heard mountain torrents, and know the sound of one so well that, to use the conceit of a recent writer, taken blindfold to many streams, the peculiar, familiar sounding of the *burn* which passed my father's house would arrest my ear. And large rivers, utilized and navigable, at home, I have always found to be sleepy and silent. The Orange River has not the solid thundering of the one nor the gentle lapping of the other; but it has, however, much of the all-air-filling voices of the restless ocean.

To have seen the Orange River a few weeks ago might be an event in one's life. When under the influence of ordinary rains the Orange River is "down," it is always an awful sight. Its speed, its whirlpools, its rapids, the grandeur of its mass, and its avalanche-like precipitation, I have not seen equalled. I dare say there are

sights more incomparable in other lands and continents, but to me nothing has ever appeared so resistless and overwhelming as the Orange River when "down." A few weeks ago it passed all known limits, and swept along like a lake, with not an indication of a tree, the only signs of these being occasional tops of shrubs, the outliers, beyond the marginal forest proper.

Now that it is low again, one can see results in the formation of sand-banks where none were but cultivation since the introduction of colonization and civilization. I was walking over a sand-bank to-day in a bend of the river, formerly occupied by willows and blackthorn, large-trunked, and ancient. All left of them were the tops sticking above the sand like paltry congeries of shrubs, such as you see in the open veld, where here and there the productiveness of a plant has enabled it to assert a feeble indication of sociability in the most unsocial vegetation of the world. The branches are now become so many shrublets,—the stem underneath will be in the course of years silicified, and may in the progress of ages become agatized wood in sandstone rock, such as we find in many parts of the Colony—remains of trees, erect stumps, &c., fossilized in the sandstone formation.

But the Orange River has carried me away from the subject proper of my paper, and I find still that I could say much more upon it. The present notes were called forth by the recollection of a letter written by a *savant* to a friend of mine some years ago. My friend was to catch some specimens of the *Barbel* or *Baarger* to solve an interesting problem in science. It was considered (so the letter-writer said) to be a go-between betwixt the cod and the turtle. Its head had shelly plates like the turtle, and its fishy body was nearest in appearance to the cod. So it was described, and I was startled! Talk of the Mexican eft, the *Axolotl*, after this! For what is wanted, I think, to prove evolution—at all events in that form which is generally accepted now—is not so much an example of transformation or metamorphosis as of connection or linking between two separated forms. Then a connecting link between lizard and fishes in the persons of the cod and turtle!

I need not say that I fished for barbels after all this. The "gentle art" it cannot be called in South Africa. With a line in thickness a few degrees thinner than a "half-inch" rope, and a hook little less than a pot-hook, fastened to a piece of cord—which does not speak favourably of the intelligence of South African fish—I set to work, the bait being a piece of mutton. Having thrown this into a deep pool in the evening, I went with some trepidation to learn the result the following morning. The fastening of one hook I found bitten through, and the only other was a piece of straightened wire. Next morning again, however, I found one barbel, about two feet long, fast. I had of course a good look at him, and certainly found bony plates on his head, arranged after the fashion of those on a turtle. The body was, however, more eel-like than cod-like. A very slippery

customer too. I would say also quite as tenacious of life as an eel. I saw one afterwards show undoubted signs of activity in the frying-pan.

The barbel is, however, as far as I could make out, only fish. Flesh or fowl like the turtle it is not. It manifestly is a siluroid (I am on the banks of the Orange River, and there is no reference library at hand.) It belongs thus to the same family as the electric eel and the salamanders, the fishes of Humboldt's South American Narrative, which inhabit the volcanoes of Cotopaxi, &c., in South America. Fancy fish in volcanic mud and paste!

I have been told that these interesting animals, the barbels, only inhabit western waters, that is to say, rivers flowing into the Atlantic. Is this true? There are no eels in these rivers, but abundance in Eastern and southern ones. This is a strange fact in distribution, if fact it be, as I believe it to be. Make a correction, Mr. Editor, if it is not. That they are splendidly adapted for such streams is undoubted: they are said to remain torpid in baked clay—well, we shall say in moist clay!—for weeks, until a shower sets the river flowing, and them free. They often reach an unwieldy size, five and even six feet in length. Are they, like some of their congeners, electrical? I cannot say for certain. This I did observe, that a strange feeling of numbness came over my arms on grasping them when still alive. But that might be the result of excitement and general perturbation! However, I state the circumstance.

So far for the supposed link: the barbel is an undoubted fish. I have put him through all forms of treatment up to eating. I have, to use the language of Doggy, Dr. Brown's old beadle, "ripped" him up, examined his internal arrangements, and his liver. (Remarkably sound these organs are in all the barbels I examined, considering they live in Orange River latitudes!) His head, his gills, his false pectorals, &c., &c., also, I carefully put through survey; and, last of all, his beard, or four barbels. He is a genuine fish and nothing more! The bony plates of his head, too, are, as far as I can determine, altered head bones.

But about the Baboon. The *savan's* query about the baboon has been and no doubt still is a "poser" to the writer. "Have you ever observed *wool* on the baboon's head?" "Look sharp," he went on to direct, "for *that* on the first baboon you see." Darwin makes vigorous efforts to prove that there are indications of genuine *beard* in some monkeys, and to write of the existence of mere hair is manifestly superfluous! That idea of the *wool* is, however, very sly. Find woolly hair on the baboon, and why we have at once half proof of affinity to (not to be too particular) the Bushman! Havn't you? At all events, as good an argument in favour of the descent of man from the monkey as ever Darwin furnished, the existence of wool would be. Degradation or reversion to the sheep is of course out of the question. *Ins't man better than a sheep*, according to Isaiah or some other prophet?

I have examined the heads of various baboons, but have found no wool. The baboon has, however, many remarkable affinities to the structure of man :—There is the similar double curvature of the spine, and both have the sacrum concave in its inner surface. The bones of the nose are convex in the baboon as well as in man ; and the angle formed by the axis of the cranium and the axis of the face is about the same in both. And so, and so on ! But really what boots all such argumentation ? Let us take the brain of a chimpanzee, the skull-dome of an American monkey, the spine of the baboon, and let us have man-like limbs made by taking parts from different monkeys, &c., &c. This ideal creature would represent the counterpart of the anthropoid, which was the ape-like progenitor of man ; but if it ever did exist, it must have been a lineal descendant of some far-back form, which was progenitor of all. Development must be co-relative as to differentiation of parts : nothing is more strongly insisted on by evolutionists. There is no reason why a big toe and a big nose should be formed together and simultaneously. This far-back progenitor must have diverged in various directions, and now how can we understand from the doctrine of anatomical co-relation that the chimpanzee improved, or retained, the brain and the wrist ; the gorilla, the shoulder-blade and the ear lobule ; the baboon, the spine and the callosities of the body, &c., &c. ; and that parts unlike man in a similar lawless fashion should differentiate otherwise !

There may have been an homunculus, but there must also have been, if this homunculus had close affinities to monkeys, co-relative growth in the process of evolution by which existing monkeys and man have been created.

Baboons deserve some study if all stories are true concerning them. I was gravely told by a friend that they take their youngsters to the water and wash them. They " spank " them well, too, when there is any howling. They are said to faint in the most lady-like fashion at the sight of a snake. I saw one mortally wounded once, and its dying look was not exactly after the model of the human face divine, but there was something about it that made me feel as for a man or a brother.

Gleanings from the Old Naturalists.

PART III.

A FEW WORDS ON PHŒNIXES, EAGLES, PELICANS, OWLETS, AND OTHER STRANGE SINGING BIRDS.

THE Phœnix is a noble and rare bird. Indeed according to Munster and Pliny, there is but one in the world who, when Quintus Plautius and Sextus Papinius were consuls, was seen to fly into Egypt ; and Tacitus in his annals mentions another flying in the same direction,

when Old Lucius Vitellius and Paulus Fabius were consuls, and yet not another but the same rather.

The Phœnix, owing to his fireproof nature, is the great patron of Fire Insurance Offices, and his brazen effigy decorates the front walls of many thousands of houses in this the great metropolis, and hundreds of country towns besides.

This bird or fowl (if we may believe what is written, and so much strange has been written on the subject, that this is a very safe proviso) is about the bigness of an eagle, having a glittering brightness in the feathers of her neck, with an azure tail, and in some places of a rose colour turned up with pea-green, and on her head, or rather its head (for it is of the epicene gender) is a tuft of feathers. Some say he, she, or it liveth five hundred years, others give it six hundred and sixty, and Pliny writeth "This bird has her settled abode in Arabia Felix." When she waxeth old, she builds a nest of cassia bark on the branches of a frankincense tree, into which she putteth other odours, and so dieth upon them, having first inflamed them—and so out of her ashes, bones, and marrow there springeth forth a little worm, which afterwards comes to be a young Phœnix, *mirabile dictu!* Phœnix broth they say, confers immortality on the partaker, but is not to be had in the ordinary run of Restaurants.

Howbeit many think that all this is fabulous, for what species or kind of creature can be rehearsed whereof there is never but one. And whereas the Lord said to all his creatures "Increase and multiply;" this could not take place in the Phœnix who increases not; although if true what a grand prospect it would open out to humanity in a matrimonial point of view! No more weddings, or trosseaux, or christenings, or midwives' bills, &c., &c. When our race has run, send out for a few pennyworths of cassia, and set fire to ourselves if we wish to perpetuate our family, and there is an end of it without any more fuss or bother!

The stumbling-block to a belief in Phœnixes is the history of the Ark, when all animals went in pairs, male and female, and an old philosopher says on this subject "that it agreeth neither with reason nor likelihood, but plainly disagreeth to the history of the Creation and of Noah's flood." A great field for discussion is open on this subject.

THE EAGLE.

Amongst all fowls, says Munster, the Eagle alone can move herself straight upward and downward, perpendicularly without any collateral declining.

The Eagle has the reputation of being a charitable bird, as when she had gotten meat she useth to communicate it unto such fowls as do accompany her; but the picture has a sad reverse, for it adds, however, that when she has no more to distribute that she attacks some of her guests, and for lack of food dismembers them. She can also gaze on the sun and not be made blind, and will fight eagerly

against the Dragon; for the Dragon greedily covering Eagle's eggs causeth many conflicts to be between them.

When the Eagle groweth old the upper part of her bille groweth over the lower, till at last it closeth it altogether, and in the end she dyeth of famine; but St. Augustine observes in this case she hammereth her bille against a rock till she break the end off, and so she recovereth her strength, and to which the Psalmist alludeth in the 103rd Psalm, 5th verse, "Which maketh thee young and lusty as an Eagle."

When a young Eagle is able to do for itself the mother pusheth him out of the neste, which show that parents should not bring up their children in idleness but make them shift for themselves as early as possible, although we do not indiscriminately advocate turning youngsters out of doors as soon as ever they are able to forage for themselves.

THE OWL.

Owls are all solitary birds. They love mice, young birds, and little chickens.

He is thought to be an ominous bird—that is when he puts in an appearance in the day time. He nearly frightened Pope John the 22nd to death by appearing to him unexpectedly at the Council of Constance.

Some say the egges of an Owl broken and put into the cup of a drunkard turns him against good liquor; the Owl is therefore held in great reverence by Good Templars and other tee-total communities.

Owls are more or less mixed up with witchcraft,—they are said to suck the blood of infants lying in their cradles; and "with its great goggle eyes it doth effascinate children or change their favours." An owlet's wing entered into the composition of the witches chaldron in Macbeth, and some use the same word for a witch, a fairie, or a hagge.

On the whole the Owle is a very unlovely fowle. She is especially held sacred to the goddess Minerva, and is seen depicted on her effigies. She is supposed to have all old maids under her special protection.

H.

London, April, 1874

Sketches from the East Coast.

II.

FROM NATAL TO ZANZIBAR.

We stuck for four days behind the D'Urban Bar, with the *Zulu* full of passengers for Cape Town and England alongside. It was very tiresome work for the captains and officers of the two ships, knowing as they did the risk of losing the mail both ways, besides the hard work of pushing the whole way to make up for lost time. However severely their patience may have been tried, we must say that their courtesy and kindness never gave out. We amused ourselves with watching and talking about one another, chatting, reading, and writing.

At last, on the afternoon of the 30th, the fifth day of our detention, it was announced that we were to try the bar. The pilot was overheard saying, "if we can't cross we will stick, for, from the nature of the channel, we can't return." With such cheerful prognostications we steamed out—the *Zulu* following. As much we suppose to the amazement of the pilot as to the satisfaction of the captain, the *Kafir* took the bar capitally, and went over without the smallest bump. The *Zulu* also, as far as we could judge, seemed to take the bar well. Outside, the two steamers parted for their different destinations, although on board both there were passengers homeward bound. One could not help a feeling of sadness creeping over one as we part from a ship in which we have received much kindness and courtesy, and where we have made one or two friends we never can forget. As we pass along the coast the mist is too dense and we are too far from land to see much of the coast. A short time after leaving the Bluff, we pass the mouth of the Umgeni River, and all along the coast we see the green of the sugar plantations.

When at dinner a squall struck the ship. The hiss of the wind on the water was distinctly heard. The officer on watch told us afterwards that the sea had been feather white, which means that nothing was to be seen but foam. We had a great deal of wind all evening, but not much sea, and the blow was delightful after stagnating behind the Bluff. Next day there was a heavy swell on, and the *Kafir* developed splendid rolling qualities. How she did roll, and continued to do so until the night of the 2nd, when for the first time we felt that we slept. The sight of a few sea-birds on the afternoon of the 3rd told us that Europa Island was within a hundred miles of us, but nothing was to be seen on every side but heavy swells, as wearisome at sea as on land. On the evening of the same day there was a glorious moon-rise. A solitary white piled cloud lay on the horizon, more like what we would imagine an iceberg to resemble than anything

else, and behind this, out of the watery waste, rose an African full moon. It produced an effect that a painter would have longed for the power to put on canvas.

On Monday morning, the 6th April, we sighted the Table Mountain of Mozambique, and we could not help a wish crossing our minds that it was another Table Mountain, and that instead of a walk in a strange city it was a chat and a walk with old friends we were looking forward to. Table Mountain, in the distance, is like the hull of a great vessel turned upside down, and reminded me at the far distance of a hill in the Highlands of Scotland, now made into a cemetery. Of course Table Mountain is on a much larger scale than the other, but still, at a great distance, the hull outline struck me very forcibly. It was a splendid breezy sunny morning, but the glare of the sunlight on the water was rather too strong to be pleasant. As we got nearer we saw the islands of St. Iago and St. George on the left, and another island with one or two trees, which, from their bare stems and feathery crowns, are evidently cocoa palms, on the right. Straight ahead was the grand old fort of St. Sebastian, which we had to round to get into harbour. The sight of the fort makes me think of a friend who, in the days before steamers were thought of on this coast, had many a weary look-out from the rock beside the fort, if by any chance he might see an approaching sail. At some distance the houses of Mozambique seem to rise from the sea, and look very well, but it is the common case of "distance lending enchantment to the view." A lighthouse is going to be built on St. George's Island; it is a pity that it had not been built long ago, in place of the useless fort. Perhaps, however, in those by-gone days the idea that a lighthouse was a nobler building to erect than a fort was not understood any more than it yet seems to be nationally understood that it is grander to save men's lives than to destroy them. In the distance we saw a dhow, which looked like a gigantic windsail careering about on its own hook. Two little canoes were next seen, comical looking little concerns, often hid by the waves, so that the solitary rower looked as if he were sitting in the water. The pilot boat came next with the Portuguese pilot on board, between whom and the captain an animated pantomime took place, for neither understood the other. As we drew nearer we saw the promenade where the band plays twice a week, and rather a nice-looking private house occupied a prominent position in the middle of cocoanut palms.

Mozambique is very picturesque, with its different coloured flat roofed houses, its grey old fort and its graceful palms; but in more senses than one it is a picturesque tomb. Fort St. Sebastian is a well preserved old relic, but a little defaced by some apparently white-washed tombs that lie between it and the sea. As we rounded it and came into harbour we passed a small Portuguese man of war with a raking but untidy looking air about her, and her sails tied to the masts so as to resemble peg-top trousers, for nothing else could I think of that they were like. There was also a French ship in harbour bound for

Marseilles, and some dhows, and a queer looking steamer that we were told ran to Madagascar. After the steamer anchored beside the hulk that held her coals the boats of the port captain and the steamer agent came alongside. Wretched tombs although these Portuguese coast settlements are, they are very particular as to the bills of health brought by foreign ships. But to return to our boats. Both had awnings the entire length of the boat, a very necessary precaution, as the heat was intense. When the agent's boat returned, the third officer and myself took our places in her, bent on exploring Mozambique. The tide was out, and an expanse of mud and water lay between us and the shore; to carry us through, two things like magnified dolls' beds, very flimsy, very narrow, and with thin curtains festooned round them, made their appearance. The propelling power or powers were eight men, four to each, who balanced a long cow-hide-covered pole on their shoulders. Heartily laughing at the queer concerns and the queer figures we cut in them, we got in, and were trotted to the beach. Once there we got out and began exploring. We went up a dirty little lane and into what we supposed to be the principal street, past the jail, a large building with properly grated windows, and then went up a street full of shops, such as they were,—dark cellars would describe them better. They were all kept by Banians, and were a succession of strange dim interiors with thorough Hindoo figures squatting in characteristic Hindoo fashion in most of them. There was not a great display of stock, but by a little peering we could identify a tobacconist's, some tailors, a shoemaker's, a grain seller, a basket seller, and one or two blacksmiths, with very primitive looking bellows. We entered one that was a little lighter and had its goods better displayed, and found that they were chiefly European importations. Calicoes, sweets, pictures, ornaments, children's drums, mixed with hubble-bubbles, and native slippers and caps. Leaving the shops, we passed the Custom-house, and came opposite the Governor's residence—a large, ugly, staring, hot looking, light yellow pile. In front of it was a small square, planted with young, wild fig-trees, seats scattered about, and in the centre a sort of circular summer-house in course of erection,—we supposed to accommodate a band. The whole was spoilt, however, for want of a grassy carpet, and the surface glare here was so great that my companion declared that if forced to stay in Mozambique he would certainly mount green specs.

After passing a few more houses, we came to the promenade—a grassy, tree-sheltered space between the town and the fort. There is a grave at one side which, judging by the stone, must be for some old saint or sinner of former times. We surveyed the castle, but did not go inside, as between us we could not muster a single word of Portuguese. We did, indeed, think of presenting ourselves at the gate and trusting to "we are English" for carrying us through, but the heat was intense, we had still a good deal to see, and so we thought better of it. There seemed to be plenty of convicts, mostly women,

going about, and apparently doing all the work. A chain round the waist, down one leg, and then fastened round the ankle, was their safeguard. We went down to the beach, and examined the rocks close to the castle,—composed of coral, and though seemingly hard, they were thoroughly honey-combed by the action of the sea. Afterwards we returned through the promenade, and passed a number of men sewing what seemed to be a large sail in the full glare of the sun. In a corner of the promenade, under the shelter of some trees, there was a kind of small market, where cocoanuts, beans, maize, cakes, and different kinds of nuts and seeds we did not know were exposed for sale. We thence passed along to what we supposed, judging from the clothes that were being operated on, was the public washing-place. It was a large open square, covered with rank grass, and surrounded with mud huts. In the centre was a square building, and the grass was dotted here and there with wells. If the wells in this square resembled those we had the curiosity to inspect in other parts of the town, we should not like to have anything to do with the water, either for washing or drinking. The wells we inspected were very deep, with a little water and plenty of refuse at the bottom. A stone tied to a rope was lying in one, which my companion suggested had been used to drown a cat. No sanitary commissioner would, judging by its wells, select Mozambique as a nice, healthy place to live in. Mozambique is still in the good old times when sanitary commissions were unknown, and people could poison themselves to their hearts' content. After leaving the washing place, we passed through some more streets, with cellars of shops, and heard to our surprise the familiar strains of a piano proceeding from a house we passed ; and then again we came to an open square, with a strange looking pillar in the centre. After passing the pillar, we went into the office of the Union Company's agent. It was a large room, up a broad flight of stone stairs. There were shutters to the windows, but no glass. The rooms were cool and airy, with very little office or any other furniture, and slippers and undress seemed to be the regulation office costume. On leaving the agents, we determined to proceed to the steamer, but it was easier said than done. We were told all was ready, and found when we got to the bottom of the stairs that the dolls' beds, or, to designate them properly, the machillas, were waiting in the entry for us. It was all very well to take them through the mud, but I had strong objections to make these poor fellows carry me through the streets. My companion, however, assured me that we were close to the beach, and had better get in, as we would have to wade if we did not. I fear he was playing off a hoax on my known good nature, but if he was he paid for it. Our bearers either got wrong directions or misunderstood those they had got, and to our horror set off at a trot through the principal streets. It was too rich,—each set of bearers wanted to be first, and now one of us and then the other would shoot ahead, and anon we would come up abreast and laugh at the ridiculous figures we were

cutting. I am sorry to say I must have astonished the grave Portuguese *habitans*, for I am afraid I shouted. As to where we were going, we did not know, when at last our bearers rushed into a court, and brought us up with a great flourish before the door of a large private house. What did it mean? My friend ran upstairs and found a table with fruit, but not a soul to be seen. Like an honest man, he did not touch the fruit, but came down as wise as when he went up. We next dinned the word "boat" into our fellows,—they grunted assent, and off they trotted with us again to the jetty this time. We got out, and there was our boat a long way off in the mud. By pointing, we contrived to make them understand the boat we wanted, and then had to get in again, and be trotted along the beach, rather an intricate business, as we had to get over and under a number of ropes, and then through some shallow water to the boat. Our machillas were frail-looking concerns, and as my comrade was by no means a small man, he began to get anxious lest the thing should give way, and the end of the fun be a good ducking. We reached the boat all right, however. As we were carried along the beach, we passed close under several dhows, which seemed to have been built on the model of some of the queer looking slippers the Banians wear. In the middle of our fun, I could not help being sobered by contact with these hulks, cursed of God and man. The very idea of the fearful scenes that may have gone on inside them is enough to make one shudder, and as Ward Beecher puts it—*feel swear*. To take these unfortunate natives at the lowest estimate that their worst enemies set on them, namely, that they are not men at all, but little better than apes, he would be called a brute, and deservedly so, that would pack apes as these human beings are stowed. Only the other day, we were told a dhow was taken with between 200 and 300 slaves on board. To anybody that knows what a dhow is like, this conveys a picture too horrible to think about, and yet—and that is the awful thing—it has been endured by men, women, and children. It makes one grasp at the idea of a material hell, where these demons in human shape will get the award that earth's poor justice cannot give them.

When we got on board the steamer, we amused ourselves with watching the different boats that came alongside. The Port Captain's and one that came from the *Zarco* (the Portuguese man-of-war mentioned before), were exceedingly pretty, with their snowy awnings and rowers in white and blue, and were a great contrast to the tiny canoes with their one, or at the most two, naked rowers, with paddles to match the canoes, and a freight of red and white coral shells, bits of sponge, &c. It made one long for some of one's little friends to whom the pretty freights of these little canoes would seem piles of treasures of untold value. There was also a particularly crazy boat came off, loaded with Banians, in costumes exceedingly like white night-shirts, with the addition of turbans and scarfs. They brought on board with them a pretty little boy, dressed in the same fashion,

with a half moon in gold or brass round his neck, and some glittering ear jewels. One of their number is a passenger to Zanzibar. He lives on deck, under a sail, has his own food, and keeps himself to himself. In spite of his scanty attire, he has enough of luggage to content a lady. Speaking of ladies, the solitary one we had on board was an object of some curiosity, and got well stared at. The row from the different boats was deafening, and we were very glad to bid good-bye to Mozambique the afternoon of the day we entered it. We were sorry afterwards that we had not seen the hospital and one of the churches. It seems that we passed one or two without knowing it. One really large old church is nothing but ruins. We asked one gentleman, who understood a little English, if there was anything to see? "He told us "No nothing but hot!" The pier seems a neat and good structure, and is built of stone outside, filled up with cement. Neither Cape Town nor Port Elizabeth can boast such a neat looking affair.

The cool blow at sea was very refreshing after the close heat of Mozambique ; but alas ! the *Kafir* began her old tricks, and roll, roll commenced in the very middle of dinner. Next day she rolled all day, and made writing, at least legible writing, very difficult work. The day after we left Mozambique, the temperature of the sea at twelve o'clock in the day was 88 degrees : a delightful cold bath it would make certainly.

At Mozambique we took on board a Portuguese naval captain, going home for the sake of his health. He had not long come back from being up the Zambesi. He told us that he had seen the graves of Bishop Mackenzie and Mrs. Livingstone, and had new painted the cross on the grave of the latter. By his account, the natives remember Mrs. Livingstone better than they do the Doctor, from her being the only Englishwoman they had ever seen.

We expect to reach Zanzibar to-morrow morning ; but from the limited amount of time at my command, having to start by the *Calcutta* the morning after, and having to do Zanzibar to-morrow, I must draw this paper to a close to-night. Before leaving the *Kafir*, I must say she is the finest coasting vessel I have seen, although perhaps, owing to her flat bottom, she is a terrible roller. The gentlemen who are her officers do everything in their power to make travelling by her agreeable, and parting from her disagreeable. Her crew are almost all Arabs, and sorely try the patience of the officers, accustomed as they have been to a good crew of English sailors. The first officer told us that one time coming into port he told them to dress, as the custom on board ship is. To his amazement, they presented themselves each in a solitary white garment, like a woman's night-dress. He said he thought he had got suddenly among a lot of women. There are very few passengers on the Zanzibar route, and it is very monotonous, weary work for the captain and officers.

Recollections from the Country.

THIRTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Klein Kotjie Swanepoel, as he was called, though only sixteen, was six feet three inches in height; he was by no means bright even for one of his class, and educational training had done little to improve his dull nature. True, he had had six months of teaching, such as it was, under the "meester," who had come to his father's farm as a tramp, or "bondel drager" whom no one had ever heard of before, and had been launched by that high authority on the world of letters as "vol-leerd" after half a year's effort. Nowithstanding this, to the astonishment of his parents, Kotjie failed lamentably at the examination to which he was submitted by his "predikant" as a test of his fitness to be "aangenomen." This was a great cause of sorrow to Kotjie and was looked upon by the parents as a bit of a blot on the fair fame of the family. "De Trap der Jeugd" was quite beyond his scholarship, while a feeble effort he made to master the "Donderslag der Goddeloozen" caused him many a sleepless night and much bewilderment. The fact is poor Kotjie was decidedly not bright—he was "na quite a' there," as the Scotch say. At three successive examinations he had been turned back and rejected—to the vexation of the old people, and disappointment of the "catechumen;" the more so that friend Kotjie had set his affections upon Saarie Kookemoor, the sprightly young daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and his joy could not be consummated till he had become a fully fledged church member.

"De leeraar" was a kind, considerate man, and seeing how feeble were the mental powers of the young fellow, he undertook to pass him if he could only be got to repeat a short, simple formula which he had specially prepared for him—so much he must insist upon his mastering. This having been conceded, the parents set heartily to work to fit their son for admission into the church. It was quite evident that no satisfactory result could be expected from the teaching of the "meester" ("een kalver wachter"), whom they had for some years had in their family; some better hand must be sought for, and they were not long in hitting upon one who seemed to be the very man they wanted. I happened to know the selection they made: he was a shrewd, ready-witted little Irishman who had once been one of the —th, and had left the ranks of that regiment somewhat abruptly, and without going through the trifling form of asking leave from his commanding officer. I had known him under the name of Richard O'Niel, or, as he pronounced it, "O'Nail;" but he explained to me that "they calls me Jan Spyker," which he sagely remarked is the same name in Dutch. O'Niel had been so long away from anyone who spoke English that he had lost a considerable portion of what little he had once known of that language; and his

knowledge of Dutch, too, being very fragmentary, his speech consisted of a mixture of the two languages, which sometimes rendered his meaning very obscure. Upon the arrival of the new teacher he was told what he was wanted for, and that if he succeeded in cramming into Kotjie the required modicum of learning within twelve months, he should have £50 for his trouble. With this inducement before him he did every thing in his power to succeed, he tried every expedient that his ingenuity could suggest, with but very unsatisfactory results. While doing so, he incidentally made the discovery that Kotjie had a surprising memory for the names of oxen, though not for anything else. His father had two spans of ten each, the "rooi bont span" and the "swart wit pens span"—the former, all having the much prized "Wiegman's hoorns," were his especial pets, and he could in the crack of a voorslag tell you the name of every one whether commencing from "hot agter" to "haar voor," or the reverse, backwards, dodging, or any how. It occurred to the meester that he might avail himself of this idiosyncracy to teach him what he had to learn, and thus fairly earn his £50. The day after this bright idea occurred to him, he told Kotjie that he was going to "verdoop" his father's "rooi bont span"—in future, England and Bultour, the after oxen, would be "Adam" and "Eva," and so on apportioning words of the "Korte Begrip" to each ox in the span, ending with the front oxen, by which means "Weldeman" became "In-de-euwigheid," and "Wakker" "Amen." This succeeded admirably after a fortnight or so, and Kotjie, upon being told to give the names of his father's "rooi bont span," would answer the few simple questions put to him without a mistake.

"Mr. Spyker," *alias* "O'Nail," was in high glee at this, and thought his promised £50 pretty certain. He had already made up his mind how he would spend it; but alas! "the best laid schemes of men and mice oft gang aglee." Up to within a fortnight of the examination all looked promising! About that time, though, "meester" had occasion to leave home, when it was planned that he and the pupil should meet in the Church. It was arranged between them that "meester" should sit close to where Kotjie would stand amongst the other aspirants, and Kotjie was told that upon the man in the long black "manel" asking him a question, the meester wonld give a tug at Kotjie's jacket,upon which signal he was to tell the man the name of his father's "hot agter" ox; on the next question that of the "haar agter," and so on through the span. The terrible moment arrived; the tug at the jacket was unmistakably given, but instead of naming the oxen as he had been told, he turned round upon his quondam tutor and said—"Nee, meester, jy trek verniet aan myn baatjie, Vader het verleiden week de span ossen aan de slagter verkocht!" and so vanished into airy nothing Jan Spyker's golden dreams and Kotjie's hopes of an early consummation of his happiness.

It was not, indeed, until the end of the second year that Kotjie got sufficiently "crammed" to pass, and not even then without the

kindly promptings at the examination of Mr. O'Niel, who sat conveniently near his pupil to supply the place of his memory when it failed him. "I done it, sir-r," said he, "en of yer nee vil glue for me yer ken lope axe for Frans."

The evening after Kotjie's passing, there was a little "vroelykheid," when "Jan Spyker" volunteered a song, the subject of which was, oddly enough, "the taking of the Cape." I only, however, remember the first verse of it:

> Het was in het jaar achtien honderd en ses—Oh zee!
> De Engelschman zeg now hang yer eys—Oh zee!
> De Doppertjie sit en hy dink en hy wensch,
> Maar de Engelschman schiet him zoo dwars door de pens.
>
> Oh zee! Oh zee! en Oh zee!!

—and so on, through some twenty verses; giving a true and faithful account, as our friend said, of what he had been an eye-witness to at Blueberg in 1806.

As I remained over a day or two at the farm, I had an opportunity of seeing our friend in his class-room. I found him, upon visiting it, walking up and down with a cane in his hand, calling out every now and then, "Leer kinders! leer!" as the children sat around poring over their books, but never explaining or assisting his pupils in any way. He took more trouble though with Kotjie, on whom he was putting the last finishing touches and polish. When I was about to leave, he told his advanced pupil to show me how he could write his name. Standing over him as he wrote he said, "Nu Kotjie, maak een lange streep,"—to form the "j,"—"noo een knoop en kom na boven," for the tail of the "j,"—"zoe, nu een ronde kolletjie," to form the "o," and so on—directing his pen at every letter in his name, till he got to the last letter "l." He had made the long down stroke and got to the bottom, when he hesitated for further directions, not knowing how to finish off till meester called out, "Kom hot om nu met een draai," and so, to the evident satisfaction of master and pupil, completed the task.

In the evening meester was called upon to sing one of his "eigen gezangen," which he did with the nasal twang in the orthodox style of the Doppery in Cape Dutch, with a strong Hibernian smack. I had an English friend travelling with me who was quite new to Boer life. There being no spare bed-rooms to give us, beds were made up for us on two "bankies" in the hall or voor-kamer. My friend undressed on retiring for the night, as if for bed, upon which I warned him that he would probably find it very awkward to dress in the morning, before all the tantas, &c., who would be sure to be there long before he rose; but my warning was of no avail. Experience had taught me upon previous similar occasions the danger of undressing; I therefore turned in "horse fashion," as my friend called it; and sure enough in the morning, before daylight, the women folk began to move about, and the presiding genius of that ilk ensconced

herself at the " koffee kan." After a preliminary yawn or two my friend began to think of rising ; but how to make himself presentable to the ladies under his peculiar circumstances was the difficulty. As his clothes were on a chair at the other side of the room, he begged of me, as I had arisen, to give them to him. I positively refused to indulge him to that extent, as I had warned him of the probable result of his rash conduct. Upon my refusal he jumped up in light marching order as he was, and ran across the room for his habiliments, which had the effect of clearing the room of its occupants in a jiffy. Our host spoke seriously to me, deprecating in strong terms the conduct of my friend, which I certainly could not excuse, but accounted for by saying that my friend was not " hiel mal reg in zyn kop," upon which it was overlooked, my host remarking, " dat kon ik dink."

To one who knew this country thirty or forty years ago, the changes that have taken place is very surprising. At that time this and the adjoining district, were entirely occupied by South African Dutch Boers, who owned groups of farm generally, but not always, joining one another. There was the " woon en zaai plaats," the farm reserved for the cattle and horses ; the summer and the winter place. Sheep-farming was not then, as it has since become so generally, the farmer's chief care. Since then every other industry has been made secondary to sheep-rearing. At that time the country was everywhere covered with grass, and the karroo bush confined to the low warm flats. Now you see karroo on nearly every farm, even in the Sneeuwbergen ; and, unfortunately, the kind of karroo, which is becoming most abundant, is the worst kind, called " bitter bosch." About the time of the great trek, farms could be got for very little. Farmers, anxious to get away, exchanged their farms for anything—a wagon and span of oxen, or a couple of riding-horses. A valuable farm near this, now worth £4,000, was given away for an old bull. In 1839 and 1840, though, when the trekking ceased for a time, prices advanced; but even then groups of six or seven farms were sold for from £1,000 to £1,200. As prices advanced, the estates began to be cut up and to be sold in pairs, then singly, and later still even single farms are cut up into smaller separate holdings. In some respects this sub-division has led to good—as by this means the capabilities of the country are more thoroughly developed. I remember the time when there was not a single dam in the country—all the available water store was what nature provided by fountains, "kuilen" or "zekoe gaaten;" but when the sub-divisions were made, dams had to be made where there were no fountains. When these were begun, the farmer found that his sheep throve much better on the sweet dam water, and liked it much better too than fountain water which is hereabout very generally " hard." This caused dams to be made in great

numbers, till on some farms of 3,000 or 4,000 mrogen, there are already ten and twelve such receptacles, and more being made. I know of one spot where formerly there was only water enough for a few hundred sheep for a month or two in the "Kuilen" after rain, where by the aid of dams 4,000 sheep are now kept all the year round, yielding a handsome income; and what has been done on this piece of karoo flat can be done all over the country, and parts which for want of water have been hitherto totally unproductive may be made "to bloom and blossom like the rose," and maintain thousands of wool-bearing sheep. It is said that this Colony can never be made to maintain a dense population, but I think that it can and will. Water! water! is all we want for this; and we have no right to complain so long as we allow one drop that falls on our sometimes dry and parched plains to run into the sea. It is piteous to stand by the rivers' banks after a heavy thunderstorm and see the immense volume of the precious element—so much wealth—running off to the ocean, carrying with it great quantities of our best alluvial soil.

There is much to be done in the way of improvement in our style of dam. In too many cases they are mere holes, hollowed out of the soil by means of a "scraper," with an earth embankment on the lower side, leaving an outlet for the surplus water to run off. There are, however, some fine works of this kind: the largest of them are twenty and twenty-five feet deep, and when once filled never entirely dry up. These sheets of water are beautiful objects in this thirsty land, being, indeed, little lakes 800 or 1,000 yards in circumference, with water-fowl always on them; but by far the greater number are much too shallow, and cover too large an area. For sheep, deep holes, with sloping sides, are best; of course, where the water is required for irrigation, the levels of the land to be irrigated will not always permit of deep dams. A very few years ago no one dreamt of cultivating land that could not be supplied with water from a fountain, but, "*nous avons changé tout cela*," whole vleis where there are no fountains now produce grain by the aid of dams and water diverted from river beds. But whilst much is being done to increase the productiveness of the country, there is no denying the fact that, wherever sheep are depastured for many years together, deterioration in the pasturage takes place, and that, too, very rapidly. This is accounted for partly by the sheep continually cropping all the good, and leaving untouched the bad herbage, which causes the latter in time to supplant the better kind. By the accumulated surface soil or ages being loosed by the trampling of the stock, and then carried off by every fall of rain, and though last, not least, by the removal from the soil, through the millions of pounds of wool which are every year sent away, of vast quantities of valuable ingredients, such as sulphur, potash, &c., which are necessary to the growth of certain plants best adapted to the sheep, which are not returned to the soil by any artificial means. The construction of dam banks, throwing

earthworks across valleys, and so diverting streams from their drain beds, may do something to retard this process; but this wearing out of the country is a certainty looming in the distance, which ought not to be lost sight of; and the high prices of stock and farm produce, as well as the late drought, may be blessings in disguise, in that they may cause our too apathetic farming population to exert themselves the more to their own benefit and that of the Colony generally.

Dr. Livingstone.

Among the precious documents brought home by the faithful Negro, Jacob Wainwright, from Central Africa to England, were two letters from Dr. Livingstone to Sir Thomas Maclear, and which arrived here by a recent mail, as transmitted to Sir Thomas by the Royal Geographical Society. These letters have been kindly placed at our disposal,—and, as will be seen, the first of them is addressed to "My dear friends Maclear and Mann." The friendship so long subsisting between Livingstone and Sir Thomas Maclear was well-known: that which just as long subsisted between Livingstone and Mr. Mann, though less generally known, was in no degree less intimate or sacred. Some of the very latest of Mr. Mann's labours before his late lamented death were the reduction and computation of the Doctor's Astronomical Observations, referred to in the first of the communications subjoined. The last letter Mr. Mann ever wrote was addressed to Dr. Livingstone; and it is an interesting fact, not without a certain degree of touching pathos of its own, that the two firm fast friends died within four days of each other—Mr. Mann at Claremont, South Africa, on the 30th April, 1873, and Dr. Livingstone at Ilala, in Central Africa, on the 4th of May immediately following:—

Lake Bangweolo, South Central Africa.

My Dear Friends Maclear and Mann,—I have no prospect of being able to send a letter soon, but write in order to be partially ready when an unexpected opportunity occurs. About the 1st July last I sent a packet from Unyanyembe by an honest-looking native, addressed to you, to the care of the English or American Consul, and containing my astronomical observations, and a sketch-map, up to my leaving the country of the Manyuema, or, as the Arabs say, Manyema. I hope it may have reached you, for it will give you a general idea of the drainage of that inland region.* You will see, too, my audacious attempt to squeeze a longitude out of a dead chronometer, by putting a weight on the key, and making it go, *nolens volens*, as Dr. Ure's galvanic battery of 200 large

* The principal portions of this packet, so far as it was geographical and descriptive, appeared in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, vol. V.

plates did Mathew Clydesdale's body in Glasgow College. I repeated the experiment at the upper end of Tanganyika, and gained a little confidence in the Manyuema set from finding that those at Lusize came out very near to Speke's at Ujiji, or about 30° west of that point, and the way the Lake trends seems to justify it. One time marked either in the Lusize or Lualaba set is wrong, but when I calculated them at Unyanyembe I quite forgot to mention this error in my copy. The Lualaba or Manyuema lat. made the river not so far west as my reckoning in the dense forests by two degrees. It made the great river run in 26°-27° east, or nearly 27°, which favours the idea that it is not the Congo, but the Nile ; other reasons support this idea strongly, but I shall be quite sure only when I see Baker or some of his party, and for this I long most intensely.

My work at present is mainly retracing my steps to take up the thread of my exploration. It counts in my lost time ; but I try to make the most of it by going round outside this Lake and all the sources, so that no one may come afterwards and cut me out. I have a party of good men, selected by H. M. Stanley, who at the instance of James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, acted the part of a good Samaritan truly, and relieved my sore necessities. A dutiful son could not have done more than he generously did. I bless him. The men, fifty-six in number, have behaved as well as Makololo. I cannot award them higher praise, though they have not the courage of that brave, kind-hearted people. From Unyanyembe we went due south, to avoid an Arab war, which had been going on for eighteen months. It is like one of our Kafir wars, with this difference, no one is enriched thereby, for all trade is stopped, and the Home Government pays nothing. We then went westward to Tanganyika, and along its eastern excessively mountainous bank to the end. The heat was really broiling among the rocks ; no rain had fallen, and the grass being generally burned off, the heat rose off the black ashes as if out of an oven, yet the flowers persisted in coming out of the burning soil, and generally without leaves, as if it had been a custom that they must observe by the law of the Medes and Persians. This part detained us long,—the men's limbs were affected with a sort of subcutaneous inflammation—black rose or erysipelas—and when I proposed mildly and medically to relieve the tension, it was too horrible to be thought of ; but they willingly carried the helpless. Then we mounted up at once into the high cold region, Urungu, south of Tanganyika, and into the middle of the rainy season, with well-grown grass, and everything oppressively green. Rain so often, no observations could be made, except at wide intervals. I could form no opinion as to our longitude, and but little of our latitude. Three of the Baurungu chiefs, one a great friend of mine, Kasouso, had died, and the population all turned topsy-turvey, so I could make no use of previous observations. They elect sisters or brothers' sons to the chieftainship, instead of the heir apparent. The sly rogues say that the heir apparent may not be the heir real (the scamps) ; what blasphemy ! New stockades had to be built on new sites, virgin land cultivated, so now food was not to be had for either love or money. Being at the mercy of guides who did not know their own country ; and when I insisted on following the compass, they threatened "no food for five or ten days in that line;" they brought us down to the back or north side of Bangweolo, while I wanted to cross the

Chambeze and go round its southern side, so back again south-eastwards we had to bend. The Portuguese crossed this Chambeze a long time ago, and are therefore the first European discoverers. They were not black men with Portuguese names, like those for whom the feat of crossing the continent was eagerly claimed by Lisbon statesmen. Dr. Lacerda was a man of scientific attainments, and Governor of Tette, but finding Cazembe at the rivulet called Chungu, he unfortunately succumbed to fever ten days after his arrival. He seemed anxious to make his way across to Angola, misled by the similarity of Chambeze to Zambesi. They all thought it to be a branch of the river that flows past Tette, Senna and Shupanga, by Luabo and Kongoni, to the sea. I rather stupidly took up the same idea from a map saying "Zambesi" (eastern branch), believing that the map printed had some authority for his assertion. My first crossing was thus as fruitless as theirs, and I was less excusable, for I ought to have remembered that while Chambeze is the true native name of the northern river, Zambezi is not the name of the southern river at all. It is a Portuguese corruption of Dombazi, which we adopted rather than introduce confusion by new names, in the same way that we adopted Nyassa instead of Nyanzaia Nyinyesi—Lake of the Stars—which the Portuguese from hearsay corrupted into Nyassa. The English have been worse propagators of nonsense than the Portuguese. "Geography of Nyassi" was thought to be a learned way of writing the name, though "Nyassi" means long grass and nothing else. It took me twenty-two months to eliminate the error into which I was led, and then it was not by my own acuteness, but by the Cazembe who was lately routed and slain by a party of Banyamwezi. He gave me the first hint of the truth, and that rather in a bantering strain—"One piece of water is just like another; Bangweolo water is just like Moero water; Chambeze water like Luapula water; they are all the same; but your chief ordered you to go to the Bangweolo, therefore by all means go; but wait a few days till I have looked out for good men as guides, and good food for you to eat, &c., &c." I was not sure but that it was all royal chaff, till I made my way back south to the head waters again, and had the natives of the islet Mpabala slowly moving the hands all around the great expanse with 183° of sea horizon, and saying that is Chambeze forming the great Bangweolo, and disappearing behind that western headland to change its name to Luapula, and run down past Cazembe to Moero. That was the moment of discovery, and not my passage or the Portuguese passage of the river. If, however, any one chooses to claim for them the discovery of Chambeze as one line of drainage of the Nile valley, I shall not fight with him. Culpepper's astrology was in the same way the forerunner of Herchell's and the other astronomers that followed. [Here the letter ends abruptly without date or signature.]

In another and later letter, signed "David Livingstone," and addressed to Sir Thomas Maclear, and marked throughout as "Private and Confidential," we have so many incidents, though intensely interesting, yet so strictly sacred, that we shall not venture to extract from it anything more than the following brief passages :—

Stanley behaved nobly. I was in abject misery at Ujiji—stomach and bowels so out of tone, a little bit of meat produced violent diarrhæa. * * * I could expect no aid, but would die rather than be beaten,

and proposed as soon as I gained a little strength to work my way down to Baker for aid. Then Stanley came on the scene—divided all his clothes into two heaps and insisted on my accepting one. I only wanted a jacket, for I had only an old red one out at elbows—a pretty D.C.L. of Oxford! He cooked dainty dishes with his own hands to stimulate my appetite, placed all his goods at my disposal, and wanted me to go home and recruit, and come back. Could I hide what I had been doing and what I expected to do from one overflowing with kindness, seeing I had despatches ready which would soon publish all I had done to all the world?

I spoke freely; and bless him who saved me a weary tramp to Baker, and probably saved my life. ——— told ——— that Stanley would make his fortune out of me. I wish he may, for he deserves it; and I never could make a fortune out of myself. I have told you freely in this private postcript how the case stands; * * * but if the good Lord of all gives me His influence and strength to finish this work—and above all makes me the instrument of suppressing the Banian and Arab slaving, I shall be content. * * *

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

Ingram Place.*

To the best of our belief, this is the first work of fiction that has ever been published by a Cape Colonist; and, judging from the contents, we should say that the writer was a lady of some culture, but of no very great literary experience. While full of many admirable passages of descriptive writing, the volumes on the whole are very unequal, and the dialogues are a little strained and stilted; but there is nothing over sensational in the story, and the characters introduced are natural and pleasing. Like many of the novelties to be met with in the pages of the *Family Herald*, the hero and heroine of "Ingram Place" have a good deal of trouble to go through before they are happily settled and done for, and indulge among themselves in a good deal of sentiment and false pathos; but then on the other hand they are virtuous and pious, and never ashamed of their humble surroundings. The scene is laid in Ireland, and at a very early part of the story we are introduced to an unmitigated ruffian—peculiar to those parts—who has the impudence to bully the Lord of Ingram in his own hall, and institute unpleasant inquiries about his missing daughter, whom he desires to reclaim.

"'Silence, Sirrah!' and the slumbering volcano of indignation broke forth. 'Do you suppose that I shall stand here and permit you to institute com-

* "Ingram Place"—A Novel by a Cape Colonist—in two volumes. London. Longmans, Green, & Co.

parisons between your daughter and the future Baroness Ingram, or have you the unpardonable insolence to suppose that my daughter could ever sully herself with the crimes that belong by nature to the rabble ?'

" 'I don't suppose any such thing, my lord. Surrounded with all that is pure and holy—every want anticipated, every fancy gratified lawfully—what could tempt *your* daughter to stain her hand with theft ? But put her in the haunts of vice, set her down, bound and fettered by her youth and helplessness, in horrible surroundings ; let her hear goodness jeered at, and wickedness, lying, trickery held up as cleverness, and I tell you that she will sink as low in the mire as though she was of the veriest plebeian mud.' "

Of course the nobleman is astonished at such language from a tramp, and tries to get rid of him melodramatically, but without avail. On the contrary the tramp curses him to his heart's content, and leaves him a fearful legacy of imprecation and threats, which are subsequently worked out to their bitter end.

The space at our command will not allow us to give an elaborate analysis of the plot ; but we recommend all who are anxious to judge for themselves to get a copy of this book from Messrs. Juta, and revel in such a delicious bit as the following, which might have been copied from the letters of a lady on " Life at the Cape."

" It was a sunset scene. Pile upon pile of red gold clouds,—gorgeous masses of startling beauty—shed a lurid light on two figures standing out clear and bold in the foreground. One was a man, seated on a mossy stone, a fragment of some of the many boulders that lay about. A painter's easel was thrown beside him, his hands were clasped over his face, partially hiding it, but scant scattered locks of brown hair broadly streaked with grey fell over his temples, and his eyes were turned to the molten fire in the west, towards the river that flowed between like a broad belt of blood, as though he would wring the secret of their colouring from them. His whole attitude bespoke impotence, and a more striking suggestion of a man's defeat when struggling with nature could hardly be imagined. The other was a girl, childish in aspect, with olive skin tinged with the rosy radiance of the clouds. Her dress was scant and poor and travel stained, but it seemed as if the drapery were purposely left plain, that not a look might be distracted from the divine pity that shone in the wistful face—the great sad black eyes."

In taking leave of our Cape Colonist, we have to express a hope that we may soon meet again under sunnier skies, and that colonial scenes may some day furnish her with a nobler theme than any she has as yet ventured to descant upon. As she lacks no powers of invention, she may then confidently look forward to a larger and a more sympathetic audience than " Ingram Place " is likely to bring her. For a first attempt the book is very creditable ; but it is quite capable of more condensed narration and greater clearness of style. Faults like these will probably disappear when she comes to use her pen more freely, and ignore the ravings of the poetic idiot, who wrote—that

> Fiction entices and deceives,
> For sprinkled o'er her fragrant leaves
> Lies poisonous dew.

NO. 49. VOL. IX.

THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

JULY, 1874.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
1874.

Saul Solomon & Co., Steam Printing Office.

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The Translation from Faust has been received, and will appear in the next Number.

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NO. 50. VOL. IX.

THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

AUGUST, 1874.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
1874.

Paul Solomon & Co., Steam Printing Office.

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Several Articles are now in type, which will appear in the September number of the *Magazine*. Among these is an interesting one by Mr. C. H. Thorpe, on "The Music of the Future."

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NO. 51. VOL. IX.

THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1874.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
1874.

Saul Solomon & Co., Steam Printing Office.

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THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

OCTOBER, 1874.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
1874.

Saul Solomon & Co., Steam Printing Office.

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NO. 53. VOL. IX.

THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

NOVEMBER, 1874.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
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Saul Solomon & Co., Steam Printing Office.

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Several communications, both in Prose and Verse (some of which are in type), are unavoidably crowded out until our next number.

We cannot guarantee the return of all rejected contributions, nor can we undertake to send immediate replies to all Correspondents. All such correspondence, however, is noted, and will be attended to.

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NO. 54. VOL. IX.

THE

Cape Monthly Magazine.

DECEMBER, 1874.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR NOBLE.

NEW SERIES.

CAPE TOWN:
J. C. JUTA.
1874.

Saul Solomon & Co., Steam Printing Office.

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From the cave of Medekane in the Maluti

From the cave Mangolong in the Maluti

From cave at source of Kraai River
District Rodehouse

From upper cave at Mangolong in the Maluti

SAUL SOLOMON & Co., STEAM LITHOGRAPHERS, CAPE TOWN.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A Glimpse into the Mythology of the Maluti Bushmen.

BY J. M. ORPEN, ESQ., CHIEF MAGISTRATE, ST. JOHN'S TERRITORY.

[*With Chromo-lithograph Illustrations.*]

THE rugged mountain chains called Maluti by the Basutos and Amalundi by the Kafirs (plural of luti or lundi, a ridge) extend from the Wodehouse and Aliwal districts to near Harrismith and Maritzburg. They are the highest mountains in South Africa, reaching in some parts eleven thousand feet in altitude; and are formed of peculiar brown rock overlying the great beds of sandstone forming those edges of the great central plateau—called in parts the Stormberg and Drakensberg. This sandstone when it crops out among and about the Malutis and elsewhere, forms here and there overhanging rocks, sometimes so hollowed as to be caves. Under such rocks Bushmen paintings are frequently found. Mr. George Stowe collected a number of copies of these in the Queen's Town district; and at his request I copied such as I found during surveying trips in the outskirts of the Malutis in the Wodehouse district. Many of the paintings of animals and men are surprisingly well done; and I may here suggest inquiry how far these paintings extend in South Africa, and whether any differences exist between the traditions, mythology, and religion of those Bushmen tribes who do not paint and of those who possess a talent so remarkable in a savage tribe, and whether its development or loss may be attributed to cave facilities and their want, or to some other cause? (There are also Bushmen tribes in some parts who make no bows,—) Dr. Bleek could probably suggest the direction of inquiries supplementing his researches, and there are yet many Bushmen in every part of South Africa who must retain their traditions, and many gentlemen who could afford a few hours' leisure to make inquiries for him. Mr. Stowe and I both found paintings with apparently a mythological meaning, or representing certain quasi-religious rites. These are not always fit for publication,—they coincided curiously with representations from ancient mythologies. We could not obtain a clue, and one old Bushman questioned by Mr. Stowe was obstinately mysterious and silent. At last I chanced upon at least a partial clue, which may perhaps lead to others. The rebellion

of Langalibalele's tribe led me to pass through a part of the Malutis generally unknown, and which had been exclusively the haunt of Bushmen. The Natal Government informed me that the rebels were moving through the Malutis, intending to enter the territory under my charge, and I was desired to act against them. While forces were moving up, well provisioned scouts had to be sent many days journey into the Maluti to look up the rebels. They found the rebels were not within a week's march, and this made it evident that they had, as some Natal reports then stated, turned to the right and crossed several branches of the Orange towards Molapo. Meantime all these branches filled, and became impassable. In inquiring for efficient scouts I had heard that one Bushman, named Qing, a couple of years ago escaped from the extermination of their remnant of a tribe in the Malutis, that he was the son of their chief, and was now a hunter in the employ of Nqasha, son of Morosi, on the Orange River. I had sent to obtain his services, without success, and now heard that he was hunting in the mountains beyond the main branch of the Orange, which was full, and that it would be difficult to get him to come, as he had never seen a white man but in fighting, and that it would be difficult to get Nqasha to produce him, as he would fear his hunter would be decoyed from his service. It was so important to secure Qing as a guide, that I rode off myself to Nqasha while the police and other forces were preparing to enter the mountain region. Nqasha consented after my assurances and promises to produce Qing, and sent one messenger after the other for him. I succeeded in impressing Qing's wives favourably—his own wife and his brother's widow—whom I found at Nqasha's kraal, diminutive young creatures, and fair-complexioned. I gave them a liberal supply of tobacco. Nqasha overtook our expedition with Qing when we had almost given him up, and he proved a diligent and useful guide, and became a favourite, he and his clever little mare, with which he dashed and doubled among the stones like a rabbit when his passion for hunting occasionally led him astray. When happy and at ease smoking over camp-fires, I got from him the following stories and explanations of paintings, some of which he showed and I copied on our route. I commenced by asking him what the pictures of men with rhebok's heads meant. He said "They were men who had died and now lived in rivers, and were *spoilt at the same time as the elands* and by the dances of which you have seen paintings." * I asked when were the elands spoilt, and how. He began to explain, and mentioned *Cagn*.† He said, "Cagn made all things, and we pray to him." I asked was he good or malicious. He said, "At first he was very very good and nice, but he got spoilt through fighting so many things." I said, "How do you pray to him." Answer, in a low imploring tone, "'O Cagn! O Cagn! are we not your children, do you not see our hunger? give us food,' and he gives us both hands full." I said,

* χορος πριηπων.

† I used Kafir orthography. One might write the word *ctkaggn*.

"Where is Cagn?" He answered, "We don't know, but the elands do. Have you not hunted and heard his cry, when the elands suddenly start and run to his call? Where he is, elands are in droves like cattle."* He had mentioned Coti, the wife of Cagn, and that Cagn was the first being. I asked, "Where then did Coti come from?" He said, "I don't know, perhaps with those who brought the Sun; but you are now asking the secrets that are not spoken of." I asked, "Do you know the secrets?" He said, No, only the initiated men of that dance know these things."

I shall string together Qing's fragmentary stories as nearly as I can as he told them to me. I noted them down from him then and since; I only make them consecutive. They either varied a little, or I failed to understand him accurately when speaking through different translators. The language he spoke best besides his own was that of the "Baputi," a hybrid dialect between the Basuto and Amazizi languages. Qing is a young man, and the stories seem in parts imperfect, perhaps owing to his not having learnt them well, or imperfect translation; perhaps they may be corrected if heard from other Bushmen of the same race in Basutoland, Kafirland, &c., or they may be different from those of other Bushmen tribes. These Bushmen were formerly very numerous, and the Basutos say they lived on good terms with them and among them before the game country became occupied. Nqasha's father, Morosi, and his people were succoured by them through their skill in hunting, when the Basuto's were impoverished and nearly starved by Chaka's wars, and Morosi allied himself to them by marriage. They have been gradually exterminated by wars with all other tribes (even with Bushmen tribes) and Europeans, and their remnant was long living secluded in the Maluti, hunting game and occasionally making raids.

Qing's stories are as follows:—

Cagn was the first being; he gave orders and caused all things to appear, and to be made, the sun, moon, stars, wind, mountains, and animals. His wife's name was Coti. He had two sons, and the eldest was chief, and his name was Cogaz; the name of the second was Gcwi. There were three great chiefs, Cagn, Cogaz, and Qwanciqutshaa (of all three legends are here given), who had great power, but it was Cagn who gave orders through the other two.

Cagn's wife, Coti, took her husband's knife and used it to sharpen a digging stick ("Cibi," on which a perforated stone is put), and she dug roots to eat. When Cagn found she had spoiled his knife, he scolded her and said evil should come to her. Upon this she conceived and brought forth a little eland's calf in the fields, and she told her husband, and said she did not know what sort of a child it was, and he ran to see it, and came back and told Coti to grind cannā, so that he might inquire what it was. She did so, and he went and

* It will seem, however, as if beside this worship of a beneficient maker, they have, in case of sickness, something which seems like pythonic and phallic worship in dances conducted by men initiated in certain mysteries.

sprinkled these charms on the animal, and asked it " Are you this animal ? Are you that animal ? " but it remained silent till he asked it, "Are you an eland (Tsha) ? " when it said " Aaaa." Then he took it and folded it in his arms, and went and got a gourd, in which he put it, and took it to a secluded kloof enclosed by hills and precipices, and left it to grow there. He was at that time making all animals and things, and making them fit for the use of men, and making snares and weapons. He made then the partridge and the striped mouse, and he made the wind in order that game should smell up the wind,—so they run up the wind still. Cagn took three sticks and sharpened them, and he threw one at the eland and it ran away, and he called it back, and he missed with each of them, and each time called it back, and then he went to his nephew to get arrow-poison, and he was away three days. While he was away his sons Cogaz and Gcwi went out with young men to hunt, and they came upon the eland their father had hidden, and they did not know about it. It was a new animal. Its horns had just grown, and they tried to encircle it and stab it, and it always broke through the circle and afterwards came back and laid down at the same place. At last, while it was asleep, Gcwi, who could throw well, pierced it, and they cut it up and took the meat and blood home ; but after they had cut it up they saw the snares and traps of Cagn, and knew it was his, and they were afraid. And Cagn came back the third day and saw the blood on the ground where it had been killed, and he was very angry, and he came home and told Gcwi he would punish him for his presumption and disobedience, and he pulled his nose off and flung it into the fire. But he said " No ! I shall not do that," so he put his nose on again, and he said, " Now begin to try to undo the mischief you have done, for you have spoilt the elands when I was making them fit for use," so he told him to take of the eland's blood and put it in a pot and churn it with a little native churn-stick, which he made to spin in the blood by rubbing the upright stick between the palms of his hands, and he scattered the blood and it turned into snakes, and they went abroad, and Cagn told him not to make frightful things, and he churned again and scattered the blood and it turned into hartebeests, and they ran away, and his father said, " I am not satisfied ; this is not yet what I want ; you can't do anything. Throw the blood out ! Coti, my wife ! cleanse this pot and bring more blood from the little paunch where they put it, and churn it," and she did so, and they added the fat from the heart, and she churned it, and he sprinkled it, and the drops became bull elands, and these surrounded them and pushed them with their horns, and he said, " You see how you have spoilt the elands," and he drove these elands away ; and then they churned and produced eland cows, and then they churned and produced multitudes of elands, and the earth was covered with them, and he told Gcwi, " Go and hunt them and try to kill one, that is now your work, for it was you who spoilt them," and Gcwi ran and did his best, but came back panting and footsore and worn out ; and he

hunted again next day, and was unable to kill any. They were able to run away because Cagn was in their bones. Then Cagn sent Cogaz to turn the elands towards him, and Cagn shouted and the elands came running close past him, and he threw assegais and killed three bulls, and then he sent Cogaz to hunt, and he gave him a blessing, and he killed two, and then he sent Gcwi, and he killed one. That day game were given to men to eat, and this is the way they were spoilt and became wild. Cagn said he must punish them for trying to kill the thing he made which they did not know, and he must make them feel sore.

A daughter of Cagn became cross because her father had scolded her, and she ran away to destroy herself by throwing herself among the snakes (qabu). The snakes were also men, and their chief married her; and they eat snakes' meat, but they gave her eland's meat to eat, because the child of Cagn must eat no evil thing. Cagn used to know things that were far off, and he sent his son Cogaz to bring her back, so Cogaz went with his young men, and Cagn lent him his tooth to make him strong. When the snakes saw Cogaz approaching with his party, they became angry and began to hide their heads, but their chief said, "You must not get angry, they are coming to their child;" so the snakes went away to hunt, and his sister gave him meat, and they told her to tell her husband they were come fetch her, and she prepared food for the road, and they went with her next morning, and they prepared themselves by binding rushes round their limbs and bodies, and three snakes followed them. These tried to bite them, but they only bit the rushes; they tried to beat them with reims, but they only beat rushes, and they tried throwing sand at them to cause wind to drive them into the water,* not knowing he had the tooth of Cagn, and they failed. The children at home, the young men with the chief of the snakes, knew that when those snakes came back they would fill the country with water. So they commenced to build a high stage with willow poles, and the female snakes took their husbands on their return and threw them into the water, and it rose up above the mountains, but the chief and his young men were saved on the high stage; and Cagn sent Cogaz for them to come and turn from being snakes, and he told them to lie down, and he struck them with his stick, and as he struck each the body of a person came out, and the skin of a snake was left on the ground, and he sprinkled the skins with canna, and the snakes turned from being snakes, and they became his people.

The big people you have seen painted with deformities are the Qobé,—they carried battle-axes, and are so drawn,† they were cannibals, they cut people's heads off, they killed women and drew the blood out of their noses. Cagn sent Cogaz to their residence to deliver a woman from them, and he lent him his tooth. His tooth-

* I have formerly seen Bushmen throw sand in the air and shout out on seeing the crescent moon when it first appeared.—J.M.O.

† πριηποί.

ache had told him to send Cogaz. Cogaz went, and when he was coming back Cagn saw the dust, and sent the little bird that flies up and says tee-tee, called moti in Sesuto, and qouka in Bushman language, but it told nothing; then he sent another bird, the tink-tinki, or tintinyane,—qinqininya in Bushman,—and it brought no news. Then he sent a third, the qeiv, a black and white bird that sings in the early morning, called tswanafike in Sesuto; and he rubbed cannā on its beak, and it flew to the dust and brought back word that the giants were coming. The giants attacked Cogaz several times, but he used to get upon the tooth of Cagn and it grew up to a great height, and they could not reach him. He used to cook his food up there, and then he used to play on his reed flute, and this put them to sleep; and he would go on, and they would wake up, follow him, and he would get up on the tooth again. At last, when they continued attacking him, he killed some of them with poisoned arrows, and Cagn said he would not have these people, but drive them far off and kill them as they were cannibals; and he cut up his kaross and sandals and turned them into dogs and wild dogs, and set them at the Qobé giants and destroyed them.

Qwanciqutshaa, the chief, used to live alone. He had no wife, for the women would not have him. A man sent a number of little boys to get sticks for the women to dig ants' eggs. One of the women grumbled, saying the stick she received was crooked and those of the others were straight. That night she dreamt that a baboon came to take for his wife a young girl who had refused Qwanciqutshaa. Next day, as she was digging alone, the baboon came to her in a rage (it had been present and heard her observation about the stick, and thought she was mocking at the crookedness of its tail), and it said, "Why did you curse me?" and it threw stones at her, and she ran home and told the girl of her dream and that it was coming true, and told her to escape to Qwanciqutshaa. The girl sunk into the ground, and came up at another place, and sunk again. She sank three times and then came up and went to Qwanciqutshaa's place. Qwanciqutshaa had killed a red rhebok and was skinning it when he saw his elands running about, and wondered what had startled them. He left the meat and took the skin and went home, and found the young girl there, and asked why she came. She said she was frightened of the baboon. He told her to feteh water to wash the blood off his hand, and she went, and came running back in a fright, and spilt some on Qwanciqutshaa. He said, "What is the reason of this?" She said, "It is fright at the baboon." He said, "Why are you frightened; he is your husband, and comes from your place?" She said, "No, I have run to you for fear of him." Then he put her up on his head and hid her in his hair. The baboon had in the meantime come to the people she had left, and asked for her, and they said they did not know where she was; but he smelt where she had gone down into the ground, and he pursued, scenting her at each place, and when he came towards

Qwanciqutshaa the elands started and ran about and gazed at him. He came up to Qwanciqutshaa with his keeries, saying, "Where is my wife?" Qwanciqutshaa said, "I have no wife of yours!" It flew at Qwanciqutshaa, and fought him, but Qwanciqutshaa got it down and stuck it through with its own keerie, and Qwanciqutshaa banished it to the mountains, saying, "Go, eat scorpions and roots as a baboon should," and it went screaming away; and the screams were heard by the women at the place it came from, and all the baboons were banished. And Qwanciqutshaa killed an eland, purified himself as the baboon had defiled him, and he told the girl to go home and tell the people he was alive. But the young men wanted to marry this girl, and she said, "No, I love none but Qwanciqutshaa, who saved me from the baboon." So they hated Qwanciqutshaa; and when he had killed a red rhebok and put meat on the fire to roast, those young men took fat from a snake they had killed and dropped it on the meat, and when he cut a piece and put it in his mouth, it fell out; and he cut another, and it fell out; and the third time it fell out, and the blood gushed from his nose. So he took all his things, his weapons, and clothes, and threw them into the sky, and he threw himself into the river. And there were villages down there and young women, and they wanted to catch Qwanciqutshaa; but he turned into a snake, and he said, "No, it is through women I was killed," and he eluded and threatened them, and they all ran away. The only girl that remained was the girl he had saved, and she made a hut and went and picked things and made cannā, and put pieces in a row from the river bank to the hut. And the snake came out and ate up the charms, and went back into the water, and the next day she did the same; and that night he came and went to the hut and took a mat and went up to the sky and got his kaross and came down and slept on the mat. And when the girl saw he had been there she placed charms again, and lay in wait; and the snake came out of the water and raised his head, and looked warily and suspiciously round, and then he glided out of the snake's skin and walked, picking up the charm food, to the hut, and when he was asleep she went in and seized him and quickly forced more charms into his mouth, and he struggled to escape, but she held him fast, and he was exhausted and trembled, and said, "Why do you hold me, you who caused my death?" And she said, "Though I was the cause, it was not my fault, for I loved you, and none but you!" and she smothered him in the kaross, and ran to the skin and sprinkled it with cannā and burnt it, and they remained there three days. And Qwanciqutshaa killed an eland and purified himself and his wife, and told her to grind cannā, and she did so, and he sprinkled it on the ground, and all the elands that had died became alive again, and some came in with assegais sticking in them, which had been struck by those people who had wanted to kill him. And he took out the assegais, a whole bundle, and they remained in his place; and it was a place enclosed with hills and precipices, and there was

one pass, and it was constantly filled with a freezingly cold mist, so that none could pass through it, and those men all remained outside, and they ate sticks at last, and died of hunger. But his brother (or her brother), in chasing an eland he had wounded, pursued it closely through that mist, and Qwanciqutshaa saw the elands running about, frightened at that wounded eland and the assegaai that was sticking in it, and he came out and saw his brother, and he said, "Oh! my brother, I have been injured; you see now where I am." And the next morning he killed an eland for his brother, and he told him to go back and call his mother and his friends, and he did so, and when they came they told him how the other people had died of hunger outside; and they stayed with him, and the place smelt of meat.

Cagn sent Cogaz to cut sticks to make bows. When Cogaz came to the bush, the baboons *(cogn)* caught him. They called all the other baboons together to hear him, and they asked him who sent him there. He said his father sent him to cut sticks to make bows. So they said, "Your father thinks himself more clever than we are; he wants those bows to kill us, so we'll kill you," and they killed Cogaz, and tied him up in the top of a tree, and they danced round the tree, singing (an intranscribable baboon song), with a chorus saying, "Cagn thinks he is clever." Cagn was asleep when Cogaz was killed, but when he awoke he told Coti to give him his charms, and he put some on his nose, and said the baboons have hung Cogaz. So he went to where the baboons were, and when they saw him coming close by, they changed their song so as to omit the words about Cagn, but a little baboon girl said, "Don't sing that way, sing the way you were singing before." And Cagn said "Sing as the little girl wishes," and they sang and danced away as before. And Cagn said, "That is the song I heard, that is what I wanted, go on dancing till I return; and he went and fetched a bag full of pegs, and he went behind each of them as they were dancing and making a great dust, and he drove a peg into each one's back, and gave it a crack, and sent them off to the mountains to live on roots, beetles, and scorpions, as a punishment. Before that baboons were men, but since that they have tails, and their tails hang crooked. Then Cagn took Cogaz down, and gave him canna, and made him alive again.

Cagn found an eagle getting honey from a precipice, and said, "My friend, give me some too;" and it said "Wait a bit," and it took a comb and put it down, and went back and took more, and told Cagn to take the rest, and he climbed up and licked only what remained on the rock, and when he tried to come down he found he could not. Presently, he thought of his charms, and took some from his belt, and caused them to go to Cogaz to ask advice; and Cogaz sent word back by means of the charms that he was to make water to run down the rock, and he would find himself able to come down; and he did so, and when he got down, he descended into the ground and came up again, and he did this three times, and the third time he came up near the eagle, in the form of a large bull eland; and the eagle said,

"What a big eland," and went to kill it, and it threw an assegai, which passed it on the right side, and then another, which missed it, to the left, and a third, which passed between its legs, and the eagle trampled on it, and immediately hail fell and stunned the eagle, and Cagn killed it, and took some of the honey home to Cogaz, and told him he had killed the eagle which had acted treacherously to him, and Cogaz said "You will get harm some day by these fightings." And Cagn found a woman named Cgoriöinsi, who eats men, and she had made a big fire, and was dancing round it, and she used to seize men and throw them into the fire, and Cagn began to roast roots at the fire, and at last she came and pitched him in, but he slipped through at the other side, and went on roasting and eating his roots, and she pitched him in again and again, and he only said "Wait a bit till I have finished my roots, and I'll show you what I am." And when he had done he threw her in the fire as a punishment for killing people. Then Cagn went back to the mountain, where he had left some of the honey he took from the eagle, and he left his sticks there, and went down to the river, and there was a person in the river named Qüuisi, who had been standing there a long time, something having caught him by the foot, and held him there since the winter, and he called to Cagn to come and help him, and Cagn went to help him, and put his hand down into the water to loosen his leg, and the thing let go the man's leg, and seized Cagn's arm. And the man ran stumbling out of the water, for his leg was stiffened by his being so long held fast, and he called out," Now you will be held there till the winter,"and he went to the honey, and threw Cagn's sticks away ; and Cagn began to bethink him of his charms, and he sent to ask Cogaz for advice through his charms, and Cogaz sent word and told him to let down a piece of his garment into the water alongside his hand, and he did so, and the thing let go his hand and seized his garment, and he cut off the end of his garment and ran and collected his sticks, and pursued the man and killed him, and took the honey to Cogaz.

The thorns (dobbletjes) were people—they are called Cagncagn—they were dwarfs, and Cagn found them fighting together, and he went to separate them, and they all turned upon him and killed him, and the biting ants helped them, and they eat Cagn up ; but after a time they and the dwarfs collected his bones, and put them together, and tied his head on, and these went stumbling home, and Cogaz cured him, and made him all right again, and asked what had happened to him, and he told him ; and Cogaz gave him advice and power, telling him how to fight them, that he was to make feints and strike as if at their legs, and then hit them on the head, and he went and killed many, and drove the rest into the mountains.

Cagn found a woman, who had been left behind by people, and he thought he would take her home and make her his wife, so he picked her up and put her on his back, and she stuck on his back like wax, and he went to a tree to scrape her off, and she stuck to the tree too

like wax. At last he got home to his wife Coti, and she scolded him for his conduct—he who was so great a king, picking up any woman he met with—and she boiled water, and melted the woman off him, and when he got loose, Cagn gave her a tremendous thrashing for sticking to him like wax, and he drove her away.

The men with rhebok's heads, Haqwé and Canaté, and the tailed men, Qweqweté live mostly under water; they tame elands and snakes. That *animal* which the men are catching is a *snake (!)* They are holding out charms to it, and catching it with a long reim—(see picture). They are all under water, and those strokes are things growing under water. They are people spoilt by the —— dance,* because their noses bleed. Cagn gave us the song of this dance, and told us to dance it, and people would die from it, and he would give charms to raise them again. It is a circular dance of men and women, following each other, and it is danced all night. Some fall down; some become as if mad and sick; blood runs from the noses of others whose charms are weak, and they eat charm medicine, in which there is burnt snake powder. When a man is sick, this dance is danced round him, and the dancers put both hands under their arm-pits, and press their hands on him, and when he coughs the initiated put out their hands and receive what has injured him—secret things. The initiated who know secret things are Qognqé; the sick person is hang cäi.

Bushmen have lost different arts. They formerly knew how to make things of stone over rivers, on which they crossed; and knew how to spear fishes. It was formerly said when men died they went to Cagn, but it has been denied. There is a thing with one fiery eye, which flies by night; creeps on the ground, holding one arm up; it crushes the breath out of people, and leaves the bodies dead. It is cannibal. Cagn forbade its name being often mentioned. Its name is *Cadintaa*.

Qing did not know any story about the moon and a hare; but I asked him did they eat all parts of a hare, and he pointed me out the back part of the thigh, and said Cagn had forbidden them eating that because it was human flesh. I asked this after the expedition, as I then heard of some of the stories Dr. Bleek had collected. I asked what caused the milky way, and he said Cagn placed it there to support the snow.

Remarks by Dr. Bleek.

[It is well-known that Dr. Bleek has been engaged in researches into the Bushman language and traditions for some time past, and the latest of his official reports on the subject is now in the hands of the

* I have not noted the name of this Bushman dance—*Basutos call it Moqoma.* In some ictures the dancers have their heads painted white.—J. M. O.

Government. We have requested him to make what comments he might deem fit on the preceding paper by Mr. Orpen, and he has been kind enough to favour us with the following.—Ed. C.M.M.]

We must be greatly obliged to Mr. Orpen for this very interesting paper of original research, which throws a good deal of new light upon the subject of Bushman mythology, and upon the vastness of the legendary lore of this highly curious people. The principal figure in the Bushman myths given by *!king* or *!ing* (as in our orthography the name of Mr. Orpen's informant would have to be written) is not only the same as the chief mythological personage in the mythology of the Bushmen living in the Bushmanland of the Western Province, but his name has evidently the same pronunciation. Mr. Orpen's *Cagn* or *Ctkaǧǧn* (*c* the dental click of Kafir orthography = *|* of Lepsius's alphabet) must have exactly the same sound as *|kágggn*, the Mantis, the most prominent subject of the mythological tales collected by us. His wife's name also, *Coti*, according to Mr. Orpen, may be identical with the beginning of one of the names given to us for the Mantis' wife *|húnntu !(k)att !(k)atten*, the first syllable of which word *|hún* indicates a "dasse" (hyrax); but this is not certain, and it is little more than guesswork if we compare the names of the elder son, as given by Mr. Orpen, *Cogaz* to *|kwammanga*, the husband of the porcupine (!χo) who is the adopted daughter of the Mantis; and if we identify the younger son, *Gcwi*, with the *|ni* or Ichneumon (the son of *|kwámmanga* and the porcupine) who is the constant adviser and admonisher of his grandfather, the Mantis.

Although the general character of the myths recorded by Mr. Orpen is mainly the same as that of those collected by us, yet there is not one of his myths which is exactly identical with any one of ours. Of course, it is possible that this is a proof of an especially fertile genius for myth formation, inherent in the Bushman mind, which had given rise to different circles of myths round the same central figure among different Bushman tribes. Yet it would be rash to say that none of the myths narrated by *!(k)ing* were known to our Bushman informants or their tribe. On the contrary, it may well be that even most of these myths are the common property of the Bushmen of Western Bushmanland, as well as of those of the Malutis. In fact, though our collection of Bushman folklore is far more extensive than our most sanguine expectations at the beginning might have led us to hope for,—yet, from their own internal evidence and from glimpses which they allow us to get of myths and legends still untold, we had already become convinced that we have to look upon them as containing, as yet, only a very small portion of the wealth of native traditionary literature actually existing among the Bushmen.

But whether the stories given by *!(k)ing* are only tribal compositions, or form part of the common national property of the Bushmen, a slightly different character is attributed in them to the Mantis *(Cagn = |kágggn)* who, according to the myths told by our Bushman informants, is very far from being represented as a "beneficent" being; but, on the contrary, is a fellow full of tricks, and continually getting into scrapes, and even doing purely mischievous things, so that, in fact, it was no wonder that his name has sometimes been translated by that of the "Devil." I must refer here to my Second Bushman Report, sent in to the Honourable the Secretary for Native Affairs, in which I give a short outline of the Bush-

man literature collected by us. But even the myths told by *!(k)ing* bear out, to a certain extent, this character of the Mantis *(Cagn)*: for example, in the story of the woman sticking to *Cagn's* back, which reminds us of the eggs of a magic bird sticking to *|kágg*$_{o}$*en's* mouth and back. (Second Report, § 9.)

Further, our Bushmen seem to know nothing of any worship of the Mantis, so that the prayer recited by *!(k)ing* was quite new to me. But they have given us prayers addressed to the Sun, to the Moon, and to Stars, besides a number of myths referring to these celestial objects. These latter were, as *!(k)ing* states, unknown to him, because, being a young man, he had not been initiated. Our best Bushman informant was nearly sixty years of age, and was picked out from among twenty-eight grown-up Bushmen as one of the best narrators. But, if a young man like *!(k)ing* could give, and that through the medium of an imperfect interpretation, so much important information regarding the mythology of the Maluti Bushmen,—what may not be expected if Mr Orpen should succeed in discovering, among the sources of the Orange River, some old Bushman or Bushwoman, and if the traditionary lore, of which they are the repositories, could be noted down from their lips in their own language, which we conclude to be essentially the same as, although dialectically differing from, that of the more Western Bushmen.

But if Mr. Orpen's contributions to our knowledge of the Bushman folklore and mythology are important,—the Bushman paintings copied by him are not less valuable. They are in fact the most interesting Bushman paintings I remember to have seen, and they fill us with great longing to see that splendid collection of Bushman paintings which Mr. C. G. Stowe is said to have made. They are evidently either of a mythological character, or illustrative of Bushman customs and superstitions. Before I saw Mr. Orpen's paper, I laid his copy of these paintings before the Bushmen who are now staying with me, and who come from the Katkop Bergen, north-north-west of Calvinia. Their explanations (differing somewhat from those of *!(k)ing*), as far as they understand the pictures, are as follows :—

The paintings from the cave Mangolong represent rainmaking. We see here a water thing, or water cow, which, in the lower part, is discovered by a Bushman, behind whom a Bushwoman stands. This Bushman then beckons to others to come and help him. They then charm the animal, and attach a rope to its nose,—and in the upper part of the picture it is shown as led by the Bushmen, who desire to lead it over as large a tract of country as they can, in order that the rain should extend as far as possible,—their superstition being that wherever this animal goes, rain will fall. The strokes indicate rain. Of the Bushmen who drag the water cow, two are men (sorcerers), of whom the chief one is nearest to the animal. In their hands are boxes made of tortoise (!khū) shell (containing charmed boochoo) from which strings, perhaps ornamented with beads, are dangling down. These are said to be of Kafir manufacture. The two men are preceded by two Bushman women, of whom one wears a cap on her head. The Kafirs in the other picture (which is from the upper cave at Mangolong) are said to assist in the ceremony, and to stand at the side. These Kafirs are three men with knobkerries in their hands and bundles of assegais on their backs. Between them are two women. The spotted appearance of one of the men

could not be explained by my informant. The caricatured style in which these Kafirs are drawn, with their tail-like dresses made so long as to give them quite an amphibious appearance, is very remarkable. On the whole the red Bushman looks down upon the black man quite as much as any orthodox white skin does.

The paintings from the cave of Medikane are thought to represent sorcerers, wearing gemsbok's horns, and two of them having sticks in their hands. They are said to belong to the ancient Bushmen, or to the race preceding the present Bushmen, and who it is believed killed people. The white figures also, with steenbok horns, from the cave of the source of the Kraai River, are believed to belong to these same people. There is something reminding one much of the Egyptian mode of mythological representation in these animal heads on human bodies ; but, of course, the reason for this combination of the animal and human may in each case be quite different ; but this is a point which only a thorough insight into the mythology of both nations can decide.

The fact of Bushman paintings, illustrating Bushman mythology, has first been publicly demonstrated by this paper of Mr. Orpen's ; and to me, at all events, it was previously quite unknown, although I had hoped that such paintings might be found. This fact can hardly be valued sufficiently. It gives at once to Bushman art a higher character, and teaches us to look upon its products not as the mere daubing of figures for idle pastime, but as an attempt, however imperfect, at a truly artistic conception of the ideas which most deeply moved the Bushman mind, and filled it with religious feelings. A collection of faithful copies of Bushmen paintings is, therefore, only second in importance to a collection of their folklore in their own language. Both such collections will serve to illustrate each other, and to contribute jointly towards showing us in its true light the curious mental development of a most remarkable race. A Bushman painting will frequently help us to unearth a myth, legend, or fable, which otherwise would have been forgotten, and might have remained unrecorded, although of importance perhaps for the explanation of the nature and origin of Bushman mythology.

At the end of these remarks, hastily drawn up (as the paper was only submitted to me when already going through the press), I wish to express the earnest hope that Mr. Orpen will continue to take the active interest in these researches which has already given us this valuable paper,—and that many others may be found to tread in his footsteps ; and especially that those who have it easily within their reach to copy Bushman paintings, will furnish us with faithful copies. Where photography is available, its help would be very desirable, as the general public is sceptical, and not unfrequently believes that the drawings are too good not to have been vastly improved in copying, thereby doing scant justice to Bushman art. It would also be desirable to have, besides an indication and description of the locality, a statement of the actual size of the figures, &c. That the copies should give the true colour of the originals (as essential to their value) is of course understood.

Song.—"The Hour I love best."

'Tis the Hour I love best,
When the sun in the west
Hides in night's loving arms from our view;
When the rich colours die,
In the darkening sky,

And the rosebuds are bending with dew.
'Tis the Hour I love best,
When the dove from his nest
To his dear, soft-eyed mate tells his tale,
And the "Avond-bloem's" scent
To the night-breezes lent,
With its spices has filled all the vale.

'Tis the Hour I love best,
Yet a sigh heaves my breast,
Whilst joy-songs are trilled from each tree;
While the birds on the boughs
Pipe their sweet, loving vows,
For my heart whispers sadly of Thee!

B. M. R

On the Origin of Language.

Dr. Dale, in his recent able address, delivered at the Cape Town Library, argued against the theory of evolution as applied to the human race, on the grounds of the difficulty or impossibility of supposing that language could be an art gradually acquired in a race of beings in the process of development.

It is obvious that this argument does not bear very directly on the theory of evolution, since the other theory that language is a direct gift from Heaven is as consistent with the theory of physical evolution as with that of specific creation. It is as easy to imagine that the gift of language was conferred on one or more of a race of beings whose bodies by natural selection had become fitted for the purpose, as to suppose that a being or race of beings possessing language was specially created. Independently of this, however, Dr. Dale does not seem to correctly state the evolution theory as applied to language. Dr. Dale says :—

" When upon the ' first being worthy to be called man,' ' born of some inferior creature,' the consciousness of a faculty of speech first dawned, the interjectional utterances prompted by his sensations must have been the first words, and these expressions laid the foundation of the nomenclature of the primary ideas of mankind."

And the learned doctor goes on to point out how difficult it would be to suppose that such could be the origin of language. In this conclusion the doctor is, no doubt, right ; but it would be difficult to conceive any account of the origin of language more inconsistent with the theory of natural evolution than that contained in the above paragraph.

Though the writer of this article has no more title to express the real opinion of evolutionists than any one else who has read or thought on the subject, still he ventures to believe that the following account of the origin of language approaches far more nearly than that of Dr. Dale to what evolutionists would accept as a correct exposition of their views.

Imagine the earth, or, more probably, some limited district or districts of the earth's surface, to be inhabited by a species of beings inferior to man in their cerebral development, but with a power, more or less limited, of articulation, and with the imitative faculty common to man and the lower animals ; and suppose these beings are undergoing an advancement by evolution, whether by natural selection or otherwise. Beings of this nature, possessed of a power of articulation, and an imitative faculty, would naturally repeat the cries of various birds and animals, and other natural noises, as we see to be the case with birds possessing a limited power of articulation ; and the disposition to imitate the cry of any animal would be most frequently excited by the sight of the animal itself, as we see daily in the case of children. Animals much lower than man in cerebral development learn by

experience. It is reasonable to suppose, therefore, that these beings would soon learn to associate these imitative sounds made by one of their companions with the presence of the animal imitated, and would be induced to approach or to take flight according as the animal was desirable for food or to be shunned as dangerous. Experience would soon take a further step, and lead to the utterance of these cries for the express purpose of warning or invitation. The natural expressions of the passions, common in animals, but naturally much more varied where there is a power of articulation, would at first be cried instinctively; but as they are more or less similar among various individuals they would gradually become more and more conventional, and be uttered intentionally to express certain feelings. To these means of communication would naturally be added certain gestures and vocal inflections. Certain actions also are accompanied by characteristic sounds, and sounds imitative of these would naturally be used to indicate the actions. In this way an exceedingly rudimentary and imperfect language would rise up, consisting of a few onomatopoetic and interjectional nouns and verbs eked out by gestures and modulations of the voice. Such a language would not have been invented by one man or one family; it would have grown with the gradual development of the vocal organs, and the intellectual faculties of the race, from an origin not, perhaps, more articulate than the chattering of apes, and would only have attained to this pitch of development after countless ages.

The further progress of language is probably to be sought for in the family. Some semi-articulate sounds often made by a child would become associated in the minds of the parents with the child itself. A similar sound rendered more articulate would be used by either parent to indicate the child to the other. The child would grow up with a proper name. The convenience of this would be so great that parents would expressly invent such names on even slighter grounds for other children. Similar sounds hit upon by children almost by chance would become similarly associated with objects unconnected with any special noise. The strong imitative faculty of children would induce them to repeat the same sound in the same circumstances, and thus a family word would sometimes arise,* which as the family increased in number would become a tribe word. For words to express an idea, which formerly could only be expressed by a gesture, would be so obviously convenient that once invented they would remain in

* Every one who has been brought up as a member of a large family of brothers and sisters of about his own age will agree that even now these family words are repeatedly invented. It is only because there are other words in current use to express the same ideas that they cease to be used in after life. In parts of South America, and in the deserts of North Africa, where the population is divided into almost separate families, with very little intercourse with each other, a continual and rapid change is going on in their forms of speech for this very cause. The child's language, including many distorted and freshly invented words, becomes the family language of the next generation.

use until displaced by some more convenient word. Such words would sometimes pass from family to family, and from tribe to tribe; and the introduction of a woman from a different tribe or family would at once extend its vocabulary by many new words.

Meanwhile the process of development is going on. The race is assimilating to man in cerebral capacity, and in the perfection of its powers of articulation. Individuals much superior to the average of the race are occasionally produced. The language in its then form, being a mere accretion of nouns and verbs without any means of expressing tense or number, is felt to be insufficient. Various combinations of words and modifications in the sounds of existing words are used to express these ideas. Occasionally some such combination will take root in a family. It meets a want, and, even though it may be long and complicated, it is retained, transmitted, and in the course of generations gradually spreads over a wide area. Such a phrase becomes a type, according to which other similar phrases are naturally invented, and thus the rudiments of a grammar and syntax are formed. The attempt would then probably be made to express certain abstract ideas by obvious concrete analogues, such words being, of course, at first rather vague and liable to be misunderstood; but habit and the process of natural selection among words would gradually eliminate the most inconvenient and far-fetched, and perpetuate the more natural. Thus a language would gradually grow up among a race of beings which meanwhile has itself developed into man,—a language poor, and with a grammar of great complexity perhaps, but, nevertheless, to all intents and purposes a true language.

Nothing better illustrates how a spoken language might have gradually grown than the history of the origin of writing. The earliest writing was, no doubt, an attempt to paint out ideas. The North American Indian when he strips off a part of the bark of a tree, and on the exposed trunk, by means of some rude scratches with his knife, leaves a record to any of his tribe who may come that way, when he passed, whence he came, whither he goes, and what game he has taken or seen, is exercising the art of writing in its most elementary form. The endeavour to record more complicated events, such as the events of a King's reign, the foundation of a Temple, or some religious story, lead to a further development of this style of writing. Symbols from repeated use began to grow less strictly pictorial and more conventional. Abstract ideas could only be scantily represented, and when represented could only be interpreted with difficulty. In this stage was the writing of the Ancient Mexicans, and the oldest writing of Egypt, which, however, for reasons connected with their religious ideas survived to be contemporaneous with far more convenient and practical forms. The first attempt at phonetic writing seems to have arisen from the occasional necessity of expressive foreign words, especially the names of men and places. These names having no literal signification in the language could not easily be expressed by pictorial signs, and the plan

was thence adopted of representing them by means of combinations of native words, having the same sound, with some mark or sign to indicate that it was the sound of the words which were thus indicated. The idea of representing a word by signs indicating its sound being thus started, it was natural to see that the same idea could advantageously be extended to native words also. By the use of comparatively few syllabic sounds the words of the language could be built up, and any idea could be expressed in writing which could be expressed in words. This seems to be practically the stage of development at which Chinese writing has arrived. The primary signs of the Chinese written language are pictorial in their origin, though the conventional forms they have assumed in the course of thousands of years to a great extent conceals their origin. In combination, however, they have partially a syllabic signification. The natural process of simplification and development led first to a consonantal form of writing like Hebrew, and finally to a purely phonetic system as in Greek and Latin, which in turn has partly given place to a conventional phonetic system, as in English and French.

These remarks are not intended to convey the writer's implicit belief in the doctrine of evolution. That doctrine, whether in the form in which Darwin advocates it, or in the modified forms held by Mivart and others, is at present but an hypothesis,—an hypothesis, it is true, supported by a large amount of varied evidence, and most fertile in valuable suggestions. Its first confirmation as a law of nature would be an era in physiological science; and even if it should be finally disproved there can be no doubt from the impetus it has given to the study of comparative physiology, and from the immense number of apparently discordant facts it has co-ordinated together, it will turn out to have been a stepping-stone to the real truth, as important as the generalizations of Ptolemy in astronomy were to the greater discoveries of Kepler and Newton. This at least may be demanded for it,—that whenever stated for public review or discussion it should be stated, as far as possible, in the form which its advocates claim for it; and not in the form which its opponents think is a justifiable conclusion from its principles. And this danger should be most scrupulously guarded against,—that it should not be discussed in terms likely to arouse a religious opposition. No good has ever yet come, or can come, from the opposition of religion and science. The hard and thorny path of original investigation where it trenches on the fields claimed by theology, may be rendered more painful and difficult; but whatever is true in science will prevail whatever religious feeling may be excited against it. In this respect some of Dr. Dale's remarks in his address are, to say the least, injudicious. In considering a principle our belief or disbelief in which should rest on scientific evidence, it is not advisable to rush to the alleged consequence of one conclusion or the other. It does not add to that judicial calmness of the mind which should be sought to be

imparted to those engaged in investigation of matters of fact to try to persuade them that by adopting one of two sides to a question involves them even in a pecuniary loss; still less to try to persuade them that it involves their abandoning a belief in the immortality of their souls. If Darwin's theory can be scientifically proved to be true, and if it is inconsistent with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul the latter doctrine will have to be surrendered by all those whose souls are most worthy of immortality, *i.e.*, by those who prize the truth above a comfortable delusion. Of this, however, we may be well convinced that if Darwin's theory were a universally accepted and demonstrated truth to-morrow, as it is the belief of many men of strongly religious minds to-day, it would leave the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, the Divine government of the world, and the doctrines of religion generally, as untouched as the old astronomical and geological discoveries of the motion and antiquity of the world.

Law Reform.

II.

In the first article upon this subject it was suggested "that without a Law Commission it would be difficult, within any reasonable time, to introduce any substantial and effective reform in the law." And, whether acting on the suggestion or not, it is gratifying to find that the Government have adopted unquestionably the best, if not the only, means of arriving at some definite scheme upon a subject of so much importance. To have endeavoured to deal with such a question in Parliament would only have led to a waste of time, and resulted in a Bill or Bills being sent to committees formed of gentlemen who, whatever might be their legislative abilities, might not be so well versed in the technicalities of the law as to enable them to decide upon questions requiring considerable legal knowledge as well as long experience of the working of courts of justice here and elsewhere. A committee, composed of practical men, members of the Bench, the Bar, the Side-Bar, and such laymen as have some knowledge of Courts of Law, of Jurisprudence, and Law Procedure, will, without the tedious, expensive, and ultimately useless system of taking evidence, be able to frame a report that, freed from all political considerations, should command the support of both branches of the Legislature. It will be difficult for any Commission to arrive at a conclusion with any degree of unanimity without, in reference to the Eastern Districts Court, having some basis to guide them, and it would appear only reasonable that some resolution or expression of the feeling of both Houses of the Legislature upon this subject should, in the first instance, be obtained.

In the last article some topics were alluded to upon which it was, and is, intended to enlarge at some future time, but it is as well to let them remain in abeyance until something farther is known about the proposed Commission and the course it may take.

The statement, however, that £360,000 of the Guardians' Fund remains in the Master's hand, without any means of investing it, made last session, and repeated within the last few days, is so alarming that—

> "Again I seize the theme, then but begun,
> And bear it with me as the rushing wind
> Bears the cloud onwards."

Would that the latter portion of the quotation were applicable, and the swiftness of passing remedial measures could be compared, in the smallest degree, to the celerity of even a gentle zephyr. Interest at four per cent. on £300,000 means £12,000 per annum, "wrung from the hard hands of peasants." For what? To relieve poverty? Nothing of the kind. Some wealthy farmer has died, leaving say £50,000 in cash, which he was unable to invest during his life, besides a large income derived from immovable property; upon his death his trustees bring the money to the Master, and, whether productive or unproductive in his hands, he is obliged to pay the depositor four per cent. interest upon it! If the money be lent out at interest upon security, and, as has sometimes happened, the security, when realised, turns out to be deficient, the deficiency in each case is to be made good by the Government—in other words, by the taxpayers of the Colony, whether taxed directly or indirectly; and in this country, where the revenue is principally derived from Customs duties, every inhabitant may be said to be a tax-payer. Even a man in the position of Canning's needy knife-grinder, whom he so pathetically addressed—

> "Your hat has a hole in't,
> So have your breeches,"

must, notwithstanding his own poverty, with those gentle reminders in horrible buff-coloured envelopes from his tailor and his butcher, contribute to increase the affluence of another man's children who are living in the greatest luxury. Is this reasonable or just? When the Ordinance relating to minors, &c., was passed, there was every facility for lending money, and upon good security. When money was worth twelve per cent., the Master was lending at six per cent. It need scarcely be said that he generally got the preference in the money market; and another principle of political economy was contravened by the Guardians' Fund competing with the capitalist. Money now is difficult to invest, and that difficulty will continue until a funded debt, or the purpose of carrying on public works, be created. It will then be found unnecessary, perhaps, to have recourse to any other than our own Stock Exchange to realise the amount required.

But the principle upon which the Guardians' Fund is managed appears to be altogether erroneous ; it seems utterly indefensible upon any grounds that the public at large should be made, upon any contingency, to contribute to the maintenance or support of the children of men who have died in wealthy circumstances. By all means let minors have the protection, not only of the Master, but of the Supreme Court itself, in the management of their property. Let their money be invested in the most secure way possible under the direction of the Judges, as in England. Of every sum brought in, let there be a separate account kept in the books of the Master, and let there be a separate investment of each separate estate ; and let each minor receive exactly what his estate produces, subject to a small charge for management, which would be paid in the shape of stamps and court fees. The charge of one per cent. for management now made under the Ordinance is very moderate for small sums ; but on a large sum, say £20,000, it is altogether unreasonable, if compared with the charges made in England.

There is nothing new in what is suggested here. The system has been at work in England under the direction of the Court of Chancery for centuries, and nothing can be more simple, complete, or satisfactory.

Difficulties may present themselves as to the working of such a system here, but there is really but one difficulty, and that is to thoroughly understand the subject. This once mastered, all difficulties will be found to vanish. It is not proposed to interfere with sums already in the Master's hands. They have been paid in on a certain contract, and no State expediency should be allowed to interfere with public confidence. The contracts of a State should be observed, if possible, with even nicer feelings of honour than those of an individual.

As the present constitution of the Supreme and Eastern Districts Courts is to be one of the subjects to be referred to the consideration of the Law Commission, and is inseparably connected with any system of law reform, a few lines on the past and present state of the Supreme Court, and the present constitution of the Eastern Districts Court, may not be out of place.

When, in 1864, an additional Judge was added to the Supreme Court, two of the five Judges were sent, to use a military phrase, on detachment to form the Eastern Districts Court. The Supreme Court originally consisted of three Judges. This number was found not to be sufficient. It was thought not only expedient but necessary to strengthen that Court, and accordingly a fourth Judge was added to it, and four Judges sat in it until the formation of the Eastern Districts Courts, after which, and until the present time, only three Judges have sat in the Supreme Court. What was it then that rendered it advisable (?) to weaken the Supreme Court by the abstraction of one of its Judges at the very time that its importance as an Appellate Court was considerably increased ? As a

Court of four Judges, it heard all appeals from Circuit,—the Circuit Judge whose decision was appealed against being, as he always should be when practicable, one of the members of the Court of Appeal. At present, the Appellate Court from the Western Circuit is composed of only three Judges, one of them being the Judge whose opinion is appealed against, while from the Eastern Circuit three Judges sit in the same Appellate Court; but the Judge who tried the case not only is not present, but he has no opportunity whatever afforded him of giving reasons for his judgment, which might perhaps aid the Appeal Court in arriving at a correct decision. This difficulty might have been provided for by limiting the period within which appeals should be made, and constituting the Judge who went the Eastern Circuit one of the members of the Court of Appeal, by which means the double advantage would be gained of having the Appeal Court consist of four Judges, and in every appeal of securing the presence of the Judge who tried the case on each Circuit. The latter point is of the more importance because in this country the Judges have to decide on matters of fact, upon which often questions of law may or may not depend. In England, as it is well known, questions of fact are tried before a Jury, and if there be reason to suppose that they have mistaken the evidence and given a wrong verdict, instead of the Judges in the Court of Appeal deciding the case, it is sent back for a new trial before another Jury—so essential to the administration of justice is it conceived to be, that those who are to form conclusions as to facts upon evidence should have the opportunity of hearing the evidence, and of judging from the appearance and demeanour of the witnesses whether their evidence is deserving of credit. If, therefore, Judges of a Court of Appeal are to decide upon evidence delivered *viva voce* before the Judge who tried the case, but which they had neither the opportunity of hearing nor of seeing how it was delivered, it is only fair to them, and just to the Judge whose decision is appealed against, that he should form one of the Court of Appeal, as he alone could explain things that might otherwise escape observation. His presence also is the more important because the Counsel engaged in the Court below are never present, and their notes are almost as much relied upon as those of the Judge who tried the case.

Taylor, in his Treatise on Evidence, has devoted several pages to the discussion of this subject, and from his work the following short extract has been taken; it clearly shows the importance of seeing the witness in the box. Evidence often looks very plausible when committed to writing, of which those who had the opportunity of *seeing* and hearing it did not believe one word. The demeanour of a witness is as much evidence as the words he uses:—"Evidence rests upon *our faith in human testimony*, *as sanctioned by experience*; that is upon the generally experienced truth of the statements on oath of men of integrity, having capacity and opportunity for observation, and without apparent influence from passion

or interest to pervert the truth. This belief is strengthened by our knowledge of the narrator's reputation for veracity and intelligence, by the absence of conflicting testimony, and by the presence of that which is corroborating and cumulative," &c., &c.

The Supreme Court, therefore, when sitting as a Court of Appeal, should not in any case consist of less than four Judges; and even if the present constitution of the two Courts is to continue, this formation of the Appellate Court can easily, as before pointed out, be provided for. The preponderance of the authority of three Judges over two, or of two over one, is not so great as to inspire suitors or the public with that confidence which they should have in a Court of Appeal, nor can it be satisfactory to the Judges themselves.

From the Supreme Court, so weakened by the abstraction from it of its fourth Judge, there is no appeal in any case where the matter in dispute is not of the value of £500; and even where a greater value is at stake, few like to venture on an appeal to the Privy Council, and with the great delay and necessary expense attending it. Why should not the large mercantile communities both in the Western and Eastern Provinces have the advantage of a Court of Appeal formed of all the Judges in the Colony? It is perfectly feasible, and would add little to the expense; but even if it did, the necessary expense incurred in the most perfect system of the administration of justice, attainable within reasonable limits, should be, and there is no doubt would be, cheerfully provided for by the Legislature. It is not often that it would be necessary to assemble the Court of Appeal.

If the proposed measure of increasing the number of Judges of the Eastern Districts Court, so warmly advocated by some—and not less strenuously opposed by others—be ultimately carried out, it would necessitate the constitution of a Court of Appeal. An appeal from three Judges in the East to a like number in the West would be a manifest absurdity; and an Appellate Court, consisting of five out of the six Judges, could, at the discretion of the Chief Justice (who appears to be the proper person to invest with such authority), easily be assembled. The difficulties attempted to be got over by, under certain circumstances, exalting a member of the Bar into the position of a "journeyman" Judge, are more imaginary than real. No doubt a difficulty might possibly arise; but the proposed way of dealing with it would make the Bench assume the appearance more of a transformation scene in a pantomime than a tribunal of justice. With many, if not all, the objections to the constitution of the Eastern Districts Court it is impossible not to agree, though some of them are much exaggerated. It is no doubt a most amiable trait in a man's character to yield his own opinion for the sake of mutual agreement in matters solely relating to himself, or in those of trifling importance. But the careful and conscientious opinion of a Judge belongs to the suitors in a case and to the public; and it would be not only contemptible but dishonest in him to abandon such opinion,

either through timidity, amiability, or slavish subjection to the authority of another. The disadvantages of a Court composed of only two Judges were foreseen at the time the Act constituting it was passed; but the most serious objection to it is that its decisions are subject to be set aside by an Appellate Court of three Judges, whose opinions may not be unanimous, and from whose decision, except in cases where the subject matter is £500 in value, there is no appeal.

There is no doubt that it would meet the wishes of mercantile communities in the West and the East if the Court in each Province were to consist of three Judges, with an Appellate Court composed of five; a Court of "*First Instance*" of three Judges, with an appeal to five, forms a better system for the administration of justice than a Court of "First Instance," composed of five Judges, without any Court of Appeal. It has been suggested that the present five Judges should sit in the Supreme Court, and that the Circuits should be as now, a Judge coming round to Port Elizabeth twice a year for the purpose of commencing the Eastern Circuit from that place; but it has not, perhaps, occurred to advocates of such a system that the punctuality of the steamers is not to be relied upon, and that the state of the weather might often prevent the Circuit Judge from leaving on his tour. It appears that such an arrangement of Circuits could only be carried out by overland journey. Locating all the Judges in Cape Town would create great inconvenience in cases of applications for interdicts and for Judges' orders for arrest, as it is to be hoped that the present law of allowing Magistrates to grant warrants of arrest for debt upon affidavits will soon be repealed. To say that all these inconveniences existed before, and were not complained of, is not correct. To any such statement it is a sufficient answer to point to the revenue returns. The trade and commerce of the Colony has so much developed itself since the Eastern Districts Court was established that the increase of an additional Judge cannot be said to be unreasonable. The late Governor, Sir P. E. Wodehouse, and the Attorney of the day, the Honourable William Porter ("We ne'er shall look upon his like again"), were both convinced of the necessity that existed for a Court to be established somewhere in the Eastern Province, and it will be a very retrograde step now to attempt its abolition. As to the locality of the Court, having reference to the most central and convenient position for it when railways are established, that will be a fair subject for discussion. But if the necessity for the Court was felt in 1864, how much greater ought that necessity now be, when the numbers of contracts daily entered into, and which are the more legitimate subjects for litigation, have so much increased. Returns may perhaps show in some respects that fewer cases are entered for trial at the Circuit Courts; but what was the nature of those cases? Actions upon dishonoured promissory notes, which never were expected to be honoured; the notes of men who, without one shilling of capital of their own, traded on the borrowed capital of banks,

whose shareholders have had so sadly to deplore the system of "Kite-flying" a short time ago so prevalent in the Colony. Business is now transacted upon a firmer basis; and the law reports, especially in the Eastern Province, show that the Courts are called upon to decide questions of the greatest importance in mercantile law, both as regards the legal questions raised and the value of the issues. Some legal practitioners would like all cases to be tried on Circuit; they would thus save the payment of agents' fees in Cape Town, or wherever the Eastern Districts Court was situated. But complicated questions of law should not be tried on Circuit; they never are in England: the Judge takes the verdict of the Jury as to the facts, and reserves all questions of law for the consideration of the full Court. A large number of country practitioners also hope that by the abolition of the Eastern Districts Court they would obtain local Judges. What a system of petty litigation this would introduce! It would be to transfer all the business from the Bar, and gentlemen who have spent time and money in acquiring a profession, into the hands of those who now practice as agents in the Magistrates' Courts, and who, however talented and honourable, have not in many cases had that legal education that alone could qualify them to act as attorneys and advocates; and it should be here, as it is in every civilised country, the aim of the Government to provide that none but properly qualified persons should act as agents. It is quite time that the present system of admitting men so to practice, whose only requisite qualification is the ability to pay £10 stamp duty, should be abolished—always having due regard to vested rights.

All these questions will, no doubt, receive full discussion in the Commission in which it is presumed the Bench, the Bar, and the Side Bar of the Eastern Province will be duly represented, thus preventing any questions hereafter as to the fairness of the selection of those who will compose the Commission, and securing that confidence on the part of the public throughout the Colony, as well as of both Houses of Parliament, in the report which will be the result of its labours, without which confidence it will be worse than useless.

Considerations—Social and Political.

V.

"I THINK it an undeniable position," wrote Sir William Blackstone, "that a competent knowledge of the laws of the society in which we live is the proper accomplishment of every gentleman and scholar;" and he quotes the practice among the law-loving Romans of making their boys learn by heart the Twelve Tables, as a *carmen necessarium*, to imprint on their tender minds an early knowledge of the laws and constitution of their country.

The study of the Constitutional History of England now occu-

pies a prominent place in the historical course of our colleges and schools, so that with the help of such text-books as Creasy on the Constitution and Hallam's Constitutional History, no one need be ignorant of the principles and practice of the Government of his country.

We may venture to remove the great lawyer's restriction of the study to that undefinable section of the community, the gentleman and the scholar, and expect that every intelligent citizen will feel it to be an essential part of his duty to society to interest himself in the political system, of which he is a unit.

The object of some remarks in a former article was generally to direct attention to the machinery by which we are governed; and the importance of the matters then touched upon may justify a few more incidental remarks. The remembrance of the arbitrary and illegal jurisdiction exercised by the Privy Council during the Plantagenet reigns, and of the still more dangerous encroachments on judicial authority, which culminated in the terrors of the autocratic Star-chamber of the Tudors, must make every lover of freedom rejoice at the comparatively limited range of the functions of the present Council, as a whole, and at the practical security of life and property afforded to every man by the Executive authority being committed only to Councillors, who are at the same time Members of Parliament, and accountable for their every act of administration to the representative assembly of the nation.

For the dispatch of public business, and to keep together party support for the Ministry of the day, it is necessary that a Cabinet Minister should be a Member of one or other House of Parliament; yet precedent has established the competency of a Minister in England to accept and retain office without securing a re-election to the House of Commons. In this Colony, a Minister who failed to obtain election by a constituency would have a seat, but no vote, in either House; but such an arrangement introduces an element of weakness, which would soon sap the existence of so small a Ministerial body as ours.

A permanent head of a department cannot constitutionally become a Minister of the Cabinet, because the very essence of its composition is political sympathy and cohesion; and those departments only which have some political significance, and involve the working out of a line of a political system or policy, and are not merely administrative, need to have a political chief. At the same time, every one of the various departments of the State, to the very humblest, must be under the general supervision or cognizance of some one of the Ministers, so as to have its own mouthpiece in the Parliament. The principle is uniform and simple. No taxation without representation; no administration of public moneys without direct accountability to the nation through the Parliament.

In a Colony like this, just entering upon the duties of self-government, it will be necessary to wait for the experience of some few

Parliamentary Sessions before the number and special functions of the Cabinet Ministers can be considered as fixed.

The development of railways and telegraphs, and their intimate connection with postal arrangements, already indicate the expediency of constituting a responsible officer for these departments, distinct from that of a Commissioner of Crown Lands and Ordinary Public Works. The various interests connected with the mercantile marine, harbours, light-houses, fisheries, weights and measures, meteorology, public health and hospitals, cattle diseases, and other miscellaneous questions connected with commerce and navigation, will, as the Colony develops, require an institution similar to the Board of Trade, represented in Parliament by a responsible chief.

It might be urged that all this implies that the Parliament has not only legislative functions, but also, in effect, has assumed all executive authority; practically, the Ministry for the time being is a Committee of the House, not, indeed, in the first instance nominated or appointed by the House, but really holding office during the continuance of its pleasure. The exact relation of the House to the Executive authorities is thus put by Mr. J. S. Mill:—It is not the business of the House to administer, but it is its business to see that the administration is done by proper persons, and to keep them to their duties.

The relation of the Cabinet to the Governor, as the Queen's representative, is defined rather by custom than by arbitrary definitions; whilst all the minor details of administration and all matters of routine are carried into effect on the sole responsibility of the Colonial Secretary, as Premier, a very delicate and responsible duty devolves on the Governor, as President of the Executive Council. From his wider experience, he ought to be qualified to judge of the bearing of proposed measures on Imperial and on Foreign interests; he holds an evenly-poised position between political parties; and his tact and judgment in advising and guiding a policy, without undue interference with the freedom of Ministers responsible to Parliament, are qualities characteristic of the highest statesmanship. As Governor, he is bound to exercise his own judgment and discretion on questions of policy submitted by his Ministers; and should the Queen's Representative and the Ministers be at issue on any measures, there is no course for the Ministry but to vacate their posts and leave the Crown unfettered to seek other advisers. To avoid such collisions requires a nicely-balanced relation between the Governor and the Premier of mutual concession and forbearance.

Harmony even in Cabinets may be disturbed; and not even Lord Palmerston, when Foreign Secretary, in 1851, could with impunity give moral support, by a private conversation with M. Walewski, to the cause of Louis Napoleon. The prerogative of the Crown, and the principle of Ministerial subordination, were vindicated by Palmerston's immediate removal from office.

In noticing the subordination of every department to some one or other of the Ministry, the remarkable exception of the "Comptroller-

General of the Exchequer and Auditor-General of Public Accounts," in England, must not be overlooked. He and his assistant are removable from office only upon an address from the two Houses of Parliament; these officers are independent of the Executive Council, and accountable only to the Parliament. They constitute a check on the Executive Government, by being bound to call the attention of the House of Commons to every case in which it may appear to them that a grant has been exceeded, or that money has not been applied or accounted for according to the directions of Parliament.

Thus, by the supreme controlling power of the Crown, and by a system of check and counter-check, the Executive over the permanent officers, the Treasury and Audit department over the Executive, the Parliament over both, and the national voice over all, this complex system of Government, which is a judicious compromise between the absolute prerogative policy of the Crown and Democracy, works with security to the Crown and satisfaction to the British people.

Remembrance.

Home to our ears is still a welcome sound,
Recalling oft some sad sweet memory.
Although new friends and homes we may have found,
We still love those of youth and infancy.

New scenes may rise to view as bright and fair
As those we've seen in happy days gone by;
New friends be found as true as those that were
Our dearest, ere was severed each fond tie.

But never more, as in our youth's bright morning,
Shall we find scenes so fair as met the view,
When young hope's brightness was our life adorning,
And true ourselves—we felt friends must be true.

* * * * *

Down green lanes roaming,
When flowers are foaming
Their blossoms up, on a sea of green;
While bees are humming
And music coming
From songsters hid by each leafy screen.

Or down some dim glade
By lofty trees made,
Like cathedral aisle of the olden time,
Whose dark recesses
The soul impresses
With solemn calmness, and peace sublime.

Or in mossy nook,
To recline and look
At blue sky or green leaves overhead,
While flakes of white cloud,
Fit for day-dream's shroud,
Float away silently overhead.
Till their shadows pass
Away o'er the grass,
Across the vale, up the mountain's side,
Where the heather glows,
As when sunset throws
Its purple glory afar and wide.

By the cool lake's brim,
O'er which swallows skim,
Or by the stream that wanders alone
As it seeks the sea,
Still singing with glee,
In a dreamy pleasant monotone.
By sea shore rambling,
While waves are gambolling
Among the rocks, or o'er shining sands;
While each breeze comes free
From the sunny sea,
O'er which fancy wanders to other lands.

T. M'C.

From Graham's Town to the Gold-fields.

II.

BY DR. W. G. ATHERSTONE.

At noon we arrive at Philippolis, another of those intermittent Dutch "Dorps," at the top of a long narrow valley, or sloping plain, between ridges of rock, where the Boer population of the neighbourhood surges in at the quarterly epochs of prayer and trade, and leaves it next day as *we* found it—shut up and empty, simply *because* the previous day had been Sunday! It accommodates two hundred souls of all sizes; has one Dutch Church and two minor places of worship—Wesleyan and African, or, to be more precise, "South African" (our National Church disestablished and rebaptised)—and one common road for all, that leads past a boss of volcanic rock—a natural fortress or monument, surmounted by four small cannons, to frighten the natives with—to the typical Fountain of Life and Death—the usual "fonteintje," in fact, of every Dutch village, with its black fœtid ditch, *purposely kept*, *it would seem*, *to support the doctor*, who couldn't exist in an air so pure and a climate so fine without extraneous assistance. The ditch breeds fevers and fluxes, and the kind doctor cures them—or *tries* to—just as they did of old in Cape Town. There was no hotel, but our agent (the doctor) at once improvised an excellent dinner, and we trotted off gaily at one, under a vertical sun, making a pleasant breeze of our own through the stinging heat and the motionless air—like a travelling punkah.

The rocks of the district are shales and Dicynodon sandstones, horizontal or dipping slightly northwards, with igneous "kopjes" or dykes bounding and crossing the plains, which are nearly five thousand feet high by aneroid measurement. Little of interest to be seen—long monotonous flats, deep gullies, and ironstone kopjes, cranes, blesboks, and springboks, "at home" by the road side, and an occasional Boer house, purposely stuck away, almost out of sight, as if to avoid passing claims of hospitality. The Watershed, or highest point between the Orange and Riet Rivers, is "Varkfontein," opposite "Jagersfontein," from which we descend imperceptibly to Titus's Pan, where we sleep at night, and at ten next morning (having started at five) cross the Riet River, and travelling twenty miles down it, reach "Jacobsdal," the trading camp of the Children of Israel, enlarged somewhat certainly since my last visit, but still, as before, a group of small, square, flat-roofed shops and sleeping rooms, each with two windows and a door. The "Modder," a tributary of the "Riet," is crossed twelve miles further on, where the shales dip southwards again, and we then descend slowly to Kimberley.

Thunder-clouds grumbled at intervals, and spitefully spit at us crossing the flats between the two rivers, and we outspanned at Scholtz's, on the edge of a dust-storm, and watched it pass by over "Bultfontein." Slowly and solemnly onward it stalked, with a

ragged black fringe of thunder-cloud sailing above it, raising a column of dust full half a mile high, from the earth to the sky, so dense, so dark, that afar off it seemed like a thunder-storm, whirlwind, and waterspout, mixed up together.

To those who have never witnessed a dust-storm, it is indeed a wonderful sight, and still more perplexing when on entering it you find the velocity and force of the wind so *very* much greater than the rate of progression of the storm itself, which travels but slowly, and without any whirl—a strong, straight blow—like a blast from a bellows. You enter at first a *hot* blast of air, and a dense cloud of fine impalpable dust almost stifles and blinds you ; next comes a *cold*, gusty wind, and often big rain-drops through the dust-cloud slash you with zig-zag mud streaks, not ornamental ; then you get "basted" once more with the fine mealy dust for a quarter or half an hour, and emerge again suddenly in the calm, bright sunshine, so metamorphosed in person and dress that your dearest friend would not know you ! I have stood within fifty yards of the edge of a dust-storm in a dead calm, or with only a light, *cool* zephyr blowing towards it, and on crossing its path a few moments after have found the air calm and sultry as if but a shadow had traversed the heated plain. All those I noticed came as the thunder-storms do, from the westward, and were followed invariably by thunder-clouds, often concealed by the dust, or too high up to be noticed or thought of as being related at all as cause and effect. Yet what explanation can be given than that which at once must suggest itself, that the rapid condensation and cold of the thunder-cloud causes a downward rush of cold air to the heated plains to fill up the vacuum, a *downward wind*, in fact, at *such an angle* as to make the dust rebound almost vertically upwards, and so the storm travels on at the very same rate, and of nearly the same length and breadth as its parent cloud in the sky ; whilst the wind itself may be double or tenfold the rate of the dust-storm, yet without whirl. So, also, the far-famed south-east cloud, known as "the Table-Cloth," hurls down from vertical cliffs, one thousand two hundred yards high, its fierce cold wind, with the force of an avalanche, on the baked and heated city below, driving its dust and pebbles and all its aroma far out in the Bay, whilst at Wynberg, a few miles off, but out of the influence of this cloud-refrigerator, the south-east trades at the same time blow steady and clear. Happy the people for whom these summer visitors blow off their nigger-miasms and pestilent vapours, cleansing the air and covering up all their impurities. Far more effective than a dozen Boards of Health in preventing and checking disease are Nature's own doctors—the dust-storms of Kimberley and the summer gales of the Cape.

Now we approach Du Toit's Pan, they tell us ; but what strange line of white cliffs looms in the horizon ? I can remember no hillocks like those. Can it be mirage ? Where is the city of tents, stretching miles to the eastward, with its hundred gay banners and flags of competing marquees ? How strangely altered everything seems as

we trot through the refuse heaps of Bultfontein, past the "diamond house," and original werf of the Boer proprietor, on to the lofty mounds of chalky *dèbris* from the abandoned claims of Du Toit's Pan! How metamorphosed! Where are the ten thousand diggers busily working like ants on their heaps? A few wooden stores, brokers' stands, and straggling tents, an hotel or two, and the wire-ropes and pulleys of unknown companies, lifting the water and sand from the buried claims, and hoping to reach the diamonds before all their capital gets buried too, is all that is left to represent the working industry of the once busy tented town, which has moved on bodily three miles further to Kimberley. Carts are busily plying to and fro. I jumped into one out of a group of a score, and drove off to the new diamond city, not knowing in the least where to drive to. Whilst passing a stump by the roadside, which many may still remember as a tall Giraffe Acacia, used as a butcher's shop (for the slaughtering was all done in the veld in those days, and the carcases hung from the branches!) I was suddenly roused from my reverie by a well-known voice—"Shall I drive you to Mrs. B——, Doctor?"* I stared in utter amazement on recognising my old coachman, "Isaacs," now plying his trade at the Fields. The same strange coincidence happened on my first visit to the Fields, at Pniel, three years before, so I eagerly asked after G——, my former whip. The usual sad story—after amassing his thousands, he had succumbed to the thirsty demon of the fields, significantly termed for propriety's sake, or the sake of the friends—"The diamond fever;" too often the short cut to a hotter or colder world, as the case may be. On reaching the top of what I recollect as a bare and grassy hill, with cameel doorns, and never a tent, I suddenly entered the suburbs of a populous city, extending from the Old to the New De Beer's, and far beyond—a city of canvass and wood, cemented by diamonds, called "Kimberley!" and there as before, near the Market-square, stood my friends, the busy B——s, ready to welcome me, where three years ago we had stood together admiring the grand old Giraffe Acacia, Lord of the Manor. Little did I think when, on the 16th July, 1871, I pointed this spot out from Old De Beer's as a likely spot to prospect in, recommending my friends to search there at once, that such vast wealth was lying unseen, that a city of twenty thousand inhabitants would in less than two years be ereeted over the spot, then a mere green hillock, with giraffe acacias, one of which in particular—a very large one, attracted my attention. I was taking compass-bearings of the old mine of De Beer's, and noticed the bulge in the rocks, in the same line or magnetic direction, and concluded at once that it was a similar outburst of igneous rock through the shales; and as Bultfontein, the western outburst of Du Toit's Pan, was then yielding far finer and purer stones than Du Toit's itself, I concluded naturally that a *western* bulge at De Beer's would be far richer and better; and so it turned

* Not *your* Mrs. B——, Mr. Editor, nor the other shadowy Mrs. B——, of the transparent marquee, of Pniel; yet this Mrs. B., too, is a frequent contributor to your magazine.

out, for a few days after, I know not how many, for I left on a trip with the proprietors (then only *thinking* of purchasing) for the Riet and Vaal Rivers, near the junction, and on our return we found that a new "rush" had taken place to the spot,—diamonds had been found, and claims were taken up, and all my friends had taken as many as they could own. All was excitement. "De Beer is now asking £6,000 for the farm, instead of £5,000!" said one of the proprietors to me, hesitating about buying. "*Give him £10,000 at once!*" said I, with terrible energy, "De Beer's is a MINE, Klipdrift and Pniel are but surface *diggings!*" So they purchased forthwith for £6,500, and soon after the "Colesberg Kopje," as it was afterwards called, was being dug out, and its thorn trees cut down, and £20 and £30 given for claims, which my friends got for nothing. I annex an extract from my note-book the remarks I made at the time, *three years ago*, before this "*new rush*" was discovered. It may prove of interest:—

"Sunday, 16th July, 1871.

"¼ to 2 p.m.—Start for De Beer's; bar. 25·95; at De Beer's 25·93. Line of diggings north-west and south-east, about four hundred yards long by two hundred an fifty yards in breadth, bounded by greenstone (basaltic) on north and south, but with shales on the east, and I think also on the west. Examined two wells, twenty feet deep, one on each side, through the greenstone or trap rock; no chance of water. The limestone and shale underlying the trap, or adjoining it, is the best and richest. Fine trees and a beautiful spot. All the diggers comfortable and satisfied. Claims sell at extravagant prices. I heard of half a claim fetching £30, and the other half £25! After examining De Beer's, saw a kopje in the same line by compass (north-west), where I told G. Cumming and the Barbers to hunt for diamonds. I feel certain there is another bulge on the dyke there, and perhaps others further along. A Mr. Mader, son of one of the French missionaries, bought a claim for £120 a month ago, and found seventy diamonds in it; before he bought it one hundred and fifty were found in it—many very large. It is close to the trap wall on the north-east side. All the richest claims are near the trap reef *on each side*."

Of my first impressions on seeing this same New Rush more than two years afterwards, I give the following sketch from a private letter written at the time:—

"4th December, 1873.

"Went down nearly into the bottom of the mine, through the spider webs with their busy spiders spinning up and down, and singing and whistling past one's ears in the sunshine. Two ropes broke as I was standing in Fred's claim, and the buckets dashed against the ground ten feet in front of us; but there is really very little danger, as the buckets are of *hide* and the niggers yell when one breaks loose and runs down the wire rope—so every one looks out for the wire nearest him. When they used *iron* buckets the consequences were

often serious. It is a most wonderful sight, a thousand cicadas chaunting on the beef trees *at once* could scarcely give you an idea of the buz and whirr and screams of the buckets rushing along the ungreased wire ropes, full and empty, two at a time, and the songs of the thousands of niggers on the platforms on all sides, and the shrieks of the ungreased wheels and windlasses fairly bother you as you look down through the mesh of interwoven wire ropes, thin as spider webs, and crossing in every way apparently yet never touching, down into the dark blue depths of diamond shale where diamonds are rushing up every moment by the bucket-load! I stood on the topmost ledge of one of the farthest stages close to the brink of the northern edge of the pit, and looked down in amazement at the indescribable scene—pulleys and buckets and iron guides rushing by my head every instant—and the shining niggers working and singing in the sun (in undress uniform), as if hard work was the finest thing in the world. I never saw niggers work like them—their eyes stared and their faces puckered up, and big drops ran down as they swung round the wheels and made the buckets rush with the speed of a bullet down the shining ropes, and then whilst the empty buckets were filling below they would dance and stamp and make the tottering framework shiver again over the abyss; every one works *with a will* as if the whole was a partnership concern. Then from the platforms there are other ropes two hundred to three hundred yards off, over the road, and the buckets rush on and are emptied and return, and before you can turn round to see where they have gone to, whiz they go past your head again down into the abyss. It is like looking through a hailstorm blowing both ways at once with terrific violence. The ladders are nearly perpendicular up which the niggers swarm at eleven and six, and they often go up, with only a rope and holes cut for the feet, the perpendicular face of the claim. The tramway is down an incline of one in three, worked by a windlass and horse. It is seventy feet to the bottom, and the claims are forty to fifty feet below that."

To give some idea of the contrast of the seasons at the Diamond-fields, I give two more extracts from my journal, one in winter in 1871, the other in summer 1873.

WINTER.

"Market-square, Du Toit's Pan,

"Thursday, 13th July, 1871.

"I jumped off my table just before sunrise (I sleep on the shop-board on a bale of blankets). On opening the door, a grand Russian snow scene astounds me, the sun rising pale through the lurid frost-haze, everything looks jaundiced and ghastly. A frozen flag, trying to fly, snaps in two with an audible crack in the wretched attempt; my vapoury breath obscures my sight; the basin is frozen all over in my iron bedroom, and ice an inch thick floats in the casks outside. A black fellow passing tells me the vlei is all solid; he has just run over it (he comes, he says, from the 'bovenland,' and has

never seen solid water before: "Machtig, dat's wonderlyk"!) The digger heaps look like snow hummocks—frosted and frozen; the disselbooms, sides, and tents of the wagons opposite, and the beards of the burly Boers, their quaint red night-caps and thick warm wraps, and everything else, all sparkle with minute frost icicles; and fellows in cosey karosses, and shivering females grouped round the fires, with the steam of the viands seeming as if it would freeze before leaving the dish, but no smoke visible! The scene to the south is still more extraordinary: the glassy lake, or 'pan,' and the vlei and indistinct trees, looking like smoke through the haze and the lurid glare of the frost-fog. Far colder inside these iron houses than out, for the sun is out and blinking, so I run outside to warm and watch the digger world melt down in the sunshine."

SUMMER.

"Kimberley, Sunday, 7th December, 1873.

"My nose is peeled, and my nails are chipped, and my skin feels dry and brittle, and the ink dries faster than I can write (that's why I write so little)! I drink all day, and I drink at night, but the thirst will never give in, and the flies drink too with all their might from each welling pore in my skin. The dust lies here and the dust flies there, when I move or sneeze aloud, I breathe it in and I breathe it out, like visible steam from a kettle's spout, in a fine impalpable cloud. Hot, sultry, and dry, not a cloud in the sky, save the dust-cloud stalking along, solemn and slow, whilst its hot blasts blow, with a force irresistibly strong. I smell a smell, and I hear and *fear* tiny voices singing aloud in the nigger miasm that floats over *the chasm—a visible fever-cloud*—hovering there, in the stagnant air, what do the voices say?—angels of death with their fever breath they whisper—'*begone!* or we *slay!*' So off I flew in a bit of a stew, out of the influence of the nigger-miasm and the fever-cloud, to the office of the Cape Town passenger train, and after taking my ticket at once for the Gold-fields by the next coach, started for Barkly, that ghost of a diamond city on the banks of the placid 'Vaal,' the future capital when the 'Vaal' is led out over the fertile lands of the Hart River Valley."

A Pastoral Ballad.

My ant-heaps are furnished with bees,
But the honey, I fear, I can't keep,
For my herd robs each nest that he sees,
'Stead of minding his oxen and sheep.
I think I have felt ev'ry loss
Which we African farmers endure,
And now I no longer feel cross
With sick cattle I know I can't cure.

Not a pine in my kloofs is there seen,
But some yellowwoods there may be found,
Not a sneezewood's more beautiful green,
But a wachtbeetje twines it around.
And my fields in the prime of the year
For stray cattle have pleasures untold,
Oft at midnight their lowing I hear,
And I have to turn out in the cold.

I should very much like to retire ;
But ne'er shall be able, I fear,
For lungziekte, drought, and veld-fire,
Spoil all the air-castles I rear.
Oh ! how sudden the hot summer wind
Strikes one's cornfields, so verdant and gay ;
In the morning they're green, but you'll find
By ev'ning they've wither'd away.

Thro' the sands, thro' the woodlands and kloofs,
The slow-rolling ox-wagons go,
And the wagon-whip hastens their hoofs,
While the valleys resound with each blow.
If one wagon should fail to appear,
Stuck in mud-hole or sandrift behind,
What a medley of language you hear :
Oaths in Kafir, Dutch, English, combined.

I had found out a gift for my Fair,
I had found her a diamond bright,
To flash from the folds of her hair,
And illumine their gloom with its light ;
But, ah ! still of fortune the sport !
What words can my anguish unfold,
When I found that my di'mond was "*bort* ! "
Tho' only myself had been *sold*.

But where do my oxen now stray ?
I'm sure I've not seen them for hours ;
They will stick in the fast-drying vlei,
Or be caught by that neighbour of ours.
The pound fees they charge may be fair
(For I know that their mealies are fine),
But still I'll take very good care
That they do not catch oxen of mine.

SHENSTONE AFRICAN.

Sketches from the East Coast.

III.

ZANZIBAR TO ADEN.

We sighted Montafin at half-past two on the 9th April, a long low island, thickly wooded, with some rising ground. As usual, the *Kafir* was rolling without much sea on to cause it.

About half-past eight on the morning of the 10th, we were passing between the main land and the islands of Kwaly, Theseeva, and Chomly. The main land did not seem high, and as far as we could see was densely wooded. The islands were low, of coral formation, green, and covered with bush, out of which rose the graceful cocoa-nut palm with its plumes of green feathers. The islets were thoroughly tropical, and pretty with that prettiness that appeals only to the senses. Memory re-called bare highland crofts, with what was little better than a hut upon them, but in that hut there was a shelf on which lay a treasured Bible, and at eventide if you passed the door you might chance to hear Bangor or Ballerma in strains, rude enough certainly, but which had a power to open some innermost gate of the heart, that far finer and more artistic singing would have utterly failed to do. Tropical loveliness often fails to satisfy, just because there is no moral or spiritual beauty behind it, and even in the glorious sunshine you seem to see everything overshadowed with wings of darkness.

The last and prettiest of the three islets, the little island of Chomly with its attendant twin rocks, was passed just before getting in to the harbour of Zanzibar. A little before this we had passed two dhows, and a Portuguese naval officer on board told me that it was ninety to one but they were after mischief. In the distance we saw the harbour, with English men-of-war keeping watch and ward over the slippery Sultan, in case of that old gentleman trying any of his tricks. Gradually we saw Zanzibar rising out of the sea, the peculiar state of the atmosphere giving you the idea that the houses were rising out of the water. One of the first that we could distinguish was the Central African Mission House, a large square white building rising sheer from the water's edge. Great lumps of seaweed went floating by, and the changing tints on the sea were lovely. Little fishing canoes made out of a single tree were paddling about, and the island of Zanzibar, green and covered with feathery palms, formed a fitting background to what was in truth a lovely tropical picture; and yet there seemed a black pall to hang over the whole, certainly not lightened by the dhows that were flying here and there with wonderful rapidity.

As we approached still nearer, and ran along the island of Zanzibar, it seemed to be low and thickly wooded, and on our left, between us and the main land, lay little sandy islets—bare, bleak, and

sterile—which appeared to be dotted at intervals along the coast. We could only see one high mountain on the main land, and that one was evidently far away. There were one or two single houses on the shore before we reached the town ; and square and flat-roofed though they were, their whiteness and the surrounding greenery of grass and palms made them look pleasant country residences.

The first part of Zanzibar we passed was one of the native quarters, consisting of a number of round huts under the shade of the ever present cocoa palm. After passing it, we came opposite the Mission House, rather an imposing building, but which, however, has been sold to one of the consuls, I think the French, and the boarding departments of the mission are to be all together removed to the country ; a very wise step in the present condition of Zanzibar. A sight that made us forget Zanzibar, however, now met our eyes, namely, the three English men-of-war, the *Daphne*, *Briton*, and *Nasseau*, riding at anchor, in their very tautness, and trimness, and ready-for-work-man-likeness, so thoroughly English all over ; and yet there was a deeper pleasure still, for they formed one of the few specks of moral beauty in this—as regards the senses—dreary desert of a place. Cromwellian fashion, these grim port-holes had preached "deliverance to the captive" in a language so strong and downright, that the wily Arab had to hear, understand, and obey the, to him,—unwelcome sermon.

The *Kafir's* mooring place was among a lot of dhows, and she nearly knocked the nose off one that did not seem to wish to get out of her way. The villainous-looking crew made such a row, and pulled at their ropes so slowly, and the whole concern was such a lubberly clumsy looking affair, that I am sorry to say, in most unchristian fashion, I found myself wishing the steamer would knock such a hole in her side that no cargo, dead or alive, would be able to go in her again. Looking at Zanzibar, you could not help being struck by the square look of the whole place. Large white houses fronting the sea, with small windows and flat roofs, the Sultan's palace, as we suppose we must call it, a little back and only conspicuous by its height,—the whole Eastern, rather picturesque, and suggesting that by some hocus-pocus we had got out of the present century into the Thousand and One Nights, and that when we would inspect the panorama spread before us we would find wealth, squalor, dirt, and degradation.

Straight in front of us was a fort, so called, which in reality is a lot of honeycomb-like cells joined together, with a cannon in each cell. One of our men-of-war drawing up in front of it was quite sufficient to muzzle all the guns. The houses in general are about three stories high, the Sultan's four.

Directly we anchored we were boarded by two men-of-war's boats. One had a splendid crew of old salts, who seemed to pull as if it was child's play ; and one could not help contrasting their honest faces, determined look, and powerful thews and muscles, with the slow

movements, thin bodies, and chattering tongues of the dhow crew close by, and then not wonder why the Sultan signed the treaty when such fellows were, so to speak, like bull-dogs at his throat. Captain Mohammet, of one of the Sultan's men-of-war, also paid us a visit, attired in long coat, ample turban, &c., &c. If it was his ship that was lying not far off he had no reason to be proud of her, for she looked as if she needed a thorough scrubbing from stem to stern.

We went on shore with the mail bags and two of the ship's officers. On landing we were surrounded by boys ready to carry parcels or act as guides, and who all seemed able to understand and jabber a little English. The first place we called at was the English consul's, with the letter bags. The consul's office is in a large cool house, and looks out on the shipping. The house itself seemed built round a central well-like court, in which grew two vigorous banana trees, whose large green leaves seemed to make a little central well of coolness and freshness in the building. Curiously enough the looking down on these bananas in the well-like court brought to mind the mounting a staircase in the palm-house in Kew Gardens, just to have the pleasure of looking down on the, to us then, strange looking trees, and here we were looking down on them growing like some common weed that had taken root in a small court, aud were growing in a beauty and vigour that the finest hothouse could not secure. In the passage outside the office door, lay a trunk with Livingstone's well known name on it,—it seemed strange to see it lying there, so much lumber now that its master was gone. Dr. Kirk was and is in England. Captain Elton, the Vice-Consul, was in the office the day we were there. After leaving the consul's, we went to the steamer's agents to engage a berth in the *Calcutta*, that was to sail for Aden next day. The agent's office was through a labryinth of passages, where it is possible to lose your way, up a queer flight of outside stairs, and so into another cool vaulted little room looking out upon the shipping.

After leaving the agents we set out to try and get to the Mission House. In passing through the streets, what was our surprise when a cow emerged from a door and came walking down some steps to be stroked. But quadrupeds seem to have equal rights as regards the streets with bipeds in Zanzibar, and as two cows make a block, you may imagine that the latter have the worst of it. In fact, streets are a misnomer,—there is not one in Zanzibar ; nothing but narrow, tortuous, dirty, ill-paved lanes, lined with houses, or booths of shops. Two abreast is the utmost that can walk in them.

We found an old friend at the Mission House in the person of the lady who has come out from England to take charge of the girls. After some time passed in chatting of the past and present, we went out shopping together, escorted by all her girls. We went into a number of the booths, but we were thoroughly glad to leave the bargaining to the girls. The fashion at Zanzibar of asking a ridiculous sum

to begin with, and then the buyer beating it down by degrees, is very tiresome to any-one accustomed to English ways of buying and selling, and shows what value is set on that precious commodity—time. The streets were full of people and cows, and on our way to the slave market we passed through the market for fruit and all sorts of things, where the sellers were squatting on the ground selling all kinds of merchandise, from mats to silver and gold bangles. After leaving this, we went to the slave market—or rather to the old slave market—an open space in the middle of a lot of squalid looking huts. The English Mission at Zanzibar are erecting a church, and contemplate a school and dispensary, all on the old slave market, and if anything could erase such a blot on humanity it would be the Gospel presented in its threefold form of healing for soul, body, and mind. At the slave market we were introduced to Dr. Steere, the clergyman at present in charge of the University's Mission—it being as difficult to get a Bishop for Central Africa as for Cape Town.

We came back from our sight-seeing and shopping excursion with our lady friend and Dr. Steere, and dined with them at the Mission House. After dinner it was very enjoyable in that many windowed room high above the water, to look out and down on the sea and shipping, visible only by its lights, for it was a dark night; or up to where the Plough, unseen for seven years, was sparkling brilliantly, and all in the soft warm hush of a tropical evening; it was quite romantic—really a little bit of that rare thing Missionary Romance. But where was my boat? Here it was getting on to eight o'clock in the evening, all my things were lying about my cabin in the *Kafir*; the *Calcutta* was to sail at six next morning, and by hook or crook I must be on board of her that night. The boat had been ordered for long before, and here I still was: sober prose this at all events. However, at last the boat made its appearance, and with good-byes to my kind friends, four dusky rowers pulled me quickly through the dhows to the *Kafir*. We had to go a little distance, and that solitary dark row, with civilization in the shape of ironclads and steamers on the one side, and darkness and degradation in the shape of dhows and the town of Zanzibar on the other, made a vivid impression upon me,—it was like a strange weird dream. Arriving at the *Kafir* brought me back to the practical world again, for things had to be gathered together anyway, and flung into the boat; letters for the Cape to be looked out and closed and handed over; and with a good-bye to my kind friends, the officers of the *Kafir*, I took my place in the boat again amid a jumble of luggage, and was soon on board the *Calcutta*, very glad to be there all right. I was shown a cabin which I was told I was to have all to myself. I was very glad to clamber into my berth, which had a window rather than a port-hole in it. It was a still, hot night, and I lay looking at a man-of-war not far off, and listening in vain for a word of English. In the cabin on one side of me French was being talked, on the other side some business arrangements seemed being

transacted in German ; and thalers ! thalers ! thalers ! seemed to ring in my already excited brain, and put all chance of sleep to rout. At last my tiredness was too much for even thalers to keep awake, and I sunk into the land of Nod.

I found afterwards that I was the only English passenger on board, two being Germans, three French, and two Portuguese. The *Calcutta* is quite different from the build of the Union Company's coasters, and is hardly so long,—certainly not so broad as the *Kafir*. She is expressly made for Indian coasting. Her port-holes are like small square windows, a punkah hangs over her saloon table, and all her cabins open off a deck. When you go on board you walk into, instead of down into her saloon. To the quarter-deck you ascend by a short flight of outside stairs, and there are no cabins on it at all. The draught through the saloon from the open deck on one side, and the port-holes on the other, makes it much cooler. The *Calcutta* has the additional advantage of being a very steady sailer.

By six o'clock on Saturday morning, the 11th, we were off from Zanzibar. For some time we sailed along the island of Zanzibar. The shores were green and well wooded, and diversified by little bays and islets and coral rocks. Now and then a flat-roofed house with green surroundings, and on the water dhows and those queer little canoes paddling about.

On Saturday afternoon we were near land, and passed some fine mountain peaks belonging, I was told, to the Wazeen range. In the night we passed Mombaza, where there is a mission station ; I am not quite sure, however, to which mission it belongs. The success hitherto, has it seems, been small. On Sunday we were stil within sight of land, but found that we had also in the night passed Vasco de Gama's Pillar, a very handsome one erected by the Portuguese. On Monday we were mostly out of sight of land, but sighted it again in the evening, low and uninteresting. Dhows were, however, flying busily about. It seems that the mail steamers are sometimes mistaken for Her Majesty's cruisers by the slave-traders on shore, and signals by means of fires are made to the dhows. On Monday evening we passed the mouth of the Jouba, exploring which Baron Von Decken was killed. On Tuesday we were close to the Somali coast, the most desert and sandy we had yet seen, but abounding, I was told, in zebras and gazelles. There was a small village here and there along the shore. The largest of these, Magadoxa, we passed in the forenoon. It was a curious looking place, seemingly in two halves, and I could not account for a certain look about the one half until the captain told me that one half of the village was the city of the dead, and the other of the living. Strange that the shadow of death is always one that can be felt even at a distance. The village belongs to an independent tribe, and was formerly a great place for slave dhows, and I believe that although our cruizers have ground the serpent's head well under foot, that the tail still wriggles in Magadoxa and other places too. At a little distance from

the town one solitary pillar, supposed to be the tomb of a former Sultan, stands out on the sand by itself. Some dhows were anchored close by the shore, and between the town and the pillar stood a troop of patient camels. After passing Magadoxa, there was not much of interest to be seen until on Friday afternoon we reached Cape Ras Hafun, a strange peninsula or headland connected by a long narrow neck with the mainland. It is something in the shape of a letter T. The bays on each side are fatal traps for vessels, and more than one wreck has made the place one to be dreaded by ship-masters. The cape itself is a series of capes by twos and threes, one view of it especially, on looking back, resembled a gigantic rocky saw. It was the most forbidding spot we had yet passed; all the capes were nearly perpendicular, of the same height, and with a plateau on the top that seemed almost flat,—not a bush, not a house, nothing but sea-birds and a solitary whale blowing off steam were to be seen. It was a strange, weird, wild scene, and I could not help saying as I stood surveying it beside the captain, "Save me from this coast with a stormy night and a bad ship." It was a cape for Dante in his gloomiest mood. The ludicrous and the terrible follow very closely on each other's heels. On the mainland, behind this formidable cape, donkeys are very fine, very plentiful, and very cheap.

To my disappointment we passed Cape Gardafui during the small hours on Saturday morning, the 18th, and so did not see it. When I tumbled up on deck a little earlier than usual, I was just in time to see a mountain on the mainland, which was my last sight of Africa before crossing the Gulf of Aden and landing on another continent.

ADEN AND THE RED SEA.

On this Saturday, the 18th April, we got into the steamer track for India and China, and passed two steamers. It was pleasant to get again into one of the watery highways of commerce. The next day we sighted land—some shadowy Arabian mountains—far on the horizon. In the evening of the same day I was looking anxiously ahead to see if I could catch a glimpse of the Aden hills before the sun set; but they were still too far distant, and I had to content myself on the captain's assurance that we would be there in the small hours next morning. Happening to wake up at midnight, I saw, through the port-hole, the Aden light not far ahead. The light is fixed, but very brilliant. About half-past one on Monday morning we anchored outside the harbour, under the shadow of the rocks, and lay quietly there until daylight. The first news I heard on awakening was, that the P. & O. Steamer I had relied on catching, was off a full day before her time and that I was in for a week of wretched hotels at Aden. I am afraid not many blessings were showered that morning on the head of the P. & O. Company. Our steamer, was in sharp to time, and there were mails and passengers left behind. Two reasons for the P. & O. Steamer having started

before her time were given ; one, that she had important Government despatches on board, the other, that she had to go through the canal. Surely it needs some very great reason to alter the advertised sailing day of a mail steamer, so as to delay mails and passengers coming from another place for a whole week, without any possibility of getting on.

It was a splendidly sunny morning when we entered Aden, the glare from the rocks and sea was too powerful to be pleasant, and there was not a green thing to relieve the eye, nothing but glare and dazzle. Viewed from outside, Aden looks like a great mass of cindery rocks torn up in every direction, with houses in the hollows and on small spurs near the beach. A signal post is on one of the highest peaks ; not a tree, not a bush to be seen,—it is exactly like the crater of a huge volcano with all the fires gone out, and nothing but cinder left. To get into the harbour we had to round a point, and that done we found ourselves in an almost land-locked bay. Two sides of this bay are formed of the cindery rocks, but the other is quite different, and consists of a long low stretch of sandy coast with some palms faintly visible in the distance, and on the horizon, half veiled in mist, a range of high Arabian mountains. The steamer anchored opposite a hollow with a semi-circle of large houses in it, which included the two hotels of the place, the telegraph office, and the principal shops. The officers' houses and the barracks we had passed coming in. There were a number of steamers lying in the harbour, among which were the French packet to Mauritius, waiting for the *Messagerie* from Marseilles, and a Spanish steamer from Manilla homeward bound. There was also a tiny little thing with two funnels that it seemed to me I had once seen in the pages of the *Illustrated London News*.

The sight on deck after the steamer dropped anchor was very picturesque. The bluff English captain, the grave impassive Parsee agent with his queer high cap, gravely contemplating the tossed out mail bags, the Lascar crew bustling about, the Portuguese waiters (from Goa) hurrying to and fro ; and, as if to add an artistic touch to the scene, curious conical open baskets of oranges from Zanzibar in a small heap on the deck. The jargon of tongues was like an echo of the Tower of Babel, and Africa was determined not to be left out, for on looking over the side there were Abyssinians, unlike all other Africans I had ever seen, rowing the agents about and joining in the general clamour.

After breakfast my kind friend, the captain of the *Calcutta*, took me ashore in his gig to search for quarters. I got a room in one of the two French hotels, and stayed there for a week. The fare was good enough, but the attendance was simply none, and the accommodation on the whole was poor. A good English hotel would be a great boon in Aden, and would save one from having to speak a jargon of English and very rusty French.

On looking about me I found that what I at had first taken to be Aden was in reality only Steamer Point. The town or camp is

some miles away, and between the two lies an Arab town, Mala, attached to which there is a suburb of squalid huts, where a large proportion of the native population of Aden seemed to house themselves, and which looked in much need of some sort of missionary worker to introduce a few germs of better things among them.

Early one morning,—for the heat was so intense that any comfortable going out must be in the morning or evening,—I hired a ghary (my spelling is phonetic), a kind of nondescript vehicle, which is drawn by one or two horses, and driven generally by an Arab or Somali blackguard, and rattled along to see the tanks. We drove along the coast, past Mala with its dirt, squalor, and clumsy dhows lying on the beach, up a winding ascent, and then through the gate, which is really the gate to a rocky pass, so narrow that one or two men could keep it against an army. As it is cannons and soldiers seemed to mount guard on it continually. After passing through this pass, which is so narrow that the rocks seemed almost to meet overhead, and under foot so steep and rocky that the ghary horses made the descent with considerable difficulty, we came down upon the camp, which lies in a hollow surrounded on every side by cindery hills. It must be frightfully hot in summer, if indeed there is any winter in Aden. A feeble attempt seems to have been made to plant some trees along the road, but they were miserable specimens. The only English thing about the scene was the road we were travelling on, which was broad, straight, and well made. The tanks are in a rocky gorge, and you soon know that you are approaching water by the appearance of trees. They manage to keep a small garden going near the tanks by means of constant watering ; and the green leaves were intensely refreshing to the eye after the indescribable glare which is one of the principal characteristics of Aden. The tanks number eleven, and seemed rocky hollows improved by art and lined with cement. Flights of steps with iron railings lead the visitor from tank to tank ; and visitors, judging from the names written or scratched on the sides of the tanks, have not been few. Coming back to Steamer Point the road was like a fair, and crowded with natives of many climes and countries. Hindoos with their white clothes and coloured turbans ; Arabs with their keen faces, thin figures, and gay jackets ; Abyssinians with their peculiar long wooly hair and oval faces ; Somali of the commoner African type, with the short wooly hair, and one or two of the dominant Anglo-Saxon race, never on foot, but always on or behind a horse. As for the animals, camels by strings, by ones or twos, and loaded with every kind of thing, such as grass put on in a fashion that made them look like some enormous bird, piles of water skins, wicker-work doors, and boxes and bales of all sorts and sizes. The camel walks with a kind of swinging gait, more particularly going down hill. I was told that the sensation to an inexperienced rider is that of a rolling ship, and is apt to produce the same delightful results. Donkeys we met by droves, generally loaded with water skins, but sometimes with building stone or gravel ; and occasionally with a man or boy.

Carts that we passed were drawn by humpbacked oxen or mules; and to finish the collection of animals there were plenty of horses, either ridden or in harness.

Altogether it was a gay and varied panorama that met the eye as one gazed along the road from a little rise,—a strange conglomeration of human beings and animals all gathered together on this cindery peninsula, for in the main, serving the white man. Aden, however, is a dull place to stay a week in, as I was obliged to do. The hotel accommodation is not good, and for it I had to pay five rupees, ten shillings per day. Gharies and boats are plentiful, but if you give the proper fare you have to stand a storm of abuse from the drivers and boatmen. Another pest of the place is the little Somali boys, who have run away from home, make a living by bothering all the travellers that land at Aden, and use the verandahs of the houses for dormitories. Another pest is the feather selling Jews, strange looking fellows with a solitary curl floating over each ear, who make their living by hawking ostrich feathers, which they carry in white bags. The military I was told have three different camps, two that I saw at Steamer Point and the camp *par excellence*, and one on the peninsula that joins Aden to the mainland. I was also told that a number of the soldiers were Sepoys. All I can say is that officers and men are much to be pitied that have to stay on such a cinder heap. Water is scarce and dear. Anything like a decent supply for a family of three people and three servants costs £2 per month. It is brought to the houses in skins on the backs of donkeys. The only water that civilians can get is condensed water; and the ice is also made from sea water.

Glad was I when I was told that the P. & O.'s steamer *Khedive* with the Calcutta mail had arrived, and how anxiously I waited in the agent's office until the clerk came back from the steamer with the to me joyful news that there was one spare berth. How quickly I got my little Somali boy-chambermaid to rush for coolies and boat, and how exultant I felt when I found myself really on board the steamer, for surely now I was Homeward Bound

"Vain Oblations."

FROM THE GERMAN.

(Vergebens schmückt ihr die Altäre,
Umsonst wird auch das Rauchwerk sein,
U. S. W.
Aus dem alten Katholischen Gesangbuch, 1820.)

In vain ye deck the costly shrine,
And swing the golden censer round;
Unless, within, the sacrifice
Of pure and humble soul is found.

A thousand tapers burn in vain,
Though set in candlesticks of gold;
God sees the heart, and pious souls
Alone His beauty shall behold.

Gold, silver, jewels, prized on earth,
Are worthless in the higher sphere;
'Tis purity that makes prayer strong,
And lifts it to the Father's ear.

The kindly heart, the faithful life,
Are pleasing to celestial eyes:
The veriest lisp of Innocence
Is prayer to Him who counts our sighs.

Of what avail the bended knee,
The temple's stately pomp and pride;
When still you wield oppression's rod,
And still your hands with blood are dyed?—

When loyalty's true faith is lost,
And love's sweet tenderness is mocked;
When lips are sealed to honest words,
And ears to orphans' prayers are locked?—

When gold is that for which you crave,
And vice within your mansions feeds;
When all the air around you rings
With curses on your evil deeds?

Ah, fools! think ye that God above
Is e'en as abject as your thought?
That ye can turn away His wrath
By offerings to His temple brought?

Your hands are red with blood and crime;
Faith, duty, honour, truth, are dead;
And then—your priest forsooth reads Mass,
And so your debt to Heaven is paid!

Ye hypocrites! is that Christ's law?
Dare ye His Temple desecrate?
Make altars of your hearts to God;
There with your prayers and offerings wait:

Forgive your foes, your brother love,
Free heart and life from sin and vice—
Then boldly to His Temple come,
God will accept *that* sacrifice.

Charles the First of England and the Money-lenders of Holland.

Few passages in the history of England are more familiar to the student than the conflicts of Charles I. with his Parliaments on the subject of forced loans and other illegal modes of taxation. It is well known how the King's necessities compelled him, sorely against his will, to apply to Parliament for supplies; how his demands were met by the counter-demand for the redress of the people's grievances; and how he was instigated by his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, and afterwards by the Earl of Stafford, to resort to the most arbitrary and unconstitutional measures for supplying his wants, rather than submit to the legitimate demands of his people. But it is not so well known (at least we are not aware that it is mentioned by any historian) that in the very beginning of his reign the King was reduced to such pecuniary straits that he was obliged, with the aid of the Duke of Buckingham, to seek the assistance of money-lenders in Holland, and to pledge with them not only his jewellery but also a portion of the public revenues of his country. That such was the case, however, no one can doubt after perusing a case submitted to counsel in Holland about the year 1636, and his opinion thereon published in the fifth volume of the "Hollandsche Consultatien" (Dutch Consultations, No. 157). We may here mention that these consultations, embracing as they do the opinions of the most eminent lawyers of Holland, are treated by writers on the Roman-Dutch law with the same consideration and respect as decisions of Courts of Justice, and are continually referred to as authorities by Courts in which that system of law is administered. Among the lawyers whose opinions are thus distinguished, Hugo Grotius is the most frequent contributor; but in the present case Advocate Van Peene was consulted. The case submitted to him was in substance as follows:—

"In the years 1625 and 1626 His Majesty, the King of Great Britain, and the Duke of Buckingham, through the agency of Sakwel Krowve, Knight, and Philip Calandryn, merchant at Amsterdam, borrowed a considerable sum of money in Holland, pledging, as security, certain valuable jewellery. His Majesty being afterwards desirous to redeem the jewellery caused a demand to be made by his Ambassador* upon the said Calandryn for a proper account of his agency, duly supported by vouchers; and thereupon, viz., in the year 1636, Calandryn furnished His Majesty with an account, whereby he in effect claimed the sum of £16,090 7s. 6d. in respect of part of the jewellery which had been released by him from pledge,

* In the original *gedeputeerde*, which might also mean his deputy or agent.

and certain expenses and commissions, and the further sum of £18,274 in respect of the rest of the jewellery still in the hands of the pledgees. His Majesty tendered to pay the latter sum ; but in respect of the former sum of £16,090 7s. 6d. he claimed to deduct therefrom the sum of £5,000, and tendered the balance on condition of the jewellery being delivered up to him. It appears that this sum of £5,000 was the estimated value of a certain impost upon tobacco grown in England falling due in the month of June, 1637, and that the right to receive the proceeds of the impost had been ceded by the King to Calandryn upon the latter giving a receipt for the full sum of £5,000. Calandryn refused to allow the deduction on the ground that the impost on the tobacco was not to fall due until the year 1637 ; and he moreover claimed the right to detain the jewellery in his hands until His Majesty should pay him the further sum of £13,000, which was the amount of a loan made by him (Calandryn) to one Barl, as the agent—according to Calandryn's statement—of the King. It appears that Barl had been employed by the King as agent in certain monetary transactions, and that the King was indebted to him in upwards of £13,000 ; but he had never been authorized by the King to borrow money from Calandryn, nor did the King ever receive a farthing of the money so borrowed. The King further tendered to the pledgees payment of the sums which, according to Calandryn's account, was still due to them, and demanded from them, upon receipt of such payment, restitution of the jewellery in their hands. The pledgees refused delivery, alleging that additional moneys had been borrowed from them in the King's name by Calandryn, which did not figure on the account ; but they declared themselves ready and willing to deliver up the jewellery to the King upon payment of such additional sums."

The questions upon which counsel's opinion was desired were the following :—First, whether the King was entitled to deduct the sum of £5,000 from his debt as claimed by him ; second, whether Calandryn was entitled to retain the jewellery in his hands as security for the loan made to Barl ; and third, whether the pledgees were entitled to detain the jewellery in their hands until all the loans to Calandryn should have been repaid. The first question was answered in the affirmative. The fact of Calandryn having given a receipt for £5,000 in diminution of the King's debt was, in counsel's opinion, conclusive in favour of His Majesty. In regard to the second question, Advocate Van Peene was of opinion that as Barl had borrowed the sum of £13,000, without authority from the King, and as the King had never received any part of the money so borrowed, Calandryn was not entitled to retain the jewellery in his hands as security for the debt. In the third place, he was of opinion that the pledgees were entitled to retain the jewellery in their hands until they should receive payment of all the money lent by them in security thereof, excepting such sums as they might have known, or have had reason to know, to be for the personal benefit of Calandryn ;

for example for the payment of his own bills of exchange and debts of a similar nature.

It thus appears that on the whole counsel's opinion was favourable to the King; and as the case seems not to have gone into the courts of law, we may fairly presume that the shrewd Amsterdam merchant thought it advisable to yield to the demands of the King. But the case is of less importance for the trite law which it exemplifies, than for the glimpse which it affords of the King's troubles and of the means to which he was compelled to resort, and the tools he was compelled to employ, for the purpose of enabling him to resist to the uttermost the demands of his Parliament. V.

Note on the "Sketch of the Geology of the Cape."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CAPE MONTHLY"

SIR,—I feel it to be my duty to call attention to some remarks on the Geology of the Diamond-fields in the interesting *resumé* of the Geology of South Africa in the last number of the *Cape Monthly*. It was there referred to that Mr. Dunn was the author of the theory of "volcanic pipes," with reference to the diamantiferous nuclei of Bultfontein, Dutoitspan, Old de Beer's, and the Colesberg Kop. The true author of this theory is Dr Cohen, who fully two years ago (and therefore long before the date of Mr. Dunn's communication to the Geological Society), published letters in the *Scientific Journal* of Heidelberg, giving an account of his investigations and the reasons which induced him to come to the conclusion that the various centres where diamonds were found in a matrix (or approximately such), and not in a mere alluvial deposit, as along the Vaal, are *volcanic vents*.

Dr. Cohen, after such examination of the dry pastey substance in which the diamonds are found, as he could make out on the spot, believed that the general mass was thrown up in the form of a volcanic muddy conglomerate from the depths underneath, the constituents of the mass being fragments of granite, gneiss, chloritic shale, &c., &c. The diamonds, he held, were not now in their original matrix, that being some one of the older rocks, and probably the chloritic formation, whose fragments are found to be the chief constituent of the present contents of the "vents," and which with the other older rocks exists under the secondary rocks of the surface.

When in London lately I freely stated this theory to Professor Maskelyne and others, and was desired by them to write a paper on the subject. To do this I considered dishonourable. It is for Mr. Dunn, after what he has previously written on the subject, and in the face of the fact that he never saw the Diamond-fields as they became subsequently developed, and in these circumstances came to quite another theory of their origin—it is for him to explain how he came to adopt the theory in question. It is true that the current and popular idea in the Diamond-fields amongst diggers has been that of volcanic vents, but guesses without scientific data have no claim in the matter of discovery. Dr. Cohen was

the first to put the theory on a proper geological basis. He is at present elaborating and analyzing, and I hope before long that we shall have full results from him, in the form of a monograph. Meantime his right to the first scientific enunciation of the volcanic vent hypothesis ought to be respected.

It may be of some importance to state that Dr. Cohen is regarded as the most thorough exponent of trappean and volcanic rocks we have, and has not only been in South Africa to investigate the whole facts of the geological history of diamonds as far as possible, but, dissatisfied with the nomenclature of South African rocks, he has resolved upon an investigation, chemically and microscopically, of them, with the view to give them a proper position in classification. There is much need of this, when we hear at this time of day of South African doleritic dykes, dioritic dykes, and granite, grouped as a metamorphic rock, from a paid and professed geologist.

There is reference made at the end of the article to the necessity of a geological survey of the whole of South Africa. I cordially agree with this opinion, but I hope Government will act with wisdom in the matter. The section of geology called petrology, which has for its work the discrimination and classification of rocks, is practically unknown in England. The English physical geologists and paleontologists are the first, or amongst the first, in the world; but the state of petrology in England may be well illustrated from the fact that no rock specimens sent by myself and others from Africa were *specifically* named. Such terms as "Felspathic Paste," "Diorite," "Porphyry," "Jasper," &c., &c., there were, as also the convenient expressions "near to" such and such. If we are, therefore, to have a geological survey of the Colony, we must have a professed German petrologist. We cannot, I think, as a country, ny longer be content to pay at the rate of £1,000 a year to get into confusion about greenstone, clay porphyry, trap conglomerate, glacial conglomerate, and such vague and general names.

JOHN SHAW, F.G.S., F.L.S.

Letters from Dr. Livingstone.

WITHOUT a word of prefatory commendation, which, if given, would only be impertinent, we submit these letters from Dr. Livingstone, published to us through the *Daily News*, as amongst the noblest utterances of one of the truest and noblest men of the present age. We give them precisely as they were printed in London, and we imagine that our readers will thank us for doing so:—

TO JAMES GORDON BENNETT, ESQ., "NEW YORK HERALD." FROM UNYANYEMBE, SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

APRIL 9, 1872.

MY DEAR SIR,—When endeavouring to give you some idea of the slave trade and its attendant evils in this country, it was necessary to keep far within the truth in order not to be thought guilty of exaggeration. But, in sober seriousness, the subject does not admit of being overdrawn. To exaggerate its enormities is a simple impossibility; and the accounts given by Sir S. Baker of the atrocious proceedings of the White Nile slave-traders tally exactly with my own observations of the traffic in the hands of the Arabs and half-caste Portuguese further south. The sights I have seen, though common incidents of the so-called trade, are so terribly nauseous that I always strive to drive them from memory; and, in cases of other disagreeable recollections, I can in time succeed in consigning them to oblivion. These slaving scenes, however, come back unbidden and unwelcome,

and sometimes make me start up at dead of night horrified by their vividness. To some this may appear weak and unphilosophical, since it is alleged that the whole human family has passed through slavery as one of the stages of development from the lowest state of bestiality, cannibalism, stone, bronze, and iron ages. Idolatry and slavery, it is said, are portions of the ascending education of mankind. The propagators of these views have many interesting facts in their favour, and every educated man receives new facts gladly, though he may not be able to explain them or reconcile them to other facts previously known. He hopes that they may yet be proved to be portions of light from above. One must admire the industry of many ardent searchers after scientific truth—men really noble in their life-long aims—following truth wherever that may lead; and it must be conceded that real investigators are by no means bigoted. Nothing could be more fair, for instance, than the calm and gentle way in which Mr. Darwin advanced his celebrated theory on the origin of species, and his immediate followers and co-workers possess much of his calm philosophic spirit. Whatever they may conjecture about the past of the human race, really scientific men look with kindly feelings towards the most lowly of the species. They view slavery as an enormous evil to the slaves, and perhaps a still greater evil to the masters. True men of science are nearly all favourable to the spread of education, and some labour earnestly by lectures and otherwise to diffuse knowledge among the masses. From minds open to conviction like theirs human progress has nothing to fear. But it is the small fry that follow in their wake—scientific prodigies in embryo—that turn philosophy into folly. It would almost make a horse laugh to see some of them quietly assuming an inconceivable amount of pluck to themselves for deducing most startling conclusions from very simple facts—the more startling the better. I listened to a gentleman in London reading a paper and asserting that our human race had existed for one hundred thousand years, if not double that time. If one answered at all it could only be by "chaffing" and assuring him that he had completely disposed of the question of our descent from monkeys; for, if our human race existed, our progenitors made fire by drilling or rubbing sticks together, and, as Africans at the present day do, blistered their palms and hurt their fingers for a hundred thousand years before they invented lucifer matches. They must have been a lot of donkeys! Men may have been developed from monkeys, but no one ever imagined that monkeys could beget donkeys. If our stupid human race still needs the outrageous schooling of slavery and the slave trade, it is in a bad way still, and one might almost vote for allowing it to die out. It may have been want of charity on my part, but I was so frequently asked when in England, "Would these Africans work for one?" that I replied "Yes, if you could pay them." This answer produced such a palpable lengthening of visage, that I suspected my questioners had been speculating on getting them to work for nothing · in fact be slave-owners. I fear that a portion at least of the sympathy in England for what simple folk called the "Southern cause," was a lurking liking to be slave-owners themselves. One Englishman at least tried to put his theory of getting the inferior race to work for nothing into practice. He was brother to a member of Parliament for a large and rich constituency, and when his mother died she left him £2,000. With this he bought a wagon and oxen at the Cape of Good Hope, and an outfit composed chiefly of papier-mâché snuff-boxes, each of which had a looking-glass outside and another inside the lid; these, he concluded, were the "sinews of war." He made his way to my mission station, more than a thousand miles inland, and then he found that his snuff-boxes would not even buy food. On asking the reason for investing in that trash, he replied that in reading a book of travels he saw that the natives were fond of peering into looking-glasses, and liked snuff, and he thought that he might obtain ivory in abundance for these luxuries. I gathered from his conversation that he had even speculated on being made a chief. He said that he knew a young man who had so speculated, and I took it to be himself. We supported him for about a couple of months, but our stores were fast drawing to a close. We were then recently married, and the young housekeeper could not bear to appear inhospitable to a fellow-countryman. I relieved her by feeling an inward call to visit another tribe.

"Oh!" said our dependent, "I shall go too." "You had better not," was the reply, and no reason assigned. He civilly left some scores of his snuff-boxes, but I could never use them either. He frequently reiterated, "People think these blacks stupid and ignorant, but, by George, they would sell any Englishman." We surely have but few men of such a silly type as this. Yet why do many men appear to feel sore because in Jamaica and in the Southern States slaves have been made free? Some can never think of emancipation without running off in a tirade against it as a mistake, though the late Rev. Dr. Channing, who understood the matter thoroughly, declared that the planters there, in resolving to cancel it by their legislation, were guilty of sheer insanity. The mistake was their own folly, and the result shows he was right; and if the South tries to follow a similar policy, it will as certainly bring ruin on their country. It may perhaps not be respectful to compare the reasoning of the small philosophers, who draw the inference from remote antiquity that slavery is natural and necessary to man, with the reasoning of certain Manyuema gentlemen at Bambarre who killed a gorilla, there called a "soko," with holes in his ears for ear-rings. After grave consideration, they told me that they had come to the conclusion "that he had evidently died as a man, and had risen again as a soko." The theory had at least this in its favour, the presence of the ring-holes, and I could not deny that.

I may now give an idea of the state of supreme bliss for the attainment of which all the atrocities of the so-called Arabs are committed in Central Africa. In conversing with a half-caste Arab Prince he advanced the opinion, which I believe is general among them, that all women were utterly and irretrievably bad. I admitted that some were no better than they should be, but the majority were unmistakably good and trustworthy. He insisted that the reason why we English allowed our wives so much liberty was because we did not know them so well as Arabs did. "No, no," he added, "no woman can be good. No Arab woman, no English woman can be good. All must be bad." And then he praised his own and countrymen's wisdom and cunning in keeping their wives from ever seeing other men. A rough joke as to making themselves turnkeys, or, like the inferior animals, bulls over herds, turned the edge of his invectives; and he ended by an invitation to his harem, to show that he could be as liberal as the English. Captain S., of H M.'s corvette ———, accepted the invitation also to be made everlasting friends by eating bread with the Prince's imprisoned wives. The Prince's mother, a stout lady of about forty-five, came first into the room where we sat with her son. When young she must have been very pretty, and she still retained many of her former good looks She shook hands, inquired for our welfare, and, to please us, sat on a chair, though it would have been more agreeable for her to squat on a mat. She then asked the captain if he knew Admiral Wyvil, who formerly, as commodore, commanded the Cape station. It turned out that, many years before, an English ship was wrecked at the island on which she lived, and this good lady had received all the lady passengers into her house, and lodged them courteously. The Admiral had called to thank her, and gave her a written testimonial, acknowledging her kindness. She now wished to write to him, for old acquaintance sake, and the captain promised to convey the letter. She did not seem to confirm her son's low opinion of women. A red cloth screen was lifted from a door in front of where we sat, and the Prince's chief wife entered in gorgeous apparel. She came forward with a pretty jaunty step, and with a pleasant smile held out a neat little sweet cake, off which we each broke a morsel and ate it. She had a fine frank address, and talked and looked just as a fair English lady does who wishes her husband's friends to feel themselves perfectly at home. Her large beautiful jet-black eyes rivetted the attention for some time before we could notice the adornments, on which great care had evidently been bestowed. Her head was crowned with a tall scarlet hat of nearly the same shape as that of the Jewish high priest, or that of some of the lower ranks of the Catholic clergymen. A tight-fitting red jacket, profusely decked with gold lace, reached to the waist, and allowed about a finger's breadth of the skin to appear between it and the upper edge of the skirt, which was of white Indian muslin, dotted over with tambourine spots of crimson silk. The

drawers came nearly to the ankles, on which were thick silver bangles, and the feet were shod with greenish yellow slippers turned up at the toes, and roomy enough to make it probable she had neither corns nor bunions. Around her neck were many gold and silver chains, and she had earrings not only in the lobes of the ears, but others in holes made all round the rims. Gold and silver bracelets of pretty Indian workmanship decked the arms, and rings of the same material, set with precious stones, graced every finger and each thumb. A lady alone could describe the rich and rare attire, so I leave it. The only flaw in the get-up was short hair. It is so kept for the convenience of drying soon after the bath. To our Northern eyes it had a tinge too much of the masculine. While talking with this, the chief lady of the harem, a second entered and performed the ceremony of breaking bread too. She was quite as gaily dressed, about eighteen years of age, of perfect form, and taller than the chief lady. Her short hair was oiled and smoothed down, and a little curl cultivated in front of each ear; this was pleasantly feminine. She spoke little, but her really resplendent eyes did all save talk; they were of a brownish shade and lustrous; like the "een of Jeanie Deans filled wi' tears, they glanced like lamour beads" ("Lamour," *Scotice* for amber). The lectures of Mr. Hancock, at Charing-cross Hospital, London, long ago, have made me look critically on eyes ever since. A third lady entered and broke bread also. She was plain, as compared with her sister houris, but the child of the chief man of those parts. Their complexion was fair brunette. The Prince remarked that he had only three wives, though his rank entitled him to twelve.

> Oh wad some power the giftie gie us
> To see ourselves as others see us,
> It would frae mony a blunder free us,
> And foolish notion.

Ministers of religion see people at their very best. When a visit is expected, the Bible or some pious book is found on the parlour table, and all seems serene and fair. Lawyers see people at their worst, and good legal advisers have a task to resist the angry feelings that would hurry them into bitter law suits But doctors see people just as they are. From them few wish to hide their real condition. The mother of the Prince had just before this earnestly begged a gentleman to remonstrate with him, because he was ruining himself by devotion to three! The foregoing is by way of parenthesis. A dark slave woman, dressed like, but less gaudily than, her superiors, now entered with a tray and tumblers of sweet sherbert. Having drunk thereof, flowers were presented, and then betel nut for chewing. The head lady wrapped up enough for a quid in a leaf, and handed it to each of us, and, to please her, we chewed a little. It is slightly bitter and astringent, and, like the Kola nut of West Africa, was probably introduced as a tonic and preventive of fever. The lady superior mixed lime with her own and sisters' good large quids. This made the saliva flow freely, and, it being of a brick-red colour, stained their pretty teeth and lips, and by no means improved their looks. It was the fashion, and to them nothing uncomely, when they squirted the red saliva quite artistically all over the floor. On asking the reason why the mother took no lime in her quid, and kept her teeth quite white; she replied that the reason was she had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was a Hajee. The whole scene of the visit was like a gorgeous picture. The ladies had tried to please us, and were thoroughly successful. We were delighted with a sight of the life in a harem; but, whether from want of wit or wisdom, or something else, I should still vote for the one wife system. Having tried it for some eighteen years, I would not exchange a monogamic harem, with some merry laughing noisy children, for any polygamous gathering in Africa or the world. It scarcely belongs to the picture, which I have attempted to draw as favourably as possible, in order to show the supreme good for the sake of the possible attainment of which the half-caste Arabs perpetrate all the atrocities of the slave trade; but a short time after this visit the Prince fled on board our steamer for protection from creditors. He was misled by one calling himself Colonel Aboo, who went about

the world saying he was a persecuted Christian. He had no more Christianity in him than a doornail. At a spot some eighty miles S.W. of the south end of Tanganyika stands the blockaded village of the chief Chitimbwa. A war had commenced between a party of Arabs, numbering 600 guns, and the chief of the district situated west of Chitimbwa, while I was at the south end of the lake The Arabs, hearing that an Englishman was in the country, naturally inquired where he was; and the natives, fearing that mischief was intended, denied positively that they had ever seen him. They then strongly advised me to take refuge on an inhabited island; but not explaining their reasons, I am sorry to think that I suspected them of a design to make me a prisoner, which they could easily have done by removing the canoes—the island being a mile from the land. They afterwards told me how nicely they had cheated the Arabs and saved me from harm. The end of the lake is in a deep cup-shaped cavity, with sides running sheer down at some parts 2,000 feet into the water. The rocks, of red clay schist, crop out among the sylvan vegetation, and here and there pretty cascades leap down the precipices, forming a landscape of surpassing beauty. Herds of elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes enliven the scene, and with the stockaded villages embowered in palms along the shores of the peaceful water realise the idea of Xenophon's Paradise. When about to leave the village of Mbette, or Pambette, down there, and climb up the steep path by which we had descended, the wife of the chief came forward and said to her husband and the crowd looking at us packing up our things, "Why do you allow this man to go away? He will certainly fall into the hands of the Mazitu (here called Batuba), and you know it and are silent." On inquiry it appeared certain that these marauders were then actually plundering the villages up above the precipices at the foot of which we sat. We waited six days, and the villagers kept watch on an ant-hill outside the stockade, all the time looking up for the enemy. When we did at last ascend we saw the well-known lines of march of the Mazitu – straight as arrows through the country without any regard to the native paths, and in the details of their plundering, for in this case there was no bloodshed. We found that the really benevolent lady had possessed accurate information. On going thence round the end of the lake we came to the village of Karambo, at the confluence of a large river, and the head man refused us a passage across. "Because," said he, "the Arabs have been fighting with the people west of us; and two of their people have since been killed, though only in search of ivory. You wish to go round by the west of the lake, and the people may suppose that you are Arabs; and I dare not allow you to run the risk of being killed by mistake." On seeming to disbelieve, Karambo drew his finger across his throat, and said, "If at any time you discover that I have spoken falsely, I give you leave to cut my throat." That same afternoon two Arab slaves came to the village in search of ivory, and confirmed every word Karambo had spoken. Having previously been much plagued by fever, and without a particle of medicine, it may have been the irritability produced by that disease that made me so absurdly pigheaded in doubting the intentions of my really kind benefactors three several times. The same cause may be in operation when modern travellers are unable to say a civil word about the natives; or if it must be admitted, for instance, that savages will seldom deceive you if placed on their honour, why must we turn up the whites of our eyes, and say it is an instance of the anomolous character of the Africans? Being heaps of anomalies ourselves, it would be just as easy to say that it is interesting to find other people like us. The tone which we modern travellers affect is that of infinite superiority, and it is utterly nauseous to see at every step our great and noble elevation cropping out in low cunning.

Unable to go north-west, we turned off to go due south, 150 miles or so; then proceeded west till past the disturbed district, and again resumed our northing. But on going some sixty miles we heard that the Arab camp was twenty miles further south, and we went to hear the news. The reception was extremely kind, for this party consisted of gentlemen from Zanzibar, and of a very different stamp from the murderers we afterwards saw in Manyuema. They were afraid that the chief with whom they had been fighting might flee southwards, and that in going

that way I might fall into his hands. Being now recovered, I could readily believe them, and they being eager ivory traders, as readily believed me when I asserted that a continuance of hostilities meant shutting up the ivory market. No one would like to sell if he stood a chance of being shot. Peace, therefore, was to be made; but the process of "mixing blood," forming a matrimonial alliance with the chief's daughter, &c., &c., required three and a half months, and during long intervals of that time I remained at Chitimbwa's. The stockade was situated by a rivulet, and had a dense grove of high, damp-loving trees round a spring on one side, and open country, pretty well cultivated, on the other. It was cold, and over 4,700 feet above the sea, with a good deal of forest land and ranges of hills in the distance. The Arabs were on the west side of the stockade, and one of Chitimbwa's wives at once vacated her house on the east side for my convenience Chitimbwa was an elderly man with grey hair and beard, and of quiet, self-possessed manners. He had five wives, and my hut being one of the circle which their houses formed, and often sat reading or writing outside, I had a good opportunity of seeing the domestic life in this Central Africa harem without appearing to be prying. The chief wife, the mother of Chitimbwa's son and heir, was somewhat aged, but was the matron in authority over the establishment. The rest were young, with fine shapes, pleasant countenances, and nothing of the West Coast African about them.

Three of them had each a child, making with the eldest son, a family of four children to Chitimbwa. The matron seemed to reverence her husband, for when she saw him approaching she invariably went out of the way and knelt down till he had passed. It was the time of year for planting and weeding the plantations, and the regular routine work of all the families in the town was nearly as follows: Between three and four o'clock in the morning, when the howling of the hyenas and growling of the lions or leopards told that they had spent the night fasting, the first human sounds heard were those of the good wives knocking off the red coals from the ends of the sticks in the fire, and raising up a blaze to which young and old crowded for warmth from the cold, which at this time is the most intense of the twenty-four hours. Some Psangé smoker lights his pipe, and makes the place ring with his nasty screaming, stridulous coughing. Then the cocks begin to crow (about four a.m.), and the women call to each other to make ready to march. They go off to their gardens in companies, and keep up a brisk, loud conversation, with a view to frighten away any lion or buffalo that may not yet have retired, and for this the human voice is believed to be efficacious. The gardens, or plantations, are usually a couple of miles from the village. This is often for the purpose of securing safety for the crops from their own goats or cattle, but more frequently for the sake of the black loamy soil near the banks of rivulets. This they prefer for maize and dura (holcus sorghum), while for a small species of millet, called mileza, they select a patch in the forest, which they manure by burning the branches of trees. The distances which the good wives willingly go to get the soil best adapted for different plants makes their arrival just about dawn. Fire has been brought from home, and a little pot is set on with beans or pulse—something that requires long simmering—and the whole family begins to work at what seems to give them real pleasure. The husband, who had marched in front of each little squad with a spear and little axe over his shoulder, at once begins to cut off all the sprouts on the stumps left in clearing the ground. All bushes also fall to his share, and all the branches of tall trees too hard to be cut down are filed round the root, to be fired when dry. He must also cut branches to make a low fence round the plantation, for few wild beasts like to cross over anything having the appearance of human workmanship. The wart-hog having a great weakness for ground-nuts, otherwise called pig-nuts (*Arachis hypogœa*) must be circumvented by a series of pitfalls, or a deep ditch, and earthern dyke all round the nut plot. If any other animal has made free with the food of the family, papa carefully examines the trail of the intruder—makes a deep pit-fall in it, covers it carefully over—and every day it is a most interesting matter to see whether the thief has been taken for the pot. The mother works away vigorously with her hoe, often adding new patches of virgin

land to that already under cultivation. The children help by removing the weeds and grass which she has uprooted into heaps to be dried and burned. They seem to know and watch every plant in the field. It is all their own; no one is stinted as to the land he may cultivate; the more they plant the more they have to eat and to spare. In some parts of Africa the labour falls almost exclusively on the women, and the males are represented as atrociously cruel to them. It was not so here, nor is it so in Central Africa generally; indeed, the women have often decidedly the upper hand. The clearances by law and custom were the work of the men; the weeding was the work of the whole family, and so was the reaping The little girls were nursing baby under the shade of a watch house perched on the tops of a number of stakes about twelve or fourteen feet high, and to this the family adjourns when the dura is in ear to scare away birds by day and antelopes by night. About 11 a.m. the sun becomes too hot for comfortable work, and all come under the shade of the lofty watch-tower, or a tree left for the purpose. Mamma serves out the pottage, now thoroughly cooked, by placing a portion into each pair of hands. It is bad manners here to receive any gift with but one hand. They eat it with keen appetites, and with so much relish that for ever afterwards they think that to eat with the hand is far nicer than with a spoon. Mamma takes and nurses baby while she eats her own share. Baby seems a general favourite, and is not exhibited till he is quite a little ball of fat. Every one then takes off beads to ornament him. He is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth, and one may see poor mothers who have no milk mix a little flour and water in the palm of the hand, and the sisters look on with intense interest to see the little stranger making a milk-bottle of the side of the mother's hand, the crease therein just allowing enough to pass down. They are wide-awake little creatures, and I thought that my own little ones imbibed a good deal of this quality from I don't know what. I never saw such unwearied energy as they displayed the livelong day, and that, too, in the hot season. The meal over the wife, and perhaps daughter, goes a little way into the forest and collects a bundle of dry wood, with the baby slung on her back in a way that suggests the flattening of the noses of many Africans. The wood on her head and the boy carrying the hoe, the party wends home. Each wife has her own granary in which the produce of the garden is stowed. It is of the beehive-shape of the huts, only the walls are about twelve feet high, and it is built on a stage about eighteen inches from the ground. It is about five feet in diameter, and roofed with wood and grass. The door is near the roof, and a ladder made by notches being cut in a tree is used to enable the owner to climb into it. The first thing the good wife does on coming home is to get the ladder, climb up, and bring down millet or dura grain sufficient for her family. She spreads it in the sun, and while this is drying or made crisp occurs the only idle time I have seen in the day's employment. Some rested, others dressed their husband's or neighbour's hair, others strung beads. I should have liked to have seen them take life more easily, for it is as pleasant to see the negro reclining under his palm as it is to look at the white lolling on his ottoman. But the great matter is, they enjoy their labour, and the children enjoy life as human beings ought, and have not the sap of life squeezed out of them by their own parents, as is the case with nailers, glass-blowers, stockingers, fustian cutters, brickmakers, &c., in England. At other periods of the year, when harvest is home, they enjoy more leisure and jollification with their native beer called "pombe." But in no case of free people living in their own free land under their own free laws are they like what slaves become

When the grain is dry, it is pounded in a large wooden mortar, to separate the scales from the seed. A dexterous toss of the hand drives all the chaff to one corner of the vessel. This is lifted out, and then the dust is tossed out by another peculiar up-and-down, half-horizontal motion of the vessel, difficult to describe or do, which leaves the grain quite clean. It is then ground into fine meal by a horizontal motion of the upper millstone, to which the whole weight is applied and at each stroke the flour is shoved off the further end of the nether millstone. The flour finished, late in the afternoon, at the time maidens go forth to draw water, the lady poises a huge earthen pot on her head, fills it full at the rivulet,

and, though containing ten or twelve gallons, balances it on her head, and, without lifting up her hand, walks jauntily home. They have meat but seldom, and make relishes for the porridge, into which the flour is cooked of the leaves of certain wild and cultivated plants; or they roast some ground nuts, grind them fine, and make a curry. They seem to know that oily matter such as the nuts contain is requisite to modify their otherwise farinaceous food, and some even grind a handful of castor-oil nuts with the grain for the same purpose. The husband having employed himself in the afternoon in making mats for sleeping on, in preparing skins for clothing, or in making new handles for hoes, or in cutting out wooden bowls, joins the family in the evening, and all partake abundantly of the chief meal of the day before going off to sleep. They have considerable skill in agriculture, and great shrewdness in selecting the soils proper for different kinds of produce. When Bishop Mackenzie witnessed their operations in the field, he said to me,—"When I was in England, and spoke in public meetings about our mission, I mentioned that, among other things, I meant to teach them agriculture; but now I see that the Africans know a great deal more about it than I do. One of his associates, earnestly desiring to benefit the people to whom he was going, took lessons in basket-making before he left England; but the specimens of native workmanship he met with everywhere led him to conclude that he had better say nothing about his acquisition; in fact, he 'could not hold a candle to them.'" The foregoing is as fair an example of the every-day life of the majority of the people in Central Africa as I can give. It as truly represents surface life in an African village as the other case does the surface condition in an Arab harem. In other parts the people appear to travellers in much worse light. The tribes lying more towards the east coast, who have been much visited by Arab slavers, are said to be in a state of chronic warfare—the men always ready to rob and plunder, and the women scarcely ever cultivating enough of food for the year. That is the condition to which all Arab slaving tends. Captain Speke revealed a state of savagism and brutality in Uganda of which I have no experience. The murdering by wholesale of the chief Mteza, or Mtesa, would not be tolerated among the tribes I have visited. The slaughter of headmen's daughters would elsewhere than in Uganda insure speedy assassination. I have no reason to suppose that Speke was mistaken in his statements as to the numbers of women led away to execution, though the most intelligent of two hundred Baganda-Mteza's people now here assert that many were led away to become field labourers, and one seen by Grant with her hoe on her head seems to countenance the idea; but their statements are of small account as compared with those of Speke and Grant, for they now all know that cold-blooded murder like that of Mteza is detested by all the civilized, and they naturally wish to smooth the matter over. The remedy open to all other tribes in Central Africa is desertion. The tyrant soons finds himself powerless. His people have quietly removed to other chiefs, and never return. The tribes subjected by the Makololo had hard times of it, but nothing like the butchery of Mteza. A large body went off to the north. Another sent to Zette refused to return, and seventeen sent with me to the Shire for medicine for the chief did the same thing. When the chief died, the tribe broke up and scattered. Mteza seems to be an unwhipped fool. We all know rich men who would have been much better fellows if they had ever got bloody noses and sound thrashings at school. The two hundred of his people here have been detained many months, and have become thoroughly used to the country; but not one of them wishes to remain. The apparent willingness to be trampled in the dust by Mteza is surprising.

The whole of my experience in Central Africa says that the negroes, not yet spoiled by contact with the slave trade, are distinguished for friendliness and good sound sense. Some can be guilty of great wickedness, and seem to think little about it; others perform actions as unmistakably good, with no great self-complacency, and if one catalogued all the good deeds or all the bad ones he came across, he might think the men extremely good or excessively bad, instead of calling them, like ourselves, curious compounds of good and evil. In one point they are remarkable—they are honest. Even among the cannibal Manyuema, a

slave-trader at Bambarre, and I had to send out goats and fowls up to the Manyuema villages to prevent their being all stolen by my friend's own slaves. Another widespread trait of character is a trusting disposition. The Central African tribes are the antipodes to some of the North American Indians, and very unlike many of their own countrymen, who have come into contact with Mohamedans and Portuguese and Dutch Christians. They at once perceived the superiority of the strangers in power of mischief, and readily listen to and ponder over friendly advice. After the cruel massacre of Nyangwe, which I unfortunately witnessed, fourteen chiefs, whose villages had been destroyed, and many of their people killed, fled to my house, and begged me to make peace for them with the Arabs, then come over to their side of the great river Lualaba, divide their country anew, and point out where each should build a new village, and cultivate other plantations. The peace was easily made, for the Arabs had no excuse for their senseless murders, and each blamed the other for the guilt. Both parties pressed me to remain at the peace-making ceremonies ; and, had I not known the African trusting disposition, might have set down the native appeal to great personal influence. All I had in my favour was a common decency and fairness of behaviour, and perhaps a little credit for goodness awarded by the Zanzibar slaves. The Manyuema could easily see that Arab religion was disjoined from morality. Their immorality, in fact, has always proved an effectual barrier to the spread of Islam in Eastern Africa. It is a sad pity that our good "Bishop of Central Africa," albeit ordained in Westminster Abbey, preferred the advice of a colonel in the army to remain at Zanzibar rather than proceed into his diocese, and take advantage of the friendliness of the still unspoiled interior tribes to spread our faith. The Catholic missionaries lately sent from England to Maryland to convert the negroes might have obtained the advice of half-a-dozen army colonels to remain at New York or even at London. But the answer, if they have any Irish blood in them, might have been, "Take your advice and yourselves off to the Battle of Dorking. We will fight our own fight." The venerable Archbishop of Baltimore told these brethren that they would get "chills and fever," but he did not add, "When you do get the 'shivers,' then take to your heels, my hearties." When any of the missionaries at Zanzibar get "chills and fever" they have a nice pleasure trip in a man-of-war to the Scychelles Islands. The good men deserve it, of course, and no one would grudge to save their precious lives. But human nature is frail ; Zanzibar is much more unhealthy than the mainland ; and the Government, by placing men-of-war at the disposal of these brethren, though meaning to help them in their work, virtually aids them to keep out of it. Some eight years have rolled on, and good Christian people have contributed their money annually for Central Africa, and the "Central African diocese" is occupied only by the Lord of All Evil. It is with a sore heart I say it ; but recent events have shown that those who have so long been playing at being missionaries, and peeping across from the sickly island to their diocese on the mainland with telescopes, might have been turned to far better account. About 1868 there were twelve congregations of native Christians at the capital of Madagascar. These were the result of the labours of Independent missionaries for some fifty years. The Malagasse Christians showed their faith to be genuine, by enduring the utmost bitter persecution, and scores, if not hundreds, submitted to cruel public executions rather than deny the blessed Saviour. The first missionaries had to leave the island, but the converts, having the Bible in their own tongue, continued to meet and worship and increase in secret, though certain death was the penalty on discovery. A change in the Government allowed the return of the missionaries, and a personal entreaty of Queen Victoria to the successor of the old persecuting Queen of Madagascar obtained freedom of worship for the Christians, and peace and joy prevailed. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts thereafter sent some missionaries to Tamatave, which may be called the chief seaport for the capital, where many heathen lived, and the energetic Cape Bishop slyly said that they were not to interfere with churches already formed. But the good, pious men at once sent the touching cry back to London, "Let us go up to the capital." Sheer want of

charity makes me conjecture that if we had twelve native churches at Unyanyembe, or at Ujiji, on the Tanganyika, the "Bishop of Central Africa" would eight years ago have been in here like a shot, and no colonel's advice, however foolish, would have prevented him.

It is not to be supposed that the managers of the Society named felt that they were guilty of un-Christian meanness in intruding into other men's labours while tens and hundreds of millions of wholly untaught heathen were equally within their reach. These things are done from want of kind consideration. A similar instance of bad manners occurred at Honolulu a few years ago. Mr. Ellis, the venerable apostle of the Malagasse, was working at Honolulu towards the beginning of this century, when some American Presbyterian missionaries appeared, searching for a sphere of labour. Mr. Ellis at once gave up his dwelling, church, school, and printing press to them, and went to work elsewhere. The Americans have laboured most devotedly and successfully in Owyhee, as Captain Cook called it, ever since, and by them education and Christianity were diffused over the whole Sandwich group. But it lately appeared that the converted islanders wanted an Episcopalian Bishop, and a Bishop they got, who, in sheer lack of good breeding, went about Honolulu with a great paper cap on his head, ignoring his American brethren, whose success showed them to be of the true Apostolic stamp, and declaring that he, the novice, was the only Bishop—the only true Bishop, and no mistake. Of all mortal men, missionaries and missionary bishops ought manifestly to be true gentlemen ; and it makes one feel uncomfortably strange to see our dearly beloved brethren entering into their neighbours' folds, built up by the toils of half a century, and being guilty of conduct, through mere non-consideration, that has an affinity to sheep-stealing. It may seem harsh to say so; but, sitting up here in Unyanyembe, in wearisome waiting for Mr. Stanley to send men from the coast – two full months' march, or 500 miles distance—and all Central Africa behind me, the thought will rise up that the Church of England and Universities have, in intention at least, provided the Gospel for the perishing populations ; and why does it not come ? Then, again, the scene rises up of undoubtedly good men descending to draw away stray sheep from those who have borne the burden and heat of the day at Tananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, rather than preach to the Tamatave heathen, or to the thousands of Malagasse in Bembatook Bay, who, though Sakalavas, are quite as friendly and politically one with the Hovas at the seat of Government. And then the unseemly spectacle at Honolulu ! It is a proceeding of the same nature as that in Madagascar ; but each process has something in its favour. "The native Christians wanted a Bishop." Well, all who know natives understand exactly what that means. If we want to cavil, "an intelligent Zulu" soon comes to the front. I overheard an intelligent educated negro aver that the Bible was wrong because an elephant was stronger than a lion, and the Bible said,—"What is sweeter than honey ? what is stronger than a lion !" But I did not wish to attack the precious old documents, the "Scriptures of Truth," and his intelligence, such as it was, shall remain unsung. The excellent Bishops of the Church of England, who all take an interest in the "Central African Mission," will, in their kind and gracious way, make every allowance for the degeneracy of the noble effort of the Universities into a mere chaplaincy of the Zanzibar Consulate. One of them even defended a *lapsus* which no one else dared to face ; but whatever in their kind-heartedness they may say, every man of them would rejoice to hear that the Central African Mission had gone into Central Africa.

If I might address those who hold back, I should say,—Come on, brethren ; you have no idea how brave you are till you try. The real heathen who are waiting for you have many faults, but also much that you can esteem and love. The Arabs never saw mothers selling their offspring, nor have I—though one author made a broad statement to that effect as a nice setting to a nice little story about "a mother bear." He may have seen an infant sold who had the misfortune to cut its upper teeth before the under, because it was called unlucky, and likely to bring death into the family, but the general declaration from an isolated fact is like the assertion of the Frenchman who thought the English so partial to suicide, in November you might see them swinging on trees along the highways. We have had foundlings among us, but that does not mean that English mothers are no better than she-bears. If you go into other men's labours you need not tell at home who reared the converts you have secured, but you will feel awfully uncomfortable, even in heaven, till you have made abject apologies to your brethren who, like yourselves, are heavenward bound.

Let no one under-estimate the difficulties that must be encountered in beginning a mission in a new country. The belt of forest that lies round the island near the cost of Madagascar involved almost certain death to the brave pioneers who passed through to the highlands in the interior without knowing that at a certain season it might be traversed in safety. But the London Missionary Society braved it at a great loss in men and money, and the result is missionary success which men of minor pluck may well envy. We might begin with tribes

near the coast, and never suffer any hardship in the matter of European supplies, but all the tribes who have come into contact with the religions and slaving of Arabs and Portuguese feel sore towards all strangers, and life would wear out in undoing the evils and prejudices which so-called civilization has produced. This continent must be civilized from within outwards, and the missionaries who will undertake the work must possess a good deal of the Robinson Crusoe spirit. Men have felt perfectly willing to sacrifice everything —even their lives—for the sake of the Gospel before they left home, but, as in one gallant officer's case I witnessed, be tempted to despair on breaking the photograph of his wife, or feel it to he an excrutiating hardship to be without sugar for the tea. The boys who, on reading Mayne Reid's books, would like to be "castaways" have the ring of the true missionary metal. Speke was delighted with the central countries he passed through, as most inviting for Christian missions—Karagwe, for instance, with the intelligent and friendly chief Rumanyika (spelled by him Rumanika), and Buganda, by Arabs called Uganda, with a teeming and polite population, under the vain, cruel, but friendly Mtesa. This chief is the first that the Arabs have attempted to convert in Eastern Africa. Ghamees-bin-Abdullah, very good man, lately killed here, taught Mtesa to read Suaheli in Arab characters, and :pupil gave him about five hundred young slaves and an enormous amount of ivory. Ghamees was a Muscat Arab, and, like his class, was brave, honourable, and really kind-hearted. The country-born, or mainlanders, being mostly of slave mothers, have in general neither honour, honesty, nor zeal. As marauders they are energetic enough, and, like the interior Dutch Boers of South Africa, very brave, where the natives have no guns. A few slaves are operated on, taught a few prayers from the Koran in Arabic, in order to be "clean" as butchers in slaughtering animals for their masters, then dressed in long calico night-gowns and tight-fitting cotton caps. This is all the conversion that the system requires, and they become perverse liars and as unmitigated cowards as their masters. Their dress makes them all appear like great coarse women in their night-gowns. When they come near danger the first thought of master and man is who can run fastest. The gowns are all tucked up ready for flight, and, as poor Ghamees-bin-Abdullah found with his eighty armed slaves, not a single bondman stands with the master.

Before going on to give some notice of this high interior plateau, I may mention that Speke was advised by the Arabs to adopt the effeminate dress referred to; but, like the active spirited man he was, refused to change his coat. Dr. Roscher, either by advice or policy, adopted the ugly costume, and indirectly it cost him his life. With the same dress, and his head shaved like an Arab, not a native knew him to be a European. His Arab guide represented him to the Waiyau chief Mataka as a pauper dependent. We met a party of trading Arabs at the south end of Lake Nyassa, and when they went on to Mataka's they reported to Dr. Roscher that they had seen white men there. This was two months before Dr. Roscher reached the lake which we had discovered. If they knew him to be a European they did not tell Mataka for years. After that I came along the same ronte that Roscher followed. The crowds that came everywhere to look at me all declared that they had never seen a white man before. Mataka was of the same opinion; for the Arab guide, on reaching Zanzibar, was instantly ordered by the Sultan to return and bring the murderers to justice. When he told his errand to Mataka, that chief said, "Why kill any one for a poor pauper of the Arabs? He was a nobody." The Arab himself had propagated this idea, and the murderer probably thought that he might possess himself of Roscher's clothes, and no inquiry ever be made about them. Had poor Dr. Roscher gone openly as a white, the English name throughout all that country would certainly have protected him, and he might have been living still. I made many inquiries about him, and would fain have elicited some notices from people who observe white strangers with greater exactness, in order to gratify his friends, but I nearly despaired of discovering the point even at which he reached the lake. Nusseewa, the place mentioned in Colonel Rigby's despatch, as given by Dr. Roscher's Goanese servants, was totally unknown. But at last I found Nusseewa in the name of the rivulet Loséfa, which is nearly opposite Kotakota or Nkotakota, the position of which, on the western shore of the lake, is fixed. The people of Mataka cannot pronounce the letter "f." In their mouths Loséfa becomes Loséwa, the "é" as in met. The Arabs harden all names, and their tongues pronounce it Nusséwa or Russéwa, and the Goanese converted it —that is, Loséfa—into Nusseewa. The head man there was kind to his guest Roscher, and when he was killed some two days distant on his return, he received and fed the fugitive Goanese kindly, and afterwards assisted the Arab to secure the criminals to be taken to Zanzibar for punishment. I avoided Loséfa, though it was the natural crossing place to which the path from Mataka led, because the food had been burned by a party of Mataka's people a short time before. This was done without the knowledge of the chief, and of his own accord Mataka took all the cattle and prisoners, and sent them home. On seeing them, and praising the act of justice, he turned in triumph to his people, who, I suppose, had been grumbling, and said, "See, even this white approves of my decision."

The whole of this upland region, being between 3,500 and 4,000 feet above the sea, is comparatively cold. The minimum temperature here in the dry season, our winter, is from 54 deg. to 62 deg. Fahr., the maximum 74 deg.; but it does not promise entire immunity from fever. Here that takes the place of our colds and consumptions, and is not so fatal if you are not lazy or compelled to live a sedentary life. The land is undulating, having at the crests of the waves low hills covered with bushes and trees, and showing here and there rounded, outcropping masses of the light grey granite, the general rock of the country. At the bottom of the troughs of the earthen billows springs are numerous; the grass is short, and cattle thrive on it, and are abundant. Grasses, which in the hot lowlands attain a height of five or six feet, here appear only one or two feet high. Wheat and rice are successfully cultivated, and require only about three months to come to maturity. By following the Arab advice as to the proper seasons for cultivation, a missionary could soon render himself independent of foreign supplies. Coffee grows wild in Karagew, and is cultivated by the Manyuema. Sugar cane is cultivated everywhere. When laid up among the cannibals by irritable eating ulcers on the feet, I had sugar cane pounded in the common country wooden mortar, and the juice wrung out by the hands. When boiled thick, it served well as sugar, but I had no lime to correct the latent acidity, and it soon spoiled. I had onions and radishes in abundance, though that country is so hot and low-lying. The Arabs here have oranges, lemons, guavas, mangoes, pomegranates, papaws, sweetsops, onions, pumpkins, watermelons, and some begin to grow the grapevine. I believe that all European vegetables would prosper if care were taken to select the proper seasons for sowing, and the seeds were brought in brown paper parcels, hung up in the cabin of the ship, and never exposed to the direct rays of the sun, or soldered in tins or confined in boxes. All very clever contrivances for travellers' convenience ought to be shunned. In general they are heavy, burdensome trash, which any one who has learned to use his eyes and ears finds to be intolerable nuisances. The only articles essentially necessary for a missionary of the Robinson Crusoe type that strike me at present are a few light tools, a few books, clothes, soap, and shoes. I mention soap, because I have not met the plant with the ashes of which my wife made soap in the south. Four suits of strong grey tweed served me comfortably for five years, and might have worn longer, for I saw Arabs, who bought them from my people, wearing them long after I had discarded them. An energetic man who liked labour would soon surround himself with comforts at a comparatively small expense, and he would soon feel that he had expatriated himself for a noble, soul-satisfying object.

But some may say, "Why go to the heathen abroad, so long as we have so very many heathen at home?" It is only the large-hearted that go to either, and the class distinguished by large-heartedness unquestionably do much for our home population, and is the very class that do most for the heathen abroad. The question supposed to be put tacitly assumes that the heathen at home are neglected, and this is a manifestly false assumption. I can look upon the labours of all sorts of Christians for the benefit of our own people with the eye of a stranger, and the sight of the various agencies, appliances, and contrivances in constant operation for Christianising the masses, I cannot call by any less expressive epithet than marvellous. Every parish in England and Scotland is a scene of active benevolence, and the great centres of population are also the grand *foci* of active, untiring Christian charity—and in America it is much the same. To read the accounts of the Christ-like feeding the hungry on Thanksgiving Day and other days in New York made the heart well up with gratitude; and who could refrain from grateful thanks for the labours of the "United States Christian Commission," which was really the most gigantic enterprise of systematic benevolence the world ever saw. No! no! our home heathen are not neglected. On the contrary, it might be argued that far too much benevolence is expended on our own narrow circle, and far too little on the great outside world. In London, for instance, I found the artisan class in dogged enmity to all religion, and, like our coast tribes, feeling sore against all outside their own class. And, besides these, a very large number of the population never do, under any circumstances, receive the Gospel. The primitive plan seems to have recognized this as a fact of human nature, and provided that much time should not be spent on them; but the Evangelists were sent on to those that would hear and believe. The first offer was made to those who had the Old Testament in their hands, as the most likely to receive the recent facts of Christianity witnessed in Judea. Reasonable time for the Message to be understood or rejected led to the Evangelists passing on to the Gentiles. We are learning the unwisdom of sending raw recruits, under twenty years of age, to India. Would it not be well to give missionary recruits a few years of home labour to break them into their life's work abroad? From the general tenor of these remarks it will be seen that I feel obstinately inclined to "stand by the down man," be his name or colour what it may. I expect to hear, if within hearing distance, mouths still made at Willis's Rooms and Exeter Hall, because these are supposed to be meeting-places exclusively

for foreign missionary societies; but as they are used quite as much, if not more, for home than foreign associations, the not very dignified demeanour of calling names is well known to indicate intelligence under the average as to the widespread and greatly ramified operations of benevolence, which are really one of the most marked features of our times. If our religion is that of the primitive Christians, its vitality must appear in its power of perpetual and unlimited spreading.

Having now been some six years out of the world, and most of my friends having apparently determined, by their silence, to impress me with the truth of the adage "out of sight out of mind," the dark scenes of the slave trade had a most distressing and depressing influence. The power of the Prince of Darkness seemed enormous. It was only with a heavy heart I said, "Thy kingdom come." In one point of view the evils that brood over this beautiful country are insuperable. When I dropped among the Makololo and others in the central region, I saw a fair prospect of the regeneration of Africa. More could have been done in the Makololo country than was done by St. Patrick in Ireland. But I did not know that I was surrounded by the Portuguese slave-trade—a blight like a curse from Heaven, that proved a barrier to all improvement. Now I am not so hopeful. I don't know how the wrong will become right. But the Great and Loving Father of All knows, and He will do it according to His infinite wisdom. A batch of *New York Herald* newspapers of 1871 has lately made the horizon clear up a little. Commercial enterprise, it seems, is daily bringing people geographically remote into close connection. The tendency of heathenism is towards isolation. In the Manyuema country it keeps the inhabitants of one village apart from every other, except, as was the case with our remote ancestors, when they meet to fight. The head man of a hamlet of half-a-dozen houses walks unarmed round his plantations with a long staff, carrying some potent charm on each end, and rejoicing in being called "Mologhwe"—chief, or say "free and sovereign citizen"—and would be glad to see every other ruling blockhead slain. When we got a guide to conduct us through the dense dark forests that often lie between districts, he and others went on cheerily enough till within a few miles of the next human habitations, and nothing could induce them to go further, for fear, they said, of being killed and eaten. Kindly inviting us to lodge at their villages on our return, they departed homewards. Are these not vestiges of similar heathenism that linger in the passport system, in certain tariffs, and even in religious sectarian differences? Crochety Christians seem not to know that the followers of Jesus, of whatever name, are incomparably superior in morality to Moslems, Buddhists, Brahmans, or any other Pagans. Morbid zeal to appear impartial sometimes leads to the assertion that the morality of the Koran is nearly equal to that of the Gospel. It is conceded that at one time Muhamad acted as a reformer in relation to idolatry; but his orders to murder Christians are the "dead flies in the apothecary's ointment," and even the Prophet was so ashamed of the immoral injunctions that he put the blame on the Angel Gabriel, and his followers continue to do the same. We are enjoined to be humble—and without doubt there is reason for a sober estimate of ourselves; yet look at the Suez Canal, the Pacific Railroad, the railways in India and Western Asia, the Mont Cenis Tunnel, the proposed Emphrates Railway, and Canal of Panama; telegraphic lines everywhere, and steamships on every sea—all the work of Christians, and all combining to make the world one. The descendants of the Galileans are breaking down national prejudices faster than could St. Francis Xavier, or the most devoted professional missionaries. The influences brought to bear by one nation on another, though sometimes for evil, are mainly for good. The freedom of the slaves of the United States must tell towards the deliverance of three millions of bondmen in Brazil, and something must result of good to this trodden-down, scattered, and peeled Africa, so that it shall not always remain the waste place of the world. I look towards benevolent statesmen and the public press as more likely to stop this East Coast slave trade than any other agency. Statesmen have for many years appeared to me as missionaries of the first water. Formerly I took them to be what some still consider them, as anxious only for place and power—gentlemen, perhaps, but not over-scrupulous as to the means employed to gain their own selfish ends. I forbear mentioning the names of the living, but circumstances led to a more accurate knowledge of several—the good Lord Palmerston, for instance, who gave me a widely different impression. For fourteen years he laboured unwearedly at what was really doing good on the large scale—the suppression of the slave trade on the West Coast of Africa. This climate has deprived me completely of all taste for politics, so I think I can give an unbiassed opinion that the great English statesmen of my time at least have followed as their chief aim the doing good on the large scale. Their unwearied toil and apparently sincere desire to do only what was right inspired me with profound respect, and I shall revere Lord Palmerston, Clarendon, and President Lincoln for their goodness as long as I live. The work of the Joint High Commission shows that America has statesmen of the same noble character. Let our race continue to

pursue the wise Christian course now so fairly begun, and let the low cunning, the smartness to hoodwink each other in which old diplomatists gloried, go to the dogs.

It is refreshing to hear of the Royal honours showered down on Mr. Seward in recognition of his great work in connection with Mr. Lincoln. Dare we call to remembrance that when English statesmen laboured hard for the suppression of the slave trade on the West Coast of Africa they were often sorely thwarted by Southern pro-slavery men in possession of your Government. The Western slave trade is happily finished, and now that you have got rid of the incubus of slavery it is confidently hoped that the present holders of office will aid in suppressing the infamous breaches of the common law of mankind that still annually darken this Eastern coast. If the Khedive, with his Lieutenant Baker, stops the Nile slave trade, he will have fairly earned the title of a benefactor of humanity. All I can add in my loneliness is,—May Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world !

Volksliederen.

Alie Brand.

Sung to the Tune of " Gaily the Troubadour."

Ach mij lieve Alie Brand, de liefste van mijn hart,
Laat ons onze schaapjes op een klompje maak,
Geê mij permissie, mijn liefste Alie Brand,
Om morre naar die dorp te rij, en haal die predikant.

Mijn vader en mijn moeder is alle bei al oud,
En als hul kom te sterven, dan erf ik banja goud,
Een plaats zal ik dan koope, en ook zoo banja vee,
Daarom mijn liefste Alie, zeg mij toch niet nee !

Pluimvee en blomtuin, alles kan jij krij,
Koeijen om te melken, perde om te rij,
Koffie en koekies voor die tantes en die ooms,
En daarom nog geld genoeg voor die dochters en die zoons.

Als gij zeh nee, dan weet ik wat ik doet,
Ik neem een lange riem, en hang mij aan een boom,
Want zonder mijne Alie, wat maak ik met mijn nek,
Want zonder mijne Alie ! dan wil ik lievers vrek.

Smithfield's Jay.

Onlangs komt er van Smithfield hier
Een zwarte jonkman van pleisier,
Om te zien of hier of daar
Naar zijn zin een jufvrouw waar.

Maar o neen, hij vond er geen,
Onder velen slechts maar een,
Die alleen was naar zijn zin
Daar vond hij behagen in.

" Jufvrouw, nu ik kom om u,
Zeg mij wat is u mening nu ?
Wilt gij wezen nu de mijn,
Zoo zal ik de uwe zijn.

Ik ben voor u een mooi portuur,
En zeer deftig van postuur ;
Ik ben toch ook de blankste niet,
Maar wel eens gelijk gij ziet.

Kijk gij naar mijn zwarte haar,
Dit is zoo fijn als kabel gaar ;
En een neus zoo als gij ziet,
Is in de heele wereld niet.

Mijn baatje naar de nieuwste smaak,
Is niet zonder een kunst gemaakt ;
Mijn broek zou niet zoo netjes staan,
Was daar niet een puntlijf aan.

Zit ik op mijn schimmel paard,
Ben ik de grootste man op aard;
Kijk ik naar mijn schaduw aan,
Groet ik geen gemeene man.

Een schimmel paard en zwarte kop,
Een jongman van pleisier daarop,
Jufvrouw nu wat zegt gij dan,
Ben ik ook geen gentleman ?"

" Smithfields Aap, de beste raad
Is voor jou dat jij maar gaat,
Trek maar naar jou vaders huis,
En doet voor mij de groetenis t'huis.

Jonkmans van stad Bloemfontein,
Komt gij allen groot en klein,
Keer hem hier al in de hoek
En jaag hem uit zijn puntlijf broek.

Want ik vind er geen pleisier
In zoo een soort sambalbroek hier,
Rol nou maar jou veltjes op
En trek jou kousjes over jou kop."

Smithfields jonkman van pleisier
Kwam dan ook niet toen weer hier,
Want hij kreeg van die slechts maar een
Een regte leelijke blaauwe scheen.

Kerels luister nou naar mij,
Als julle uitrij om te vrij,
Wees dan toch nie al te keurig,
Anders rij julle huistoe treurig.

En jonkmans leer toch nu dit les,
Kies julle altijd vijf of zes,
Want geef vijf julle blaauwe scheen,
Dan isdaar nog de zesde een.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

At Sea; or, the Story of a Voyage.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Off Plymouth, 25th July.

For the first time in my life, I make an entry in a diary. Why I should take up so commonplace a practice after nearly thirty years' abstinence it is not easy to say. I have no particular reason to start journal-writing now that I know of. Diaries have always seemed to me a waste of time and paper, becoming only flighty youths or sentimental maidens. My hard boyhood gave little scope for flights of any sort, nor have my later years acquainted me with the ways of girls. Still, without any apparent cause save the impulse of the moment, my spirit moves me to spoil these pages—so fair and white, it seems a shame to mar their purity by such dull outcomings as my poor life is likely to produce.

Such a life as it has been—so grey, pallid, cheerless—not dark or stormy, but simply blank and depressing. Since my mother—a widow—died, twenty years back, and left me, a solitary orphan, to the tender mercies of relatives as indifferent as they were distant, how little warmth has my being known! Just rich enough to be free from any care about the morrow, but not rich enough to buy friends, position, or any of those excitements which great wealth or high rank can command, I have led a life of listless, but deadening respectability. If a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, I am sure that a little money is a baneful thing. What has mine done for me? Given me ease, the power to please any selfish instincts that might move me, a repose of mind that has well-nigh crushed all vital force out of my nature; but as to any real joy, fervent passion, or active interest, such as I read of in books, and see present in the experiences of other men, I am as unknowing as the figure-head of this vessel.

A noble vessel she is, too. I can speak confidently on that point. Two voyages round the world have taught me somewhat of the art and mystery of shipcraft. I have been a rover for years, and may continue so seemingly until that last long journey to an unknown

haven lying before all men. Only one of the five great continents remains unvisited. Having seen all I cared to see in America, Australia, and India, I now set my face towards South Africa. No special business takes me there. I have never known such business in fact: better for me, perhaps, if I had. A freak moves me to go to the Cape, and I go. Not that I can hope to find much that might amuse or absorb me in that land of bad wine and slothful Boers; but, at any rate, it will be something new, and the voyage is a fine one. That, perhaps, is the motive which leads me there. The sea is my best friend. In my loveless life it has been my truest solace. Its mystic depths and fitful shades, its changing moods, its solemn breadths, its mystic tones, have kept me in love with life. Perhaps few men are less Byronic than I am. In so far as I have had to do with it, I have found the world a very good world, and the people in it a very good set of people. It is my misfortune that I have been shut out from the inner depths and warmer relationships of life,—not the world's fault. Yet, little as I can enter into the Childe Harold temperament, and much as I dislike his way of looking at things, the enthusiasm which stirred Byron when he wrote about the sea, to my mind shows the true nature of the man.

We left Southampton at noon yesterday. How lovely looked the wayside flowers as I sped down from London! Shall I ever look again upon those homely English favourites? I have seen the blazing prairies of America, the heavy scented forests of Australia, the gorgeous jungle growths of the Himalaya, but they all lack the freshness and beauty of our British field-flowers. People who have never crossed the seas talk grandly of the brilliant tropical colouring, but the other day I saw a meadow in Kent brighter than anything I have seen abroad. Two of my fellow-passengers were in the same carriage, a fair girl with dark eyes and a lithesome figure, and a feeble looking lad of about twenty—her brother, seemingly. They are colonial, I think, and have probably been home for their schooling. It is a way with me to speculate about the people I travel with, and, having no folks of my own to think about, to weave fancies regarding the affairs of those about me. At the station they got into difficulties, the young fellow being exhausted with the journey, and his sister being unused to travel. It was rather pleasant to get her smile of thanks for doing what to an idle man was really an agreeable occupation. What an odd and happy feeling it must be to have some one to look after and care for!

I scarcely know who our other passengers are, but they are not many. One, who sat next to me at dinner, seems to be a bachelor like myself, only a little more elderly. My young friends are, I find, called Stamford, and go on to East London, wherever that coasting port may be. Their father, so the captain tells me, is a retired military officer, settled in British Kaffraria, and these are his two youngest children. The boy, poor fellow, is consumptive, and will need much nursing. He is happy to have so fond and fair a

nurse. They seem to bear a friendly feeling towards me, and we talked on deck last night almost until dusk fell. The waters of the Channel were like glass; jelly-fish, larger than I thought haunted these northern coasts, floated past the ship, the horizon was crowded with near and distant ships, and the setting sun cast a rare glory over the molten plane. It was a bit of the tropics brought home. The two young things near me, used most of their lives to a warmer sun and a brighter sea than we know in England, hailed these conditions of the weather as a foretaste of their African climate and surroundings.

This morning we paused for an hour or two at Plymouth to take in the mails. What destinies lay hidden in those roughly handled bags! The Stamfords congratulated each other on being their own letters this mail. They looked both pained and surprised when I told them the extent and value of my correspondence, and said I had not had a dozen letters in my life, which made me either much happier or the reverse. They evidently could not understand such a state of things. Life to them seems to be made up of family relationships and feelings. Mine consists almost wholly in impressions and recollections of outer scenes and objects. Of course, I have friends; but a roving man forms few close ties, and mine have their own domestic concerns to engross them.

A more amusing study I have not had for some time than was presented by the captain's pet bull-dog, Toby, for at least an hour before the parting gun was fired. This ugly, but intelligent hound knows by long and, to him, sad experience, that before land is fairly left behind, the one horror of his life must be encountered. The gun is the spectre of his being. Having assured himself by a cautious sniff at the muzzle that the dire piece was loaded, Toby remained in an agony of fright until the catastrophe was over. Shaking like an aspen, he took refuge behind the skirts of one or other of the lady passengers, peeping timidly out at times to see how preparations were proceeding, with the most abject expression of misery upon his face that I have ever seen a dog's visage wear. When the quarter-master approached with the heated iron, Toby's terror reached its climax. After rushing wildly round the deck in quest of a safe hiding-place, he at last buried his head in the ample folds of a lady's dress, and lay there quaking until, with an awful spasm on his part, the report took place.

Outside Plymouth we passed the homeward steamer from the Cape, just coming in. Her weather-beaten, stained, and rusty hull, high out of the water, offered a strange contrast to our freshly-painted, well-trimmed vessel; but her decks were crowded with passengers, eager to reach land. The Stamfords looked lovingly upon these sea-worn faces as upon old friends. How delightful it must be to have associations which breed such interest in one's kind! Looking back over my life as I leave England for the third time, it seems more barren and wasted and selfish than ever.

I have a light to myself in my cabin, and can thus manage to have an hour's less darkness than the other passengers. I take advantage of this privilege to add a few lines to this journal, towards which I already have a kindly feeling. We have just sighted the lights of Ushant, flashing bravely over the still waters. If these lamps could tell the tales of all that have eagerly gazed upon them, what a history it would be! I have been playing the cavalier to-night. Robert Stamford not being strong enough to walk the deck (the sea does not seem to suit the poor fellow), I offered my arm to his sister, who was stoutly striving to keep off the enemy. Not being a lady's man, I seldom obtrude my services in this way, but these young people are at once so simple, trustful, and unbefriended, that I felt obliged to resist my shyness, and make myself as agreeable as so unaccustomed a person could do. There is no mock modesty about Miss Stamford, and she frankly enough took my arm. Will this have to be a regular custom during the voyage? The idea rather disturbs me, as my after-dinner hour has usually been devoted to a cigar. The moon has just risen, and its broad shaft of yellow light lies like a golden glare across the shimmering sea. Half an hour hence all will be still in the big ship save the busy engine as it drives us helpless dreamers towards the far south.

In the Bay of Biscay, 27th July.

Scarcely ruffled by the gentlest of breezes, the waters of this dreaded bay spread peacefully all round. The inky aspect of the sea here must surely have had to do with the bad repute of the locality. In many parts the ocean is so blue, clear, and loveable that one feels as if death in its depths would be no such terrible fate; but here the black, murky complexion of the waters makes one instinctively shrink from its embraces. It must have been about here that the *London* went down. How strange and sad to think that we may be passing over the spot where all those brave hearts were engulfed! Were it not that all the ocean traffic of Great Britain and north Europe must through the winter months beat across this Bay to the southward, in the teeth of strong contrary gales, the Bay of Biscay would be a name of less dire import than it is. We, at any rate, are having the finest weather and the smoothest sea.

This morning we have had the Church Service read by the captain in the saloon. To me there is something most affecting in this ceremonial when performed at sea, and especially when it takes place on deck. One of my favourite passages from that great and good writer, Mr. Thackeray, is the sentence where he describes a service at sea, with God's blue sky overhead, and God's broad sea below. To-day the effect was marred by the prosaic surroundings of the saloon, but the vignette-glimpses of sea and sky through the open ports told where we were. I sat next Miss Stamford and shared her book. She offered it to me, and though I never did such a thing in my life, I could not refuse. It was a new sensation to join in

those solemn prayers and those sweet Syrian songs with a young and fair woman. Not since I sat by my mother's side in the old pew of the village church can I call to mind having worshipped thus. I am by no means a devout character, and rather remiss in my discharge of church-going duties, but I confess that, listening to those soft, yet earnest tones, I felt a better man. When we were on deck afterwards, I asked her whether she intended to teach the natives after her arrival. With an amused little laugh, she looked up and said—

"No, I have something better to do."

"But, surely, the noble savage's improvement is the best work you can have?"

"They think so in Exeter Hall, I know; but we who live among the natives think they often lose more than they gain in nobleness by what they learn."

"What an awful disclosure! How do you explain it?"

"Merely because they are not ripe yet for so much knowledge. The next generation may do better—at least, papa says so. But you must discuss the matter with my brother?"

"But, if I may ask you, what is the better work you have to do?"

The dark eyes looked thoughtfully out to sea before their owner gave me this brief outline of a colonial girl's daily life:—

"Oh, we have plenty to do in the colonies. There are the young ones to teach, and they'll do me more credit than all the intelligent natives in Kafirland; and there are dresses to make; and there are books to read; and gardening to do; and calls to pay; and rides to take; and cooking to do sometimes, when people come; and—and all kinds of other work to do."

"You must have found English life rather dull after all this?"

"Well, after the novelty was over, it did get rather slow. Brick houses are not like green hills, and though English hedgerows are pretty, they can't compare with our great forests. And then boarding-school, you know, isn't much better than a fashionable gaol, where the turnkeys wear silk petticoats, and the female boarders talk in French. How delightful it is to get away from them all, and return to one's kith and kin!"

And thus this frank, unaffected girl is letting me into a knowledge of a world whose affairs have been a sealed book to me so far; is telling me of ideas, duties, desires, and affections that are all so foreign to this graceless life of mine, that I feel like a human fossil while she speaks, and must, in her eyes, seem a very outcast from the species. Only three days have I spent in her society, and yet I seem to know her better than I do women whose acquaintanceship I have casually had for years.

Can it be that, after so many years of freedon from the thrall, I am in my mature manhood going to be guilty of the folly of youth? Forbid it, ye fates! My nature is too tough to yield so easily. And yet, why not? The future, under any circumstances, cannot be more

dreary than the past. True, its shades might be denser and darker, but would not that be preferable to a depressing monotone? Contrast is the secret of joy as well as of beauty.

Off Madeira, 1st August.

A day of keen and perfect delight. I did not think my dull nature was capable of such enjoyment. For the first time in my life, I can enter into the spirit of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," a poem, which in its rhythmic beauty, but baffling sense, has mocked me many a time. Alas! I lacked the key whereby I might unlock the secrets of the poet's heart, and in my later years only are "the glory and the dream" of humanity coming to me.

Most of us rose with the dawn, for we wanted to lose no glimpse of this fairest of islands. The stars were thick and bright above us; and the dark circle of the sea was still. A yellow flush in the east soon spread and deepened, and let a shadowy light in upon the darkness which brooded over the ocean. The black-peaked outline of Porto Santo grew out of the night astern, and the ragged mass of the Desertas stood blackly out against the daybreak. Fleecy clouds crept around the heights of Madeira as we drew nigh, but about ten minutes before sunrise these sank, and the mountain-points caught, long ere we did, the glow of the coming orb. Softly, though swiftly, this glow stole downward, as the sun rose, leaving deep gorges in shadow, but casting quite a glory on the vapour-clad summits, and the verdant slopes.

I am as fond of natural beauties as most men perhaps, having so little else to be fond of; I may fairly say, fonder than many; but I have never seen the gracious aspects of this world call forth such true and bright enthusiasm as that which lit up the faces and thrilled the voices of my pair of friends: a cold and false word, that, as applied to one of them at least, and, if I mistake not, she knows it.

They stood side by side, sister and brother, in my eyes the fairest features in the picture. He, poor fellow, seemed too much in keeping with the fleeting and changeful conditions of the scene. His brave young spirit fights stoutly with the disease that is surely carrying him fast to his grave. We all see it, except himself and his sister. She strongly hopes that the warmth of a milder climate will work wonders; but the cough which shakes his slender form, the damps that break out upon his brow, and the weakness which often arrests his footsteps, belie the hopefulness of his words, and the quick gleam of his brown eyes.

"Gordon," he said to me, "I think when my fortune's made, that I shall come and settle at Madeira."

"With me to keep house for you, Bob," put in the sister, with a laughing glance at her brother, followed by a passing shade, as though some unshaped thought had crossed her mind.

"You'll be keeping house for some one else by that time," the lad said, with what seemed to me meaning emphasis. The whole

scene seemed at once to get greyer in my eyes. Never before had the idea occurred to me that this girl, so maidenly and simple in all her words and ways, might nevertheless stand towards some one in a relation other and warmer than that of daughter or sister. Her merry laugh at the remark might have reassured me, and in part did so, but the doubt remained.

I strive no longer to hide from myself the fact that I have fallen into what a passenger calls "the noose," but what I feel to be a higher and a better state of being. At last I have met my "affinity." There is a true thought in that phrase, laugh at it as we may. My life seems all at once to have come to its completion—its finish—its crowning grace—in the person, and in all the soft and sweet influences, of this young and trustful creature. After all these years of deadness, to live, and to live by loving! The sensation is yet so strange that I can hardly realize it.

Our ship swiftly steamed up to the island, which, as we neared it, became a perfect revelation of colour. Summer tints still clothed the gardens, the orchards, and the fields. The varying shades of green, from the pale yellow of the cane-fields to the dark hues of the fir plantations, covering the upper heights; the purple blaze of the Beaugainvilliers, resting in blotches upon the lower slopes everywhere; the white bloom of the magnolia vying with the emerald brightness of the oak and sycamore trees; the grey of the basalt, and the red of the iron-stained rocks, all framed in by the sapphire of the limpid sea, and mottled by the butterfly tints of Funchal, formed altogether a dazzling vision. Then, too, stealing slowly under sail to the anchorage were the five stately ships of the flying squadron, whose white wings rose like swans above the water; while at anchor were the huge hulls of the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince*.

We were not long in getting ashore, as soon as the sleepy Portuguese officials, dosing under the little awnings of their boats, had granted us pratique. We were a lively party, and took Funchal, which is an Italian town under tropical conditions, by storm. After a cool breakfast at Miller's Hotel, and a stroll through the luxuriant garden of that excellent inn, we got into curtained-in sledges and were pulled painfully up to Mount Church, by oxen. We had a merrier time than the poor beasts, who had to drag us up a narrow winding road, paved with hard stones laid edgeways, and rising at a terribly steep incline. Dogs barked at us from the tops of walls overhung with the loveliest flowers; beggars surrounded us like bees; the drivers shrieked fiendishly at the labouring bullocks; tall olive-faced young priests strode proudly past us; through open gates we caught delicious glimpses of gay gardens, and fine scenery, and soft sward, and coolly shaded houses: at one small shanty we stopped and drank deeply of new and fruity wine, of a quality by no means to be despised, and after a pull upward of two hours and a half, we found ourselves at the Mountain Church of Santa Maria.

Of the view from this point I shall say nothing, for one might

write long without doing common justice to the rare beauties of Madeira. All that is fairest in land and sea and sky seemed stretched out for our gratification. So said Annie Stamford after a long enraptured gaze, from the top of the little church tower. As she stood, with eyes moistened by a devout ecstasy, and her little hands clasped in mute delight, she looked like some sweet saint who yet kept the warmth of her womanliness.

What a flight back we had. You return in basket sledges which descend after once being pushed, by their own momentum. They are guided by men holding ropes fastened behind, and rush down at birdlike speed. I joined the Stamfords in one that held three, and away we went, at an almost breathless rate, shaving corners and darting round turnings in a way that might have been alarming had it not been so exciting. Young Stamford grew so eager with the exhilaration of the moment that he called out to the guides to go faster and faster, and so we sped along in a break-neck fashion until, when near the bottom, a scream from the sister made me stop the sledge. "My brother," was all she could say. The boy had fainted.

Taking him into a cottage close by, we soon restored him. Happily, I had about with me the unfailing companion of my travels—a pocket flask, the contents of which proved as efficacious on this as they had done on so many other occasions. He was soon able to get into another bullock sledge, and insisted on our completing the day's programme by going to another of the lions of Madeira—the Villa Davis. Thither we went.

I could see, as we passed along the narrow streets, with their solid, clearly-painted houses, and walls laden with trellised vines, that this little incident had affected both the Stamfords more than they cared to show. Has it given one or both of them a glimmering of the solemn truth seen already by the rest of us? I cannot say; but there was an added tenderness in the sister's manner towards her brother, and a deeper fondness in her eye than I had noticed before.

What a floral paradise the Villa is? Several of us had seen some of the fairest retreats in Europe and the East, but we had never seen a spot where the wealth of flowers was more lavishly displayed. Flowers from all parts of the world seemed to be blooming there together. The ground was heaped with them; the air was filled with their fragrance. Roses, carnations, and pansies of every kind and colour, were surrounded by fuchsias, magnolias, passion-flowers, and a host of other gay and heavy-scented tropical exotics. Everywhere rose huge masses of the purple Beaugainvilliers—of all flowers the most brilliant.

We wandered through the spacious saloons of the dwelling-house, distinguished not long ago by the sojourn in it of the Empress of Austria. It is all that a residence in a warm climate should be. A wide verandah shades the lower windows. From the upper floor you look out over the shimmering sea. We peeped into the billiard-room, a fairylike parlour in the garden. We sat in the open summer-house,

built on the brink of a high cliff, at whose feet lay the transparent waters along an all but beachless shore. In front rose darkly the castle-crowned rock which guards the town. The black forms of the two ironclads reposed calmly on the deep. On the other side, through the clustering creepers, we caught glimpses of the town, with its yellow houses and bell-towers, and of the steep hills behind. Beyond and round all spread the sunlit ocean, bearing on its burnished bosom the graceful outlines of the men-of-war.

Before we left this place of enchantment—and we all felt it to be such—Annie Stamford plucked a flower and gave it to her brother.

"Nay, Annie, you ought to give it to the knight of the pocket pistol for rescuing me to-day."

"I'll give him another and a rarer," and, with a bright smile, she gathered a camellia, and handed it to me.

"You should put it in Mr. Gordon's button-hole, Annie," said the romantic youth, "as the Queen does with the cross of honour."

With a blush, she at once assented, and fastened the flower in its place. Shall I ever forget that moment—that bending head so near my own, that tender hand upon my breast, that gracious presence so close to mine? I trembled as she stood there, under the sudden strength of my new-born passion. Wild words were on my lips, but I happily restrained them, although, for the life of me, I could not forbear squeezing her hand, and whispering in her ear, "I shall keep it for ever."

She started, looked into my face, and, with a rosier cheek, went to her brother. That my voice, low as it was, told a tale, is more than possible, as I felt that I could have knelt down and worshipped her.

I may be a fool to write thus. A vulgar saying tells us that there are no fools like old ones. Be it so. This being the first foolishness of the kind that my life has known, it may perchance be all the deeper. I intend to enjoy the folly now that it has come to me, and to make the most of my tardily acquired experience.

Her flower lies before me—pure and fragrant bud, so like herself—my best possession. Were I never to see its giver again, I should bless her memory for having let some light into my lonely life.

16° *N. Lat.*, 19° *W. Long.* 6*th August.*

It is getting too hot to write much or to do ought requiring the least exertion, but I must make a note or two. Although we are in the north-east trade-winds, they do not help us much, being unusually light; still the vessel, under all plain sail, works ahead bravely. The green water tells us we are in soundings, and there is a peculiar tinge in the sea, which is due to excessive saltness caused by extreme evaporation. But all this can be found in "Maury," and need not be detailed here. We owe the intensity of heat to the fact that the trade-wind comes to us from the great African Desert, and the air often seems hot enough to blast one like a simoom. Flying-fish begin to appear. *Apropos* of them, a sad joke was played off upon a

passenger this morning. He is one of the very few that are original enough to be worth notice. His name is Wilcox, and he seems not far from fifty. I feel a special interest in him inasmuch as he has confided to Annie Stamford that he has come abroad to seek distraction from the memory of a disappointed love. Though clever, he is eccentric, talks much to himself, is irrepressibly fidgetty, and is an ardent student of the sea. But what impresses me most is his honest and undisguised attachment to the pleasures of the table. Meal-time is so thoroughly a matter of the gravest import to him that he affects no denial of the fact; and this weakness, if appreciation of the good things of life merit the name, is by this time known to most of the passengers. The smallest marine phenomenon or novelty gives him amazing pleasure. Two days ago the first flying-fish flew on board, and, being cooked, was brought to breakfast. Wilcox, who thus found one of the longings of his life within reach, was so carried away by the excitement of the moment, that he took possession of the whole fish, and speedily consumed it, much to the indignation of several of the passengers, who have no leaning towards eccentricity. This morning the steward asked Mr. Wilcox, who was already doing justice to a piled-up plate before him, if he would have any flying-fish.

"Of course, I will," eagerly responded Wilcox, who regards this graceful little fish as a high delicacy, and who at once proceeded with redoubled zest to clear away the vast supplies already in hand.

In a minute or two the steward returned, bearing on a plate what everybody else saw at once was an uncooked red-herring, with the head of a flying-fish and six wings cunningly attached.

"Put it down," said Wilcox, glancing fondly at it, and then returning to his plate. "Six wings, too! most extraordinary—quite a prize;" for, with all his learning, the man is in many things as simple as a child.

The plate was at last cleared and removed, and the precious fish lay magnificently, with its six wings erect, before him. We were all inwardly convulsed. Wilcox tenderly removed the head, and placed the wings carefully on one side as contributions to some museum in South Wales, from whence he came. He then began to dissect the fragrant and untempting fish. He cut and cut again, looked closer, sniffed slightly, and then with a crimson face and a flush of scorn, called out, "Steward, take this coarse thing away." Little as we might approve of the joke, we found it impossible to keep from laughing. Even the captain was hard put to it, and hid his merriment by pretending to inspect the fish. At last Wilcox, in tones of extreme contempt, discharged these words—

"A joke so witless is unworthy of remark."

And I am not sure that he had not the best of it.

After leaving Madeira we passed under Teneriffe. The great white cone rose grandly above us, and glowed bright in the evening gloom long after sunset. On the northern side the mountain rises

at one sweep to an unbroken height of 12,000 feet from the water's edge. On the other side it sends great buttresses and cliffs into the sea. Other islands lay about, but the noble old mountain made them insignificant.

Since Madeira, there has been something in Annie Stamford's manner which hints at a change. She is less frank and familiar than before, and I sometimes catch her eye glancing towards me with a curious expression. Her brother, on the other hand, is friendlier than ever. He bears the heat badly, and on his account I hope we may have a cool passage through the tropics, though at this time of the year such luck is not to be expected. In addition to his chronic ailments, illness of another kind has attacked him, and the poor lad is getting sadly weak. For his own sake, to say naught of other reasons, I feel a more than common regard for him. If I mistake not, he has a noble nature—genial, loving, and unselfish,—and I know that his mind is far beyond his years. It is pitiful to hear him indulging in his youthful dreams of great literary work to be done, for he has set his heart on being an author. South Africa, that dim and distant land of which we in England know so little, is to give him inspiration, and to be made famous through the efforts of his pen. That he would do this, had he strength, I verily believe, but his shadowy figure, and that fatal cough, seem to mock his honest young ambition.

6° *N. Lat.*, 12° *W. Long.* 10*th August.*

To-day has been memorable for a tornado. That peculiar variety of white squall is common off this part of the African Coast, and the one we had this morning was a fair type of its kind. Latterly the weather has been cloudy and capricious. Early in the forenoon the eastern horizon was darkened by leaden clouds and by driving rain-storms. These neared and darkened after breakfast, and the wind began to blow rather fresh and boisterously. We thought that we were to escape the worst of the storm, and that it would not be so bad after all; and the irrepressible Wilcox was expressing his disappointment with this, his first experience of tropical squalls, when suddenly, all at once the clouds, black enough before, became quite funereal, and with an awful roar the wind leapt into fury and blew as if it were bent upon blowing us bodily into the deepest depths of the now seething sea. Away went two of the sails, blown from their bolts, and flapping in the hurricane with a noise like the discharge of cannon. Down came the rain like Niagara. Officers shouting, men rushing about, and hanging on to swaying yard-arms, ropes clattering, and the boatswain's whistle shrilly piercing through it all, added to the din. The passengers crowded around the poop doors, and gazed out eagerly, a few being in an ecstasy of fright. One good lady had been beguiling the morning by relating for the tenth time the story of her experiences a year ago, in a small boat upon the open sea, after leaving a burnt and abandoned ship. This

cheering narrative made the present tumult all the more dreadful to the weak minds of those who heard it. Wilcox was in a wild frenzy of delight. His highest wish was now being gratified, and it was all we could do to hold him back from a drenching exposure on deck. However, it soon flew over. The vessel stood up nobly to the tempest, and rushed through the seething waves at an awful rate. After five minutes the blast ceased, and left us in the enjoyment of what sailors call a boiling sea, in which a ship rolls and pitches all ways. As soon as the rain fell off, Wilcox went on deck, but speedily returned in a state of hot excitement; his eager eyes starting, his grizzled locks all dark and tangled by the wind.

"Look here," he said, in tremulous accents. "What are these? I picked them up on the deck just now, and I'll swear they were not there before the storm."

They were small waterworn pebbles, and where they could have come from we could not make out. He, however, had his theory concerning them at once.

"I know what they are. It can't be otherwise. Maury speaks of dust showers from the Coast of Africa, falling upon vessels hundreds of miles from shore. They were either brought by the tornado from the African Coast, or are meteorolites that have fallen from the clouds. They are clearly of igneous origin."

And in this belief we have left him, not, in fact being able to explain exactly where the stones have come from. He has been in search of more ever since, and intends, he says, to present several to certain Welsh Museums, as extraordinary marine phenomena. He has likewise endowed me with three, as a mark of his high favour.

Annie Stamford is evidently getting anxious about her brother. She asks me, wistfully, now and then, if I don't think he is getting stronger, and I do my best to answer cheerfully. To bring a smile upon that paling cheek, or give a throb of gladness to that tender heart, I would tell white lies by the score, but it is hard work to do so in this case. Ah, me; whose face was ever saddened by any ailments of mine!

The heat is awful at times. Even strong men look prostrated. As for young Stamford, he is fast losing all strength.

On the Line, 12*th August.*

For the third time in my life, I have passed out of the northern world. This is always to me a somewhat affecting occasion. On crossing the Line one seems to leave behind home, age, turmoil; all that one most reverences; all the fuss and fever of civilization; and to glide into a region of greater quiet, brightness, and peace. Somehow the sky to me seems softer, the sea bluer, on the south than the north side of the equator. Life seems dreamier and more lazy; men seem to drift on more calmly down the stream of their existence.

Strange to say, Robert Stamford during the last day or two has much improved. The heat has been less, his new disorder has

subsided, and he really looks as though he might outlive the voyage—a chance I thought very doubtful a week ago, although even to myself I did not whisper this distrust. Four days back, when he was very bad, his own heart, hopeful though it be, quite failed him. One of Wilcox's hobbies is a mania for watching sunsets. Like many others, he has read much of the glory of tropical sunsets, and, like others, he has been disappointed with the reality. Night after night he has left the dinner table prematurely in order to watch for some gorgeous effect of cloudland. Little else but quick submersions of a scarlet sun behind a cloudless sea-line have rewarded him. Once or twice wisps of vapour have caught a passing glow and streamed roseate in the darkening sky, but these fugitive glimpses have been rare. We must go to colder regions for rich atmospheric colouring. Cold and frost paint the skies with warmer pigments and with more lingering lights than do the swift sunbeams of these latitudes. The evenings are not the less charming, although our æsthetic longings are not gratified. It is pleasant, leaning side by side, over the poop rail, to watch the darkness pass over the solemn circle of the sea, and the foam of the ship's track beginning to gleam and sparkle with its mystic phosphorescent lights; or, looking up, to see the stars coming quickly out of their daylit depths, and read the strange star-lore of the southern world. To the Stamfords these new lights are old home friends, and they greeted the Southern Cross with a burst of enthusiastic recognition.

One evening we had been gazing at the setting moon, now in its first quarter. The sky was exceedingly clear, and as the pale crescent sank behind the horizon, it sent a flash of golden light almost to our feet. Young Stamford, who was lying on the poop-grating, with his head propped up, looked sadly at the passing gleam, and then with a sigh of unutterable regret, murmured

> "Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
> Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

And well I knew that in these words he hinted at his relinquishment of all these bright boyish dreams—these manly aspirations after a useful and honourable life that had beguiled his youth and cheered his studies. At that time the words saddened me, but I begin to think that his young constitution may triumph after all.

Off Ascension, 16th August.

Alas! and alas! for the vanity of our human preachments! My last words were all hopeful; my present must be ——. But let me go back, though in truth I have no heart for writing or for work of any sort. We reached Ascension during the night of the 14th. On getting up at an early hour, there lay what must be, I think, the most barren spot on the earth's surface—a red, burnt, cinderous mass, with a grey peaked mountain in the middle, and ragged skirts of bleached spectral rocks worn by the elements into fantastic shapes. Not a

green shade visible anywhere—no trace of verdure—the only signs of life being the yellow buildings near the port. The remains of the *Bremensis*, a wrecked American ship, lay off the shore at one end of the island. Near us two or three vessels of war were at anchor, and in the stern ports of one of them a few carefully tended plants in pots refreshed the eye.

After breakfast most of the passengers agreed to go ashore. Robert Stamford (with all reverence I write the name) was among the most eager to go. His health had so much improved that we did not like to stay him, although I shall unceasingly reproach myself for being so weak as to allow his boyish importunity to outsway my own persuasions—I, too, with my thirty years' experience of life, and all my knocking about the world!

It is always hot at Ascension, nor can it be otherwise when the whole island is a natural radiator. There is not much to see, although the buildings are solid enough, built out of basaltic rock, and shaded by vast verandahs. One weakly little shrub railed in, and sedulously tended, the only green thing visible out of doors, looked quite pathetic. The throng of lean figures in long flannel gowns, panting under the hospital portico, told a sad tale. All the ladies, Miss Stamford amongst the number, went into the only shop permitted to be kept on the island, where articles of every kind are vended. The party found this place so interesting, and the cooling drinks to be got there so refreshing, that at least an hour was spent before it occurred to any of us to inquire about the movements of the rest. As they were not to be seen, we concluded that they had gone to the turtle ponds, or were being entertained at the hospitable quarters of the officers. Annie Stamford looked anxious about her brother who was with them, but we concluded that all must be right. After another half-hour's delay, we determined to go in search of the absentees and see what they were after. Our first visit was to the ponds, but six lazy and gigantic turtles were all we saw there. On going to the mess-room we found that several young fellows, Robert amongst them, had started to walk to a place known locally as Wide-awake Fair, where hosts of birds have bred and lived as long as the oldest inhabitant could remember.

The rashness of such a journey, three miles over stony and roadless ground, caused us great uneasiness. Annie said she was sure it would be too much for her brother, and wanted to walk after him, but we kept her back, and I proposed to start in her place. I had not walked twenty yards, however, when the party slowly returned. Two of them supported young Stamford between them. He looked pale and deathly, and, on reaching the store, would have fallen had his sister and myself not caught him. In the midst of his faint he tried to speak, but a red stream trickling from his mouth stopped him.

Annie hung over him distractedly. "He is dying," she piteously wailed, "and I let him go." The last words showed where this new

grief stung her sharpest. She was her brother's keeper, and for once he had escaped from her sight.

Deeming it best to get the poor fellow on board again as soon as possible, we borrowed a covered stretcher from the hospital, and had him carried down to the landing-place. The noonday sun shot down its vertical shafts of heat pitilessly upon us, while every square foot of ground, of mountain, and of wall seemed to scorch us. The sands were so white, and the waters so radiant, that it was hard to say which dazzled the eye most. We went off in a man-of-war's boat, lent for the purpose, and under its neat awning we stretched young Stamford's prostrate and emaciated figure. His sister bent over him, silently weeping. How sad that still grief is!

I cannot linger over the rest. We carried him tenderly on deck, and laid him on the stern grating, where, under thick awnings, he might get all the air that was obtainable. The atmosphere below was so oppressive that the doctor forbade his removal; nor, indeed, would he have suffered us to take him there. Hours passed before the hemorrhage was stopped, and then it was rather lack of strength than medical aid that checked the fatal out-flow. There was some little doubt as to the speedy issue of this disaster. Deplore it as we might, that brave young life must quickly spend itself. Conviction of the truth was evident in the dying lad's out-reaching eyes and in his sister's speechless and unceasing sorrow.

The captain kindly got the vessel under weigh earlier than he had intended, so that the sick man might have the benefit of a cooler atmosphere than any we could get while anchored off that cinderous isle. It was a relief to leave behind us the hateful spot. May my eyes never rest upon it again.

After sun-set the air cooled, and as the vessel steamed against the light trade-wind, the evening became so pleasant that young Stamford, the soft breeze blowing about his brown locks, found himself able to say a few words now and then. It is not for me to record here all that he said. Such glimpses of the great Infinity are for the most solemn depths of one's memory and being. Once, however, when his sister had gone below to fetch something, he said to me,

"Gordon, old fellow, you will see after Annie, won't you, until she gets to St. Helena. Some one will join her there who has a right to take my place as her protector."

She returned at this point, and a warm pressure of the hand was all the answer I could make. See after her? What task on earth, what joy of man, was ever so delightful! But with these thoughts came a rushing and a crushing doubt—a doubt which made all the future dark, and added tenfold to the present grief. Nay, was it not rather a blasting certainty—for could there be any doubt as to who was meant?

But my own hopes and fears were for the time obscured by care for the life, so full of brightness and of worth, that was slipping so fast from us. Once again, as through so many pleasant evenings, we saw the

round sun sink into the sea, the pink wisps of cloud grow grey, the stars creep out to gaze, as it seemed, with a rarer wistfulness upon the passing soul. After eight o'clock, the great orb of the moon, ineffably golden, rose grandly out of the waters, making a path of glory from its birth-place to our feet. The lad's deep eyes went along that shining track as they had so often done before, but with a sadder light in them, and a keener significance. Seeing his lips move, I bent down to listen, and caught these words, uttered, or rather breathed, so very, very faintly:—

> "Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

He had not strength to whisper all this audibly, but I saw the lines of his and my favourite piece were in his mind, if not wholly in his mouth.

And thus, in a great stillness, for the boy was much beloved on board, we sat for an hour or two longer, until the struggling spirit was set free.

I have been at death-beds before, but never by one of a relative or friend—of a friend, I mean in the true sense of the term. I can understand now the bitterness of loss. It is horrible to think that through all these years I should have been so callous about the sorrows of my kind. Yes, there is high truth and deep meaning in the poet's words:

> "'Tis better to have loved and lost,
> Than never to have loved at all."

Have I doubly lost to-day?

10° S. *Lat.*, 14° *W. Long.* 17*th August.*

A sad day, and yet still with light amidst the sadness. At noon we had that most affecting of scenes, a burial at sea. An event this is at all times of a touching character; in this case inexpressibly so. The sea has looked bluer than ever to-day, and the breeze was just strong enough to cause a playful ripple. The sudden stoppage of the engines, and the listless motion of the ship as she gently heaved with the swell, were in strange keeping with the event. Round the gangway the whole ship's company and all the passengers were grouped, crowding along the bulwarks, the companion-ladder, and the poop-rail; their bare heads bent, a true sorrow pictured in their faces, and a rare quiet pervading the ship.

Our noble-hearted old captain found it hard work to get through the service, inspiring though its grand utterances are. He has the warm sailor-nature, and grieved over the dead boy as though he had been his own son. Standing at the head of that solemn shape lying before the open gangway, under that ocean-pall, the British Ensign, the

stout old mariner made many a pause and stumble ere he got through his painful task. A strange, pathetic, dreamlike scene—with the blue circle of the sea investing us in a vast solitude, and the equatorial sun enveloping us in so unsympathetic a blaze.

"We therefore commit his body to the deep,"

And so we have lost sight for ever of that honest face and that ardent nature.

16 *S. Lat.*, 5 *W. Long.* 20*th August.*

We are close to St. Helena, and before I finish this expect to be at anchor. A horrid uncertainty consumes me. Those last words of Robert Stamford have been in my mind ever since, and until their meaning is clearly manifest I shall be racked by that anxiety which is worse almost than disappointment or grief.

If aught could have made me love her more absorbingly than I do, it would have been the sweet, dejected trustfulness with which she has received such service as I could render her since that sad event. After my slip of the tongue at Madeira I have not ventured to breathe any warmer words than those of friendship to the dear girl. Her brother's illness put all other considerations with her out of the question. She looks upon me, therefore, as a friend, much liked, perhaps, by her dead brother, and in no other light. Perhaps it is as well that it should be so. To-morrow will decide. But ah! if I might be suffered to shower upon her in her sorrow some of the tenderness I feel! She is very quiet, and gentle, and sad. For hours she will sit or stand by the rail gazing into or over that sea which is the vast sepulchre of her brother. Everyone on board who comes near her is especially respectful and kind, but she seems to prefer my company to that of others—probably for the reasons stated.

There goes the anchor. I can see through my port the dark, rugged bulk of Napoleon's resting-place. Its peaked mountains blot out the stars. Down near the sea are the lights of Jamestown, and closer to us are the ship-lamps of vessels at anchor. Amidst the shadow of the great fate with which the island's name is for ever identified, I am sensible also that I shall find my destiny—as much to me, perhaps, as the Imperial Bonaparte's was to him, and certainly less portentous to the world.

From "Faust."

THE PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN.

RAPHAEL.

The sun, as in the old beginning,
With brother spheres, as first they sang,
In tempest tones, his orbit spinning,
Still rolls along with thunder clang.
Strength at his sight the angels gather,
Though none can track his mystic ways:—
Thy vast unfathomed works, O Father!
Are great as on the first of days.

GABRIEL.

And swift, and swift, beyond discerning,
Revolves the beauty of the world;
In soft auroral sunhues turning,
Or through the night's vast blackness hurled.
From its dark depths the foaming ocean
Storms wildly up the rock-built shore;
While shore and sea, in spheric motion,
Whirl on their course for evermore.

MICHAEL.

And storms sweep by in tempest-splendour,
O'er land and sea, o'er sea and land;
Still working out for Thee, their sender,
The chain that holds them in Thy hand—
While flames the lightning's desolation
To guide the thunder in its wrath,
Secure, Thy servants watch creation
In glory rolling on its path.

ALL THREE.

Strength from Thy face the angels gather,
Though none can gauge Thy mystic ways;
And still Thy works, Almighty Father!
Are great as on the first of days.

Y.

The Dicynodon.

In the neighbourhood of Aliwal North and in the country lying between the Orange and Caledon Rivers, on the line of road *viâ* Aasvogelkop to Smithfield, fossil remains of reptiles are, locally, very abundant in nearly all the terraced bands of rock which mainly consist of alternate beds of sandstone and shale. An examination of these numerous relics of an extinct world shows that remains of one reptile, the dicynodon, greatly exceeds the remains of all its co-genera, and that it was not only one of the most abundant and prolific of reptiles, but that it far outrivalled its contemporaries in numerical strength,—a fact of peculiar import, if we realize that it lived in the midst of powerful and formidable enemies in the great saurians which, in bulk and carnivorous habits, approached near to megalosauroid and crocodilian monsters,—creatures which, in the structure of their jaws, were well adapted to prey upon the comparatively defenceless and peaceful dicynodons. The numerical superiority of the dicynodons is probably owing to their being of herbivorous habits: to their, consequently, not devouring each other, especially their young; to their chiefly living on land, which kept them more out of the reach of their amphibious and aquatic enemies than they otherwise would be. The great destruction of the carnivorous reptiles among themselves would further contribute to the ascendency of the dicynodons. Though the structure of the dicynodon infers that it was a good swimmer it does not necessarily follow that it frequently inhabited or disported in the waters, for the so-called mountain iguana of South Africa, though well constructed for swimming, can remain for months out of the water without the slightest injury. Their power of swimming is given them more as a means of escape from sudden floods, &c., than as a necessary structure for their daily well being. Some of the agauræ, which have a more flattened tail than the iguana above noticed, no sooner get into water than they shuffle with all their strength out of an element which they unmistakably dread.

The dicynodon was one of the most persistent of vertebrates in vital energy, from its creation to nearly its final extinction, showing few signs of decay;—existing during the accumulation of some six thousand feet of strata, and from the first particle of sand, silt, and mud which first began to form this great thickness of rock material until the lake was nearly dried up, this reptile maintained its vital force. Through all changes, and though living among powerful and formidable saurians, the dicynodon survived in the struggle for life through countless ages, and left us as evidences of its long reign the immense quantities of osseous remains which are now found in the consolidated sand, mud, &c., of the once vast lacustrine expanse.

At Aliwal North, and some hundreds of feet higher, large dicynodons are met with, equal in size to any found in the Karoo series of rocks. Though it is true that near Aasvogelkop, on the Caledon

River, there is a bed of rock of about two feet in thickness, consisting of, or mainly forming, a "bone bed" firmly cemented together with clay and lime, and containing numerous reptilian remains, generally of small size, most of which are considered to be dicynodon exuviæ, and were supposed by some persons to bear evidence of vital decay, and to furnish proofs that, as the great lake, dried up, the dicynodons gradually decreased in bulk; but as there have been found near this spot, and at nearly the same level, skulls of dicynodons, more or less complete, varying from one and a half inches to about nineteen inches in length, the small bones found in the "bone bed" are, taken alone, no proof of degeneration in the size of the animals, for there must have been young reptiles and old ones, great and small, as in creatures at the present day. The fact of this collection of small bones existing in one spot is probably due to some local cause of transport, and may also have some bearing on remarks given below. In the shales and sandstones of the great plateau on which Aliwal North is now situated I have found the remains of three large dicynodons which are fair compeers in bulk with those found in the Karoo beds, as far as I can ascertain from the monographs of Professor Owen. These specimens were obtained by sinking three pits in the shale, from which the overlying sandstone had long been denuded, and so little rolled and perfect were they—especially one specimen which had several vertebræ in natural articulation and many of the other bones lying near at hand,—that one is inclined to come to the conclusion that these reptiles lived not far from the place of their entombment. At Aasvogelkop, within a few yards of the "bone bed" in the disintegrated shales, I found in a spot two or three yards square, ten nearly complete dicynodon skulls which were lying almost in a heap; and about a mile further there is a singular collection of curious looking and, in many instances, shapeless lumps of stone, for the most part of various sizes, up to nine inches in length to about seven in breadth, the thickness varying according to the amount of pressure they have undergone. At this place the pebble-like stones (if they may be so-called) can be got out of the strata in great numbers, and what rich treasures does each shapeless lump of indurated mud contain in fossil remains! Examine these lumps and you will find that the greater number of them contain a dicynodon skull often with small bones impacted in and about it. Many of these skulls belong to the Dicynodon Testudiceps, whereas in other parts nearer Aliwal district Tigriceps prevails,—and what a collection, too! How varied the shapes through distortion: how flattened out these fossils are after the great pressure brought to bear on them! One might fancy with the old theorists that they are *lusus naturæ*; that they are due to some plastic force of nature, and that they are models of future animals on which nature tried her pristine hand. These crude ideas might be indulged in had this strange collection been found at the bottom of the great lake instead of near the top. Setting these notions aside, how can one account

for these numerous skulls being collected in the bed of a shallow lake or estuary, as if the dicynodons of the last days had submitted to some process of decapitation? In the neighbourhood of Aliwal North and in several parts of the Caledon River district the remains of dicynodons are extremely abundant, yet skulls are singularly scarce, and do not bear the slightest relation to the number of the other bones of the animals; but near Aasvogelkop and its vicinity the reverse of this takes place, for here the crania are, proportionally, greatly in excess of the other parts of the skeletons. At these spots skulls are not scattered here and there, as it were, with a meagre hand, but occur in more or less profusion. The accumulation of numerous heads in one spot may have taken place under various circumstances,—such as by a sudden destruction of many animals: by all or the greater part of them perishing in marshy ground within the vicinity of river floods; by the animals undergoing rapid decomposition, which, together with the exhalation of noxious vapours, prevented any carnivorous reptiles in their vicinity from touching their carcases and consequently from dismembering them; by the animals after undergoing a certain stage of decomposition, yielding to the influence of the rising waters, when the heads, on account of their weight, their more or less triangular or wedge-like shape, the ease with which they could be filled with mud through the openings of the mouth, of the eyes, and *foramen magnum* of the skull, and consequently through their then great specific gravity, in comparison with other bones, would sink down in the mud, or, if carried onwards, would readily yield to the least resistance; whereas the other bones being much lighter, and, in many cases, several being joined together, would present a larger surface in comparison to their weight, to the power of running water, and could, therefore, be carried much further off. One or other of the above causes, doubtless, originated the singular collection of skulls which occur in the mud-like strata in the vicinity of Aasvogelkop; but it is presumable that the isolation of so many crania, often with fragmentary bones about them, may, in some instances, have been derived from the enduring parts of the dung of reptiles; the perishable matters having been destroyed before they could take the form of coprolites: but more of this presently.

At Sluitkraal, in the Caledon River district, I made, to my surprise, the discovery of a fragment of fossiliferous rock, a few yards square, enclosed in a greenstone dyke. The rock mass thus enclosed and containing the exuviæ of a very large dicynodon, appears to have been originally a fine silt deposited in very sluggish water in an estuary, or, more probably, a residual lake. The rock is now highly indurated, splits up into rhomboidal fragments, gives a sharp angular fracture and a fine smooth grain, and rings or clinks under the hammer. The mass is so highly baked and metamorphosed by the liquid flood which surrounded it on every side, that it is very difficult, if not impossible, with the unassisted eye, to point out where the greenstone ends and the rock mass begins. Though the

nature of the rock is changed, yet the embedded bones, consisting of limbs, pelvis, ribs, and vertebræ, are not affected, and, doubtless, the outflowing of the liquid flood was modified in its effects by taking place under water. A portion of the mass is still *in situ*, so that it is possible that the remaining portion of the animal is still there. The bones, which are densely mineralized, similar to the exuviæ of the dinosauria found in the Stormberg, may reasonably be assumed to have belonged to a reptile which was suddenly entombed and finally preserved in its first resting-place: if such be the case, the animal, at the instant of its death, sank so deep in the mud as to be beyond the reach of its carnivorous contemporaries and of other disturbing causes. The bones of this reptile, equal in size to any described by Professor Owen, are well defined, present no traces of aqueous action, and the edges of the vertebræ, with their processes complete, are sharp as in life; also four vertebræ, with part of a fifth, are joined together in natural articulation but dislocated as if they had given way to great pressure.

Livingstone speaks of similar phenomena. "The trap rocks, which now constitute the 'filling up' of the great valley, were always a puzzle to me till favoured with Sir R. Murchison's explanation of the original form of the continent, for then I could see clearly why these trap rocks, which still lie in a perfectly horizontal position on extensive areas, held in their substance angular fragments, containing algœ of the old schists, which form the bottom of the original lacustrine basin. The traps, in bursting through, had taken them off, and preserved them. There are besides ranges of hills in the central parts, composed of clay and sandstone schists, with the ripple marks distinct, in which no fossils appear; but as they are usually tilted away from the masses of horizontal trap it is probable that they, too, were a portion of the original bottom, and fossils may yet be found in them."

Some of the pebble-like lumps, previously noted, allowing for the flattening and distortion they have undergone, are wonderfully like the pellets thrown up by some birds of prey—each pellet frequently consisting of a skull as a nucleus, around which portions of limbs and other bones are impacted. Some years since I examined the pellets which had accumulated, at intervals extending over three months, from two owls, and found that these birds of night had in so short a time made sad havoc among the smaller fauna. These pellets contained 172 skulls, 362 lower jaws, and 419 other bones, chiefly of rodentia; four skulls of birds, with other bones impacted around each; two beetles, three locusts, and a few bones of bats. The pellets varied in size from a duck to a pigeon's egg, with the egg shape more or less developed. The colour of the pellets was dingy black, the odour scarcely distinguishable, the specimens firm and tough, and the combined substance capable of considerable pressure. The bones composing the pellets were matted together with fur, often large in quantity, but contained scarcely any trace of ligaments,

soft parts, thin bones, and the anterior part of crania. A skull in nearly every instance formed the centre of the pellet, in and round which were impacted some bones and fur of the animals. Sometimes two skulls were met with in one pellet, with bones and fur also impacted in and around them. All the pellets were found in a deep, dry, and unfrequented gully, where no water had been for months ; and, allowing for a few pebbles hidden under *debris*, the two birds could not have captured less than two hundred animals, if not more, in the space of three months. Further, from subsequent observations, it can be safely affirmed that during a period of a few years great numbers of pellets, containing the remains of some thousands of small animals, have been deposited in a small space of a few yards square during the last ten years, a period of time which is but as a moment in the geological record. We can well conceive that a continuous deposition of such organized masses, so to speak, in different localities, for long periods of time, would result in the final preservation of the more durable contents of many of them ; and would, with their matrix, ultimately form strata like that containing the dicynodon lumps.

Though I believe there is a striking similarity between the *dicynodon lumps* and *the pellets of birds* I do not mean to infer that all or the greater part of these singular fossils were deposited or had their origin from the droppings of reptiles ; yet, as there is a great, and, I may say, a very great analogy between the pellets of birds and the dung of reptiles, it is presumable that the undigested bones, &c., of the prey eaten, or, rather, swallowed by extinct carnivorous monsters, such as the Stormberg dinosauria, in passing through their intestine canals, may have taken the same arrangement, under similar laws, as the ejecta of birds above noticed—the one taking its form in the gullet, and the other its final arrangement in the rectum. And I certainly think that this fact has been too much overlooked in the various theories given in illustration of how the remains of land animals have been embedded in estuaries, seas, and lakes, and have become finally preserved in fossiliferous strata. Of course, in the dicynodon age, when the proofs of the existence of birds are doubtful, we can only look to the voided exuviæ of reptiles for any additional solution of the existence of land animals which may have existed.

If we consider the extremely rapacious habits of many of the ancient carnivorous reptiles—a rapacity so great that the wonder is so many of them have escaped and been finally preserved in the rocks —and the great destruction of myriads of animals, and consequent consumption of the immense quantities of food which passed into their stomachs—we must readily conceive that the undigested residue of their prey has an important bearing, in any consideration, on the causes of the deposition and preservation of organic remains. And, consequently, from the great quantities of fæces, which must necessarily occur where animal life is abundant, and which is rich in

organized matters, it is scarcely possible that all such droppings should, with their contents, be finally absorbed by chemical and aerial action without leaving considerable traces of their existence.

The undigested parts which pass the stomachs of South African reptiles, or at least several of them, and which are more or less capable of preservation, chiefly consist of limb-bones, vertebræ and teeth; scales of snakes, of fishes, and of tortoises, &c.; fur, feathers, or more frequently fragments of feathers, fragments of egg-shells, soft shells of reptiles, the hard parts of crustacea, mollusca, &c.; and the shells or horny cases of insects. Also from certain African reptiles, pebbles, sand, seeds and fragments of grass, &c., frequently picked up with their food, or else forming a part of the contents of the stomachs of their prey. Large quantities of such undigested food passes from living reptiles, and such was, doubtless, generally the case in the economy of ancient reptilian life; and if such be the case, their droppings, as well as the contents of their intestinal canals, when suddenly entombed and preserved, would form no mean part with the animals themselves in the preservation of organic remains in the sand, silt, and mud.

In allowing what is apparently the case, that these fæces are more perishable than the osseous remains of reptiles, &c., yet, certainly, they cannot well be more perishable or destructible than shells and other delicate organisms, and, if so, as in any given area, rich in reptilian life, great numbers of these fæcal substances gradually return to the earth, we should expect to find, wherever large quantities of the exuviæ of ancient reptiles abound, that in the form of coprolites there would be found many evidences of the existence of land and other animals, and from this source alone traces of the existence of rare land animals would occasionally be obtained.

These coprolites would contain the least perishable parts of animals, such as indicated above; and those droppings which never took the coprolite form would have their more enduring contents scattered far and wide with the prospect of some of their individual parts being preserved. In this view we might expect to find that the isolated minute or fragmentary osseous remains which occur in the strata, bear a considerable ratio to this cause as to the scattering effects of water.

When we find that these droppings are scattered, as it were, at random, in the mud, sand, silt, and clefts and hollows of rocks, as well as on the ground itself, where many eventually are preserved from ærial action, it can well be supposed that numbers of such fæcal balls are placed beyond the reach of external agencies, and once there, would be preserved equally as well as any part of the animal organism.

That many such evidences do exist, I have no doubt, in fact, I have a section of one such droppings or coprolite from the dicynodon strata which well corresponds with many specimens of the contents of such corresponding substances from the canal of existing reptiles.

Also, I have found in nodular specimens, of from two to three inches in diameter, from the dicynodon beds, isolated bones and teeth ; and it is by no means improbable, that many of the singular nodules found in the sandstone strata, may yet be indicated from this cause, for some of them, at least, have had their origin from a nucleus of organic matter, around which sand, &c., has been deposited in concentric layers of zones.

Although the dicynodon *lumps* first suggested the peculiar origin of many of them, as well as the above kindred thoughts, yet I am aware that such an origin has been the case in respect of the reptilian droppings or coprolites in the Liassic rocks of England, where the indications of the food as well as the structure of the intestinal canal of the ichthyosaurus have been discovered, as also the fact of their devouring their own kind like the crocodiles of our day. The fæces of the ichthyosaurus resemble elongated pebbles or kidney potatoes, varying generally from two to four inches in length, and from one to two inches in diameter—some few being larger, others smaller. The fossilized lumps, like indurated clay in appearance, contain undigested bones and scales of fishes. Their exterior also bears impressions, in many cases, received from the convolutions of the intestines of the living animal ; and further, it is supposed that in all the formations, from the carboniferous to the territory, the fæces of terrestrial and aquatic carnivorous animals have been preserved.

ALFRED BROWN.

Aliwal North, July, 1874.

Epigram.

"The beauty, who passes into the list of *Has-beens*, may console herself with the sentiment expressed by a clever wit to a plain looking woman, who was taunting by that epithet a veteran belle—'The *Has-beens* were at least better than the *Never-was-es*.'"

LORD NEAVES' *Greek Anthology*.

Lesbia, anus, queritur—Formam nitidumque colorem
Heu ! rapuere anni : Cynthia bella fuit !
Cynthia, quae fuerat formam meminisse juvabit ;
Sed tibi, quae pereat, Lesbia nulla fuit.
Forma, decusque, perit ; tibi, Cynthia, gratia restat ;
Quae fortuna negat, Lesbia maeret anus.

Δ.

At the Sea-side in Kaffraria.

"O! si præterritos referat mihi Jupiter annos!"

SAUNTERERS at Brighton, Scarbro', and other fashionable watering-places, might perhaps not derive much enjoyment from the rough and healthy kind of life we used to lead, some ten years ago, when we went down to the sea-side in the Colony. Yet our ancestors had different notions of pleasure to those held by modern young England. The quaint caps and funny coats with which septuagenarians delight to adorn themselves prove, I think, that a careless freedom and total exemption from the conventionalities of society were in their youth at least expected on the beach and sands. Now, the starched collar and lemon kid gloves, the faultless boot and unexceptionable surtout, have usurped the freedom of long past days.

It was our wont "in annis præterritis" to take a trip down to the sea-side—usually in a party of some eighteen or twenty, of whom nearly half would be ladies. We did not, however, take up our abode at some model hotel or lodging house and vie with each other for the most expensive apartments. Our wagons were drawn up as near as convenient to the sea,—a tent or two pitched beneath the shade of a banian or plum tree, and a kitchen formed of some twisted branches and grass, to serve as a screen from the wind. In those days the greater part of the Kaffrarian coast line was Government land and unoccupied, and hence particularly favourable for excursions such as ours. At the north-eastern extremity flows the river Kei, a stream of considerable size, and it was at the mouth of this river that we loved to picnic. A fine, undulating country with waving grass, and intersected with ravines full of bush and timber, stretches inland; and the banks of the river, which, near the mouth, is about one thousand yards in width, and covered with shrubs and plants in variety. Here then we pitched our camp in some wide-spreading shade, far from the din and hum of civilization: our only sound the thundering of the surf and the sweet, yet somewhat monotonous, notes of the various birds. To enjoy such life as this thoroughly one should be something of a naturalist, and essentially a sportsman; though (I think with Mr. St. John) where the latter is there must always be somewhat of the first. We had a capital gig, fore and aft rigged, in the boat-house (a rude shed built of logs), and also a good strong drag-net some hundred yards in length. By experience we found more success in dragging at night than in the day time, so generally began our fishing operations about sundown. A large body of Kafirs was necessary to haul the net, and we used to take down about sixteen, who were designated as the "water-dogs." The mode of fishing with a large net is so well known that I hardly need say anything about it. A semi-circular section of water is enclosed, and the ends of the net are brought together to the shore. Great

is the excitement as the space becomes narrower; large "springers" two feet or more in length leap over the corks, and perhaps some huge shark darts frantically from side to side of his rapidly-contracting cage in futile efforts to escape. The loud, excited cry "tsala, tsala!" (pull, pull!) of the Kafirs as they see and feel the weight of fish inside, and the flickering light of the fires on the shore, which serve as a goal towards which to haul, lend a wild and delightful charm to the sport. Then what a motley crowd!—names unpronounceable, fish of all sizes, fish of all shapes, perhaps enough to fill all the aldermen in any corporation. One curious specimen I may mention as not unfrequently causing a good deal of mirth. I allude to the electrifying fish (I don't know what ichthyologists term it). He is of an oval shape, and of the consistency of a coarse jelly-fish, sometimes as large as a meat dish, having the mouth nearly in the middle of the body. On one occasion a certain member of our party acting as a water-dog, and at the same time very earnestly telling us some story, trod upon one of these creatures. Had he been shot, the shriek and convulsive jump could not have been greater. His story was rudely broken off, and a good deal of merriment indulged in at his expense. The shock is very severe in the water, far more so than that of the electric eel; but on the shore it becomes feeble, and is hardly perceptible when the animal has been some few minutes out of his element.

But net-fishing was by no means the only enjoyment. Fine fish might be caught with a line off the rocks in either the river or open sea; but in the latter case one must be prepared for a good drenching from the spray. Then again, how delightful to rise at earliest dawn, and sail with a cool and gentle breeze, exploring the river's creeks, the while inhaling the fragrance of the mimosa and jasmine! Here and there some grassy lawn where the belladonna, gladiolus, agapanthus, and geranium luxuriantly bloom, slopes to the water's brink, and ends in a forest of arums. At early morn the river is alive with ducks and curlews, and the surface dotted with the dorsal fin of many a shark prowling about for his breakfast. Sometimes, though very rarely, the head of a gigantic hippopotamus might be seen as he came up to blow, making a noise like a bursting steam-engine. Bathing was no small item in the list of our pleasures. Certainly some little care was necessary on account of the sharks, but no accident has been known to occur from this cause, and indeed, when several persons bathe together, and make a good noise and splash in the water, it is doubtful whether any danger is to be apprehended.

But perhaps the most enjoyable sport of all consisted in our shooting excursions. Game being pretty plentiful about our camp, we were at no loss for amusement on this score. Partridges (Red-wing) are, in a good season, numerous near the sea-coast, and though they cannot be shot in such numbers as in a Norfolk turnip-field, the sport and excitement are to my taste more genuine and pleasing.

Good wide-ranging dogs are required, that will not shirk their work, and of such a kind as are most valued on the moors at home, late on in the season. On the whole, I think pointers are preferable to setters in this country. A marker is indispensable for successful partridge shooting, and the accuracy with which a clever native, if judiciously posted, will mark down every "flushed" bird, is truly wonderful. Guinea-fowl, paauw, pheasants, and koran, used to be frequently found and killed in this neighbourhood. Of non-winged game I have known the following to have been found at or near the mouth of the Kei,—bushbuck, duyker, rhebuck, bluebuck, orobie, and wild pigs, besides leopards, wild cats, jackalls, otters, baboons and monkeys. Just across the river, and in the country ceded by Sir Philip Wodehouse to the Kafirs, that most magnificent antelope the eland used to be common; but the hungry and sporting coloured gentlemen have so reduced them that, if not already extinct in the district, the species must soon become so. One circumstance connected with eland hunting I will mention as having come under my own observation. The natives across the river were hunting, and one Kafir having galloped some miles after a single eland cow, came near enough to hurl two assegais, both of which penetrated very deeply. His horse being blown, and himself making sure of the prize, the delighted hunter dismounted and off-saddled his horse to give it rest, and enjoy a pipe himself. When both were refreshed the chase was resumed, the blood-spoor or track being very plain, and the pace of the wounded cow apparently lessening. Still it went on and on, to the no small surprise of the Kafir, who expected every moment to come across the dead cow or dying form of his quarry. He had, however, misjudged its strength, for the plucky animal, wounded as it was, went some three or four miles down to the Kei river, and swam across a stream about a thousand yards in width, the two assegais quivering in her body the while. Great was the mortification of the swarthy Nimrod when the tracks told him too plainly what had become of his intended booty. To follow was impossible; so nothing remained but to light his pipe, and sulkily retrace his steps to tell his comrades his tale of ill-luck. Some three or four weeks after this incident, as we were riding and seeking for partridges, there in a valley near a stream we found the remains of a fine eland cow! The vultures had eaten all the flesh, but the head was in fair preservation, and a broken assegai was still jammed in between the ribs now bleaching and bare.

To those who find no pleasure in shooting, fishing, or admiring the gorgeous flowers and brilliant birds that are seen on every side, the kind of life I have attempted to describe would assuredly be dull. If one's object in going to the sea-side be, as in many cases it is, to see people and be seen oneself—*Spectatum veniunt, veniunt spectantur ut ipsi*,—such had better keep away from a place like this; but for a lover of nature in all her various forms, I can scarcely imagine anything more delightful. The place may be somewhat changed now

but at the time I speak of there was variety in sport, variety in scenery,—cool, delicious shade, too, near some murmuring brook where you could indulge in the *dolce far niente*, or quietly read your favourite author. And then the jolly rough dinners at night in the marquee,—dinners which Lucullus might envy ; luxurious in themselves, but doubly so from being attacked with that *optimum condimentum*—hunger. Who that has been on hunting excursions does not reflect with pleasure on the merry hours round the camp fire, and will remember some adventure told ? Our non-fishing evenings were spent in convivial harmony, and many an old chorus, almost forgotten, was revived—many an old story of dons and proctors called up and told, and runs with Mr. Deake's and the South Oxfordshire re-transacted. At last to sleep, and in such a place as Bon Gaultier's " Ennuyé " would love—

" When my couch is the earth's fairest flowers,
My curtain the night and the stars,
And my spirit doth gather new powers
Uncramped by conventional bars."

C. F. O.

East London.

Lament of the Trek Ox.

Inspanned, early and late,
With the galling yoke on my neck—
To toil and strain 'neath the stinging lash
'Til I drop—is my wretched fate.

Oh man ! with the horny hand,
Oh man ! with the stony heart,
'Ere the sun goes down, if but for an hour,
For dear God's sake, span out !

For days and nights I've pulled
With my mates your fleecy load,
Through parched Karoo and sapless bush,
'Til we heard the cry of the wild sea mew, and
The breakers thundering loud.

The breeze from the water cool,
Gave life to my throbbing heart,
And I trekked again with right good will,
To drink of the promised draught.

In vain, once more in vain ;
For tied to the hateful yoke,
Through the chilly night on the iron road
'Til the day began to break,

On the cold and barren strand
We lay the weary night,
'Til the God-sent sun arose once more
On our limbs, like iron bands.

With feet worn through, and wasted frame,
We stagger along the road ;
Arrived in the sharp and stony street
We stand, while the men off-load.

'Mid the rush of eager men,
As they hurry along the street,
We stand, and wonder what it means,
And bemoan our cruel fate.

All day without water or food
We pant in the blazing heat ;
And visions dim of the shady wood
And river's cool retreat

Pass through our weary hearts
'Til the evening sun goes down,—
When the startling shot of the terrible thong
Hurries us out of the town.

" Weary, and wounded, and worn,"
We stagger in front of the load,
And we stupidly wonder if men have hearts,
Or is there indeed a God ?

A God, all wise and good,
Who lists to His creatures' cry ;
'Tis hard to be understood :
To be born, and suffer, and die.

F. E.

Port Elizabeth, June, 1874.

Dr. Dale on Evolution of Life.*

A CRITICISM IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chap. I.

> To ask or search I blame thee not, for heaven
> Is as the book of God, before thee set,
> Wherein to read his wondrous works, and learn
> His seasons, hours, or days, or months, or years.
>
> Paradise Lost VIII.

It was but natural that a believer in the doctrine of the Evolution of Life should have read with considerable interest anything that so justly distinguished and respected a man as the Superintendent-General of Education had to say on the subject. By general consent of intelligent members of our community, Dr. Dale occupies a place in the foremost ranks of the Colonial administrators, and the cause of education and of progress in this part of the world has benefited by his genius and by his meritorious labour to an extent that must long secure for him a place in the affectionate recollections of the country's well-wishers. In addition to his well-known liberality of views, his comprehensive charity, his wide toleration, his keenness of perception, and his foresightedness have always earned for him an attentive hearing on every matter he has been pleased to descant upon. *Nihil tetigit quod non ornavit.* The very fact, therefore, that Dr. Dale should have expressed himself as dissenting from the doctrine of Evolution was enough of itself to make every truth-loving believer in that doctrine a little doubtful of his position. If Dr. Dale cannot accept the conclusions of Evolutionists, one might well say to himself, May I not have been a little too precipitate in listening to the voice of the charmer? Such, at least, was our feeling, and it was only after taking another survey of the oft trodden field that we were reassured and came to the opinion that Dr. Dale had been led to take up his position by an insufficient and, perhaps, too partial an examination of the evidence. We propose, therefore, to show why Dr. Dale has failed to convince us that the doctrine of the Evolution of Life is untenable, without taking up any other part of his very able exposition. But it is not without very serious misgiving that we make the attempt; for apart altogether from our inability ro compete with Dr. Dale in force or elegance of style, and apart from the inherent difficulties of the subject, there are many others who must have read the articles in question on whom the task could have more safely devolved, both on the score of personal competence and on that of a readier and fuller access to the writings

* Anthropology. A review of Modern Theories. (An address delivered at the Annual Meeting of the South African Public Library, 9th May, 1874, and published in *Cape Monthly Magazine*, June, 1874.)

of those who have built up the doctrine. In addition to which there is the by no means slight disadvantage to be contended with arising from the mental depression which must result from the consciousness that, if the Moses and the Prophets of Evolution have spoken with but limited success, there is but little hope that one of the weakest of those whom Von Baer calls the '*dilettanti*'* can enter the lists with better prospects. The attempt, however, must be made.

We propose, first, to say a few words on the article in the *Atlantic Monthly* by the late Mr. Agassiz, one of the last, if not the very last, which that naturalist lived to write, and concerning which Dr. Dale gives it as his opinion that it must be looked on as tolling the knell of the Evolutionist. The soundness of this opinion was challenged in an article in an Aliwal North newspaper, the writer of which drew attention to the circumstance that even Mr. Agassiz himself, and in this same article, admitted that there is some such process as that of evolution in nature, inasmuch as the researches of Von Baer, of Döllinger, and others, "have proved that all living beings produce eggs, and that these eggs contain a yolk substance, and of which new beings, identical with their parents, are evolved by a succession of gradual changes. These successive changes constitute evolution as understood by embryologists, and within these limits all naturalists who know anything of zoology may be said to be evolutionists." It would thus appear to be the case that it is only when we come to apply the argument from analogy, when we speculate that a process which all "naturalists who know anything of zoology" admit as proved in the case of embryos, may have its counterpart in a larger sphere of nature's operations, that Agassiz would demur. But it is well to remember that Agassiz, and in this trait of his character he was like another and as great a man, Cuvier, was always averse to hypothesis. As an instance of this we need only refer to the dealings of both of these men with Oken's hypothesis of cranial vertebræ. Cuvier, Carus, and others were the first to reduce to some principle of analogy the various portions of the skeleton connected with the vertebræ. Following up a similar course of analogy, Oken submitted the view that the bones of the cranium were modified vertebræ; but, not being anatomist enough to support his startling innovation with sufficient proof, he was contradicted by Agassiz and Cuvier, and his brilliant hypothesis was relegated to the limbo of unwarranted assumptions, until Owen took up the subject and established Oken's conjecture as a settled and incontrovertible anatomical thesis. Again Mr. Agassiz displays this trait when in this same article he speaks of the "treacherous, marshy ground of hypothesis and assumption," and laments that so many of the young and ardent spirits of our day who have aspired to fame as naturalists should have wandered away from the well-beaten track of observation of facts, should have given

* Von Baer's letter to Agassiz, quoted by the latter in his article in the *Atlantic Monthly*, January, 1874.

themselves up to speculation rather than to close and accurate investigation. But surely the time has come when, though we are far from knowing all we may know, sufficient facts have been arrived at with reference to the phenomena of organic life, to warrant an attempt at some comprehensive generalization. And if the evolution-hypothesis is only provisional, such a lover of facts as Mr. Agassiz should have been grateful to it for the reason of the very great and important additions to our stock of knowledge which the discussion on this hypothesis *pro* and *con* have been instrumental in eliciting. But be this as it may, we think that, with the experience we have had of Mr. Agassiz's over-fastidiousness, Dr. Dale protests too much when he would have us believe that this article is the death-blow of the hypothesis of evolution.

The objection which Mr. Agassiz bases on the discovery of the fossil remains of highly organized fishes, such as the selachians or sharks, in silurian strata, has always been recognized as formidable, and Mr. Darwin admits its importance with commendable candour.* But seeing that he charges Mr. Darwin with passing off "unfounded assertions" as "principles," and with quoting the most trifling and fantastic tricks of inheritance in support of transmutation, Mr. Agassiz might have taken warning and stated the objection with becoming modesty. For the whole force of the objection lies, or course, in the point that these selachian fishes were present at or soon after the dawn of life upon our globe. But it remains to be proved that the period of the formation of the silurian strata in which these selachian remains have been found, corresponds with or was near to that of such dawn; and as showing how far we are from being in a position to speak authoratively on such a point, it is proper to remark that the fossil remains of a certain species (*Eozoon Canadense*), "which belongs to the most lowly organized of all classes of animals, but is highly organized for its class," have only recently been found in strata which were always believed to be azoic, and which must have been formed at a period almost inconceivably remote from that at which, until this discovery, it was believed the oldest fossiliferous strata had been deposited. Whence it is not improbable that, as *Eozoon* must have had animal food, the appearance of the selachians on the globe, as testified by their remains alluded to, may be looked upon, when compared with the introduction of life, as quite a modern event.† And this same discovery farther shows upon what marshy ground Mr. Agassiz himself treads when he attempts to rescue his own hypothesis of synthetic and prophetic types from playing into the hands of the evolutionist. In his own words these types combine or hint at "the features of higher and later groups" "in lower or earlier ones," and he admits that they would furnish the strongest evidence of the transmutation theory "did these types

* In the "Origin of Species," 6th Ed., p. 285 *et seq.*

† Speaking of the *Eozoon* discoveries, Professor Huxley says, "The ascertained duration of life upon the globe was nearly doubled at a stroke." *Critiques and Addresses*, p. 184.

follow instead of preceding the lower fishes." But, as we see from the position in the earth's crust of the *Eozoon* fossils, the evidence on which Mr. Agassiz seeks to establish the precedence in time of the higher synthetic types is in danger of being swept away by the progress of our acquaintance with the details of the geological records, and the position taken up by Mr. Spencer* is perhaps after all the the safer one, "that the greater part of the evidence which might have settled the development controversy, is for ever lost, and on neither side can the arguments derived from geology be conclusive."

With reference to the first of the two passages in Mr. Agassiz's paper, particularised by Dr. Dale, we submit that the allegation, "*It is not true* that a slight variation amongst the successive offspring of the same stock goes on increasing until the difference amounts to a specific distinction," is neither more nor less than a direct denial of the principle of natural selection, which principle, shortly stated, is the "preservation of favourable individual differences and variations, and the destruction of those which are injurious." Now, such an unequivocal negation is consistent on the part of Mr. Agassiz, inasmuch as he has always refused to believe in natural selection, and, even near the end of this paper, states that "Mr. Darwin's conjecture not only proves nothing, but is not the best conjecture possible in the present state of our knowledge." It is open to remark that no other is proposed by Mr. Agassiz as a substitute. But that Dr. Dale should on one page say that "physicists now admit generally that natural selection is one, and an important one, among the great and imperfectly known agencies of organic change," which we take to mean that Dr. Dale himself acknowledges natural selection to be a *vera causa*, and that he should on the next page quote a passage which we have seen to be a direct denial that it is a *vera causa*, as a deliverance which tolls the knell of evolution, appears to us to be the very reverse of consistency. Either Dr. Dale does admit the verity of natural selection, or he does not admit it. If he admits it, even with the reservation that it is but one of the agencies of organic change, then the hypothesis of special creations must be abandoned, and that of evolution with its other factors, known and unknown, must be admitted, for only these two hypotheses are possible. If he does not admit it, then the state of his scientific belief must, by his own showing, be in antagonism with the prevailing belief of physicists. Again, in antithesis to what is *not* true, Mr. Agassiz places something which he says *is* true, viz.: "That extreme variations finally degenerate or become sterile." Now this may be true or it may not be true, but no further remarks are called for concerning it, because we neither apprehend with sufficient precision what is desired to be conveyed by "extreme variations," nor what bearing it is meant to have upon natural selection.

And with reference to the second of the particularised passages, which is directed to "the objections of evolutionists to admit the

* "Essays," Vol. I., pp 367-376.

intervention of distinct creative acts for every species," namely, "What of it, if it were true? Have those who object to repeated acts of creation ever considered that no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated acts of thinking? And what are thoughts but specific acts of the mind?"—we submit that it proves less than nothing against evolution. Alter the mode of expressing what is said, and see what comes of it. "Thoughts are specific acts of the mind, and no progress can be made in knowledge without repeated specific acts of thinking, *i.e.*, repeated specific acts of mind." By analogy Mr. Agassiz would have us believe that "organisms are specific acts of creation, and no increase can be made in the number of species without repeated specific acts of organising, *i.e.*, repeated specific acts of creation." Now, if this is not an example of reasoning in a circle, it certainly takes for granted what constitutes a *specific* act of organising, which, it need hardly be said, is an important element in the controversy. But it would further appear that, in his anxiety to find a captivating parallel, Mr. Agassiz forgot the laws of the association of ideas, by which, when any two states of mind occur in immediate succession, "an effect is produced such that if the first subsequently recurs there is a tendency for the second to follow it," no less than the law that increase in the complexity of ideas is correlated to the increase in the heterogeneity of the environment "that the highest forms of physical activity arise little by little out of the lowest, and cannot be definitely separated from them." * Mr. Agassiz's theory of the progress of knowledge, at least as he avails himself of it here, is that act of mind is added to act of mind in the same way that beef, bread, and mustard are arranged in a pile of sandwiches; whereas the growth of intelligence may be more aptly compared to the raising of a voltaic pile, in which the layers of metals act and react upon one another, and generate a current of electricity in strength proportioned to the number of elements. Correctly stated, the analogy of the progress of knowledge would be favourable not to the hypothesis of special creations, but to that of evolution; for just as variations in intelligence are caused by a constant increase in the number and complexity of experiences, and by the combinations and re-combinations of the ideas, so variations of organisms are caused by constantly recurring changes in the environment and as frequently repeated adjustments of the parts.

On the whole, then, a careful review of Mr. Agassiz's position makes it not improbable that he was deterred by the pain of a new idea from giving his assent to natural selection and evolution. Sir Charles Lyell was until quite lately a staunch supporter of the doctrine of the immutability of species, but now, as every one knows, he has been induced by an accumulation of evidence to change his views, and we find him saying of Mr. Darwin's peculiar contribution to the evolution-hypothesis, "Where it failed to make proselytes, it gave a

* H. Spencer, "Psychology," I., 453.

shock to old and time-honoured opinions from which they have never recovered," that it not only explains how new races and species might be formed, but throws much light "on many very distinct and other unconnected classes of phenomena, both in the present condition and past history of the organic world." * Again, Mr. Owen, while he seems inclined to reject the "extraordinary superstructure" which Mr. Darwin has raised upon "*my* basis of the 'struggle for life,'" admits that species have a "power to accommodate themselves or bow to surrounding circumstances;" and, after "weighing the probabilities for and against the miraculous origin of some one form into which life was breathed, as contrasted with the normal origin of divers forms of sarcodal, simple-celled life, hypothetical beginners of subsequent and higher forms," puts forward his own "derivative hypothesis of the origin of species," which seems to our mind, more especially as the operancy of natural selection is admitted by Mr. Owen, and by "physicists generally," to be far from incompatible with evolution.† From which indications it does not seem improbable that evolution will presently be victorious along the whole line, and that the Agassiz's of the future, instead of tolling its *requiem*, will peal out its triumph.

We come now to Dr. Dale's own criticism of the doctrine of evolution, at the beginning of which he says, "when we are weighing the evidences for origin of species by special creation or by natural evolution, it should be distinctly apprehended what is meant by the creation of a new species." Precisely so; it was his imperfect apprehension of what constituted the creation of a new species that we found fault with in Mr. Agassiz, and we cannot award the merit of "distinctness" to Dr. Dale's apprehension either. It is true that Dr. Dale says the "creative energy in bringing a species into existence is therefore not analogous to any ordinary phenomenon," and that "a species exists only as thought" and is "a nonentity," but this does not help much. Substitute the definition here given for the word "species" in the enthymeme, and we have a curious result: the creative energy in bringing "what exists only as thought and is a nonentity" into existence is not analogous to any ordinary phenomenon. There is a ring of Platonic idealism about this which is rather mystifying. But it would have helped more to a serviceable elucidation if the difficulty of giving a satisfactory definition of species and of creation had been frankly avowed. Mr. Darwin is content to write a book on the origin of species without attempting any definition of the term. Mr. Grove says, "the great difficulty which is met with at the threshold of inquiry into the origin of

* "Principles," 11th Ed., II., 282. May we here respectfully ask why Dr Dale has never alluded to "those facts and arguments which" have led this distinguished philosopher "to believe that the forces now operating upon and beneath the earth's surface may be the same, both in kind and degree, as those which at remote epochs have worked out geological changes?" (Ib. Preface).

† Owen, "Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates," III., 797 *et seq.*

species is the definition of species; in fact species can hardly be defined without begging the question in dispute." * The definition, however, that "species exists only as thought and is a nonentity," can hardly be said to beg the question; for, inasmuch as such a definition takes "species" out of the domain of the concrete into that of the abstract, the question seems to us to be thereby ignored, or becomes a mere metaphysical quibble. The evolutionist can, of course, have no objection, *quoad* his hypothesis, to such a treatment of species, for it would favour his view of the origin of the forms of life rather than that which Dr. Dale espouses. But we do not think that Dr. Dale's finding on "species" would meet with general acceptance in the school with which his other views ally him. Has not Dr. Dale been confusing "type" and species for a belief in the subjectivity of "type" would surely be more generally held than a similar belief as to species?

Dr. Dale sums up his objections to the hypothesis of the evolution of life under these heads:—

First: That the important factor of evolution he has been considering—viz., natural selection—does not reach back to the source of vital power; and that before the modern theories of biology find general acceptance, the problem of, What is the stuff that vital force is made of? must obtain a solution. Now, as we presume that Dr. Dale means to include evolution amongst the modern theories of biology, we feel warranted in asking why Dr. Dale asserts so positively that evolution cannot be accepted generally until we have determined the stuff that vital force is made of? Does not the very quotation which Dr. Dale gives (in note F), from Professor Allman's address, make it clear that the Professor regards evolution as quite a tenable hypothesis, though we have not yet had explained to us the origin of the primordial protoplasm. "The residual phenomenon still unaccounted for" cannot render, "logically," a non-residual phenomenon impossible to be accounted for. Dr. Dale in one part of his address, refers with apparent approval to Professor Tyndall; but how does he reconcile the opinion that "there is an impassable barrier between organic and inorganic substances, between living and dead matter, and that there are *essential* differences between the phenomena of the one and the other," with that of the distinguished physicist we have named, "That in building a crystal, Nature makes her first real effort as an architect. Here we have the first gropings of the so-called vital force; but the most wonderful manifestation of this force, though depending on processes of higher complexity, are, I hold, of the same quality as those concerned in the growth of a crystal." † But a demonstration of the manner in which these "first gropings" were fulfilled is not necessary for the evolutionist. Darwin himself, with all the boldness and recklessness with which

* "Correlation and Continuity," p. 321.

† "Lectures on Light," 1873. Appendix, 260, and "Fragments," 3rd Ed., 115 *et seq.*

some have charged him, is not ashamed to say that the question of the origin of life is beyond the present scope of science.* What we require for evolution is not a knowledge of the manner of the origin of life, but the admission that the question of such origin is a *physical* question ; that the first information of matter with vitality and plasticity took place in accordance with certain determinable physical laws for the most part as yet unknown, but conforming this phenomenon, in witnessing which we could well imagine that angels would see and tremble, to the universality of the law and harmony already established. Does Dr. Dale maintain that such a requirement is hyper-scientific, or that such an admission is unwarrantable?

Second: Dr. Dale objects to the evolution hypothesis that we have no actual evidence of transmutations. Now, conformity to experience is, doubtless, the basis of all sound inductive philosophy. But without overstepping the limits, which even a cautious special creationist might have set for himself, it could have been safely stated that the required experience does not differ so much in kind from that of which we have plenty as it does in degree ; that, in short, the evolution hypothesis demands nothing of which we have not "the justification in analogous phenomena of existing nature." Until recently it was considered by the evolutionist that we had experience enough in nature of frequent, slight, and progressive deviations from parental forms to warrant the assumption that long lapse of time, change of environment, and other factors were likely to have been the cause of greater deviations. This argument from analogy was of course strengthened by the apparent revelation that Nature is singularly uniform in all her ways, never doing one thing in one way and a very similar thing in a totally different way. But it would appear that although, as we have already observed, the geological record may never be so satisfactory as to prove or disprove the development hypothesis, such facts and the arguments thereon, as Mr. Huxley laid before the Geological Society in his anniversary address for 1870,† warrant the hope that further palæontologic discoveries may establish the genealogy of every existing species, while daily discoveries of what some call species and others variations amongst plants and animals are as frequently making species less distinct and affinities more close. When we see an apple fall to the ground we say that it does so by virtue of the law of gravitation, and this though we have not in our experience seen it grasped by a mystical hand, like that which—

> "Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,"

rose and caught the brand Excalibur. So, just as we said that we had a right to be told why demonstration of the origin of life must precede acceptance of the evolution-hypothesis, here we have also a right to be told why such experience as Dr. Dale would have, is necessary, and if necessary, whether or not it is possible to obtain it.

* "Animals and Plants under Domestication," I., 12.

† "Critiques and Addresses," No. IX.

For, as has been well remarked by Baden Powell,* even if new and genuine transmutations were occurring, there would be no possibility of verifying them by actual experience, and there would be a general *consensus* of incredulity on such a subject. In addition to which, if the argument from want of experience makes for much, and if it is to be pushed to the extreme, there is an end of the whole matter, both for evolution and for special creation; for just as the evolutionist may plead that a "single phase in the progress of natural transmutation would probably require a term far transcending all that embraced by historical records,"† so the special creationist could urge with equal propriety, when asked to satisfy our experience, that special creations occur so seldom, and the last notably at such a remote period of time, that non-observation of any now-a-days cannot be quoted in proof that they have never taken place. But the adverse experience argument sometimes takes another form than that in which Dr. Dale puts it; for we have been asked why, if evolution be true, do we now find still existing organisms of the same type and form as are to be found in the earliest strata; why, in short, are there now lower animals at all? This is easily explained. Water, though decomposable into two elements, oxygen and hydrogen, and though influences are at work capable of effecting such decomposition, is still found as such in the universe because it has not been subjected to such changing influences. Iron will exist as such for an indefinite time, but bring it into contact with air, and speedy oxidation takes place, or pour upon it an acid, and a corresponding salt will be produced. In the same way organisms will always remain *in statu quo* until they are subjected to influences and agencies which tend to modify them.‡

Third: Dr. Dale objects to the evolution hypothesis on account of its effects upon the general question of man's origin, and because it seems to him to throw some doubt on man's hope of immortality. To prevent misunderstanding, it is proper to remark that the "personal attribute" claimed by Dr. Dale is fully granted, and is as thoroughly believed in by the writer as by the strongest special-creationist. But we object again to the Platonism which Dr. Dale allows to hang about his reasonings on this part of his subject; for, although Plato "reasons well" when we confine ourselves to the region of faith, his arguments are barely adapted to a "review of

* "Unity of Worlds," 2nd Ed., 439 *et seq.*

† Grove, *op. cit.* 324.

‡ It is proper to remark, however, that the explanation here given is not accepted by all evolutionists as completely satisfactory in the case of *all* organisms. Dr. Bastian, for instance, while accepting the doctrine of evolution, thinks that such an explanation as we have attempted to give, cannot hold true for the "multitudinous almost structureless organisms" which exist at the present day, and which, he believes, by the law of the lapse of the homogeneous into the heterogeneous, could not have existed in their present almost) structureless state for an indefinite period of time. This is one of the grounds on which he bases the present occurrence of Life-evolution or Archebiosis, in opposition to Huxley and Spencer, who maintain that such Life-evolution (commonly called spontaneous generation occurred only in the remote past. (Dr. Charlton Bastian on "The Evolution Hypothesis and the Origin of Life," in *Contemporary Review*, March and April, 1874).

modern theories" of biology. And this only shows how necessary is the caution which Professor Jowett puts on record: "The doctrine of the immortality of the soul has such a great interest for all mankind that they are apt to rebel against any examination of the nature of this belief. They do not like to acknowledge that this, as well as the other 'eternal ideas' of man has a history in time which may be traced in Greek poetry or philosophy, and also in the Hebrew Scriptures. They convert feeling into reasoning, and throw a net work of dialectics over that which is really a deeply-rooted instinct."* But passing from this, let us consider the following passage of Dr. Dale's address:—

The difficulties of an evolution-hypothesis are enhanced by the admission that the civilized man arrests those influences of nature which acted freely upon him in a low savage condition—influences which we know to be hindered from natural and uninterrupted action on those portions of the animal and vegetable worlds which fall under the control of man; who develops or modifies or destroys this individual or that, and exercises a sway over all, so far as suits his own ends and uses. What are we to conclude? *Either*, if development is still active, and if man is but a term in an Algebraic series of terms ascending *in infinitum*, that the man, of which we are specimens, is now evolving variations, and will merge into some type of organism, as different probably from the present as this is presumed to be from the original; *or*, if otherwise, that man has now by the skilful appliances of civilized life so fenced himself round as to arrest the processes of evolutionary changes, and stereotype his present condition. Accept the former, you seem to imperil the personal attribute of immortality; admit the force of the latter, and you foster a theory which, pushed to the extreme, makes the creature to triumph over the Creator.

On the first of these (supposed to be necessary) alternatives—that if we accept evolution, the personal attribute of immortality seems to be imperilled—we have three remarks to offer. First—

Mr. Mivart, of whose scientific competence no doubt can be entertained, writes his book on the *Genesis of Species* apparently for the purpose of showing that a man can be an evolutionist and at the same time a consistent member of the Roman Catholic Communion. It is true that Professor Huxley has written a characteristically robust critique† showing that the fathers of that Church were not always such staunch believers in evolution as Mr. Mivart would have us believe they have been; and it is also true that Mr. Mivart would draw the line for the operancy of evolution at the house we live in, at the corporeal organization of man, whose soul is created in quite a different way, not by any pre-existing means, external to God Himself, but by the direct action of the Almighty, symbolized by the term "breathing;"‡ but this is immaterial for our argument; for the *Genesis*, in an age in which the Romish hierarchy is

* "The Dialogues of Plato." Introduction to "Phædo," vol. I., 389.
† "Critiques and Addresses," XI., 1873.
‡ "Genesis of Species," 325.

as jealous of belief as ever, not having been included in any *Index Expurgatorious*, the evolutionist is at liberty to assume that his hypothesis by a large section of the Christian world is not only considered to be worthy of acceptance by those who have an interest in philosophical views that are abreast with the times, but contains nothing opposed to the dogmas of that section on the immortality of the human soul. Second—

Dr. Dale seems inclined to the opinion that no "evolved" being can be immortal. Here, again, we have a right to be told what *a priori* reason exists for believing that a being destined for immortality cannot be evolved as well as specially created? The bare affirmation that evolution "imperils the personal attribute of immortality" is not enough; we are bound to know why it should do so. The most perfervid special-creationist will surely not deny that, humanly speaking, it was just as easy for Almighty Power to bring immortal man into existence by evolution as by any other *modus operandi*. This, we think, is so clear that we are compelled to believe that the difficulty must have occurred to Dr. Dale's mind in some other way; for though we cannot include him amongst such, he does not seem to have freed his mind from the influence of the class of writers and speakers who even yet harbour the idea that evolution and atheism are convertible terms, and that no Christian or even Theist can be an evolutionist. Such men appropriate for their own creed all such things as salvation, immortality, spirituality, and offer for that of their opponents perdition, death, materialism. But it is not alone with reference to evolution that these harsh judgments have been made. Nothing is more common than to find the intuitive moralist claiming sole proprietary rights in all the qualities which go by the name of virtue, honour, disinterestedness, conscience, allocating to his utilitarian rival such residues as selfishness, indifference, stoicism. Third—

Constructively, there seems to be a suspicion in Dr. Dale's mind that, if man is immortal and has been evolved, the attribute of immortality could not have been first acquired by him, but must be allowed to animals inferior to man just as it will be the birthright of those superior to him. Dr. Dale is to blame if we have mis-stated him here, for certainly the impression is left with us that he means as much, an impression which is, of course, not diminished in strength by the fact that others, if not he, hold this opinion. Now, whatever be the merits of this aspect of the question, the evolutionist cannot be charged with originating this objection to the argument for man's immortality. For Dr. Dale will remember that Bishop Butler, after stating some reasons for a belief in man's immortality, thus writes:—

"But it is said these observations are equally applicable to brutes; and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and by consequence capable of everlasting happiness. Now, this manner of expression is both invidious and weak; but the thing intended by it is

really no difficulty at all, either in the way of natural or moral consideration. For first suppose the invidious thing designed in such a manner of expression were really implied, as it is not in the least, in the natural immortality of brutes : namely, that they must arrive at great attainments and become rational and moral agents, even this would be no difficulty, since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endowed with. . . But, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes does not in the least imply that they are endued with any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature ; and the economy of the universe might require that there should be living creatures without any capacities of this nature." *Analogy*, chap. I.

So that if the objection be raised to evolution that it makes man but a term in an Algebraic series of terms ascending *in infinitum*, and thereby imperils the personal attribute of immortality—by, we presume, widening the range of the distribution of such attribute—we may reply with Butler that this manner of expression is both invidious and weak, but the thing intended by it is really no difficulty at all. And as Dean Mansel assures his readers that sound religious philosophy will flourish or fade within the walls of Oxford, "according as she perseveres or neglects to study the works and cultivate the spirit of her great son and teacher,"* we consider that just as Mr. Mivart's book shows that the doctrine of the evolution of life and the dogma of immortality of the Church of Rome are not incompatible, so Bishop Butler's reasoning and high credentials show that in "the natural immortality of brutes" (granting that this is necessitated by evolution, which is quite another question), there is nothing repugnant to the articles of the Church of England. And, indeed, from our own, perhaps mistaken, point of view, there seems a great want of candour in charging the doctrine of evolution with leading to unbelief in immortality. "There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality," says Sir Thomas Browne ;† "whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end." The first information of matter with plasticity, the first gropings of the so-called vital force as seen in the architecture of the crystal, the evolutionist believes to be as truly emanations from Deity, from the First Cause, or by whatever name we name Him, as is the immortal soul of man. And the manner thereof? Can any one improve on Wordsworth ?—

> The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
> Hath had elsewhere its setting,
> And cometh from afar ;
> Not in entire forgetfulness,
> And not in utter nakedness ;
> But trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home !

W. W. B.

* "Bampton Lectures," Preface to 1st Ed. 5th Ed., XLIX.

† "Hydrotaphia," St. John's Edition (1841), p. 263.

Improvised at the Grande Chartreuse.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

God's holy footstool are the mountain heights ;
  There with dark thunder girt, as with a zone,
He swoops in terror or in peace alights,
    Or sits as on a throne.

His steps on Sinai and Olympus trace ;
  Beneath His feet see shuddering Horeb bend ;
Thor heard His voice, Gilboa saw His face,
    And Golgotha His end.

O Thou, the friend of Hebron, Kedar's God,
  Of old these rocks were with Thy glory crowned ;
Are not, O Lord, their summits the abode
    Where Thou canst still be found ?

Ye peaceful dwellers in those blest retreats,
  As when to Judah's hosts the law was given
In the still midnight, from your lofty seats,
    Hear ye no voice from Heaven ?

Do no winged seraph-bands from Heaven appear
  Upon those sacred pinnacles to rest ?
No echoing strains e'er sound upon the ear
    From voices of the blest ?

Are all our yearnings, all our prayers, at fault,
  Shut out from Heaven by a wall of brass ?
Your looks fixed ever on the azure vault,
    Do they unheeded pass ?

Thy voice directs, O Lord, the stars of night
  On sapphire chariots traversing the skies ;
Mounting to Thee, the eagle wings his flight,—
    Man's spirit mounts in sighs !

O, may the voice of saints triumphant ring,
  While prayers of just men rise like incense here ;
Let sinners pass,—we to Thy altars bring
    No offering save a tear !

J. G.

Sketches from the East Coast.

IV.

FROM ADEN THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL.

We left Aden on Sunday, the 26th of April, in the P. & O. steamer *Khedive*, one of the largest and finest in their fleet. The sea was quite calm, and the great ship's movement was hardly perceptible. We had, including children, nearly two hundred first-class passengers, besides a number of second ditto. All the long tables in the saloon were quite full at dinner-time, and punkahs waving over each table. The *Khedive* carried the Calcutta mail, and had on board passengers from China and Australia, as well as from Madras and Calcutta. It was very easy to distinguish the Australian passengers from the others, by their much fresher and more vigorous appearance. Among the Indian passengers were a son and daughter of the Governor-General of India, the Governor of Ceylon, and, strangest of all, a Brahmin lady of the highest caste going to England for the education of her children. She was alone, with the exception of an English nurse, and, whether at table or on deck, conducted herself in the quietest and most ladylike manner. I was told that she was the first native lady who had ever taken such a step. Her husband belongs to the advanced or liberal party in India, and, I suppose, took this way of getting his wife and children out of the cramping and stifling atmosphere of the Zenana. Among the Australians were some of the All-England Eleven, returning from victories with bat and ball in Australia; and Mr. Moore, a botanist, from Sydney, going to attend a meeting of the verdant brotherhood at Florence. The only notable passenger from China was a nurse, whose costume would have delighted the heart of Dr. Mary Walker, for pantaloons were a most prominent portion of it. One could not help hoping that her mistress had an English dress in store for her to land in, so that the poor creature might escape a mobbing.

On the evening of the same day in which we left Aden we passed through the Straits of Babelmandeb. They are much narrower than I expected to find them. On the left-hand going into the Red Sea, on the Island of Perim, there is a lighthouse with a powerful revolving light. I have a distinct remembrance of the weird impression produced on my mind while gliding through these straits in the darkness. The rocks seemed so unexpectedly near, rising out of the water on our right hand; and then as I gazed on them with a decided feeling of not wishing any nearer acquaintance, every now and then came the clear flash with its, as it were, friendly nod of protection and assurance. It is strange the feeling of comfort and protection that a lighthouse always suggests.

I awoke on Monday morning to find myself in the Red Sea, generally supposed to be another name for scarcely endurable

heat. One of the first things I saw after breakfast was children being wrapped up from the cold, and a gentleman exchanging his white coat for one of tweed. A cool breeze played on the top of my head as I sat writing in the saloon, but perhaps that was owing to my sitting directly under a windsail. It was, however, a decidedly cool and pleasant day, and not at all what I expected in the Red Sea. On Monday, at midday, we passed Jehel-Zegur, the name, as I was told, for several rocky islets, apparently of volcanic origin. They were quite bare, and very inhospitable in appearance.

On Wednesday, the 29th, we sighted the Abyssinian coast, which appeared very mountainous, with some high peaks towering above the rest. The sun was shining on the hills, and producing some beautiful effects of light and shade. Next day we were again in sight of the African coast, which seemed a succession of mountain peaks, some of which were evidently of great height. Every now and then we passed a steamer; and the temperature was actually cold. Warm clothes began to make a general appearance. During the evening of the same day we passed very close to the island of Shadwan, a great mass of rock at the entrance of the Strait of Jubal, leading from the Red Sea into the Gulf of Suez. It was clear moonlight when we passed, and the island seemed to consist entirely of bare rocks. Some distance further up the Straits we passed another lighthouse with a revolving light, whose revolutions were about the slowest I had ever seen.

On Friday morning, the 1st of May, we were in the Gulf of Suez, with high land on each side, of the dryest and most sterile character,—mere rocks and sand. The coast on the left hand was precipitous and very bare, with a formation of rock on the top that had the semblance of a wall. On the right hand the coast was low and sandy near the shore, regular desert in short; but the back-ground was composed of hilly ranges. Of course the question of the crossing of the Children of Israel came up; and a dip in the coast on the left hand certainly answered very well to the description given of their starting-point in the Bible. However, it was stated by some authorities on board that the place where that memorable crossing took place is now dried up. How longingly in later life, when one gets into the mists of disputed points, is the simple faith of child-hood thirsted for, even as that ancient King of Israel longed for a draught from the well of Bethlehem, where, as a ruddy boy, he had often stooped to drink. And yet the man's reason is as much his gift as is the child's faith, and we, like him of old, must pour out that longing before God, and turn with renewed determination to the man's work of battling for the truth.

As we drew near Suez we passed one of the P. and O. steamers on its way to Aden, and another foreign steamer also eastward bound. The first thing that attracts one's attention on nearing Suez is the number of steamers lying in front of the docks. Among them, at the time we were there, were two Turkish men-of-war one a

corvette, the other a small gun-boat. Most of the steamers seemed to be canal cargo boats, with the funnel placed unusually near the stern. One of the docks belongs to the P. and O. Company. The town of Suez is a mile or two further on than the docks, but there is a railway between them. The country all round is sand and rock, which reflected in very unpleasant fashion the brilliant sunshine. The coolness of the Red Sea was a thing of the past, and we had now the peculiar dry heat of the desert. The *Khedive* did not go into dock, but lay outside like the rest. Many boats came off, and amongst the rest a Turkish quarantine boat, whose occupants finished off their European costume with the Turkish red fez. The next boat to approach was a large one laden with splendid oranges, at which the thirsty passengers gazed with longing eyes. The occupants of the boat made an attempt to bring them on dock, but a stern quartermaster sent them down the ladder in double quick time. However, some way or other, the oranges soon made their appearance all over the ship. Boats with small wares and photographs also made their appearance, and a brisk bargaining for—I was going to say all kinds of trash—was soon going on. While this was being done, a large tug steamed up to take off the passengers who were going by rail to Alexandria, and thence home *via* Brindisi or Venice. Half of the tug was taken up by the mail bags, and as a large portion of the mail was still left on board the *Khedive* it gave one some idea of the size of our weekly Indian post. The tug took passengers, luggage, and mails into the P. and O. dock, close to which the railway seemed to end. From the point where we lay Suez appeared to lie low, but we found afterwards, on looking at it from the Canal, that the town is really built upon a slight elevation, and has a background of rocky hills. One of the Brindisi passengers, anxious to see the canal, stayed on board the *Khedive*, but good-bye was shouted to the supposed unfortunate as the tug moved off, for it was not supposed that the ship would reach Alexandria in time to catch the Brindisi steamer. But where was the canal that so many of us were anxious to see? I looked in vain for some suitable entrance to such a grand triumph of engineering skill, and no entrance of any kind could I see; only a few buoys mark the opening of the canal into the Gulf of Suez. There is not a single lock along the whole canal, and, like many other great things and persons, it is chiefly distinguished for its simplicity. So much is the latter the case that I overheard passengers saying "that it was not such a great piece of work after all, it was only a shovelling out of sand, so as to make a deep trench." I can fancy how M. Lesseps would have grinned if he could have been within ear-shot of the speakers. When you are fairly in the canal it strikes you as being much narrower than you had expected, and the staked off steamer channel is very narrow indeed. The water is of a greenish hue, and the banks are just sand, part of the desert that stretches on either side as far as the eye can reach. Close to the entrance there is a

large house belonging to the P. and O. Company. It stands on the left bank, and further on there were a few more houses, with one or two green bushes, the very sight of which relieves the eye. There was also an extremely shabby monument to M. Lesseps, merely a bust upon a plain pedestal. It would be a well done thing to pitch it into his real monument—The Canal. Telegraph posts are placed along the left bank, bearing a double line of wires, which are used for working the canal. We entered on the afternoon of the same day we reached Suez. It was very sultry, and the sand gave everything a warm tint. We passed a small encampment with a couple of camels, which made the scene more desert-looking still. Half speed is the quickest rate allowed while passing through the canal, and we very rarely went at that even. A special pilot was taken on board, and, as is the case with all the P. and O.'s fleet, we were escorted by a steam tug, which followed us until we reached Port Said.

As we steamed slowly along the canal I could not help wondering that it did not gradually fill up—the banks were so very sandy. A little excitement was caused later on in the afternoon by the report that a steamer was stuck right ahead, and across the channel. She was, however, got off, and sided after a little time, and we passed her—a rather troublesome business in the canal, necessitating a taking in of some boats, and a peculiar arrangement of others, to prevent them being stove in or carried off by the passing steamer. The one that we passed turned out to be a heavy coal steamer from Sunderland. It was said that she had already stuck three times, and as at this time we were only a few miles from the Suez mouth of the canal, it augured rather badly for the time she would take to reach Port Said. As soon as darkness closed in we stopped for the night, as no vessels are allowed to go after dark in the canal; indeed, it would be useless to try to do so, for the certain effect would be to run the ship into one of the banks, it being impossible to distinguish the guiding stakes without daylight.

Next morning, being that of Saturday, the 2nd of May, we set off by daylight, but very soon had to stop for an hour to allow another steamer to pass. A number of the gentlemen took their morning bath in the canal, but the unfortunate ladies had no such resource; and many and loud were the complaints when it was found that, owing to the slow rate at which the vessel was going, the engines would not be able to pump enough water to allow of the usual morning baths. I overheard a rather amusing dialogue between a lady and one of the stewardesses. Lady: "Stewardess, I want my bath." "Can't have it ma'm, no water." "I must have it, for I have not had one for three days." "Can't help it, ma'm, we are in the canal, and no baths are to be had." "But I must have it," "Can't, ma'm; will try and get you a little fresh water in a foot-bath, and that is all I can do for you." The lady refused the kindly offer, and bolted

into the bath-room, where she used up a small supply of water that was being kept for other purposes. If that lady could only have been made to understand the harm she was doing to herself and women generally by her babyish unreasonableness! No wonder men think women will never do much in the way of real work when they hear them speak in the way I have just given an example of. Dolls, not work, are what suit babies, big and little.

The Funeral in the Abbey.*

LIST! there is music sounding!
Not airy strains. that lead the mazy dance,
Not trumpet tones, that stir the warrior's soul;
But soft, and slow, and solemn, as it swells,
And rolls afar, and dies, midst its own echoes
From vaulted roof and lofty aisle dim-lighted,
Where clustering columns rise, and rainbow rays
Gleam in their varied glory o'er the scene.
'Tis in the Sacred Fane where sleeps the dust
Of those whom Britain loves to honour,—who
Shed living honour by their deeds on *her*,
Challenging place upon the rolls of Fame.
Sages and Saints, and Sons of Song lie there;—
Wresters of Nature's Secrets;—Senators,
Whose thund'rous eloquence could awe the world;—
Patriots whose life-blood for their country flow'd;—
War Chiefs who led her armies on to glory;—
Statesmen with eye far-reaching, who could thread
Diplomacy's dark mazes, and, the helm
With firm hand grasping, steer the nation's bark
Through storms of strife, to honour and to peace.
And Royalty's proud dust lies mouldering there,
'Neath sculptur'd marbles, or midst gilded shrines:
While high o'erhead the ancient banners droop—
Monarchs of other days,—of other *ages*,
Successive generations of the Great,
Who rul'd the realm of England as *she* grew
From isolate obscurity to greatness
That with a fame undying fills the world

Lo! *there*,—an open grave! and heads are bare,
And bent;—and bosoms heave, and tears are falling
From youthful womanhood,—from hoary age.
Men weep, as slowly through the reverent throng
Is borne what hides from view a shrivell'd form,
Wasted and featureless: yet round that bier
Stand silently the Great of many lands.

* These powerfully graphic and profoundly appreciative verses have been forwarded to us by the Hon. Mr. Godlonton for publication in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*. They come anonymously as from "a South African Missionary," and dated from "the Stormberg." We have reason to believe that their author is the Rev. H. Dugmore, of the Queen's Town Division,—a gentleman who has already, and so often, distinguished himself by compositions of a similar character.—ED. C. M. M.

Britain's High-born stand there ; and Kings of Men
Of other realms stand there by Envoy. There
The Sons of Science gather, and the Friends
Of Light and Liberty. The Churches' Messengers
Look on in sadness there : and a vast throng,
Crowding around, sigh forth a *Nation's* sympathy.
Tokens of reverent love,—azalea wreaths —
Laurel and myrtle, with fair flowers entwin'd,—
Bright Immortelles,—branches of Afric's palm,—
(Symbol of triumph e'en in death), are there ;
And,—Honour to the honour'd!—Britain's QUEEN—
Sign of " respect and admiration "—sends,
Her own, and Royal Daughter's funeral gifts
To deck the bier.
And *who* is it that thus
Draws to himself, in *death*, the eyes of nations ?
Is it some Warrior Leader, who has died
In the proud hour of victory ; and, wept
By a whole People's tears, lies down to rest ?
Or is it one who, in a nation's peril,
Has earn'd a nation's gratitude by wise
And warning counsels in her Council Halls ?
Is it a *Prince* has died ?—that Royalty
Should sigh her grief, and Nobles weep around ?

'Tis LIVINGSTONE !—That name a thousand tongues
Through years of hope and fear alternate utter'd ;
While he who bore it, deep in Afric's wilds,
Solving her mystery of ages, trod
Her deserts, trac'd her streams,—a Pioneer
Of Science, Commerce, Liberty, and Mercy.
A " weaver boy " thus honour'd !—Wherefore *not ?*
He wore, indeed, no Ducal coronet ;
Nor dwelt in lordly hall. But " stamp " of " rank "*
He needed not, while Nature's " gold " of Manhood,
Solid, and pure and bright, shone through his soul.

The " weaver boy," in youthful prime, had yearn'd
O'er Afric's sons enslav'd ; for his *own* soul,
By " grace of God " emancipated, long'd
To free from bondage " body, soul, and spirit "
Of those who were immortal as himself,
And co-redeem'd, tho' dark in mind as hue.
He bore the Cross's Standard o'er the plains
Where wandering tribes by MOFFAT gather'd dwelt ;
And preach'd the Cross's Story in the tongues
Strange to his earlier years.—But as he stood,
And look'd to " regions " yet " beyond," where white man's foot
Had never trod, *fresh* longings filled his soul.
" Millions dwell yonder :—all unknown to us,
" They live and die in darkness : and they groan
" In bitter bondage, where no ray of hope
" Shines through the gloom.—I go to find the way :
" Let others follow."
And he went,—alone ;
And brav'd the desert blast,—the serpent's folds,—
The jungle's ambush, and the lion's fang :

* Burns.

He brav'd the fever'd swamp, the tropic sun,
The mountain torrent, and the savage spear.
Barbarian wonder follow'd in his steps;
And treachery shrank before the magic power
Of Christian kindness, single and unarm'd.
He vanished from our sight,—and time roll'd on,
While he was lost from view.
At length was heard
Rumour of strange discoveries: lakes unknown
Had spread their silvery waters to his gaze;
And mighty streams, through vales all green and glorious
Pour'd their vast floods o'er thundering cataracts,
Where men had deem'd were nought but deserts drear

"From ocean through to ocean" tropic realms
Were travers'd with unfaltering footsteps, till
Regions before unknown, with all their wonders,
Rose into view, and hidden tribes disclos'd
Their being and their need.
He rested then
Awhile, and told his countrymen the story
Of his long wanderings over Afric's wilds.
Men wonder'd while they listen'd, as they heard
Of grassy slopes and waving woods and sparkling waters;
Of birds of beauty,—flowers of gorgeous hues;—
And these where they had pictur'd a Zahara,
With whelming sand-storms, and the death-blast dire
Of red Simoom.
He rested not for long:—
The spell was on him, and his work not done.
And now he led a band, who bore the Light
Of Truth Divine, to chase away the darkness
That brooded over regions bright and fair,
Where "man alone is vile."—'Twas there he laid
The partner of his bosom, who had shar'd
The joys and sorrows of his younger years—
A grave by Shiré's waters, far away
From home and kindred, holds the precious dust.

And now his ties to earth are loosen'd:—now,
The beckoning Hand that calls him onwards still,
Is seen more plainly,—and he follows. He
Would lift the cloud from regions still unknown;—
Heard of but through the victims of a vile
Traffic in human blood. His soul was fir'd
With ardent resolution to destroy
(Or perish in the contest) the dire curse
That blighted nations when they might be blest.

A vision rose before him:—These fair realms
Yielding earth's teeming increase in exchange
For varied handiwork of other lands;—
An open-handed Commerce giving boons
To honest industry, while *crushing down*
The curs'd man-stealer's trade:—The light of Truth,—
Of *Christian* Truth, for mind, and heart, and life,—

For family and nation,—blending with
Prismatic rays by Science, shed around :—
The darkness melting,—heathen orgies vile
Yielding the place to worship bright and pure ;
Songs of Salvation where the savage yelled ;
Slavery of mind and body kill'd together,
And Freedom smiling glad o'er all the land !—
This was his vision ;—and it might be *true* ;
And he would *labour* that it might,—aye, down to *death !*

Again, yet once again, the word, " Farewell ! "
A *last* farewell : we heard his voice no more
The years roll'd on,—and on : he came not back.
Tidings, indeed, there were ; but " far between,
" Like angel visits," were those tidings brief,
That still he liv'd, and toil'd,—the White Man lone,
Who, with such wondrous spell o'er savage minds,
And with charm'd life, held pain and death at bay.
And then came silence. " Has he sunk *at last ?* "
And then came *other* tidings ;—" He is *dead !*
" And dead by murderous hands ! "—And hearts were chill'd
With horror, and stood still. But some said, " No !
" Not *thus* will that brave spirit pass away.
" Africa *knows* his errand :—'tis *not* so."
Nor was it so. A kindred spirit sought
And *found* him ! – and with all the old fire burning ;
But with the *Censer* now well nigh consum'd.
" Come home with me and *rest* ; well hast thou earn'd
" The right upon thy laurels to repose :
" The *world* is yearning o'er thee ! Come and *rest !* "

" Not yet ! not yet ! There is *still* work to do.
" Let me but show the way to Afric's *heart* ;—
" Leave me to trace the water-path by which
" Old England's white-wing'd sea-birds shall ascend,—
" Bearing her Light, and Liberty, and Peace,—
" To roll away the dark reproach of ages ;
" And *then*,—MY WORK IS DONE."
And STANLEY left him.

And then, th' enfeebled frame, once more essaying
To climb the mountain, pierce the forest's gloom,
Stem the swift torrent,—cross the lake's broad breast,
And wade the sedgy marsh,—*gave way at last !*
But still the spirit, o'er the flesh triumphant,
Register'd till the " hand had lost its cunning,"
The record precious of that life's last task,
Which only death could end. . . . .

He died alone : none saw the spirit part.
Thus had he will'd to die—*alone with* GOD.
The morning greeting of his faithful band
No longer met the welcome, kind response.
The spirit had gone *home*, and gone in silence ;
And there lay lifeless clay.
And none were nigh,
Save Afric's swarthy sons. But these had learned
To love and reverence him whose *life* was given

A sacrifice for injur'd Afric's weal ;
And they would guard his relics, e'en in death.
They left his *heart* where *fitly* it should rest ;
And bore, in reverent hands, the faded form,
Rudely, but lovingly embalm'd ; and after days
And weeks and *months* of weary toil,
Gave to its kindred their last sacred trust ;
And *there* it lies !—and thousands stand around,
To do the Martyr honour as he rests.

And now " his body " sinks from mortal sight,
Midst showers of amaranths and fragrant flowers
That, white and pure, fall fast from loving hands.
" Buried in peace " it lies, 'mongst kindred heroes :
While white-robed choristers and organ pealing
Blend in the final, loud, triumphant strain,
And the high arches echo as they sing,—
" But his soul *liveth !* LIVETH EVERMORE ! "

A SOUTH AFRICAN MISSIONARY.

Stormberg, May, 1874.

Shall I Win Her?

THE STORY OF A WANDERER.

BY JAMES GRANT, AUTHOR OF THE "ROMANCE OF WAR," &C.

THERE is something startling to Cape readers in the fact that so accomplished a writer as the veteran James Grant should have selected this Colony as the scene of such a thoroughly stirring three-volume novel as " Shall I Win Her? " The story is so racily told, that in our desire to pierce the heart of the great mystery and get to the finish, we are led to gallop through the book and swallow an enormous amount of local inaccuracies, into which the author must have been entrapped by some waggish Colonist away on his travels. And when the climax has at length been reached, after a breathless chase of hero and heroine through a variety of moving incidents by flood and field, we are spell-bound by the literary audacity that has dared to collect such a pile of impossible events and endless absurdities, and pass it off upon an English public as the latest outcome of South African pluck and Colonial enterprise. The whole plot is so outrageously far-fetched, and the creation of Mynheer Schalk van Neukerque so utterly inhuman, that much of the story reads like a burlesque on the " Flying Dutchman," or one of Dumas or Victor Hugo's rhapsodical romances. And yet the central figure of the novel, monster though he be, is stirred by human passions and swayed by feelings that enable him to enslave and bewitch the fairest of the opposite sex ; while the possession of a twin brother who rivals him in his tastes, and resuscitates the stories of his ill deeds, serves

to confuse and entangle still further the already bewildered reader, in a crowd of decided sensations and nightmare fancies.

The story may be epitomised as follows :—Two brother officers meet in the bush, after years of separation, "near Hell's Kloof, on the Great Fish River, a wild spot in Southern Africa, distant about fifty miles from Algoa Bay." They compare notes, and Captain Gerard Douglass, of the 74th Highlanders, then proceeding to the front, is surprised to find his quondam comrade, Dick Haddon of Ours, transformed into a Kafir trader. Their surroundings must have been peculiar !—

Rocky hills shut in the landscape, and in the light of the two huge watch-fires—prepared by the halted Highlanders and the Hottentot helps of your humble servant, the Kafir trader—the prickly pears, the scarlet and lilac geraniums, the African aloes in full flower, were distinctly visible in the foreground ; while beyond and around spread the silent and voiceless forest and jungle, out of which there flew from time to time the bright and golden spreuw, the honey-bird, and the oriole, scared by our lights and voices ; while there were gloomier features to the picture, for among the millet and melons that grew wild under the pine trees, the bare brown feet and muscular legs of some dead Kafirs protruded, and more than one feathered assegai, or reedy lance, with its steel head stuck in the turf, just as the hands of the dead had launched it, bore evidence of a recent conflict.

"And you are *en route* for the Amatolas ?" said I.

"Yes—following up the regiment—— * * And you sold out of the old ——th Fusiliers, Dick ?"

"Yes ; debts and mishaps concerning that property out of which I was so shamefully tricked, and by which I lost something that I value more than the property by a thousand times, proved too much for me in the end."

"Yes—I know—Clarice Haywood," said he, lowering his voice.

A gesture of sorrow and impatience escaped me.

* * * * * *

"Who were those that were attacking you when we came so promptly to the rescue in extended order ?"

"Kafirs."

"Of course."

"A party of darkies under a savage bushranger, who is said to be an European—some say a Briton—any way, an escaped convict, who has fraternized with the Kafirs, and married at least one of their women. Oddly enough, he has acted more than once as my unrelenting enemy ; and in several of my trading expeditions tried to cut me off before the war began."

"Who is this man, Dick ?"

"Mark Graaff !"

* * * * * *

"And now, Douglass," I asked in my turn, "what have you been doing with yourself all these years since we separated ?"

"Doing ! Oh, playing the stale old game of life."

"Married yet ?"

"No," he replied, a slight flush crossing his sunburnt cheek. "I am

one of those who in the great lottery of the world have drawn only blanks. With me life has been too often a desperate and losing game."

"This is more like a portion of my history than yours, Douglass; but you used to be somewhat tender, I remember, on Fanny Haywood."

"As you were on her sister Clarice. But she threw me over for another."

"Another!"

"Yes, and married him, too. That fellow Carysport, who is now here on the staff."

"Here—do you say—*here?*" I exclaimed with a nervous start.

* * * * * *

We have made this lengthy extract because Dick Haddon's love for Clarice Haywood, and Captain Douglass's pursuit of her married sister, Mrs. Carysport, are the hinges on which much of the story is made to turn; while the hatred of Mark Graaff, or as he subsequently is proved to be, the poacher Mark Sharkeigh, leads us to some of the most graphic episodes in the book.

The hero, Dick Haddon, tells us how he lost his sweetheart Clarice through the cunning of an old housekeeper and the above-mentioned scamp, Mark, and how he nearly killed the scoundrel in a subsequent poaching affair, with many other little matters that have but little interest for the general reader, but are necessary to the due elucidation of the plot. In return for his narrative he is told by Captain Douglass that Miss Clarice is still alive and single, and, what is more, now in the Colony with her married sister, and that as he has made lots of money by trading, why he had better look her up, and marry her off at once without beat of drum.

Like an obstinate fellow, Haddon prefers to meet her in his disguise of bronzed cheek, veldschoen, and tanned suit of a Kafir trader, rather than deck himself out in clean linen and regimentals, and make himself known by sending in his card and calling at Government House. As a natural consequence he is led a pretty dance, and in the course of his true love he joins the 74th as a volunteer, and sees some very funny things on the march, before he meets her at Graham's Town.

For some miles of the way we had the piper playing, and the echoes of his wild and piercing instrument scared the monkeys in many a thicket of pine and mimosa trees, and once or twice a spotted tiger crossed our line of march, swift as a flash of lightning, when hounded from one jungle or clump of bushes to another.

The sun was setting beyond the range of hills that rise between Albany and Uitenhage when we reached the poort or glen, a lonely and most lovely little spot, where a small but deep stream flowed, and our thirsty soldiers greeted it with a shout of rapture as they threw themselves beside it and filled their canteens.

Around this sequestered hollow were groves of orange trees, covered with ripe golden fruit from their highest to their lowest branches, which were bent to the sward beneath the juicy load. Of this fruit we all partook freely, and found many fine bananas growing among the trees.

The author goes on to describe in a very masterly way how a number of videttes are shot down one after the other by an unseen tirailleur, and then Dick Haddon volunteers to take the place of sentry and stalk the lurking savage. He does so quietly in the dark starlit night, till he is suddenly stopped "by one of those vast decayed boulders or hollow blocks which are so common among the hills of South Africa, and are chiefly to be found in masses between the Lion's Head and the sea; and they are so large that at times they have been adopted as lurking-places, and even as habitations, by runaway slaves." Listening here, he hears sounds that convince him the hollow rock has a tenant, and in a few seconds he finds himself engaged in a hand to hand struggle with his old enemy—the outlaw, Mark Graaff—who tries to rob him of his hunting pouch. He is just getting the worst of it, when Mark fires a pistol at him and misses, and then the report brings up Douglass's Highlanders to his rescue, but not before Mark has had time to recognize him as *Captain Haddon*, instead of calling him by his trading *alias* of Mr. Richard.

We now get to the secret of what Dick Haddon's belt contains, and a funnier hotch-potch of how diamonds are found and their existence among the Griqua tribes never was penned. But to our tale. Graham's Town is reached at length—

A flourishing settlement, situated in a lovely hollow surrounded by high green hills; and here the unusual strains of the bagpipe, as we marched in to the air of "The Haughs of Cromdale," drew all the population to the principal street, where crowds of Fingoes, yellow-brown Hottentots, and even Malays, rushed after and capered around us. Some were gaily attired in wonderful cottons, with douks or bandanas tied round their woolly heads; others, *à la* Chinese, had long sharp skewers of brass stuck through their plaited hair, with scales and ornaments of brass sewn upon their cowhides, or the dirty blankets, which formed the chief portion of their attire.

"Now for your snug old inn with the popular young barmaid," said Douglass.

Douglass halted his men and thus drew off the obnoxious crowd, while Adrian Africander and his assistants drove my team of weary oxen, with much vociferation and noise, towards the great yard of the old inn, shouting to the animals by their pet names, while they panted in the hot wind, strained on their collars, and winced under the lash of the merciless sjambok.

"Now, Schwartlande, you verdom kind!" "Schotlande, you black duivel!" "Wo, ha, wo, ha!" "Creishman, my pooty!" and so forth, using the strange jargon of the Dutch Hottentots and cattle drivers.

Well may he call it strange, but stranger still is his *rencontre* with his lady-love. While looking out of the inn window, two officers and two ladies on jaded nags scamper up to the porch, followed by an escort of Cape Mounted Rifles. The landlord hurries to receive them, and after a time he returns to inform the trader, Dick Haddon, that—

The new arrivals were two staff officers—one a major—"and their vives going to ze frond, and dat dey would purchase your vaggon if you

was disposed to zell id—der duivel's braden! I should make a goot bargains vis them if I could—der vives were ver bretty, too!"

"Who on earth can these fools be who are taking European women to the front at a time like this?" exclaimed Douglass, who has just joined us.

"They are welcome to my waggon for less than half the sum I paid for," said I. "It cost me sixty pounds last year at Cape Town; my team of oxen are black well-trained Zuurveldt cattle, and cost me three guineas each; and my knecht, or head servant, Adrian Africander, may go with them if the travellers choose. But, having once been an officer myself I do not like to chaffer with officers. However, if——"

"I will arrange all this for you," said Douglass. "If one is a major, I must, in duty bound, report to him my arrival here with a detachment *en route* to the front."

"Of course—thanks, Gerard," said I, as he put his claymore under his arm and left me.

In a short time Douglas returns and informs him brusquely that the ladies who wish to purchase his waggon and team are their former flames—of whom mention has already been made—Clarice Haywood and Mrs. Carysport, and that they are accompanied, the one by her husband the major, and the other by a new, handsome, and very attentive lover, Percival Graves, of the Coldstream Guards; and that they have asked them in to tiffin. They accept, and are both rather piqued that the ladies take so little notice of either of them, so much so that they both determine to pay them off in their own coin, and do so effectually. Strange indeed it would have been if a woman of Miss Haywood's appearance, style, and air of high breeding, was without admirers; and in the course of conversation, by the scraps of raillery and quizzing that fell from her sister, and admissions made by Graves, Haddon learns that she had many among the garrison and others at Cape Town, but as yet she is still disengaged. He resolves to sell off his stock, realise his diamonds, and see if he cannot win the girl's hand by first exciting her interest, and then declaring himself to be her old lover of five years previous. Of course two words of explanation would have settled the whole difficulty, but then we should have lost the rest of the story, which practically begins to be absorbing from this point. He gives his waggon up to the ladies, and decides to accompany them on horseback; but before starting afresh on their adventures, he looks after his bawbees, and realises his wealth in the following fashion:—

To one merchant in Graham's Town I disposed of all my karosses or skin cloaks, which I had procured from the Bechuana tribe; and eighty of these brought me £240. My ostrich feathers I gave to another, disposing of three hundred-weight at *six shillings per pound*. A third person took from me all my ivory and a bale of thirty guinea tiger wolf skins.

My most important transaction was yet to be made by selling the contents of my pouch. I possessed several diamonds which I had procured among the Griquas, and there was one which I had found sparkling at the bead and button necklace of a Kafir whom I had shot in a skirmish near Hell's Kloof. A jeweller filled me with joy and wonder by assuring

me that this one—the largest—weighed fully 83½ carats, that it was of the finest water, and worth more than £25,000!

Another, which I had procured from a Griqua doctor, in exchange for a horse, three old tower muskets, and a Jew's harp, he valued at £4,000, and the rest I disposed of for a few hundred pounds.

'Tis thus that history is made to repeat itself, and the story of the Star of South Africa finds a new development in a stirring work of fiction.

Meantime Douglass, the tall, dark, pious, and splendid soldier, finds himself more and more enslaved by the golden hair, lovely blush-rose complexion, and little *retroussé* nose of Fanny Carysport—the girl who had fooled and jilted him—and carries on in a style that seems almost capable of ruffling the icy serenity of her very stiff and buckram husband; and there is abundance of proof forthcoming that this lion in the path will soon be disposed of in the first skirmish they are trapped into, and so we are not astonished to find in the sequel that the major is killed in action, and his widow marries the Highlander after all.

And now comes the strangest part of the tale. At their very first outspan they stumble over the grave of a man who in life was said to be a vampire and a cannibal, and we are treated here to a full account of this monster's performances, which, Dick Haddon coolly says, he often thought of communicating "*to the columns of the Cape Argus, of St. George's-street, Cape Town*, but refrained"—imagining, we presume, that there it would be consigned to the waste-paper basket. The whole of the episode about Mynheer Schalk van Neukerque is too lengthy for quotation, but readers of this book will find it very wonderful indeed:—

He was a man of powerful frame but most forbidding aspect, and his extreme ugliness never grew familiar, but seemed to increase upon acquaintanceship. His eyes were of a pale greenish grey—there were times when they seemed undoubtedly green; his large and hairy ears were set high upon his head; his brow was low, with prodigious frontal bones and beetling eyebrows; and he had a cruel red mouth, teeth sharp as a rat, and always white and glistening.

His lips had ever a peculiar wetness, as if smeared with blood, and his face, which was minus beard or whiskers, was utterly hairless, and had a singular whiteness and flabbiness, an aspect that made me shudder; and once when his hand touched mine, on that morning as he accosted me, its cold sliminess, like that of a fish freshly drawn from the water, made me thrill with disgust and repugnance.

He never smiled; his normal expression was solemn, grave, and even morose. It seemed to me that this morose personage was a prey to incurable disquiet; but whether it was the result of remorse for a crime, ambition marred, love unrequited, grief for his late wife, from all these together, or that his temperament was morbid beyond cure, I knew not and cared not, only that I wished him a hundred miles away from me.

He seemed full of quaint and terrible conceits, and was fond of speak-

ing of metempsychosis—the transmigration of souls from body to body; of the transfusion of blood from the veins of one person to those of another; of the stream of young life into the arteries of the old, who might thereby have their youth and vigour renewed, and so forth.

A nice young man to introduce to one's friends truly, with a great capacity of sucking away their life blood when occasion offered. Ultimately this fellow is found out in his pranks in churchyards, and Mr. Haddon has the satisfaction of seeing him hung and come to life again; of seeing him shot down through the head, and his head hewed off his neck by an axe; and as the story proceeds, we are led to believe that for all that he turns up again, and plays mischief among the chief characters.

Be this as it may, we must hurry on and see what we can make out of their next halting-place, and the leopard they found there.

About sunset we reached the village where I had suggested to Carysport we should halt for the night.

It was almost entirely Dutch, and a most picturesque looking little place, surrounded by green and wooded mountains that towered above a river, whose current was empurpled by the sunset sky; speckboom covered the rocks, and gigantic willows and graceful feathery acacias, their branches covered with mistletoe and other creepers, grew by the side of the rushing stream.

The little Dutch houses were quaint and pretty; hedges of quince enclosed their gardens, and rows of lemon trees, loaded with ripe fruit, bordered the highway by which we marched in.

Here the villagers complain of the ravages of a tiger, who is not content with baboons, rock badgers, antelopes, and such small deer, but runs off with sheep and goats, and even little children. This beast refuses to be caught in a trap, and old Mynheer Speke van Bommel implores the travellers to give him the *coup de grace* before they leave, "as the ferocity of this wild animal is beyond all parallel apparently." More out of bravado than anything else, he promises to lay the tiger's skin at Miss Haywood's feet or leave him his own, and so cut out the effeminate Percival Graves, or be cut up by the leopard instead. Oddly enough, the leopard turns up just when he is wanted, because as they are following up his spoor, they hear cries, and are just in time to save no less a distinguished person than the Kafir Chief Sandilli from the claws and fangs of the savage beast, whom he has been firing at and missing of course. Dick Haddon has a sharp tussle, and eventully chokes off the tiger from the old Kafir, who is very grateful, and subsequently gets him out of a worse mess, when he has been caught on the war path and was on the point of being roasted, of which more anon. In the meantime the chief makes himself scarce and forgets to let out his name, otherwise the Kafir war would have been brought to a sudden close. At the end of this brilliant affair Dick Haddon discloses himself in his true colours, pops the question, is accepted of course, and begins to think that instead of going to the front to fight the insurgent Kafirs as a

nameless volunteer, and as such perhaps to leave his bones to the kites and jackals of the Amatolas, it would be wiser to return quietly back to Cape Town, get married, and take a passage by the first eligible steamer bound for Europe.

Man proposes, but fate disposes, and the next night the young women are carried off by the natives under Mark Sharkeigh or Graaff, who leads on the attack upon the village. The whole of this is very graphically told, and proves that the writer has smelt powder himself, and knows how to describe a night attack with vigour and *vraisemblement*, and may be said to have been composed out of the Hottentot revolt on the Kat River, and the materials furnished by the *melée* between the 7th Dragoon Guards and the Kafirs. The hero is inconsolable, and finally gets taken prisoner, and is on the point of being put to death when he is recognized by the leading chief, and protected by Sandilli, who wishes him to marry his pretty daughter and live with his tribe as his adopted son. Sandilli has not forgotten how his life was preserved from the tiger ; but Mariqua is too much for Dick Haddon, and when he thinks of the Kafir women and Bechuana belles whom he had seen as a trader amongst them, with their dingy skins smeared in grease and powdered with iron ore that sparkled like mica, their woolly hair adorned with metallic pendules, and their sole attire a leather apron and a kaross of hide, his mind filled with horror and disgust, combined with anger at the intense absurdity of his whole position. And yet it was a serious one, for in the end it might be marry or die! He therefore resolves to escape, and does so, in spite of the chief plying him with Cape Madeira and stuffing him with good things, especially with " bunches of honeypot grapes from the nearest bush, on which they were growing wild." (Page 104, vol. 2).

Under the effects of all I had undergone I felt my brain reeling ; yet a cool and delicious breeze, laden with the rich perfume of the orange and citron groves without came through the half-open windows of the rooms, which was the best in the kraal, and had actually Venetian blinds. The walls were covered with French paper representing Hindoo girls, brilliantly-attired Bayaderes, and girls dancing ; and to my disordered vision the room became at times as if peopled by phantoms.

One morning—oh, I shall never, never, forget it !—about daybreak a deserter from the Cape Mounted Rifle Regiment—Jan Cupido, one of the same rascals who assisted Mark Sharkeigh in the abduction of Clarice and her sister—arrived at the missionary station with a message for Vonga. His horse he had left at the gate accoutred and bridled, with his double-barelled regimental rifle hanging in its usual place by a bucket and sling to the right side of the saddle. Here was a golden opportunity, and not a moment to be lost. Opening the window softly, I slipped outside, and dropped lightly to the ground, a fall of only seven feet or so. A gap in the hedge of prickly pears and geraniums, forming the compound of the house, favoured my further exit ; and while I panted rather than breathed, I crept round to where the horse stood pawing the earth, impatient of a feed. My blood seemed to boil and my veins to

tingle, so great was my excitement as I seized the double bridle, sprang upon his back, and, though without spurs, urged the well-trained animal to a furious gallop. * * *

I rode on blindly, longing for shelter and the friendly obscurity of night; but the time as yet was only sunrise, and I had a long and, too probably, a perilous day before me.

He accordingly makes for the hills, and on the whole he gives a very capital account of the local scenery and surroundings to be met with during so desperate a ride. He finds a cave in which he hides himself, and unexpectedly comes upon Mark Graaff wounded, and tended by his rascally servant Adrian Africander. He deprives the outlaw of his weapons, and threatens to shoot him if he gives any further trouble; then he tends his wounds, and finding he is about to die, Mark Graaff and Dick Haddon have an explanation, and the earlier difficulties of the story are cleared up very satisfactorily by the "ne'er do well" Mark writing out a confession and presenting it to Dick. Meanwhile the Hottentot servant has slipped away, and our hero takes the hint to clear out. He does so, and has another exciting gallop, and is at length bailed up in a ridge of high grey crags of basaltic rock standing in an open plain. His horse breaks his leg, and Dick has to climb up the rocks and hide in a convenient cleft where he can defend himself.

Here the natives surround him, and, after the manner of the thieves in "the Cloister and the Hearth," Haddon has to put them off as best he may. They then try to smoke him out, without avail; for he blackens his face with powder and blood, appropriates the kaross from one of his dead assailants, and, under cover of darkness, steals down among the very trees piled up to destroy him, and gets to the plains undiscovered, where he cuts the rope tying all the horses together, and, mounting the nearest one, he rides off at full speed, followed by the whole of them like a herd of wild cattle, for fear was added to the fury with which they galloped when the dead trees were set on fire, and a roaring pyramid of flames rose round the solitary rock in the plain. Eventually after many hairbreadth escapes, worthy of the pen of Capt. Mayne Reid, he reaches the banks of the Great Orange River, crosses in a bark canoe, improvised for the nonce out of a flake six feet long and three feet broad, by tying a tough vine trailer round it to keep it the proper curve, and stopping up the open ends by plugs or masses of thick red clay! Credat Judeus! He gets stranded on an island, and is threatened by snorting hippopotami; and being afraid to cross by wading to the mainland, might have stuck there in the mud till now, if in the nick of time he had not been rescued by a party of the 12th Lancers, who were the advanced guard of the army of General Sir George Cathcart, then moving forward against Moshesh, the great Basuto Chief,—and who soon disposed of his pursuers, by opening a rattling fire upon them, and sending them to the right about.

We are then treated to a very comical account of how an army

can cross an unbridged river without pontoons; and our hero has the pleasure of hearing that Capt. Carysfort is dead, that his widow has married Douglass, and that Miss Clarice Haywood having been rescued from those who carried her off, has left the Colony, in consequence of hearing that her lover, Dick Haddon, had been killed and made mincemeat of by the Kafirs, and has gone to Jamaica with an extraordinary fellow-passenger—named Mynheer S. van Neukerque. Our hero is again cast on his luck and starts off in pursuit, and finally having been half drowned, and burnt out of his ship, and ill-used in the scurviest way possible—at length discovers that all his labours have been in vain, because Miss Clarice has gone and married a horrible man—the twin brother of the Vampire Schalk van Neukerque.

Our space warns us to draw our synopsis to a close. In the end, the objectionable Mynheer Schalk van Neukerque gets killed off; virtue and patience and constancy are rewarded; and the young lady is at last won by the man who certainly has undergone infinite hardships to secure her hand, and comes into possession of a large fortune at last.

To review such a farrago of nonsense and improbalities is to beat the air; but it cannot be denied that Mr. James Grant has written a work that will thoroughly interest an English audience. It is a curious break in our humdrum colonial life to find ourselves whirled into such a vortex of passion and romance, and is another proof of the truth of the old adage—"*Auri sacra fames, quid non mortalia pectora cogunt.*" Verily, verily, out of South Africa something new and strange is always on the tapis!

The Commetje Veldt of Kaffraria.

THROUGHOUT Kaffraria there are occasional tracts of country filled up with a succession of basin-shaped holes, where for miles around not half an acre of level ground is to be met with. These hollows, or depressions, do not vary much in size, but in shape they differ greatly, being variable in their form and depth. The circular is, however, the most prevalent; they frequently run into each other, joining links or chains of basin-shaped hollows; many of them will be partly filled up with shrubs and grasses, while others will be empty, showing the presence of a gravelly subsoil.

Many theories have been from time to time advanced to account for the origin of this peculiar formation. One of the commonest is that in each basin there occurs either one or more large stones; how they came there is not stated. This theory is, however, untenable. I have examined many cuttings and escarpments where the public roads have passed through the "Commetje Veldt," and have failed to discover the above-mentioned large stones. Of course an occa-

sional rock or boulder will occur in these hollows in the vicinity of rocky localities, but they do not exist in each basin. Another theory, which is still more fanciful, states that the Commetje Veldt was formerly a succession of pit-falls, made by the natives for entrapping game.

While upon a recent visit to Kaffraria, I found myself speculating on the origin of this curious formation, and upon referring the subject to my brother (Commandant Bowker, an old resident of the country), he at once, without any hesitation or doubt, pronounced the Commetje Veldt to be the work of the large worms so common to that country. To me this was a novel idea,—a new light. However, after some reflection on the subject, and a long conversation with the Commandant, I became a convert to his views. That creatures so insignificant could have the power of altering the surface of large tracts of country I could not at first conceive. However, we need not marvel at this work when we know that the chalk formation throughout Europe, which extends for many hundreds of miles in length and breadth, is for the most part formed of the shells of rhizopods, a foraminiferous microscopic creature (see Lyell's "Elements of Geology,") and more marvellous still are the gigantic structures reared by the coral insect. We read in Ansted's "Animal World" that these small creatures "have built up four hundred miles of barrier reef on the shores of New Caledonia, and on the north coast of Australia their labours extend for one thousand miles in length. These reefs average perhaps a quarter of a mile in breadth, and one hundred and fifty feet in depth; they have been built amidst the waves of the ocean, and in defiance of the fiercest storms."

Kaffraria possesses a rich, deep soil, varying from a few inches upon elevated positions to many feet in depth in the valleys below; beneath this dark stratum of earth there occurs a gravelly subsoil, clayey and adhesive in its nature, but exceedingly porous, from the admixture of gravel and coarse sand which it contains. In many localities the dark surface-soil is inhabited by multitudes of worms of various kinds and sizes. These creatures, it is well known, subsist upon something which is held in solution by the soil, and, like the mole, their work is continually progressing; they do not work in the gravelly subsoil, but confine their labours to the dark earth above, which, through their agency, is undergoing an endless change; it is being *hollowed out or excavated* beneath, and piled upon the surface in a succession of small worm-heaps, until the accumulation and weight can no longer be supported by the shrubs and grasses; consequently, during heavy rains, to which Kaffraria is particularly subject, the weaker parts of these excavations either fall suddenly in, or quietly sink down until they rest upon the gravelly subsoil beneath. When the earth is disturbed in this manner, the rain-water finds its way through, and a drain is formed in the gravelly subsoil beneath, which carries off not only the surplus water but also much of the earthy matter which it holds in solution. Where these natural drains occur

in the public roads there is always a tendency in the earth immediately above them to sink in, causing holes in the road, or depressions, which require constant repair, and proving at the same time that these natural drains do exist in each basin.

In the course of time these hollows are, through the agency of natural causes, gradually filled up, and the elevations which divide them in their turn go down, thus forming the basin-shaped holes commonly called in Kaffraria the Commetje Veldt.

The great work that is carried on by these small creatures is ever in progression; the surface-soil is continually changing places with that from below, but as it is a work of time, which passes silently on like many other great changes which take place around us, it is not always evident to the casual observer.

In traversing the Commetje Veldt after heavy rains, it is not an unusual occurrence to meet with hollows that have recently fallen in. Near the Debe Neck I once felt the earth sinking beneath my feet; it had previously been raining hard. I at first imagined that I was standing on an ant-bear's hole, not being aware at the time of the excavations formed by the worms. In another spot (also on the Debe Neck) I found one of these hollows which had just fallen in, the shrubs and grasses were in a confused and tangled mass in its centre, and the edges of the basin were jagged and rough.

Kaffraria is the stronghold of the large worms. That their labours are beneficial there can be no doubt; they are tillers of the soil, and apparently in the Commetje Veldt they take the place of the mole, for, as far as my own observation extends, I have found that where the worms predominate the mole is absent or nearly so; it is evident, too, that the disturbances that the former are continually making beneath the soil would considerably interfere with the runs of the latter; hence the mole is driven out, and moreover, its services are by no means required, for where so many tillers of the soil are constantly at work, we need have no apprehensions of the earth becoming hardened or unprolific. The most fertile parts of Kaffraria are the localities where the worms abound. The Commetje Veldt is a tangled mass of plants and grasses, growing in the wildest luxuriance, which, together with the "ups and downs" which it presents, is by no means an inviting locality either to the pedestrian or the rider; it is tedious in the extreme to traverse this country. Morally speaking, however, we should be contented to know that the "ups and downs" which in this world we are doomed to encounter are, for the most part, by no means calculated to sustain our equilibrium.

M. E. Barber.

Kimberley, 16th July, 1874.

The Bushman Cave Pictures.

To the Editor of the "Cape Monthly Magazine."

SIR,—I may congratulate the printers upon the excellent manner in which the Bushman paintings, as copied by Mr. Orpen, have been rendered in the chromo-lithographs. They are most creditable productions, and no one would guess that they are the first chromo-lithographs, I believe, executed at the Cape. The only omission I can notice is that the very slight strokes by which, according to my Bushmen's explanation, rain is indicated (Mr. Orpen's Bushman gives another explanation to these strokes), have *not* been put into the chromo-lithograph of one of the paintings from the cave of Mangolong. The artist may have considered them merely unnecessary flaws; but they are an essential feature of the painting. I mention this here, as it may seem odd to the reader to see in Mr. Orpen's paper and in my notes references to "strokes" which are not to be seen in the chromo-lithographs.

I am, &c.,

W. H. J. BLEEK

Grey Library, 27th July, 1874.

Volkslied.

Een Boer.

Een boer is maar een arme ding;
De rede zal ik nou maar zing,
Al werk hij door met hand en mond,
Verdien hij in een jaar maar schaars een pond.
Hij het nie tijd om uit te rij,
Zoo kan hij ook nie lekker vrij;
En als een meisje hij wil vrâ,
Dan seh zij, die werk is al te zwaar,—
Zoo een boer, hij is maar een arme ding,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
Zoo een boer, hij is maar, enz.

Een gave ding is een boer, seh ek (ik),
Want hij het rijklijk varkens' spek.
En waar is een man die een mooie vrouw
Zoo goed als een boer kan onderhoû?
Zonder 'n boer zal wees geen brood,
En zonder kos gaat almal dood.
Zoo moet die mense die boere dank
Voor al die kos en al die drank.
Zoo een boer is tog een gave ding,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding,
Zoo een boer is tog een gave ding,
Voornaam als hij een Engelschman ben.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

On Inquiries into Australian Aboriginal Folklore.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH. D., FOR. MEMB. OF THE R. BAV. ACAD. OF SCIENCES.

THE natives of Australia, the Bushmen of South Africa, and some of the Indian nations living to the West of the Rocky Mountains of North America, are probably the lowest types of humanity, as regards civilization and deficiency of political organization. The Australians and Bushmen especially are distinguished by the fewness of numerals contained in their languages; the Bushmen having no more than three (and, perhaps, originally only two, the third being possibly borrowed from the Hottentot). Yet, with all these deficiencies, it is probable that both Bushmen and Australians, at all events, are nearer akin to ourselves in their languages and intellectual life than other races who far exceed them in point of civilization, *e.g.*, the Negroes of Africa. The mythological character of a good portion of the traditionary lore of both Australians and Bushmen is a distinctive characteristic not met with among the Negroes; but only among nations who claim nearer kinship to ourselves. In the faculty of imagination Bushmen certainly, and Australians probably, far exceed anything that we meet with among the Negroes.

To observe, in such rudimentary stages of culture, the development of the same poetic instinct, which is the motive power of the highest human life, is a matter of very great moment for all ethnological inquiry. In this respect, such nations as the Bushmen and Australians, their language and traditionary literature, become of the highest importance. It is on this account that, when the opportunity offered itself of studying the Bushman language and collecting their literature, I thought it my duty to put aside for a time the, to me, very important work of a Comparative Grammar of the South African Languages, and to try to rescue, while it was still possible, something of the language and literature of this dying out nation. The result of these researches, undertaken under the auspices of the Government of this Colony, has exceeded my most sanguine expectations, although we have as yet fathomed only to a small extent the rich mine of Bushman traditional literature.

The publication of last year's report, concerning the Bushman researches, suggested the idea that the amount of success of our Bushman studies might be encouraging, with regard to the possibility of collecting the folklore of races like the Australian Aborigines and the lowest North American Indian tribes to the West of the Rocky Mountains. On this account I ventured to address the Governors of the British Colonies, in which these primitive nations still exist (the Australian Colonies and British Columbia), upon this subject, and to draw their attention to the importance of encouraging the collection of the folklore of the Aborigines in their native languages, with a translation,—so that it might not happen that these very peculiar branches of humanity should be wiped off from the face of the earth, before at least some of the products of their own specific minds had been preserved for posterity.

As His Excellency Sir Henry Barkly, and the then Secretary of State for the Colonies, Lord Kimberley, kindly interested themselves in the matter, my request was recommended by the latter to the Governors of the Colonies in question.

The first answer which I received to these applications was a letter from the Lieut.-Governor of British Columbia, informing me that "since the confederation of this province with the Dominion of Canada, the control of all matters connected with the Native Tribes had been placed entirely in the hands of that Government." It then goes on to say: "With the view, however, of furthering your object, a copy of your letter has been placed in the hands of the Indian Commissioner here, with the request that he will forward it to the authorities at Ottawa, for them to take action on."

But the next reply was more immediately satisfactory, and, indeed, of a highly gratifying character. It was from His Excellency A. Musgrave, Esq., C.B., Governor of South Australia, who, in a most interesting letter, tells me that he is happy to say that a sum has been placed upon the Estimates "to enable a more systematic attempt to be made to preserve from oblivion information now fast passing away from us; but which is capable of affording much light upon many interesting and important questions in ethnological and anthropological inquiries."

Mr. Musgrave also kindly sent with his letter several books and pamphlets already published in South Australia, which have reference to this subject. Of these, the latest is one giving notes on the manners and customs, ceremonies, traditions, language, &c., of the *Dieyerie* tribe (living about six hundred and thirty miles to the North of Adelaide), compiled by Mr. Samuel Gason, a Police Trooper, and published this year. It is exceedingly interesting, as giving so full an account of a distant tribe in the very centre of Australia, whilst almost all other accounts of the Australian Aborigines refer (so far as I am aware of) only to tribes living near the coasts of Australia, or at no great distance inland. It is natural that the author should describe far more

in detail the manners, customs, and ceremonies of the natives, than their mythological and other notions; although, regarding these also, he gives some interesting details, which throw a good deal of light upon the reasons for many of their, at the first glance, absurd, and ofttimes repulsive customs and ceremonies. This renders it almost certain that, if we had a thorough knowledge of their own modes of thinking, the Australian Aborigines would appear to us far more rational and human than their (to European eyes) frequently disgusting appearance would intimate.

Another contribution to the knowledge of the more Northern natives of South Australia, is a vocabulary of the *Woolner* district dialect, Adelaide River, printed also at Adelaide, 1869. It is not stated by whom this was compiled; but the adoption of a very complicated mode of writing, in which the English sounds of the vowels are retained, renders it improbable that it is the work of a Missionary, since almost all Missionaries who have to write native languages feel themselves compelled to adopt the simple Italian values for the vowels. In fact, the Missionary efforts in South Australia seem, as far as I can get any evidence, only to have been made on or near the coast. Several once flourishing Missionary establishments have, I believe, long ceased to exist, on account of the total disappearance of the natives. Of Missionary institutions still existing in South Australia, we have evidence in the papers sent us regarding those at *Poonindie*, and also at *Port Macleay*.

Poonindie, Port Lincoln, a Missionary Station of the Church of England, is described by the Bishop of Adelaide in "A Visit to Poonindie," &c. (Adelaide, 1872). Mr. Musgrave calls this settlement "a striking instance of what may be accomplished in the way of raising the people from their wild, nomadic, animal existence to an intelligent appreciation of the advantages of steady industry and the appliances of civilization, and even enjoyment of games and amusements hitherto altogether beyond their knowledge."

The Mission at *Point Macleay* is established by the Aborigines' Friends' Society, whose Fifteenth Annual Report (Adelaide, 1873) has also been sent,* together with some fruits of this Mission, *viz.*, translations into the language of the Lake tribes of Aborigines called *Narinyeri*, of "Lessons, Hymns, and Prayers for the Native School," and of "Extracts from the Holy Scriptures," both printed at Adelaide, 1864. The translator, the Rev. George Taplin, Superintendent of this Mission, "is," Mr. Musgrave says, "one of the best informed men in the Colony on all subjects respecting the Natives, at all events respecting those of the district of the Lower Murray;" and to him naturally my letter, with enclosures, was

* Among the works kindly sent by His Excellency Governor Musgrave, the two following—Moorhouse's Vocabulary and Grammar of the Murray River Language and Meyer's Manners and Customs of the Aborigines of Encounter Bay—were already known to me, and are described in "The Library of His Excellency Sir George Grey, Philology, Vol. II. —Part I. Australia," Nos. 14 and 16.

forwarded. This has elicited a valuable letter from him, which is given below.

The personal interest of His Excellency Governor Musgrave in this matter is also shown in his remarks on the intellectual state and physical development of the Natives, to which his experience in different Colonies (British Columbia, Natal, the West Indies, &c.) gives an especial value. Thus he says: "For my own part I am disposed to think, from my knowledge of some of them, that the common estimate of the relative grade of savage tribes, in mental development of any kind, is very frequently erroneous. You speak, for instance, of the Australians and Bushmen being distinguished by the few numerals which they possess, and point to this as indicating a low type of humanity as regards civilization. But in the system of the *Dieyerie* tribe, as given by Mr. Gason in his account which I send you (page 39), you will observe that this alleged deficiency of numerals by no means indicates an inability to compute and express greater numbers than the number of numerals they possess,*—any more than the French expression dix-sept or quatre-vingt denotes inability to compute beyond the numbers ten and seven, and four and twenty respectively.

"I know nothing personally of the Bushman people, but from the limited opportunity for acquiring information which I have enjoyed since I resided here, I am disposed to regard the Australian races as not so degraded as the Indian tribes on the North-west Coast of America,—as being quite as naturally intelligent, and far more capable of improvement."

Further on Mr. Musgrave says:—"In physical formation and development, the Australian natives whom I have seen are decidedly superior, as human animals, to the Indians on the North-west Coast of America; and are quite equal to any African race that I have made acquaintance with, whether Kafirs or Negroes, from the West Coast, or their descendants in the West Indies.

"I enclose, with the publications mentioned in the schedule, four photographs of natives belonging to tribes near Port Darwin, in the ar North of Australia, which I think you would scarcely know from portraits of Kafirs, if they had been handed to you as such."

LETTER from the Rev. G. TAPLIN to the SUB-PROTECTOR of ABORIGINES.

Aborigines' Mission, Port Macleay,
29th January, 1874.

SIR,—I duly received the parcel of papers which you sent to me, including the letters to His Excellency the Governor, of the Right

* Mr. Gason says of the *Dieyerie* system of notation: "The only words representing numerals possessed by the natives are—*coornoo* 'one,' *mundroo* 'two,' *parcoola* 'three.' Should they desire to express any greater number, it is done by adding together the words above, or instance: four, *mundro-la-mundro-la*; five, *mundroo-mundroo-coornoo* (that is 'twice two and one'); six, *mundroo-la-mundroo-la-mundroo-la* (that is 'thrice two'), and so on till ten; after which to twenty the term *murrathidna*, from *murra* 'hands' and *thidna* 'feet' is used, and the fingers and toes are brought into play. Their arithmetic is then exhausted, and any arger number than twenty is signified in the dumb language, conveying the idea of a mob, —an nnumerable quantity."

Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Earl Kimberley, and of Dr. Bleek, of Cape Town,—also the printed papers concerning the Bushman and Australian languages.

As directed by you, I proceed to report thereupon.

I understand from his letter that Dr. Bleek requests His Excellency the Governor of this Colony to have a collection made of the legends and myths found among the different tribes of Aborigines. It is also evident that he desires that more particular researches should be made into the languages and manners and customs of the Aborigines, in order that a correct knowledge of them might be obtained.

I have resided for the last twenty years among the Aborigines, and have been officially connected with them for fifteen years, and during that time have gathered up some of their legends and myths, and also particulars concerning their languages and customs. A short time ago I put the information which I had gained into a connected form, and presented the manuscript to the Aborigines' Friends' Association of Adelaide, in order that it might be published for the benefit of the funds of the Aborigines' Missions.

The Committee accepted the work, and it is now in the printer's hands. I have requested the Rev. F. W. Cox, of Adelaide, who is carrying this little work through the press, to send you one of the prospectuses of the book.* I think that this little book will afford some of the information requested by Dr. Bleek, as far as the tribes of Aborigines who call themselves *Narrinyeri* are concerned. I am sure, also, that this information concerning the *Narrinyeri* might be increased, as I have by no means exhausted it. This nation of Aborigines is the largest now in the Southern part of South Australia, except the *Dieri* of Cooper's Creek.

I am quite sure that it is practicable to carry out a plan which would obtain all that Dr. Bleek wishes.

It has been my desire for many years to collect into one volume all that could be known of the Australian Aborigines. I have always felt a deep interest in the study of Ethnology. I have gathered up some information and kept it by me, hoping to be able to add to it from time to time; but I find my limited resources, engrossing engagements as the Superintendent of the Station, and private position, prevent me from making much progress. I am sure that all the interesting results which Dr. Bleek hopes for might be obtained, if such researches could be carried on vigorously. As I see the *Meru*, *Moroura* and *Tatiara* tribes fast passing away, I am sorry that I cannot get time to pursue inquiries concerning their mythology, language, and customs, which will very soon be impossible. The *Narrinyeri* possess (for Aborigines) a remarkable vitality, and I do not fear their speedy extinction as a nation.

In order to obtain the information which is desired by Dr. Bleek, it would be necessary that researches should be carried out under the

* In the prospectus the book is called "On the History, Manners and Customs, Language and Mythology of the Natives of the Lakes and Lower Murray." Attention is directed by the Committee of the Aborigines' Friends' Association to the facts "that the Ethnological Society of London have recently published, as part of their proceedings, a paper his" (Mr. Taplin's) "on the Native Languages and other matters; and that Mr. Darwin, in his latest work, 'Expression in Man and Animals,' has repeatedly quoted Mr. Taplin's observations."—W.H.I.B.

authority and directions of the Government of this Colony. I should propose that the following objects should be sought for :—

1. A collection of all grammars and vocabularies of Aboriginal languages. I have compiled a vocabulary and grammar of the language of the *Narrinyeri*, and would willingly get it copied as a contribution towards this result. I have no doubt that other contributions could be obtained.

2. A comparative table of the languages of the Aborigines, to correspond with the comparative table of Polynesian and Melanesian languages of Dr. Geo. Turner, of Samoa ; but it would be desirable to form such a table on a different plan from Dr. Turner's. It could be so compiled as to be much more convenient for reference. The value of such a complete table would be very great. I made an attempt towards such an one, and His Excellency Sir James Fergusson sent the manuscript to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, by whom it was sent to Professor Max Müller. He laid it before the Anthropological Society of Great Britain and Ireland, and they published it. I send herewith a corrected copy. Its very limited range prevents it from having any great value. My own object in compiling it has been to endeavour to trace the lines of migration of the Aborigines into this Continent.* I understand that this has been to a great extent accomplished for the Aborigines of the North American Continent. I do not see why it may not here.

3. A collection, by a competent person, of all the legends and myths and folklore, to be found amongst the different tribes of Aborigines. I am sure that they would be found to possess many of the characteristics which are supposed by Dr. Bleek. They have a great resemblance to the myths, &c., of the inhabitants of Polynesia.†

4. The tracing of the system of kinship prevalent amongst the Aborigines of this Continent. This is very important. Many tribes have already been found to have the same peculiar system which is in existence amongst the Dravidian Natives of Southern India.

In order to prosecute these researches efficiently, it would be necessary that a list of questions should be carefully drawn up, together with a list of words for which the Aboriginal equivalents are required, and also a table of relationships and degrees of kinship, and the whole printed in a convenient form as a circular. This could be sent to those persons who are best acquainted with the Aborigines to be filled up. By these means a great deal of information might be collected.‡

There exists a great necessity for trustworthy information about the Australian Aborigines. The very first sentence in Dr. Bleek's paper, "On the position of the Australian Languages," contains a most questionable assertion, *viz.*, "that the languages spoken throughout the

* Although such comparative vocabularies are of a certain value in this respect, still this is not so great as was formerly supposed. The comparison of the grammatical structure of the different languages is of far greater importance, as well as a necessary basis for all lexical comparisons, and also as the surest guide to the real relationships of languages and nations.—W.H.I.B.

† My own impression has been that the Australian mythology is of a different character from the Polynesian one ; but the sources for my knowledge have been limited. Further researches must clear up this point.—W.H.I.B.

‡ No leading questions should, however, be asked from the Natives ; otherwise the information is likely to be untrustworthy. The best way is to take down from the lips of the Natives their folklore and other traditions, and get them to explain them without suggesting anything at all to them.—W.H.I.B.

southern portion of the Australian Continent are derived from one common stock."*

I have often seen similar doubtful statements made. The work of Sir John Lubbock, on the "Origin of Civilization," as far as the Australian Aborigines are concerned, abounds in misstatements and mistakes. His authorities have not been trustworthy. It is very desirable that trustworthy information then should be made accessible. It is most important for the advancement of science; and anthropology bids fair to hold no secondary place in the circle of the sciences. I quite agree with Dr. Bleek when he says of the Aborigines, "the present state of their manners and customs, and habits, seems to favour the idea that they have fallen from a higher stage of civilization."† I think it can almost be demonstrated that this has been the case. Mr. Wake is decidedly wrong in maintaining the reverse position. I cannot think how any one who has extensive knowledge of the Australian Aborigines can fail to perceive that they have descended from a state of comparative civilization to their present state of barbarism. Such researches as are recommended by Dr. Bleek would tend to clear up this matter and make evident the truth.

I have been informed that a Mr. Gason, who has been stationed as a Police Trooper at Lake Hope, has drawn up an account of the language, manners and customs and traditions of the Aborigines there. Such an account should not be allowed to remain unpublished. It is sure to be valuable.

* Among the results of the researches made by Sir George Grey, and published in his "Journal of Two Expeditions," thirty-three years ago, the discovery that the languages spoken throughout the southern portion of the Continent are akin to each other, was confirmed to me by the study of the different grammars collected by Sir George, and described in "The Library of His Excellency Sir G. Grey, Philology, Vol. II. - Part I. Australia." This view is mainly based upon a comparison of their grammatical structure; whilst Mr. Taplin seems, so far as I can see from his paper, only to have been guided by lexical comparisons, which, certainly by themselves, do not prove common origin. Of course, in the course of a generation many additional facts may come to light, which may disprove former conclusions. But, as yet, I have not seen any Australian grammar which does not show on the whole the same structural peculiarities; and it certainly is new to me that there should be any having the peculiar characteristics of the Polynesian and Melanesian languages, as Mr. Taplin seems to intimate in his "Notes on a Comparative Table of Australian Languages." The *Tasmanian* languages or dialects (now extinct) are the only ones I can remember of which it is doubtful whether they possess Australian or Papuan characteristics. But the scantiness, and to a great extent unreliability, of the material available for a knowledge of the Tasmanian dialects, almost precludes the possibility of arriving at a clear opinion regarding them. Logan ranges them with the Papuan; and I remember being at first of his opinion, and trying hard to find confirmatory indications; but only with the result that it was, after all, more probable that they possessed a structure similar to that of the other Australian languages. I must, however, mention that Professor Finzi, in Florence, who was about to publish a book on the Australian languages, expressed to me his doubts regarding the consanguinity of the Australian languages with each other, and still more with the Dravidian languages of Southern India; but as his death, at the early age of twenty-five, prevented the appearance of this book, I do not know on what grounds his doubts were based. The subject is deserving further inquiry, and is well worth the attention of trained philologists. The collection of Traditionary Lore in the native languages will be the best help in this direction, as furnishing the most reliable materials.—W.H.I.B.

† My meaning may best be understood by giving the two sentences following this in my paper: "The artificial nature of their weapons, their knowledge of the art of spinning, the peculiar system of castes existing among them, and many other circumstances besides tend to confirm this view. It is, doubtless, not too much to say that having been sprea in small numbers over a vast Continent, produced almost necessarily with them (as it has done with European settlers in new countries) the loss of many of those acquirements of civilization which they had originally possessed."—W.H.I.B.

I have always considered that it was the duty of Missionaries to gather up facts, which scientific men could then arrange and classify. I, therefore, willingly offer my services to the Government for the prosecution of these researches, in so far as I could carry them on without detriment to my work as the Missionary Pastor of the Native Christian Church here. My duties as a Missionary of the Gospel must always stand first; but if without injury to those duties I can assist in this most interesting work, I am quite ready to do so. I feel that I am forwarding the best interests of the Aborigines by helping them into the light. They have suffered, as a people, through there being so little known of them.

In order to carry out Dr. Bleek's plan, it would be necessary that the Legends of the Aborigines should be collected by those who understand their language. I am sure that this could be done. I know for my own part that, time being given me, I could make a collection of legends in *Narrinyeriwallin*, with translations into English.

I have sent, herewith, a book of translations into the language of these natives, just to give a slight idea of the capabilities of their language. I have also put in a collection of hymns and lessons.

If this report is not sufficient, I shall feel honoured by your making further inquiries of me, and will do my best to answer them.

I have, &c., &c.,

GEO. TAPLIN.

We see from these letters of Governor Musgrave and Mr. Taplin, that this matter—so important, because it will not brook delay—is in good hands in South Australia; and we may hope soon to hear similar good news from the other Australian Colonies, giving promise of energetic endeavours to rescue from oblivion something of the inner life of races now fast disappearing before the rapid strides of civilization on that continent.

The Fisherman's Daughter.

He's coming home! He'll soon be here!
It *is* his boat I see;
How glad I am my father dear
Is coming back to me!

Yes, now I'm sure my father's safe;
I see *The Hope's* white sails;
'Tis good to trust in God always,—
His goodness never fails.

How fiercely did the tempest rage!
Oh, how I longed for light!
My heart was restless as the waves;
I could not sleep all night.

All those dark hours the angry sea,
It roared, and foamed, and tossed;
And many a boat and many a life
In that wild storm was lost.

My father's safe! Thank God! Thank God!
The boat is drawing near.
There's work to do before he lands;
I can't sit idling here.

Methinks I hear my mother's voice;
The night she died she said:
"Your father's growing old, my child,
Care for him when I'm dead."

O mother dear! I'll ne'er forget,
Nor break my solemn vow!
As I have done for five long years,
I'll care for father now.

Yes, by the time the fish is sold,
The table will be laid;
He'll come and take me in his arms:
"God bless my little maid!"

"Well done, my girl," he'll say, "well done!
How nice and warm it is!
But tell me, child, where did you get
A breakfast such as this?"

And I will say, "My father dear,
You need not be afraid;
My mother taught me thrift, and God
Helps those who ask His aid."

My dearest father! those gray hairs
Are Noordwyk's crown and pride;
For all who toil and trust in Him,
God's goodness will provide.

R.

—*From the Dutch.*

At Sea; or, the Story of a Voyage.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Off St. Helena, August 21.

I MAY as well write it all down here, and get it done with, as the miserable tale has been begun. And yet I will not call it miserable, for, confounded though I feel, I seem to have something better, and more worth having, than I had before.

The long night passed sleeplessly to me. I was up early, soon after day dawned, trying to distract myself by studying the external aspects of the island. It is enough to say that they are somewhat majestic, though devoid of all grace and softness. A hard place, in truth, fit for the birth-place of hard destinies and bitter experiences.

Most of the passengers were on deck, and amongst them Annie Stamford. The joy of expectancy had brought a brighter glint into her eye, and she said of her own accord,

"I hope Harry—that is Mr. Carter, will come off soon." This was the beginning of the end.

In due time the port-boat boarded us, but it contained no one except officials. Soon after, however, another boat pulled off, and as it came alongside Annie said in tones of eager pleasure, "There's Harry."

I seemed to know him at once. A frank, manly, Saxon-faced fellow, of about six and twenty; just such an one as a warm-hearted English girl might be expected to fall in love with. As I saw him sitting there, looking so strong and handsome, I can't say that any sense of jealousy entered my heart. She was his before—his by right. What was I but a stranger; the friend of an hour; an interloper. All the hopes and plans of the past four weeks went from me like a dream; sunk deep into my memory, there to be covered up and treasured as something too good to keep, too bright to last.

He bounded up the ladder. Scarcely knowing why I did so; not knowing indeed that it was he, I stepped up to him, and, touching his shoulder, said,

"Mr. Carter?"

"Yes."

I took him to one side, and in few words told the tale of Robert's death. He looked terribly shocked, but after a minute's pause said,

"And Annie—Miss Stamford?"

It was hard for him to speak just then I saw; but it was harder for me to reply, as I did,

"She is pretty well. There she is."

For the life of me I could not get more out than this. So I pointed to where the poor girl was awaiting her lover in a quiet corner of the deck. I could not help following him as he went

quickly towards the drooping, black-draped figure. I saw her stretch her hands out towards him, saw him kiss her; saw her head fall tearfully on his shoulder; and then, having seen enough, I turned away.

Weary beyond belief, I went ashore, and sought distraction from the great sense of loneliness that had fallen upon me by inspecting the lines of St. Helena. I walked vaguely about James Town until its overhanging walls of mountain basalt became unsufferably oppressive, when, mounting a horse, I rode briskly up the zigzags of the road to the upper heights, and galopped on to Longwood. Gorges, dark and grey, yawned around; the Australian willow filled the air with perfume; pasture lands, formed with infinite pains, here and there brightened the broader valleys; glimpses of the sea gleamed between parted mountain peaks. I cantered along the grassy avenue where the great man paced daily, looked into the little pond where he fed his fishes, stood on the spot where his vast soul fled. There was congeniality in these associations. Here a heart had eaten itself away under colossal disappointments. Here my heart was being racked by its puny grief. Yet how would Napoleon have scorned submission to such light emotions. What to him were private griefs or sentimental tumults. Had not life larger aims and higher purposes than these? Why should I grieve because a fair face and a weak form had slipped out of my possession. Let me blot from recollection the past month, and live again my loveless, but calm and even life.

Such were some of the thoughts that held me as I wandered about the hills, until as evening approached I rode down again, and returned on board. The lovers were on deck, leaning over the vessel's side. They seemed to have been talking about me, as Carter came and said, stretching out his hand,

"You must let me make your acquaintance, Mr. Gordon. Annie has told me all about your kindness to her and poor Robert, and I can assure you their parents will be as thankful to you as I am."

A clear blue eye, and an earnest, truthful tone. Somehow my heart warmed, without knowing or wishing it, towards the young fellow, and I shook his hand as heartily as though our positions had been reversed. Then up came the girl herself, blushing, but with a happy look on her face, qualified by the grief that still possessed her, which became her well.

"You and Harry must be great friends, Mr. Gordon."

These words were spoken in a low tone, but those which followed were in a lower still.

"For Robert's sake."

And so my martyrdom has begun.

28° *S. Lat.*, 11° *E. Long.*—*August* 26.

My martyrdom is going on day by day, hour by hour; the tortures of St. Anthony were nothing to mine. For, however keen my inward pain may be, I have to wear a smiling countenance, and feign a

friendly sympathy. Carter and Annie are getting on very much, I suppose, as all lovers do, though I must give them the credit of being not over "spooney" in their demonstrations. They call each other "Harry" and "Annie," and they sit by each other, walk together, and exchange pleasant, if not ardent, glances; but beyond these simple signs their courtship appears to be of a very sensible character. They by no means leave me out in the cold, but always treat me as though I were one of their party. It might be better for me did they place a greater distance between us, as the joy of being near her, of talking with her, and of winning kindly looks from her soft eyes, is so supreme, that though she can never be mine, I must enjoy these pleasures while I can.

Last night I had a long talk with Carter, who is an intelligent, agreeable man, and disposed to be most friendly. He is in the army, and I asked him whether he was going to join his regiment in Kaffraria.

"Oh, dear no. I have arranged to sell out in a few months. Military life and matrimony are not, to my mind, very compatible. I did not intend to do this at first, but I have changed my mind latterly, and Annie agrees with me that it will be for the best."

As usual, after hearing allusions to the inevitable, I was made miserable for hours, and paced the deck until long past midnight, thinking of what might have been, and of what was to be. It took many a long gaze over the calm infinitude of the ocean—so superior to and regardless of all man's passions—to restore tone to my mind, and to nerve me with the conviction that what I had done for thirty years I could do still. But, alas! the peace of those years was of ignorance; the peace of the years to come must be of self-repression.

To-day has been notable for the most crystalline atmosphere. Through all my wanderings I have seen nothing like it. No words could indicate the intensity of the blue suffusing both the sea and the sky. The circle of the horizon has been defined with a clearness that would have startled Turner. It has been a day when mere existence is a delight, and one's sense of a pervading beauty becomes almost painfully acute. To sit or lie upon the deck in mute or passive enjoyment of these surroundings of sapphire sea and sparkling ether has been the height of my aspirations up to dinner time.

For several days we have been steaming against strong head winds, the regular south-easters of these regions. Much of my time has been spent on the forecastle, sitting over the bows, watching the ship grandly breast the oncoming billows; now soaring skyward on the crest of one, now plunging buoyantly down at the feet of the next, now throwing off defiantly the foam of one more daring than the rest, but all the while working steadily to the southward, carrying us all on undeviatingly towards our destinies. In two or three days we expect to be at Cape Town.

To-night, while talking on deck, Annie Stamford made me promise to go on with them to East London. She said it would be a com-

fort to her parents could they see one who had been so much with their favourite son in his last hours. Put in that way what could I say? It will be for so much longer a prolongation of my martyrdom. Carter, too, said, jokingly, he should want me to be his "best man!" Me; of all men in the word! There is, by-the-bye, a sister Mary, of whom they are very fond, and talk much. I often feel impelled to tell her—Annie—all, but better (or more discreet) impulses stop me.

Table Bay, August 29.

The anchor has just rattled down, and in an hour or so we shall all have said good-bye to the *Southwold* after nearly five weeks of close daily intercourse in her. These partings at the end of long voyages have always much sadness about them to my mind, even where no strong attachments have been formed; but in this case I feel as miserable as a man can feel. A halo invests the last thirty-four days. They are bright in my memory as no time before has been. Even the past week, during which I have known my fate to be so hard and dreary, is not as other dark weeks that I have passed through. Perhaps it may be that I cannot feel what I have lost until we are wholly separated—until, in good old scriptural phrase, I see her no more.

She has been very kind, and almost tender, since the end of the voyage began to draw nigh. Her words to me have been few—indeed, since Robert's death she has not talked much;—but there has been a softness in her speech, and a wistfulness in her eyes, which have been very touching. Carter and she are quiet love makers, and evidently shrink from the lynx-eyed curiosity of shipboard eyes. They talk much of her home and friends, and especially of her younger and favourite sister. The other night she asked me what I was going to do in the Colony.

"To wander about as I have been doing all my life," I gloomily replied.

"But why don't you settle down like other men," she asked with some earnestness.

"Because I have no ties or cares like other men," I added with some bitterness.

The girl lifted her eyes, sadly and wonderingly, to mine. What she saw there I scarcely know, but a deep blush lit up her cheek, and she rose to pace the deck with Harry.

This morning when we rose, tremendous squalls were blowing from the south-west. Vast-winged albatrosses wheeled grandly over our track, and dark Cape pigeons hovered about. A dismasted vessel passed near us, plunging wildly amongst the angered waves. Amidst the driving rains that veiled the horizon we were long in sighting the expected land, but about ten o'clock the bold outline of Table Mountain and the Twelve Apostles grew vaguely out of the clouds. As we flew towards them at a rate never reached before during the

voyage, the peaked hills gradually took form and colour, the houses at Green Point along the shore became visible; the road winding round the Lion's Head and through the Kloof was traced, and we were quickly past the breakwater, and in the smooth water of the now protected harbour.

Cape Town, September 5.

Seven days of great enjoyment in all save thoughts of the future, and those I industriously put from me. Many of us are still under the same roof, Carter and myself amongst the number. Annie Stamford is staying here in the charge of a married lady, who is also going on to East London. It appears that the coasting steamer has broken down, and we shall all have to proceed to our destination in a small sailing vessel, which leaves to-morrow. This, therefore, will be my 'ast entry from this place.

Cape Town is a quaint old world spot, strangely mixed up with evidences of busy commercial life. Its streets are lined by house-terraces or stoeps of varying heights; the flat roofs of many of its buildings, meant to withstand the fury of south-east winds; its diverse population of solemn and sleepy Dutch colonists, active British tradespeople, and chattering Malays and Negroes, are all special features. But more than all else does the great mountain, on whose feet it rests, mark and influence the place. When we landed it was wreathed in mist and showers. After a late dinner at the hotel, where we were served by a legion of odd imp-like coloured boys, of all ages and sizes, we went outside. The scene was transformed. A sky free from cloud, and of intense purity and depth, stretched over us. The moon had risen, and shone with rare brilliancy. But in front of us, brooding over all, blotting out a large section of the sky, and looking as though it were about to fall upon us and bury the town beneath its mass, rose the precipitous bulk of Table Mountain, standing out white and spectral in the moonlight. Annie Stamford was startled at first, and involuntarily seized my arm, withdrawing it at once, however. Her pride in this majestic rock, as the outpost of what she regards as her country, was quite patriotic.

We have had several excursions, but that we had yesterday will ever be memorable. Two carriages took us past Green Point, to the foot of the Lion's Head, where we got out and walked. Few rambles surpass this for beauty. Neither the Comiche nor the Riviera present grander outlooks. We sauntered leisurely up a winding road, cut out of the granite of the hill. Huge boulders strewed the mountain side, which was gay with early spring flowers and fragrant heaths. Great aloes shot their shafts into the air, glossy-leaved silver trees nestled in sheltered ravines and behind friendly rocks. Far above us the splintered cone of the crest pierced the depths of blue. But the glory of the scene is on the other side, where, far below, the southern ocean breaks restlessly upon the black

rocks, and spreads away to distances that are bounded only by the vague lands round the southern pole.

We had broken off into twos and threes, and were sauntering along, enjoying the view, and picking flowers, as the fancy seized us. Annie and I had got together, and were behind all the rest. Our talk was about nothing in particular, except the objects around us; and the pleasant influences of the scene were so strong within me that my words, I fear, were of a meaningless nature. A contest was going on in my breast,—it had often been waged before, but just then it was particularly pressing. Why should I not tell my love to Annie? Why should I let a strained sense of honour restrain me from striving after every possible chance I might have? I had, I know, no right to have any doubts as to the proper course upon such a subject. Harry Carter was her accepted lover—her future husband —and that contract should be held sacred in my sight. But passion pleads stronger than reason often, and love is apt to blind the best of us to what is right.

At a turn of the road where the prospect was especially fine, we sat down on a stone by the wayside. On one side of us the evening flush was mantling the grey flanks of the Twelve Apostles, scarred by the tempests which sweep round the Cape of Storms. Calm as the sea was, the lustrous sands were fringed with the foamy lacework of the unceasing breakers that rolled in so grandly and shivered themselves upon the outlying rocks. The setting sun had reddened the western ocean, and turned it into a sheet of crimson flame. As I gazed over the mystic waters, conscious of their uncribbed immensity, something stirred me to say:—

"How odd it is that all this beauty can be, and yet be without love."

"Oh, Mr. Gordon, surely there's love enough in the world."

As she said this a bright smile broke out on her eloquent face.

"Love, yes there may be for some people, but not for me. I speak of things as I find them. Do you think you could be content with such love as you could get out of these stocks and stones, or even out of that splendid sea."

"I don't know. Perhaps I might if I had nothing better to love.'

She was sorry for the unconscious stab, I saw, as soon as the words were uttered, for she coloured deeply, and her eyes implored forgiveness.

"Yes; but if you had not anything else, what then? If all your life had been like mine, a bare loveless blank, as barren of any clinging thing as the rock we are sitting on, though even it has a lichen attached to it. I thought once that the love of nature was sufficient, in default of all else; but I have learnt better lately."

What else I might have said I know not, but a diversion was caused by the advent of a small snake which crept from under the stone we were sitting on, apparently curious about the intruders. By the time this was killed other persons had joined us, and my

lamentations were at an end. And a happy thing too. Why should I burden her young mind with my own gloomy cares and complainings.

The rest of the day was spent merrily. After quaffing beer at the Round House, we turned our backs on the sea, and passing through the Kloof, saw Cape Town lying at our feet, and the sweep of the Bay beyond. The carriages soon took us downward, past plantations and flowery gardens, into the shadow of the mighty mountain, and the prosaic experiences of our hotel.

Off East London, September 20.

After a fortnight of fleshly torment on board this cranky little brig, we are at last close to our final destination. There are six passengers altogether, and these, with the Captain, have found the tiny deck-house to possess an amazing capacity for discomfort in proportion to its size. The ladies, Annie and her married friend, occupy the Captain's cabin, Carter and myself share the lockers in the cuddy, the skipper and another passenger fill the only spare state-room, if such that horrible little den can be styled.

It has been a stormy passage. Gale after gale met or overtook us, and at times it seemed impossible that the frail little vessel could weather them. Decks drenched, meals uncooked, and a demonstration of perpetual motion, conclusive and constant enough to set the most sceptical heart at rest, have been our daily experience. Four days ago a leak was sprung, and we have all had no lack of exercise at the pumps since then. The water has steadily gained, and we have anxiously looked forward to our arrival here. And now we are here another gale is blowing up; the rollers on the bar render communication with the shore impossible, and the brig is tossing about and labouring in a manner that is, to say the least, ominous.

I have just come in from a general survey of the situation. The first object which strikes one is, I think, the raging sea, rushing riotously down upon us from windward. The next is the brig herself, tossing like a cork in the surges, and so lively in her movements that one has to use both hands to keep a footing. After that I notice and hear the roaring breakers on the beach, their din is distinctly audible amidst the noise of the elements, and their shaggy crests can be seen streaming in wild confusion. Beyond them is a white beach, with the bones of wrecked vessels lying high and dry, bushy hills beyond, and a little town lining one side of a bar-bound river. Perhaps in no part of the world are the "rollers" so destructive as at this point of the South African coast. The vastest volume of ocean seems to spend itself at this point. It is evident that this is one of East London's bad days. An uglier place as a harbour, and an angrier scene, I have never witnessed.

The passengers are discomfited, though quiet. Annie does her best to keep calm, but I can see she is painfully apprehensive. I should be so in her place. After so long a voyage, and so sad a be-

reavement, to be thus wind-bound on board, and to see her friends on the shore, as we can through a glass, without being able to reach them, and with the possibility of shipwreck hanging over her, are circumstances that would disquiet any one. For, to tell the truth, the prospect looks black. With the wind blowing as it is, it would be impossible to put to sea, did the leaky state of the vessel not render the alternative worse than the risk of going ashore. I feel strangely indifferent about it. If we go down we shall go together.

Eight o'clock p.m.

I am ashamed of the selfishness of the words last written. They are utterly unworthy. What creatures of good and evil impulses we are!

On deck it is wilder than ever. The brig is tossing so that I can scarcely write. We have parted one anchor, and are now riding, all cable out, by the last. The land looks awfully close, and the roar of the breakers is terrific. Fires have been lighted upon the beach, so they think our position, there, to be a critical one. Nor is there any doubt about it. I see very little chance of the brig's riding out the night.

The passengers are quieter than ever. I imagine it is generally thus when real peril impends. Pale faces and silent lips are the tokens of extreme danger. Annie is sitting near me, quite still. Though her voice says nothing, I know what words are going upwards from her heart. Brave, noble, and tender spirit, surely it is not in the purposes of Providence that the greedy sea should have you.

We know not. But let me write down here, as perhaps the last words which this hand will ever put on paper, that in my heart of hearts, in my soul's deepest depths, I honour, reverence, and love Annie Stamford. May God for ever bless her!

Krantz Kloof, British Kaffraria, October 19.

Having become possessed of the foregoing pages, supposed by everybody else to be lying at the bottom of the sea, I cannot resist the temptation to complete the somewhat sad story they narrate, by adding a few words of my own. And first, let me do justice to the writer. As these lines may never meet any eyes save my own, I may, without any reserve, say that from the first week of our acquaintance Alfred Gordon seemed to me one of the greatest and best of men. Although his journal is strictly personal to himself, there is so little egotism in it that no one would gather from it any true idea of the real qualities of the writer. Such gentleness of nature, such unselfishness of purpose, such care for the feelings of others, I have never seen in one person before; and when I think of his loveless life, and how completely all these excellencies had been

wasted through so many dreary years, an inexpressible tenderness and yearning fills my heart.

I see nothing unwomanly in my admitting now that ever since my dear brother's departure, Alfred Gordon was much dearer to me than a friend. It could scarcely be otherwise, considering what a man he was, and how patiently and fondly he nursed and tended my poor brother. I had no idea until the last dreadful night of our voyage that he looked upon me with any but brotherly feelings. Amidst all his kindness, there was in our intercourse a reserve on his part which led me to believe that his life had been shadowed by some great grief and disappointment. I understand it all now, though I did not then.

On that awful night, when to all of us death seemed so near, we went to bed as usual at ten o'clock. Under such circumstances no one likes to admit to others the reality of the danger. We said good night as we had said it on so many previous occasions, although the noise of the wind and the sea was deafening, and the vessel was pitching so that any thought of sleep was out of the question. Mr. Gordon clasped my hand more closely than usual, and looked into my eyes with a glance of such love and pity, that I could scarcely mistake its meaning. He seemed a very king-like man, with a broad-browed head well thrown back, and deep grey eyes.

Mrs. Maddison, who shared with me the Captain's cabin, though quiet, was very anxious, and we neither of us undressed, but, lying down in the hot little crib, tried to count the hours away. It was weary work. Every plunge the brig gave we felt sure must be her last. Every wave that washed over her we felt convinced must have swept her from her anchor. I don't think that I had any hope of getting to shore alive. It seemed very hard, on the threshold of home, to be snatched away after so long an absence, but thoughts of Robert sustained me, and perhaps something else.

About midnight, as we knew by the bells, which never sounded so slowly before, there was a great noise upon the deck, and a sound as of sail being set. Almost immediately there was a tap at our door, and a well-known voice calmly said,

"Will you come on deck as soon as you can?"

Of course we went out at once, and, huddled round the door of the deck-house, looked out. The wildness of the scene quite dazed me, and took away much of the terror it inspired. The brig had parted, and was fast drifting ashore. A sail had been set, and all hands were bent upon securing for the vessel as good a position on the beach as possible. Fires were blazing on the hills, and the figures of people were seen upon the sands. In a few seconds we were among the breakers, which roared and rolled over us, drenching us all, and compelling us to hold on stoutly to any support that might be near. As far as I can recollect, Mr Gordon's arm, so strong and firm, was the chief support I had. I shut my eyes, and waited for the end that seemed inevitable. Had we gone on the rocks, these lines would not have been written, as the ship would

have gone to pieces—so they tell me—at the first shock. As it was, we grounded on the sand, a fact of which I was apprised in these words, uttered in a low tone, after a deep-drawn sigh, by Mr. Gordon,

"Thank God. We shall all get ashore yet."

I opened my eyes, and looked again. The shore seemed but an arm's length off, so high had the waves driven us. But the seething waters all round, and the quivering of the vessel under their blows, seemed to make escape impossible.

Almost immediately a flashing light, and a rush of sound, told us that preparations for our rescue had been made on shore. We were so close in that the rope attached to the rocket was secured with the first attempt, and thus communication was established. Not a moment was lost, as it was feared the brig would go to pieces at once. Mr. Gordon, who was by far the most collected man on board, said,

"There's no time to rig a basket or painter line. We must go ashore one by one. The ladies first."

He came towards me, but I could not leave before poor Mrs. Maddison, who had a husband and children expecting her; and so I said. He looked at me to see if I meant it, and replied,

"Well, we have no time to waste in words, so you shall be obeyed. I shall be back at once."

Having tied the delicate little woman to him, he let both of them down gently into the sea, keeping hold of the rope. Their position, dangling in these hissing waves, appeared so terribly perilous that, crouching down, I buried my head in my hands and prayed.

The moments went wearily, and it seemed long, though it was not, before a great shout from the beach told us that they were safely ashore. An answering shout went forth from us, and really at the moment we quite forgot our own yet pending peril. In an inconceivably short period Mr. Gordon was back again, so full of eagerness and vigour that he might have been the proud winner of some race or game rather than the strong saviour of drowning women. He seized me at once, and lashed me to him, and then over the side we went.

I can remember little but that his arm was round me, for the first time, amidst those cold and howling waters. His grasp was so firm and confident that I felt conscious of little danger. We might have been a minute away from the ship when another shout, as of warning, came from the beach, and the same instant a larger wave than usual swept over us, and carried the line from our grasp. We were thus left helpless in the sea. Not helpless, that is so long as Alfred's strong arms could exert themselves. He bade me hold on to him, and with one or two words of such unutterable love, that I cannot write them here, he struck out for the shore. In no time we seemed to have reached the land; friendly arms were stretching out of the surf to secure us, and before I exactly understood it all, I was in my father's arms. Of myself for the next minute or two I knew nothing.

They tell me that I fainted, which is more than possible. The first words I remember were my father's,

"Where's Harry Carter?"

"He's on board," said Alfred, "but I suppose he can swim!"

Stupid as I felt, it suddenly flashed across my mind then that that very day Harry had told me that he could not swim, owing to some physical infirmity that seized him when in the water—a tendency to cramp, I think.

"No, he can't swim. Oh! Mr. Gordon, what will he do?"

A strange look was in his eyes—a look I could not fathom then, but can now, a mingling of emotions as though some great struggle were going on within him. He looked at me, took my hand, and said,

"You shan't lose him, if I die for it!"

These words lighted up much that had been dark to me, but I had not time to do more than comprehend the thought. Most of the men on board had by this time got ashore, but Harry was still on board. Mr. Gordon, though he must have been quite exhausted, plunged boldly into the surf again. We saw him fighting with the waves, until he reached the vessel's side—now heeling over ominously—and disappeared in the gloom; we saw him come forward again with Harry lashed to him, as we had been; we saw him again among the breakers.

The idea of any particular danger did not strike me then, after so many successful passages to and fro, and it was a terrible shock to hear shrieked out,

"The brig's going! they'll be sent adrift!"

It was even so. With a crash the trembling and buffetted little brig went to pieces. The pain and dread within me were so overpowering that I started up, regardless of everything but the fate of these drowning men, and shrieked out, "Save them! Save them!"

Two minutes of horrible suspense ensued. The sea was black with fragments of wreck. No line could be seen; but, happily, the shore end was all right, and how eagerly it was pulled in I need not say. At last the strain diminished, and to the joy of all, a dark object, limp and heavy, was seen at the further end. People rushed forward. Who was it? Was he alive? Two dripping figures rose out of the surf, and staggered towards us. Mr. Gordon was the first. He limped painfully, and his face was bleeding. Coming straight to me, with a solemn look in his weary eyes, he said, oh! in such stifled tones—

"I have brought him back to you."

"Oh, Mr. Gordon, Mary will thank you for ever," I replied as steadily as I could, for I felt wofully faint, and my voice seemed choking with tears and all manner of feelings.

"Mary!" he said, in accents of the strangest wonder.

"Yes, my sister; he's to marry her. Surely you know ——." And here my experience of that night ceases. I am told that I fainted again, and that he also fell insensible. Not only had he

been severely struck on the head by pieces of wreck, but his arm was broken, and of all the beings rescued from the brig, he bore the worst usage.

I see him now, almost strong again, dozing under the verandah of this my father's house. He is quite a hero amongst us, the favourite and friend of all; and—there is to be a double marriage here ere long.

Albany.*

Bright was the day, and precious were its hopes
To thee, Albania, when the teams were stay'd,
And tents were pitch'd upon thy sunny slopes,
And on thy breezes England's banner play'd.

To bosoms yearning for a new abode,
Sweet as the island home they left behind,
Far in the south earth's fairest angle show'd
A spot where all home feelings would be shrin d.

Yet some were there who, homesick, felt again
That first deep pang to man of woman born,
When childhood helpless in its hour of pain,
Grieves from a nursing mother to be torn.

But why did he,† who with a poet's eye
Saw the wild beauties of thy loveliest glen,
Why did he leave them all unsung, to fly
To the great city, with it's throngs of men?

Soon hearths were fix'd, and household boards were set;
And in rude dwellings, as in haste they rose,
For ev'ning cheer, for ev'ning pray'r they met,
Till beck'ning stars invited to repose.

Smooth lay before their view the track of life,
A primrose path, where all around was joy,—
Till that sad hour when rose the din of strife,
And foemen march'd to ravage and destroy.

It seem'd as when from out the far karroo
With fiery breath the desert wind has pass'd,
And earth's fair blooms, which morn had bath'd in dew,
Lie sere at noon beneath the scorching blast.

* Verses suggested by the Jubilee, celebrated in Graham's Town in 1870, in commemoration of the arrival of the British Settlers of Albany, in 1820.

† Thomas Pringle

In silence lay neglected and forlorn
Thy bow'rs for childhood's sweetest carols made,
Where erst the jasmine of the summer morn,
Breath'd all its fragrance on the forest shade.

Oft to thy children, when the sun had sunk,
Each danger came that night's deep shades conceal ;
When wily foes, who from the day had shrunk,
Came forth by night, and grasp'd the felon steel :

Till the dread morn, when arm'd and in array,
They brav'd the storm that through their ranks was driv'n,
When led by chieftains eager for the fray,
They rush'd on death unaw'd and unforgiv'n.

Then peace, with mercies crown'd, gave back once more
Their softest echoes to thy green retreats ;
And happier seasons spread their richest store
Of vernal blossoms and of vintage sweets.

Yet though the years of sorrow had gone by,
But slowly pass'd their scathing pow'r away ;
And still the light of many a sunny eye
Was dimm'd by shadows from the evil day.

Now years have pass'd, but not the thoughts that rest,
On troubled seasons when thy sons have bled ;
Nor mem'ries borrowing from the mourner's vest
The hue of sorrow for the pious dead ;

Nor calls to pray'r, that from thy soil may cease
The last sad traces of the battle field,
That those may bow before the Prince of Peace,
Whose only cradle was the warrior's shield.

In such a spirit would affection seek
Her truths to utter with a gentle voice ;
In church and hall affection thus would speak
To loving hearts assembled to rejoice ;

And thus, to those still bearing love for thee,
Thy duteous children fond but far away,
Whose wish fulfill'd on this bright day would be,
Their kindliest off'rings at thy feet to lay.

J. B.

Bloemendal, Mowbray.

Dr. Dale on Evolution of Life.

A CRITICISM IN TWO CHAPTERS.

Chap. II.

The alternative conclusion to which we are, in Dr. Dale's opinion, forced by the application of the evolution hypothesis to man, is "that man has now, by the skilful appliances of civilized life, so fenced himself round as to arrest the processes of evolutionary changes and stereotype his present condition," "by which a theory is fostered, which, pushed to the extreme, makes the creature triumph over the Creator." Here, then, we have our warrant in Dr. Dale's own language, for what we proposed a few sentences back about the "want of experience argument," which, we said, if *pushed to the extreme*, made an end of the whole inquiry. But the supposed triumph of the creature can be consummated only on the assumption that the plan on which it pleased the Creator to let the earth be peopled is known to us; which of course is impossible by our having as yet to be content with hypothesis. But, as the objection is supported by a certain passage from Mr. Wallace's work on natural selection (Note E), we incline to the opinion that Dr. Dale has to some extent mistaken Mr. Wallace's views, or has been content to give but a partial explanation of them. Natural selection, which is but a factor of evolution, has been erroneously supposed to be co-extensive with evolution itself. The critic already alluded to pointed out, though rather concisely, why the conclusion was to be disallowed that evolution fosters the creature-triumphant theory. It was said that Mr. Wallace had made a point for the evolutionist by showing that at a certain stage in the progress of life, natural selection would cease to act solely upon physical form and structure. As soon as some appreciable variation in intelligence took place, Natural Selection, to speak of it personally, would seize upon such intelligence, and would gradually make it to count for as much or more in the struggle for existence as other variations of a more purely physical kind. An animal endowed with intelligence enough to screen itself from sun and rain, as baboons will do, or to break open seed vessels in search of food, or to use a stick or stone in defence of self or family, would by that very fact acquire a power which would give it solid advantages in the possible events of storms, droughts, irruptions of stronger and fiercer species, &c. In this way the body of such animals would become in the main stationary, and they would survive as the fittest in the struggle by the operation on their intelligence of those "very influences" which their bodies had escaped. The cerebrum or brain proper, which is the bodily organ set apart for the compounding and recompounding of impressions that are not immediately sensory (28), would be developed, would increase in

bulk, would be refined in quality, and become more and more complex in structure. Such is Mr. Wallace's* view on this part of the question; but what is there here that would foster the theory that the creature triumphs over the Creator? Is there any contradiction in nature because it is shown that intelligence must carry the day as soon as natural selection transfers its operation to this side of our nature? If Dr. Dale had said that in this way a "theory was fostered which made the Creator triumph over Himself," he would have said what might have been passed, in the same way as we pass such an expression as "out-Heroding Herod," but the remark would still have been open to objection. We have no *a priori* reason whatever for believing that it may not have been the Creator's plan to perfect intelligence in this way on our world, and we have no experience, present or past, that would negative the possibility of such a plan. When a handful of trained troops fight their way into Coomassie through swarming Ashantees, through fevers and putrid springs, does the creature triumph over the Creator? Say, rather, that superior variations in intelligence have given those soldiers Martini-Henrys, rockets, Gatlings, filters, and quinine, which auxiliaries speedily determine the fittest for survival; but that even these variations in intelligence, contrasted with Infinite Intelligence, would be more insignificant than the intelligence of the Simian, who uplifts his palm-leaf umbrella and breaks his nuts, would be when contrasted with the highest human manifestations. When Dr. Dale says that "man develops or modifies or destroys this individual or that, and exercises a sway over all, so far as it suits his own ends and uses;" and when Mr. Wallace says, "we can anticipate the time when man's selection shall have supplanted natural selection, when the earth will produce only cultivated plants and animals"—this does but show, not that the creature triumphs over the Creator, but that such must have been a part of the grand idea in the Creator's mind from all eternity; it does not prove that natural and human selection are forces opposing themselves to the Divine idea, but that they are subsidiary agencies in what we may call God's selection; derivatives of that ultimate law by which the Cosmos is as it is, and will be as it will be.

And from these remarks it is apparent that if man be a term in an algebraic series of terms ascending *in infinitum*, so far as natural selection is concerned, such algebraic series must be in his case purely physical, and man cannot in this way merge into any type of organism "as different from the present as this is presumed to be from the original." In time to come the favoured amongst man's descendants, the survival of the fittest of the children of men, will run in a line parallel with that degree of cerebral heterogeneity most fitted for representative combinations, for the compounding and re-compounding of impressions that are not immediately sensory. It

* As explained in his "Natural Selection," p. 303 *et seq.*

may be in the original Divine idea that other factors not yet at work, unknown, therefore, and unworkable, may hereafter influence even the physical organization of man;* this would be in harmony with evolution, but as that doctrine at present stands, it has little to do with such ulterior operations.

And, further, these remarks shadow forth the proof of a "link between a lower type of animal life and man." Dr. Dale's statement that as far as human research and experiment go, "the lines that represent human life and lower animal life appear to run ever parallel, never approximating, never converging to a point of union, however remote," must surely contain some hidden mystery under the metaphor, for their plain meaning would indicate that he had expressed himself unadvisedly. Looking at mere bodily structure, the lines, instead of running parallel, converge so closely that naturalists, and they are a difficult race to please or unite, agree that it is barely possible to place Man in an order by himself. "As such homologies are multiplied, the evidence grows that man and fish are constructed on a common type."† "Bischoff, who is a hostile witness, admits that every chief fissure and fold in the brain of man has its analogy in that of the orang; but he adds that at no period of their development do their brains perfectly agree; nor could this be expected, for otherwise their mental powers would have been the same."‡ The Primates are divided by Huxley into three *suborders:* Anthropidæ, Simiadæ, Lemuridæ.)§ Agassiz himself confesses that he cannot say "in what the mental faculties of a child differ from those of the chimpanzee."‖ "In platyrrhine and catarrhine *Quadrumana*, the mammary glands and nipples are restricted as a rule to a single pair, and to the pectoral region. . . . In the seated posture the mother ape holds her young to the nipple by the fore limbs in a very human fashion."¶ In diseases, again, we vaccinate from the cow, we are innoculated with the morbific matter of hydrophobia and glanders from dogs and horses; and we ourselves have seen men and women suffering from an *influenza* which, at the same time and in an exaggerated form, was seen

* "In the lapse of ages, hypothetically invoked for the mutation of specific distinctions, I would remark that Man is not likely to preserve his longer than contemporary species theirs. Seeing the greater variety of influences to which he is subject, the present character of the human kind are likely to be sooner changed than those of lower existing species. And, with such change of specific character, especially if it should be in the ascension direction, there might be associated powers of penetrating the problems of zoology so far transcending those of our present condition, as to be equivalent to a different and higher plan of intellectual action, resulting in what might be termed another species of zoological science."—OWEN, "Comparative Anatomy of Vertebrates," I, xxxvi—vii.

† Owen. ib., XII.

‡ Darwin, "Descent of Man," I., 10.

§ Introduction to "Classification of Animals" (1869), p. 99.

‖ Lyell's "Antiquity of Man" (1863), p. 493.

¶ Owen, ib., vol. III., 780

causing the fatal "horse-sickness" of this country, facts which, as Mr. Darwin says, prove "the close similarity of our tissues and blood both in minute structure and composition."* The want of parallelism is also further shown in the mass of brain met with in the various races of men and in other Primates. Mr. Fiske† has dealt with the great difficulty which most people find in accepting the doctrine of evolution as applicable to man, the difficulty namely of "realizing in imagination the kinship between the higher and lower forms of intelligence and emotion." Mr. Fiske points out that this difficulty arises from the almost universal tendency to contrast extremes—a Shakspeare and a gorilla for instance—without paying due attention to intermediate manifestations. "The intellectual superiority of man over brute and of civilized man over the barbarian, essentially consists in a greater capacity for mentally representing objects and relations remote from sense." Now, in a preceding page we stated that the bodily organ proper to the representation of such objects and relations was the cerebrum‡ as apart from the cerebellum, &c. Here, then, we are brought face to face with the thesis that, if it be true that intellectual superiority of race over race and of race over species lies in a greater capacity of a certain function, which function we are assured we can trace to its bodily organ, there must be a developement of that organ corresponding with and in proportion to such increased capacity. If the cerebrum proper is the organ set apart for the representative capacity, increase of this capacity must be attended with a well-marked growth of the cerebrum relatively to other parts of the nervous system. Mr. Fiske believes he can show that the requirements of the case are met by what we actually find in nature. "In the light of the present argument, how significant is the fact that the cranial capacity of the modern Englishman surpasses that of the aboriginal non-Aryan Hindu by a difference of sixty-eight cubic inches, while between this Hindu skull and the skull of the gorilla the difference in capacity is but eleven cubic inches! That is to say, the difference in volume of brain between the highest and the lowest men is at least six times as great as the difference between the lowest men and the highest apes." Mr. Fiske's figures we take to be correct, for we find the

* "Descent," I., 11.

† The writer's knowledge of the works of Mr. Fiske (an author born in the United States and educated at Oxford) is limited to two chapters "from a forthcoming work on the doctrine of evolution," which appeared in the *North American Review*, October, 1873. This work is announced by Macmillan & Co., but has not yet (June, 1874,) reached the writer of this article in his remote South African home. Mr. Fiske, however, has achieved a reputation on both sides of the Atlantic.

‡ "The convoluted hemispheres may be considered as associated with the most complicated of the mental functions, namely, those related to Intelligence." "The hemispheres are not the exclusive seat of consciousness, but they are doubtless both of Intelligence and of nearly all the innumerable shades and varieties of Sensation and Emotion." BAIN, "The Senses and the Intellect," 3rd Ed., 45, 46.

Duke of Argyll, who is no advocate of evolution, makes use of them, too, although with this proviso, that his Grace sets more value upon the eleven which part ape and Hindu than upon the eight and sixty which part the Hindu and the Englishman. But whether his Grace has a warranty for this proviso or not matters little ; we think these facts tend to show that the lines which represent human life and lower animal life, even with our present knowledge of zoology and palæontology, converge rather closely. To the evolutionist Mr. Wallace's suggestion as to the operation of natural selection upon variations in intelligence has now but to be debited with the crossing of that Rubicon of eleven inches of cranial volume, in order to account for the representative capacity of some of our human contemporaries. Does Dr. Dale require further proof to be adduced of a link between a lower type of animal life and man ?

Not that natural selection, great as its influence is supposed to have been, has alone brought man to his present superiority over the brutes "the head and crown of things." Fiske, Darwin, and Spencer have insisted on the play that the principle of "Sociality" has had in the achievement of man's intellectual pre-eminence ; which, in the words of the first-named, "has operated by widening and diversifying human experience, or, in other words, by increasing the number, remoteness, and heterogeneity of the environing relations to which each individual's actions have had to be adjusted." In what direction, then, have we to look for the first germs of this other important factor of human evolution ? We have the reply of such enquirers as Sir Henry Maine, Sir John Lubbock, and Mr. Tylor to the effect that sociality starts from the primitive family. A quotation from Sir H. Maine will explain what is meant :—"Archaic law is full in all its provinces of the clearest indications that society in primitive times was not what it is assumed to be at present, a collection of *individuals*. In fact, and in the view of the men who composed it, it was an aggregation of families."* "But the family here spoken of is not exactly the family as understood by a modern. In order to reach the ancient conception we must give to our modern ideas an important extension and an important limitation. We must look on the family as constantly enlarged by the absorption of strangers within its circle, and we must try to regard the fiction of adoption as so closely simulating the reality of kinship that neither law nor opinion makes the slightest difference between a real and an adoptive connection."† Just as in contemplating the intellectual side of man's nature, it is difficult to realise in imagination the kinship of the very highest human culture and the highest brute intelligence, unless in our mind's eye we fix and take a survey of the intercalary manifestations, so it is is difficult to realise the kinship of the modern family, with all its ties and endearments,

* "Ancient Law," 126.
† "Ib," 133.

and those associations which lower animals are known to form for mutual assistance and protection, unless we give due attention to such conditions as, according to Maine and others, existed in the Archaic family. Mr. Fiske, over and above what Messrs. Spencer and Darwin have written on the same subject, has given an additional clue to the solution of the problem of the genesis of sociality on something like the "family" basis, and as distinguished from mere gregariousness. In the statement of Dr. Dale that, "in the case of man it is inconceivable that the first human pair should have been created, as we are born, in the utter helplessness of infants," there is an adumbration of a truth of the highest importance. But this inconceivability is not limited to the case of the first human pair; for, with the facts before us of the growth of organisms which biology has made us familiar with, it is just as inconceivable that any pair could have been created "as we are born in the utter helplessness of infants," unless we postulate miracle upon miracle in each case. Nay, further, a similar inconceivability attaches to the special creation, or to the sudden localization on our globe, of an adult pair, unless we postulate an environment suitable for their maintenance and a direct and immediate (inspired) acquaintance with all the conditions of their continuing as living beings, a complete index of what they must eat, drink, and avoid. This double inconceivability is avoided by the evolution hypothesis, and in place of such we have a principle to offer, which is not only a *vera causa*, but gives a highly probable explanation of the origin of the Archaic family. Many animals exhibit a distinct and well-marked tendency to club together for various reasons, one of the principal of which is the protection of offspring. "Sociality," says Mr. Spencer, "can only begin where, through some slight variations, there is less tendency than usual for the individuals to disperse freely." "The young of various parents brought up together do often exhibit in nature a tendency to remain together in after life, even when the necessity for their doing so is no longer apparent. If the phenomenon of sociality should be thus begun, and survival of the fittest tending ever to increase it, it will be further strengthened by the inherited effects of habit."* Here Mr. Fiske's suggestion comes in, which is that, as animals advance in the scale of intelligence, a gradually lengthening period of infancy, "the period during which the nervous connections involved in ordinary adjustments are becoming organized," follows as a matter of course. "This period, which only begins to exist when the intelligence is considerably complex, becomes longer and longer as the intelligence increases in complexity. In the human race it is much longer than in any other race of animals, and it is much longer in the civilized man than in the savage." Now, this extension of the period of infancy connates a similar extension of the period of parental care and solicitude; and consequently, as animals cease to

* "Psychology," II., 560.

be amenable to the bare influence of natural selection, which cessation starts from the point at which the nascent intelligence begins to count in the struggle for existence, such animals, by the gradually extending period of the "utter helplessness" of their offspring, have a gradually enlarging interest and benefit in keeping with one another, and a lessening desire and power to break off these associations, of which they have learned the value. And seeing that even "among the lower Primates, where considerable intelligence goes along with sociality and prolonged care of offspring by the females, *sympathy* is shown in various ways,"* we think that the transition from such a condition to that of the Archaic family, as it did exist and still exists amongst uncivilized at this day, is by no means so great as to be improbable. At all events inconceivability cannot be predicated of such a method of explaining the origin of the human race, and it requires no assumption which has not its justification in the analogous phenomena of existing nature.

And this brings us to the last of Dr. Dale's stated objections to the evolution hypothesis as applicable to man, viz. :—"What proof is there of a link between the lower animals and man, seeing that he stands alone as a being morally if not physically, distinct, capable of moral degradation on the one hand, and endowed with the unique faculty of speech on the other?" Here Dr. Dale, with a resolution apparently like that of Mr. Disraeli, to be always on the side of the angels, takes for granted two much debated points, the *a priori* or intuitive nature of our moral sentiments, and the supernatural origin or perhaps only the uniqueness of language. The latter, however, appears only to be here intercalated by way of a connecting link with the discussion on language which follows; but as this discussion closes with the dictum of Mr. Max Müller, that "no amount of variety in the *material* or *formal* elements of speech is incompatible with the admission of one common source," a revision of the verdict is made, which we take to mean that our present knowledge of the origin of language does not make for much either *for* or *against* evolution, and there we are content for the present to leave it. But his finding that man is a being "morally distinct" is not so revised by Dr. Dale; and we must say that, after all that has been written on this point, we are more astonished by this opinion than by any other in the address. When Locke wrote, "another reason that makes me doubt of any innate practical principles is, that I think there cannot any one moral rule be proposed whereof any man may not justly demand a reason; which must be perfectly ridiculous and absurd if they were innate, or so much as self-evident, which every innate principle must needs be,"† those who replied (as Kant did) that the experience of the individual was not sufficient to explain that apparent instinctivness with which he approves the right

* Spencer, "Psycholoy," II., 569.

† "Essay on Human Understanding," Book I., ch. 3, sec. 4.

and condemns the wrong, and that therefore there must be something more than such experience, which could only be an ultimate inborn endowment of our nature, had perhaps not the worst of the argument. But when the missing link was supplied by Mr. Mill with the rejoinder that, since the first germs of sociality began to show themselves, mankind have been gradually acquiring a knowledge of the tendency of actions, "on which experience all the prudence as well as all the morality of life is dependent,"* as well as by Mr. Spencer with the demonstration that emotional experience is transmissible, and that the "doctrine of utility may be harmonized with the evolution theory of moral feeling and ideas, provided it recognizes the accumulated effects of inherited experiences,"† the doctrine of an innate moral sense and that man is a being morally if not physically distinct, was left "foundering and floundering" in some hyper-intelligible Straits of Malacca, and with it went down the last stumbling-block of the anti-evolutionist.

W. B. B.

A Day at Madeira.

BY A LADY.

We had been twenty-six days at sea, and were well-nigh tired of the monotonous sight of sea and sky (for be it known our voyage to England was taken seven years ago, and the old steamer *Briton*, now the celebrated *Dromedary*, our means of transport.)

Contrary winds had held us back, and no one was surprised to hear that we should have to delay for coaling purposes at Madeira. To some, who were eager for their native land, this was a nuisance, but to us young folk, who wanted to see as much as possible during our trip northwards, the idea was hailed as something "very delightful."

The sudden stopping of the screw startled us all awake on the twenty-seventh morning; for so used had we become to the grinding noise, sleeping or waking, that we woke as with a sudden fright at the terrible stillness which reigned throughout the vessel; and the first impulse was to rush and see what had happened. Of course, the second thought was—"Oh! its Madeira;" and though it was very early, long before the ladies' time for ascending on deck, not one of us could sleep another moment, but got up and dressed. *Such* a day was before us, and maybe a night too, ashore, for the Captain had more gruffly than politely replied, on our asking, the previous day, "How long shall we be ashore, Captain?"—"Goodness knows; I don't!"

* J. S. Mill, "Utilitarianism," 3rd Ed., 34

† "Psychology," II., 90.

Well, as early as was proper, according to the rules of ship etiquette, I went on deck; and, oh! the glorious panorama before me. The sea was calm, and blue, and deep, and our vessel lay in shadow, while the high, purple-tinted cliffs of the large island were lighted with the glow of a rising tropical sun. The air was balmy and soft, and the first thought that came to my mind was—"What a perfect place to *rest* in!" Up the slopes of the rocky cliffs all was green and beautiful—the bright colouring of the luxuriant vegetation, now lighted by the rising sun, was past description, and as its rays touched the countless houses and villas which lie amongst this verdure, the sight was almost dazzling. The shore is covered with fantastic rocks, and these are overhung with masses of rich creepers, principally the brightly-coloured "Bourgainvillia," and luxuriantly trailing vines. The town of Funchal lies just before the anchorage, and from the sea looks clean and white. Adding much to the picturesqueness of the whole, stands a Fort, built on the summit of a basaltic rock, which rises out of the sea. The houses have mostly all pretty balconies and verandahs, and any deficiencies in the architecture are covered and made up for by the rich, natural drapery of tropical creeping shrubs.

We had plenty of time for fully observing the distant beauties of the island, for no one might land till the Portuguese authorities saw fit to come and inspect our bill of health. Of course, this was "clean" without dispute. We had, fortunately, a most obliging young ship's Doctor, who took upon himself to report favourably, though we had had two deaths on board from the "effects" of Mauritius fever.

After wondering and conjecturing when we would be allowed to land, we employed our time by watching the manœuvres and wonderful agility under water of the numerous divers, who came off in their queer catamaran-like boats to entertain us. Great, strong men, and lithe, nimble boys, would spring into the clear, still waters, with terrible eagerness, after any silvery coin we passengers might choose to throw in, and under the water we could see them tussling and scrambling. After a moment or so, a dark face would appear, with long, streaming, black hair about it, and the envied coin clenched between its strong, white teeth. Their funny expressions, with here and there an English word caught from the sailors, amused us greatly, and their persistent cry of "Heave in one bob" would go on as long as the coins were forthcoming; one brave youth suggested to a fond mother, standing on deck, "Heave in the babbie, lady!" These worthies seemed to think the passengers' amount of "*bobs*" were to be spent on them alone; little did they know of the visions of delicate embroidery and lovely feather flowers which rose before our ladies' eyes, or what determination was in our hearts to "make bargains." Before we left the vessel, we had had time to pick and choose, for very soon boats, full of sales-people anxious to dispose of their pretty wares, extinguished the

divers. We bought all we could "afford," and very much wished we "could afford" more, for surely never were such tempting bargains offered on board a steamer! All sorts of light, elegant basket-work, pretty chairs and tables, elaborate and exquisite embroidery, and flowers of every hue that nature and art could produce. I think everyone was satisfied with his or her purchases that day, and we had all packed safely away before the pompous bedecked officials made their appearance. With many a bow, and much palaver, they permitted us to land, and then there was a merry breaking up of our happy little company, and hearts full of anticipation and eagerness. Gaily we went over the bright water to the shingly beach, where our landing was both novel and extraordinary. Our oarsmen waited the opportunity of our boat's rising on a high wave, and then, with many a shout and halloo, sprang into the water, and literally dragged it by main force on to the rough beach—high and dry—assisted by the current, which came in strong.

How delightful it was to set foot on the dry firm earth after nearly four weeks at sea. We all felt, however, that we were walking oddly, carrying the motion of the ship into our otherwise elegant carriage, nor did the peculiarity of the ground on which we walked improve our already unsteady gait. The streets are paved with round small stones, worn smooth and slippery, and over these stones sledges or a species of carriage without wheels are drawn by a pair of oxen, urged to their work by most noisy drivers; they goad and belabour them without mercy, but seldom get them beyond a trudging movement. Shouting and howling seems natural to the natives, and I think I never witnessed so noisy a rabble as that which awaited our arrival on shore. Although Madeira is lovely and luxuriant, the natives are most frightful and degraded; and the flocks of beggars which beset us on all sides was very bewildering and annoying. It seemed, too, as though some hospital had opened its doors, and sent its blind, maimed, and impotent folk to call forth our charity. Certainly there seemed to be a sad number of poor creatures only fit for such a place as an asylum or leper's ward. We literally made a *bolt* for the first vehicle we could get into, little heeding where they took us so long as we escaped those terrible beggars; and we were delighted indeed, on getting ahead a short way, to find a basket full of fresh beautiful violets pressed into our carriage window, of which we might take as many as we wished for three pence. With sweet posies fastened in our dresses we made our way to the most taking hotel for breakfast, and what a change that breakfast was after the incessant ham and eggs, &c., of a ship's table.

We looked through our dining-room window into a vista of perfect beauty. The lilac and deep red bourgainvillias were ablaze with flowers, and they twined and grew in every possible nook and corner. Trellises hung with vines, now laden with purple fruit, and Oleanders filling the air with their blossoming sweetness. Every corner of ground seemed teeming with luxuriant growth; and our

breakfast table proved to us that the island was as rich in all sorts of tropical fruits as it was in flowers. Bananas, grenadillas, pine-apples, guavas, and grapes were heaped on the board, and the delicious coffee, which I afterwards learnt also grew on the island, was a charming contrast to the so-called beverage we had been used to drink on board the *Briton*. Though the repast was very tempting, we spent no more time over it than was absolutely necessary, for we had a busy day before us, and had determined an ascent to the far-up mountain church, which looked fair and peaceful on its heights above the sea. In a sledge to seat four, and into which five managed to arrange themselves, with a bright crimson curtain overhead, and two sturdy oxen, we proceeded through the town to the foot of the ascent. A calm air hung about us, laden with the odour of flowers; to me the beauty of the place was almost overpowering, and I often wished the nosiest of our companions had betaken himself to some other group of our ship's company. Except when we came across a swarm of importunate beggars, who hissed and howled and shrieked whenever they met us, the place seemed strangely still, and we wondered if it arose from Madeira being the resort of so many invalids, whose tranquil quiet lives gave a hush to the whole town. A painful contrast these patient worn faces formed to our noisy, lively little crew, as they passed quietly along the paved streets in their gently moving hammocks or palanquins. Certainly, these hammocks seem the most suitable mode of conveyance for the invalid, who receives the full benefit of the pure free air, and are saved the jolting and bumping of any other vehicle.

Well, we toiled slowly up the mountain side, our backs turned on the town and surrounding view; we could only look before us, where our destination lay. I believe it is some eight hundred feet above the sea, and it certainly seems an endless way up; the oxen dragged but slowly, and we were impatient to get as much done as possible. At last, however, we did reach the heights of Nostra Senora di Monte, and were satisfied with the perfect view. Quiet and white lay Funchal below us, embedded in luxuriant shades of green, and beyond was the blue boundless sea, on which alone rested within sight our little wandering home. If we had been long ascending we came down in about as quick a style as any fast-going young people could desire. In sledges, furnished with rude wooden seats, we shot over the road in a few minutes to the town. The mode of conveyance at Madeira forms one of the wonders of the island; and as we tore down the mountain, the experience was so novel and withal so amusing, that we laughed almost as immoderately as our guides yelled. The sledge flies down the hill by its own weight, and is guided by ropes held by three or four men, who keep up with its speed, alongside or close behind. It really was great fun, and the absurd rate at which the unfortunate men were obliged to run added greatly to our amusement. Of course, they made this a fitting opportunity for shrieking and groaning, as though by power

of voice they would overcome any chance stone or impediment that might be in our way. Having arrived safely in the streets of Funchal, we proceeded on our course of observations. We dismissed our charioteers, or whatever they were, making them very happy by giving them just the fee they asked, and taking one decent-looking youth as protector and guide, wandered about the town, intent on paying a visit to the principal church.

The dress of the people is somewhat picturesque, and would be pretty, if clean ; but they do wear the most absurd caps or hats any human idea can conceive.

It is *the* peculiarity of the dress, and about as big round as a very small saucer, just large enough to fit, or rest on the back of the head. They are made of dark blue cloth, lined with scarlet, which runs up into a long sharp point, from six to eight inches in length, looking much like a cloth funnel perched on the head. Old and young are alike adorned with this elegant (?) head-piece ; and it is strange how they succeed in keeping them on. During their greatest exertions the caps never seem to fall off ; they look most unmeaning in a country where the sun's rays are so powerful, and strike with such force on the face and shoulders.

We were disappointed in the church—perhaps we had expected too much ; the officiating priests (for service was going on,) looked dirty and slovenly, and there seemed a tawdriness about the whole building. Truly, it is the natural features of the island which make it so beautiful ; nothing in the buildings, arrangements of the streets, or in the plain coloured faces of the people is attractive. On coming out of the church we were joined by others of our fellow-passengers. The gentlemen of our parties were bent on buying light straw hats with pretty plaited muslin " puggaries," for ship-board. We economical womenfolk urged that as we had crossed the line, and were reaching cooler latitude, such expenditure was absurd, especially when the place was full of other attractive things ; but buy them they would, and we were led to the most fashionable hatter. There we were struck with the largeness of the shop, the number of energetic shopmen, and the *very limited* display of hats. Of course, our gentlemen were perfectly satisfied, and wandered forth again, resplendent in new stiff straw hats and the whitest of muslins.

Our time was passing fast, so we hurried to get a peep at the convent, whence came the feather flowers, purchased a few more sprigs for " friends at home," and then hastened to have some baskets packed with fruits for use on board.

We now thought it only discreet to wend our way into the nearer neighbourhood of the steamer, for the afternoon sun was sinking behind the purple mountain.

On reaching our hotel we received orders that " all passengers were to get on board *sharp!* " and ladies with sweet green sugar canes for the children, and bananas and grapes for ourselves, were soon down the beautiful avenue leading to the beach, and back to

the steamer. It looked quite home-like to our accustomed eyes, and, though we were all very weary, no one went below till the beautiful island faded out of sight.

As its glories had burst upon us with the rising sun, so its grandeur was hidden from us as daylight deepened into night, and the clear stars gathered overhead.

July 28th, 1874.

Sketches from the East Coast.

V.

THE SUEZ CANAL AND ALEXANDRIA.

EARLY on Saturday morning, the 2nd of May, the *Khedive* started again on her canal journey, determined, if possible, to reach Port Said the same day. At first, however, there did not seem much chance of our doing so, as in about an hour after starting we had to stop to let a steamer pass us. After we got under weigh again, a short time brought us into the bitter lakes, which were formerly only dry holes in the desert, but now form a considerable expanse of shallow water, with the desert stretching away on either side. The canal runs through the centre of the lakes, or lake, and the channel is well staked out. There is a signal station on the shore, and a line of telegraph posts seemed to extend from it far away into the desert, which lay on each side of us. It was a weary waste of sand, and made me feel thankful for canal or railway to cross such a monotonous barren expanse. We were again delayed by passing a steamer, the second detention of the same kind before ten in the forenoon. After leaving the lakes, we got into a very narrow reach of the canal. Sitting in the centre of the deck, you could see no water, only heaped-up banks of sand, with here and there a stunted tamarisk. The steamer seemed just to be gliding gently along between sandy banks, and the glare from the white sand was hardly to be borne. I caught my eyes watering before I was aware with the intense dazzle. At one part of this reach we passed, on the left bank, a tumble-down station of some kind, with a sort of garden in the middle of the sand. By this time we had all found the canal much hotter than the Red Sea, which had actually begun to get cold before we left it. After we had passed through this narrow part, we came to a broader piece, with pools of water on each side of the canal proper. After a little of this, we reached Ismalia, on Lake Timsah, formerly the head-quarters of Lesseps and his staff, now a tumble-down, decaying sort of place. The large house that was built for the reception of the Empress Eugénie, when representing her husband at the opening of the canal, is still standing, but

empty, a strange monument of the past. The turn in Lake Timsah is one of the most difficult bits of navigation in the canal. A very small steam launch brought on board another pilot just to take us through this turn. We had previously taken a pilot on board at the Suez mouth, to take us through the whole canal; but this turn is so difficult that a special pilot is taken for it. We got over this critical point all right, and our extra pilot took his departure. When we left Lake Timsah, it was to pass into another of the narrow reaches, between high sand-banks; and at the entrance of this we passed, on the left hand, the Stand where the Empress stood to open the canal. A stairs leads from it to the bed of the water. The heat and glare were worse than ever, and it was reported that a child had received a slight sun-stroke. It was, certainly, no easy job for mammas and nurses, however careful, to keep between fifty and sixty little people out of mischief, and the little pates were always getting, by some means or other, out of the safe protection of the double awning. The effect of what, however, was a true report, was the disappearance of all the children from deck. In fact, at last, only the ship's officers, and a few of the more curious than wise of the passengers, stayed on deck. Fore and aft, everybody went down below in search of darkness and comparative coolness; quiet was not to be got with all the children turned loose below. From one end of the great ship to the other you saw a clean sweep of deck, with nothing on it but tenantless chairs. The captain paced up and down, with eye-preservers on, as some slight protection from the terrible reflection of the sun's rays from the sand-banks on each side of the steamer.

About one o'clock in the day, a slight swerve must have been made by our great ship, for she bumped, and was evidently too close to one side. A little exertion, and she was off, but the impetus given in getting her off one side sent her on to the other, and it was a complete case of stuck in the mud, or rather sand. Once a steamer, as it were, loses the straight, it is very difficult to get her right again. All sorts of dismal prognostications were volunteered, but after all they were not long in getting us off and under weigh again. Shortly after this little episode, we got into a much wider and finer reach of the canal. I may here say, that the first made portion of the canal, which we had now reached, is much better and more complete than the pieces made towards the last, when money was not so plentiful. As we slowly steamed along, there seemed to be a commotion in the desert on each side of us, and ominous whirls of sand went scudding along. Between three and four in the afternoon we came to the station of Hamara, which is on the old route from Syria to Egypt. I could see the track marked in the sand. Close to the banks of the canal were three or four houses, with poplar trees and flowers round them. The latter was a sight, the pleasantness of which to understand you must travel all day, as we had done, through banks of blinding, glaring white heat sand.

At this place we had one of the contrasts that Mark Twain is so fond of. I wish I could present it to any readers of this as vividly as it presented itself to me that hot afternoon. In the foreground there was a small French hotel, with the outside gaudily painted in large pictorial designs. A verandah ran round it, and at one corner there was stuck up a sign-board in English, for the information of all who could not understand French. The whole thing was most glaringly modern and vulgar. Not far from it ran the ancient desert track, with all its historical associations; and in the shimmering distance I could just make out the camels of a small caravan, slowly going down into Egypt by the time-honoured way. Whole centuries seemed to lie between that caravan on the dim horizon, and the gaudy French hotel in the immediate foreground.

While I was considering this strange picture of past and present, the elements had been busy getting up a scene for us such as is rarely seen on the canal, namely, a storm in the desert. The ominous dust whirls that I have alluded to before had been getting worse and worse for some time, and now on wings of darkness, and with a rush and a roar of mingled wind and rain, the storm struck us—struck us is the only term that will really express the sensation: it was like no storm I had ever been in before. Our steamer, although one of the most powerful in the P. and O. Company's fleet, was simply powerless. We had been pushing on to reach Port Said that night, but with the storm-fiend of the desert striking us such stunning blows on our broadside, going on was out of the question, and we stopped. No sooner were the engines at rest than the storm simply beat us to the side of the canal, where we stuck fast in the sand all night. Next morning (Sunday), however, we got off all right, and were at Port Said before breakfast. We had entered the canal on Friday afternoon, and were out of it by breakfast time on Sunday morning. We might have been out by Saturday evening if it had not been for our unfortunate detentions.

Port Said is a rising place, made entirely, of course, by the canal, of which it is the Mediterranean mouth. It is mostly French, with some good houses; and a general air of life and business pervades the whole place. A fine breakwater was being constructed when we were there, of what looked like great blocks of stone, but was in reality a sort of conglomerate of sand and cement. A Turkish guard-ship was lying in the port, and the lively strains of a band issued therefrom, as if to keep us infidels from the miserable delusion that it was possible to enjoy a quiet Sunday in the neighbourhood of true believers. Steamers belonging to the French Messageries and to other companies that run through the canal were also lying in the harbour, and some porpoises were carrying on a little game among the ships, as if to amuse the children on board. Everywhere, on shore or in boats, were to be seen red fezes, short jackets, and full short trowsers, or long robes and turbans. Hawkers came on board, and displayed their wares, despite of its being Sunday. Port

Said was just evidently a business place, canal made, and standing or falling with it. Clearly, also, the inhabitants thereof believed that the key of everything is money, and, unfortunately, that part of a certain community to which some of them, at any rate, belonged, is also of the opinion that out of what an original old minister, in the Highlands of Scotland, used to call the "yellow clay," a key may be forged to unlock the pearly gates of heaven. So it was a meritorious deed to get money out of heretics' pockets on Sunday, and if a few lies were told, why, when the model on which these latch-keys to heaven are constructed is composed of one good big thumper, there is no doubt that St. Peter, remembering his own weaknesses, will not be hard on the lies that get the gold, provided the key itself is of proper size and weight.

We left Port Said about ten in the forenoon, and steamed away for Alexandria; which we reached by daylight next morning. We kept within sight of the coast nearly all the way, and were told that there was no better lighted line of coast anywhere than that between Port Said and Alexandria. One of the lighthouses we saw in the evening,—the light was fixed and very brilliant. A fresh breeze was blowing on the Mediterranean, and the motion of the *Khedive* was a little more lively than it had been, though still nothing to speak of. She had had, however, a very calm voyage hitherto, and it was wonderful to see how many of her passengers lost the number of their mess, I am sorry to be obliged to add, rather to the amusement of the passengers, who had been too well rolled on other seas to mind a few white crests on the beautiful blue waters of the Mediterranean.

We entered the harbour of Alexandria by daylight on Monday morning, the 4th of May. The breakwater, a very fine one, seemed composed of much the same sort of stuff as that at Port Said, and the appearance, at any rate, is more as if the blocks were tumbled one upon another than if they were in any way built in after any sort of design. As we entered the port we noticed a large house on the shore, more like a confectioner's device than anything else, so fantastic was the architecture. We were told that formerly it was a harem of the Khedive; and, judging from the size of it, he must certainly be worthy of a high place among the saints. The harbour, as we entered it, seemed a forest of masts; and when we anchored we found that we were surrounded by steamers—Turkish, Italian, French, Austrian Lloyd, P. & O., Canal, and others. One very pretty little thing with two funnels, I was told, was the Sultan's yacht. We had hardly anchored when we were again surrounded by boats, and inundated with hawkers of Maltese lace, red fezes, Turkish delight, and all sorts of odds and ends. By the way, I heard a strange story about the fezes they bring on board steamers. It seems that when the fezes of the Turkish soldiers are condemned, hawkers buy them up, wash and re-dip them, and then bring them on board the steamers to sell. Certainly, I was struck by the shabby look of a number of those I saw; they were

suspiciously cheap and decidedly dirty. After breakfast, the first thing we had to do was to change our ship, for the Calcutta mail, in which we had come from Aden, goes to Southampton, *viâ* Malta, and we were going to England by Brindisi and the Mont Cenis tunnel.

The ship we changed into was the *Ceylon*, a much older vessel of the P. & O.'s fleet, and not nearly so well adapted for warm weather as the *Khedive*. She had the old-fashioned deck cabins lumbering up the poop, and bulwarks of very solid construction, so high that you could not not see over them when sitting down. No more punkahs, but bouquets of roses were an agreeable change. The table was even better supplied than that of the *Khedive*, very good indeed ; and a berth was given to me in a very large and comfortable cabin. After lunch I went on shore with one of the quarter-masters, who was going on shore on leave, and who knew the lingo of the place. He was a splendid-looking fellow, a Maltese, and one of nature's gentlemen. For acting as guide and interpreter, he would simply accept nothing, but said he wished to do a kindness to a stranger. Thanks to my guide, I was not bothered by those rascally Alexandrian boatmen, who, as a general rule, are a bugbear to travellers going on shore. One gentleman told me that some years ago he was coming off to a steamer that was just going to sail. He was afraid he would hardly catch her, and had, if I remember right, engaged a boat to take him off at an ample rate of remuneration. The rascals understood the case, and when they got a little way from shore, threw down their oars and refused to take them up unless at a most extravagant rate of pay. The gentleman was almost in despair, when, fortunately for him, another boat came within hailing distance, which turned out to belong to the police, and very soon settled the matter.

The first thing that strangely enough caught my eyes after landing were some tremendous jars in the yard of the Custom-house, that set me thinking of Ali Baba and the forty thieves, for they were the very kind of jar that story-books delight to represent as containing the robbers, and the largest that I had ever seen. From the Custom-house to the square the streets were very narrow, and crowded with people, donkeys, camels, and carriages. The houses were thoroughly Eastern, with flat roofs and jutting out upper stories. But how describe the picturesque crowds in the streets ? Greeks in short jackets, short full trowsers and red caps ; Jews in a dress of their own ; Armenian women with only their eyes visible ; Maltese women ; Turkish soldiers ; people of different nations in European costumes, but with the addition of a red fez as a general rule for the gentlemen ; donkeys trotting along with riders of all sorts on their backs ; two-horse carriages dashing along, and shouting to clear the way ; a camel stalking before us with its rider elevated on a temendously high saddle. Indeed, I was so taken up watching the roving panorama that, but for my friend, the quarter-master, I ran a

strong risk of being run over, and was more than once brought to my senses by finding his arm interposed between me and some carriage or donkey.

They have a good bazaar or market in Alexandria. One street of it is for meat ; another for vegetables (and they were there in piles), and another for fruit. After a sea voyage and crossing the desert, we revelled in the piles of vegetables and fruit. I was in search of red fezes that had not been worn before, and so went to the bazaar for the sale of such things. It was a curious tunnel-like place, but I got the real Stamboul red fez there, stamped by way of voucher for its being the real thing, and no mistake.

From the bazaar we proceeded to the square, which is of oblong shape, with an enclosure in the middle. This latter is planted with trees, contains two small kiosks, and has a fountain at each end. There are some fine shops round about the square, with a great display of European goods in the windows.

From the square I took an open cab, which my guide, before leaving for his own business, engaged for me at a reasonable rate, and set off for a drive of exploration. The first object of interest we passed was Pompey's Pillar. It is a single pillar standing on rising ground. Round and smooth, with pedestal and carved capital, it struck me as being grandly simple. We had to pass through a gate and across a sort of draw-bridge, before getting out to the suburbs. The roads were in ruts, and the jolting was quite worthy of the Cape Colony. After passing through some rather dusty suburbs, we came to the canal. The drive along this was very delightful. Mulberry trees were planted along the banks, close to the water's edge ; and on both sides of the canal were beautiful villas built in Eastern style, but evidently tempered with European comfort. Every house seemed to have a fine garden attached to it, and I can hardly find words to express the charm those beautiful flower-gardens had for my eyes, weary of sand, and sea, and glare, and dazzle. The air was delightfully fresh and cool, with that indescribable fragrant scent that comes from blowing over green leaves. Water seemed to be plentiful in all the gardens. We passed some sort of garden caffees where people partook of refreshments outside, and which seemed to be very popular. As we drove along, everything to me seemed so beautiful and fresh and green that I just lay back in the carriage and abandoned myself to the most lazy, luxurious enjoyment of the perfumed greenerie around. Coming back, we passed what the slang dictionary would call a swell carriage, with a couple of outrunners, not outriders, rather strangely dressed, and their white garments balooning like great white wings as they ran. Further on, we passed Cleopatra's needle, which I think looks more imposing in a photograph than in reality. There are too many poor buildings about it, and it does not stand by itself on a height like Pompey's Pillar.

We also passed some very fine houses, built in English style, with

the small balconies in front of the windows that you see in so many London houses. Alexandria seems a jumble of all nations; and in strange contrast to those fine houses were the figures I saw sitting in the shops, or at the street corners, smoking great hookahs, which just looked like the stem of a lamp with a coil of tubing coming out of one end. As we drew near the place where the boats lay, I began to think of how it were best to evade the combined swoop the boatmen make on all strangers. But my friend the quarter-master had provided against that, for before the birds of prey could scent my cab wheels, it was stopped by a boatman, evidently on the look out for me. He was a civil fellow, and saved me from the rush, and not only so, but gave me all the information he could about the different steamers we were rowing through, and ended by asking *only* the regulation fare. I got back to the *Ceylon* by dinner time, after having a most enjoyable time on shore, thanks to the gentlemanly courtesy and kindness of a Maltese quarter-master. There are two docks, one wet, the other dry, in the Alexandrian harbour. Some Turkish steamers lay in the wet dock, but I was told that the dry dock was too small for the P. & O. Company to make any use of it. Trieste is, if I remember rightly, where they dock their ships when such a thing is necessary.

The Music of the Future.

I.

BY C. H. THORPE.

In this age of musical progress—a progress so rapid, indeed, as in some directions to amount to musical licentiousness—it might not be unimportant, in the interests of art, were we to pause and consider the direction in which we are tending.

Like to the cloud no larger than a man's hand looming in the horizon years since appeared the "Prophet of the Future," now journalist and musician; now political refugee; afterwards the "fidus achates" of a young prince—who "has a mission" for art, but not for Government—Louis, King of Bavaria, under whose patronage and protection he still remains. On the banner of the prophet is inscribed the words

"Kunstwerk
der Zukunft,"

and it is to be noted that this inscription is "writ large," so that they who run may read. But to him, who may perchance read between the lines, it may not be difficult to perceive that the Iconoclast is abroad; and of our household gods, whichever may be spared, music is not of the number. For music, as we have hitherto been taught to regard it, is, according to Wagner and his disciples, an

absolete method of expression—a game played out. It is a serpent whose skin is to be renewed, the faded beauties of which must give place to the brighter colours which lie concealed beneath the surface. Nay, it is a phœnix, which must be totally consumed before its regeneration can be effected ; and only from its ashes can be produced the new creation. Sufficing the age or ages during which music has been developed, the time has now arrived when the form and method of expression it had assumed must pass away, and as a substitute, we are promised the "Zukunftsmusik," the music of the Future.

From the peripatetic minstrelsy of the Jongleurs, Troubadours, and Minnesingers of England, France, and Germany, to take the latest development of harmony and mysticism of the so-called Romanticists, whose outcome is the theory of Richard Wagner—from the simple rhythmical melody to the elaborate counterpoint and grand, not to say tremendous, orchestral combinations of the latest of Teutonic theorists, is indeed a wide interval ; and it is here proposed to examine somewhat into the nature of this new phase of art-work ; and also to trace its origin and connection with the career of its author.

Rightly, however, to appreciate the position occupied by Wagner in relation to music, and the æsthetic problems he proposes to solve, it may be of advantage to trace concisely the history of the art in regard to its development. And touching the merits of a system which bears on its front the motto, "absolute melody, or the drama, one or the other must be srcrificed," another point presents itself. It is this. As judgment of a musical work should in all cases be preceded by an analysis of the sensations produced by it on the listener of cultivated taste, we have to consider briefly (and apart from stage accessories, which form an essential part of Wagner's system)—what is music, and how and in what manner do its effects arise ?

Music,—itself a part of nature, whose parts are inseparably connected—must necessarily, in its operations, have an influence on other parts of nature.* Hence almost all organized beings are especially, more or less, within the sphere of its influence. Physically speaking, music arises from rhythm or alternateness, which of itself gives rise to form. Understood in a more general sense, this principle of rhythm is seen to pervade most of the operations of nature.

* That this is not "begging the question," and that a sympathetic connection between the various parts of nature is by no means imaginary, however, even when viewed in regard to inanimate substances, many illustrations might he afforded. Witness for instance, in relation to music, Chladni's beautiful experiments in acoustics, where grains of sand arrange themselves into various symmetrical figures, on a plate of brass, when thrown into a state of vibration by the application of the bow of a violin to the edge of the metal. Or, again, Sauveur's experiment with the Sonometer on "sympathetic vibration," whereof two isolated strings tuned accurately in unison, one being made to sound, communicates such powerful vibration to the other, as to cause it not only to emit the same tone, but even to throw off paper riders placed on the ventral segments, between the nodes of vibration,—and this at several inches' distance from the other string.

Thus we have the alternateness of day and night; of the ebb and flow of the tide; of the pulsations of the arteries in the body; and in the varying velocity of this alternateness of pulses or waves, is to be found the cause of our experiencing the sensation of light of different colours in the solar spectrum. From the rhythmical pulsations of a string (technically its vibrations) arises a musical sound. If this string be varied in length different sounds are produced. If it be accurately divided by a suitable apparatus, into halves, quarters, sixths, thirds, &c., the different sounds produced by striking or plucking the portions of the string so divided, form, when heard in succession, what is termed a scale.* From this scale, or measure which defines the distance of one sound from another, is, by varying the arrangement of these sounds, constructed, melody, "whose stronghold is rhythm;" rhythm, as defined by Aristoxenus, being "nothing but a regular return of shorter and longer portions of time, as manifested by a movement performed in this time; the object of the movement in music being the succession of melodious intervals, *i.e.*, the μέλος or tune."

Concerning the origin of music, several theories have been proposed. Not the least common of these is that it was primarily derived from the singing of birds. In this music we certainly have melody, but in such small scraps and so destitute of rhythmical form that it barely earns the name. If, however, it be argued in support of this theory that by our method of procedure in the structure of compositions, *i.e.*, by *development*, music might have been produced or elaborated from this source; this would be to assert that its origin is not spontaneous, but is the result of an elaborate mental process, such for instance as the "Zukunftsmusik" school proposes. Whereas a taste for music, or rather a feeling of which music is the outcome, has been in every age inherited to a greater or less extent by all, even the most uncultivated tribes of the human family. Extend this argument a step farther, and we must admit the song of the bird is also developed by a mental process from two or three sounds, after the manner of Beethoven's motivo of four notes, in the introductory movement of his C minor Symphony.

But music originates from something more deeply seated in the human organization than a mere propensity to imitate the song of the feathered tribes. The tones of the human voice are musical; and singing is but the elongation, so to term it, of the tones of joy, of grief, and of the other passions and sentiments. It first appears as speech; next as recitative; and finally as song, whether in single or multiple melody; as an art, it is the vehicle for the production of emotions, by means of the artistic arrangement of sound and rhythm,

* The subject of the Monochord of Pythagoras and the origin of the sounds of the diatonic scale from the harmonics of a string or pipe; both of which have from time to time occupied the attention of theorists, together with the question of Temperament (which it would seem was, although not avowed, the source of the ancient feud between the Pythagoreans and Aristoxenians), cannot be here discussed.

operating through the medium of the human voice, or an imitation of this by a musical instrument. "The materialism of sound, thus (according to Hegel) becomes all but ideal."

Music has not infrequently been described as "the Art of Imitation;" this, however, is scarcely an intelligible definition, as imitation can claim to be but a part, and a very small part, of its functions. Divided into the two classes of Effusive and Imitative, the Fine Arts would embrace music under the former definition, as having regard to the "mere outbursts of the inward spontaneity, regulated by the effect of the display on the sense of the listener." It is, according to Metastasio, "a kind of language; and as such possesses that advantage over poetry which a universal language has over a particular one; for this last speaks only to its own age and country; the other speaks to all ages and countries." With Mendelssohn, it was "a language capable of expressing more than any words." The language of music, however, is not precise, for according to the condition or temperament of the listener, its expressions are susceptible of various shades of interpretation; and this want of precision, this vagueness, is by some considered as adding to it an especial charm; others, on the contrary, deem it a defect. Perhaps the truth is, that music being rather a *suggestive* than an absolutely *descriptive* method of expression, it leaves to the listener considerable latitude in transposing its suggestions into positive ideas. "It *is* not, but *signifies*."

Music, although coeval with man himself, has, of all the arts, been the slowest in growth. Only, indeed, within a comparatively recent period have facilities presented themselves for its study and cultivation. Empirically practised, we find it for ages characterised by the greatest simplicity. A song, sung by one voice, or if by more than one, invariably in unison. Sometimes accompanied with an instrument of rude construction; and even this accompaniment (so far as historical records can enlighten us) most probably a mere re-enforcement of the tones of the voice, by playing the melody in unison or octaves with the singer. Thus Plutarch (in his Dialogue on Music) speaks of Archilschus, some six centuries before the Christian era, as the inventor and performer of music to his Jambic verses; and which he effected in two different ways; some being recited to a partial accompaniment, while others were sung, during which, instruments servilely performed the same notes as the voice. In this humble attempt may be traced the germ of our modern recitatfve and aria.*

The Greeks, artistic and enlightened as they were, at their most brilliant period, seem to have been strangers to harmony as we understand the word; only venturing occasionally upon 4ths, 5ths, and 8ves as an accompaniment to their singing, and for which they employed their lyre, cithara, or phorminx. In a word, it was

* The first appearance of the "aria," as we now know it, is perhaps to be found in Cavalli's opera of "Giasone;" dated 1649.

the art of *melody*, and not harmony, which the Greeks studied, and this with especial reference to the voice; for with them music and poetry were inseparable; and it was the breach of this conjunction of music and poetry which Plato condemns when he refers to "melody without words presented to the ear," at a time when the flute (an instrument of melody be it remembered) was introduced as a rival to the lyre upon the stage of the Greek Theatre. To such a pitch had the employment of melody been carried by the Greeks that, according to a musical work recently recovered from the ruins of the buried city of Herculaneum, it was the custom for every trade to have its particular *νομε* or melody; and this melody was played or sung to the workmen while engaged in their occupations.

How sensitive the ancients were to the value of melody may be gathered from the following passage in Dionysius Halicarnasseus (De struct. orat. sect. 2):—"I have learned in theatres, filled with a promiscuous and illiterate crowd, what a kind of natural correspondence we all have with *melody* and the agreement of sounds; having known the most admired and able musician to be hissed by the whole multitude when he has struck a single string out of tune, to the disturbance of harmony; yet put this same instrument into the hands of one of those simpletons, with orders to express that note which he would exact from the artist, he cannot do it. Whence is this? The one is the effect of science, the lot but of a few; the other of feeling, which nature has bestowed on all."

Of the ancient Hebrew music we know but little. Its rhythm was strongly marked, and formed its most prominent characteristic; and as the number of sounds in the octave, as employed by them, was far in excess of that admitted into the modern "tempered" scale, anything like harmony was impossible in their music; it must, therefore, have consisted of melody only; noisy, no doubt, from the "timbrel" and such like instruments introduced so plentifully in it, but melody nevertheless.

At the establishment of Christianity, the hymns sung by the early converts, could have been only unharmonized melody; for, independently of the fact that no music schools or teachers existed at that period which could have been available for the general public, it is to be remembered that these people professed to observe in everything the greatest simplicity. Moreover, although the Emperors Caligula and Nero competed publicly with their subjects for prizes in the performance of music, and the latter kept at his own private cost no less than five thousand musicians; yet the times of persecution must have made these converts more regardful of their lives, than of the scientific study of an art which would tend to bring into prominence the practice of a proscribed method of worship. Another point also is to be borne in mind. These chants to their psalms or hymns are generally conceded to have been very similar to, if not identical with, the music employed in the Greek and Roman temples; whatever rhythm that music possessed was derived from the

"feet" with which their poetry was associated. Adapted by S. Ambrose for the service of the Church, these chants were at a later period re-constructed by Gregory the Great, whose name they still bear as "Gregorian Tones." These "tones" or "tunes" (for the term is interchangeable) being, however, destitute of rhythm, almost of time, and possessing little of what we should call tune, may be said scarcely to deserve the name of melody. Melodies they certainly are, however; but, as if intentionally so constructed, they seem to resist the application of harmony; or rather harmony is apparently not congenial to their essentially unisonous character; even in most cases when added by such a profound master of the art as Sebastian Bach. If this be true of these so-called Gregorian tones (and the insusceptibility of harmonization in their case arose from the misplacement of the semitones in the scale), how much more incompatible is harmony with the music of the Eastern nations—the Arabs, Turks, Egyptians, and Persians—melody, and melody only, can be constructed from their scales—harmony is simply an impossibility, from the number of sounds contained in their division of the octave. And, moreover, the scale from which is constructed the melody of Europeans, is utterly repugnant to Oriental ears, and the same may consequently be said of harmony.

From the foregoing brief survey of the different circumstances under which the employment of music has been resorted to, it would appear tolerably evident that in all time, and among all races of mankind, there exists an instinctive tendency towards,—or as Dionysius puts it,—"a kind of natural correspondence with," melody. But we have now fallen upon times which, if we read them aright, make bold to demand that the verdict of all antiquity shall be reversed. The "urgent demand of a poetical basis of music" is the pretence for this uprooting of established forms; while, at the same time, the clamourers for this new theory admit, somewhat paradoxically, that this is anything but new, and that "all great composers of all times have felt the principle unconsciously." The close association of music, that is, *melody*, with poetry is generally recognized; and melody, rightly conceived, not infrequently enforces the signification of the verse. While poetry may be defined "the flowers of language," in an equal degree can melody claim to be "the blossom of poetry." Not, indeed, that melody can be deemed the offspring of poetry, for it is self-existent—self-sufficient; but that its conjunction with, heightens the effect of, the poetical creation. And thus it is, from the simple, reiterated sounds of the tetrachord descending, sung by the Australian aborigines in their corrobboree dance, to the grand scena of the *prima donna* on the stage of the most refined of European capitals, melody is the medium for the outpouring of the heart's emotions. In the one extreme, rudely but fervently expressed; in the other, the highly-cultivated expression of the inspiration of the poet and musician. Melody,—the melody of Mozart, Weber, Rossini, Meyerbeer,—not the

tedious, interminable, recitative of Wagner; not his declamatory monologue, floating on "infinite melody" in the orchestra, to use Wagner's own phrase; and by which we are to understand a melody which HAS a beginning and an end; the one so closely embracing the other that the end is almost the beginning. Plainly, this "infinite melody" is no melody at all; but merely a *motivo*, the germ of melody; which, as soon as it appears, is caught up by each instrument in the orchestra in succession (and as one may say of a ball, tossed onward to the next, and the next), finally disappearing, not unfrequently in a sea of chromaticism, without having accomplished the object for which, according to the canon of established schools, it was created—that is to say, *the production of a melody*. And this is the "art disguising art" which is to supplant our melodious creation—the opera. As Fetis observed of Gretry's theory—Wagner's "may be something very good in a certain system, but it is not music." If Pope has acused Handel of "meanly borrowing aid from sense," what shall be said of this modern "German intellectuality" which thus tramples art under its feet—which substitutes reflection for spontaneity;—which carries us back to ancient Greece, where melody existed, but only as humble assistant to dactyl and spondee, iambus and trochee! "You talk too much for a man who sings, and you sing too much for a man who talks," was the reply of Julius Cæsar to a professor of declamation, who anticipated Steele's "Prosadia Nationalis," by proposing musical tones to assist the speaker; and the same reply equally befits the "Zukunftsmusik." Looking at music from a metaphysical point of view, Wagner has not enhanced his creative power; but, from the situation, he has *deduced* music which "smells of the lamp;" skilfully constructed, as must needs be, from such a master of counterpoint,—but "lacking the life of spontaneous production;" and, while seeking for the IDEA of the beautiful, loses sight entirely of beauty itself. Investigating the art from its historical side, he admits of but one superior to himself—that one, Beethoven, whose mantle he has assumed, and whose latest theories he affects to develop.

A Letter from St. Vincent.

DEAR ——,—I promised you a little sketch of our proceedings at one of the places we visited. I remember reading in a critique lately something to this effect: "Two things are necessary to make a descriptive sketch interesting or even readable, viz.:—A lively imagination on the part of the writer, and total ignorance of the subject on that of the reader." Now, you know why I have chosen St. Vincent; for, substituting, if you will, "active"—which is a dictionary definition of "lively"—I have that qualification "to a T!" Then, as to the other, you know best, of course, how enlightened

you are on the subject; but I know till our mail-steamers called there, and it was brought so prominently to our notice in connection with the Ashantee War, I had only some vague idea that it was one of several other places of the same name, whether in Portugal, the West Indies, or the Cape Verde Islands did not matter much. Of course the "total ignorance" qualification would not answer in the case of a "bas-bleu," but doubtless there are many who, like myself, would not think of laying claim to such a title. The little island belonging to the Cape Verde group has lately become more important than hitherto, I should imagine, in the eyes of us "Britishers," from the fact of its being so mixed up with the story of the late campaign, which was important enough to bring everything in the least regarding it to the front—in the history of to-day at any rate! And again, it is now a link in that chain of lightning communication between various parts of the world—that "wonder of wonders," the Submarine Telegraph!

We reached St. Vincent on Sunday, the 22nd. Land was first sighted about mid-day. There is not much beauty in any of the Verde Islands, at least they presented a very brown, sandy, rocky, and altogether barren aspect to us. It is to be hoped the promontory on the African coast, from which they take their name, and some of the islands we did not see, keep up the character of "verd" better. A mere speck on the horizon excites interest at sea, after having nothing for days and days but the broad Atlantic round and round, so of course we enjoyed in proportion having land in sight on the starboard side all afternoon. We passed quite close to the islands St. Iago or Santiago, Bonavista, &c. By-the-by, a headland of one of those islands bore a singularly striking resemblance to Cape Hanglip, as it appears from the opposite side of False Bay; it almost made one expect to find Kalk Bay surroundings at hand. Fortunately it got dark before we neared the island of St. Vincent, for it was such a case of "*darkness* lending enchantment, &c.," that its appearance quite charmed us, especially when the moon rose; but she is a wonderful enchantress; the roughest, toughest bit of nature would tone down under the mesmeric influence of her soft, silvery light. At all events, next morning, with the sun's bold searching rays, all the harshness of the gaunt, grim rocks and the poverty of the brown, dried-up hills were visible, and not one of us could have looked round and exclaimed, "How beautiful!" as we had done when steaming into the harbour in the evening. This harbour must be one of the most wonderful natural harbours in the world, being almost completely surrounded with hills; one can hardly descry the means of exit when once in. The many lights twinkling and brightening, both on shore and on the water, was a pretty, cheery sight; we could see there were numbers of vessels, and as we neared the anchorage we distinguished that several were steamers. One in the distance looked extremely like the Union Company's boats, and there was a good deal of fun and excitement (very serious excitement

to those most concerned) in conjecturing whether it could be the *Syria*, waiting to be towed home by us; then it was cruelly suggested the *Northam* might probably be there waiting, too, for the same happy arrangement; but it was decided that would be "*two* bad." A steamer, we had sighted early in the afternoon, making for Porta Grande too, followed us up, anchoring about half-an-hour after us. When we got up on deck on Monday morning, we noticed that our steamer friend had undergone the painful operation of hoisting the yellow flag. There were other vessels sporting the same gay bunting. Portuguese authorities are, I am told, tantalizingly cautious in granting "pratique." One of the little transport steamers was painted a colour rather smacking of "ochre;" I heard it remarked that "she would certainly be put in quarantine, as they would think it evident she had yellow fever." There were altogether nine steamers and fifteen vessels, small craft included, in the bay,—quite a busy scene, coaling going on all round, and rickety little boats fussing about. The islands are all low near the coasts, but have highlands rising in the central parts; one mountain at the back of Porta Grande looked exactly like Table Mountain "gone crooked." That idea, suggested to me, solved what I had been trying to make out in its curious appearance. The island of St. Antonio, which helps to hem in the harbour, appears to have a considerably higher mountain than any of the others, and was the only one on which we could see anything like cultivation. There was a long slope of beautiful pasture; and in the distance, at various intervals up the sides of the mountain, quite brilliant foliage peeped out,—orange, fig, banana, and other trees, we were told. All the fruit, or mostly all, supplied to ships at St. Vincent is brought over from that island. We looked in vain for a vestige of green on St. Vincent; we couldn't even find any of those disagreeable greyish, blue-green-looking little bushes that I fancy would appear in the worst of South African scenery—"veldt" in fact. No; the only trace of the vegetable kingdom on that charming island—that we, at least, could discover—was three or four—not more—stunted *trees* of what is commonly called "Tobacco Tree" at the Cape. Certainly, in the chief products of the islands, those fruits I have already mentioned—melons, sweet potatoes, &c., &c.—St. Vincent cannot take much part. Perhaps it swells the revenue in some other way,—its coaling business, for instance. Well, it certainly does justice to the mineral kingdom. The whole group of islands are of volcanic origin, I believe, and some years ago on one there still existed a smouldering volcano. They were discovered in 1449 by the Portuguese, to whom they still belong. Ribeira Grande, on the island St. Iago, is the capital, and the seat of a Bishop and the Portuguese Governor. The harbour of Porto Praya, on the same island, was formerly much visited by ships bound to India. The inhabitants of the group as a whole are chiefly Negroes, with some Mulattoes, descended from the original settlers. No doubt, at Porta Grande there are many fresh Portuguese and

other importations. St. Vincent must be a favourite saint in Spain and Portugal, for the island in the Caribbee group, discovered forty or fifty years later by Columbus, is, of course, St. Vincent too. N.B.—Let me tell you that all this ponderous lore I have got from the Cyclopædia.

You can imagine from what I have already told you that the shore did not look particularly inviting; however, as they were coaling on board our steamer, we decided to get out of the "frying-pan" even at the risk of exchanging for "the fire!" That is only joking; for I shouldn't think of saying anything disrespectful of our dear old ship; but "coal-dust, coal-dust everywhere" really isn't pleasant, you know.

We trusted our precious selves, then, in one of the "rickety" little boats, and safely reaching the shore, we ladies (proverbially "nervous," of course) very willingly stepped on *terra firma*. It is astonishing what an exhilarating effect that latter proceeding has, after being restricted within certain limits—the deck of a ship *for example*—for some time. We first visited the Custom-house, that is to say, as it was the first building (a very trim and tidy one) we came to, being just at the top of the landing-place. We peeped in, and bowed to the foreign-looking gentlemen, who saluted us very politely. They were standing about inside, so I suppose they were Custom-house officers. Then we strolled on across a square or open piece of ground, flanked with the back of one house, the front of another, the side of the Custom-house, and the beach. In this open sandy space there were two or three little square palings; we went up very curiously to see what could be growing in such soil. There was something trying to develop into a tree in one, but in the others the occupants had evidently given up the struggle for existence—and expired! Having crossed this *square*, we entered a street in which we found a fancy shop, which was hailed with delight. A large imposing edifice next attracted our attention; indeed, we had noticed it immediately on looking at the town in daylight. A nice, gentlemanly man took us all over; there were school-rooms below; and, going up a grand staircase, we were shown into a Magistrate's Court, Attorneys' Offices, &c. The *hommes d'affaires*, sitting at their desks, seemed quite accustomed to the invasion of their territories. Looking out at one of the back windows, we saw a sort of lock-up place attached to it, two or three prisoners being in cells with open grating. Quite a curious mixture of a building; a sort of "Chambers's Miscellany." It was newly and handsomely built, the rooms were large, lofty, and airy; it was evidently considered a show place. We then went to the church, another curious edifice, not over clean, and having no pews in it. The heat and glare from the white buildings, light sand, and sparkling sea was intense; so, feeling we had fairly "done" Porta Grande, we set out to go on board again; but somebody discovering luncheon would be over there, we agreed to try and find a St. Vincent "Spiers and Pond's" or "Lake and Turner's." We succeeded in getting to the comical little "établissement" of Mons. ——. We found out Mons.

—— was a "fair France" man (he was anything but fair!) so no "*rara avis*" in our little party, in the shape of a Portuguese linguist, was required. "*Oui, Monsieur, de la bière, du poisson?*" "*Oui, oui;*" and away trotted the little man to attend to the thousand and one orders given to him in such pure Parisian that I don't believe the poor fellow had more than the faintest idea of what had been asked for. But that was the fault of his *provincialism*. We amused ourselves meantime watching the natives, who had turned out in full force. The general dress of the women struck me at once as being very peculiar, and in some cases extremely picturesque; they were all dressed in dark blue, cotton or other material, principally the former, with a kind of scarf, of either darker or lighter shades of blue, thrown over the shoulders, and looking quite graceful on some. But what a lot of beggars they are; nearly every woman and child came up and begged most importunately. We also watched a steamer that had come into the harbour since we had been on shore,—we thought it might be our old Cape friend the *Elizabeth Martin*, which was expected from the West Coast. Having nothing better to do after we had enjoyed Mons. ——'s very passable impromptu luncheon, and appreciating the beautiful bananas more than the oranges, some of our gentlemen found it very interesting throwing the latter to the rapacious *canaille* assembled below. We were upstairs. It was almost *too* interesting when one woman, having made her appearance at an attic window, an orange being thrown to her, and not catching it, stepped out in a marvellously cool manner on a sloping roof to get it. We said "good bye" to Porto Grande after passing a little more time in equally intellectual pastimes, such as inscribing our names or initials on the walls of the *salon* where we had lunched: it seemed to be the proper thing to do; in fact, the pattern of the paper was lost in the elegant tracery of pencil designs. There were many names recognized by some of us. Before going further, don't you ever tell anybody that you think might have been there that day about the "pastimes," or *anybody* would be dreadfully angry with me.

When we got on board again we found the steamer that came in during the forenoon was a transport from the West Coast. An aide-de-camp had arrived with her *en route* for the "Home Country" with official despatches from Sir Garnet Wolseley. He joined our steamer, and having THE umbrella, a state chair, some fetich charms, &c., under his care, we had the pleasure of seeing those wonderful trophies before all England saw them. Fancy voyaging in the same steamer as King Coffee Calcalli's State Umbrella! Forty invalids also joined us from the *Simoom*. *Apropos* of them, let me tell you a pretty little incident which, though not directly in connection with St. Vincent, would not have happened, to our knowledge, at least, had we not called there. At Madeira the boats crowded off as soon as we anchored. When our last port was known the people in them were all on the *qui vive* to know the latest news from Ashantee. In one boat there was an old gentleman, who came on board as soon

as the health officer's boat moved away. It appears he was an old Lord ——, whose son was engaged in the campaign. Hearing of the latter's well-being and safety, he went for'ard to see the invalids. After going on shore he sent off some dozens of Madeira and ever so much tobacco, which the poor fellows enjoyed during the remainder of the voyage. It seemed like a grateful thank-offering.

But to return to St. Vincent. A leaky ship had also arrived during the day, and had been towed to a berth just beside us. The men were all engaged at the pumps, and while they worked one sailor sang a solo, the rest joining in a chorus which sounded to us like "Weigh, hey, heave, and go." It was not too musical, perhaps, but essentially in keeping with the bold-spirited sea scene all around. I've not told you yet about the fort or the little island. Know, then, that there is a fort with four guns, which would be very imposing, only from the prevailing colour of brown one doesn't at first recognize that it's battlements are anything but part of the rocky masonry which is seen all round. The island is a conical, comical rock, out in the middle of the harbour; it is just like a sugar loaf, and is named "Bird Island;" perhaps it is named so from the fact of some one having observed birds recognizing that similarity, pecking at it! Ascension is called a "cinder," I believe, and St. Vincent is considered next door to it. Considering *that*, we all decided we had spent a very happy day there, when, after finishing coaling about eight p.m., we steamed away, past the "wee" island rock, leaving St. Vincent looking as it had done the previous evening—beautiful in the moonlight.

A. E. J.

Old Times at the Cape

(CONTINUED.)

"AFTER Governor Van Noot's tragical end, the reins of Government were again assumed by that true friend of men, Johann de la Fontaine, who had held them once before, on the death of Governor Van Asseburg. Every inhabitant of the Cape of Good Hope, officials, citizens and farmers, soldiers and sailors, even the slaves, wished that this gracious and good man should be their Governor, and their hopes were fulfilled, as we shall soon hear. The first act of the Lieut.-Governor, or, as he was called in these parts, the 'man of the happy face,' was to order all those still under arrest to appear before the Senate of Justice and Police. They did not come before the Council all at the same time, but daily were some lesser or greater matters of very little importance inquired into, till at last they were all dismissed with a rebuke. A few, who had committed graver offences, were confined for four weeks longer,—that is to say, they were no longer shut up in prison, but resumed their various

duties, on condition that for four weeks they were not to go out of the castle, nor be put on detached guards.

"To many soldiers, who can earn a little amongst the citizens, or at one house or the other can obtain a good meal, this is a very severe punishment. However, as upon this occasion of Governor Van Noot's death all were full of joy, and, as it were, began to live anew, many kind and honest people supplied the well-behaved soldiers with means of enjoyment.

"One of the most praiseworthy deeds that the Lieut.-Governor performed almost immediately was, with the consent of the assembled Senate, to pay to the soldiers, not only their proper wages, but also all the back pay that Van Noot had withheld from them, out of the Governor's own private exchequer, after a strict calculation; but the sergeants were to see that each soldier bought shoes, socks, and shirts, by which means all the boots made in Europe (which are much more durable and stronger than those manufactured at the Cape) and packed away in the Company's storehouses, were cleared off in a twinkling.

"Herr Allemann, whom we have left out of our narrative for some time, again enjoyed the friendship with Governor de la Fontaine that he had formerly done, for at the commencement of Governor Van Noot's reign he had suffered much for his sake, but would say nothing against him. Almost every day now was he expected to dine with the Herr of the happy face, and spend the evening in his society. If he did not appear, a message was sent to his house to ask him to come quickly, as his friend could not enjoy life without him. During Van Noot's life these two gentlemen were certainly greatly attached to each other, but, under all the circumstances mentioned, dared not meet often; but now they made up for lost time, and were ever together. But during the whole of the Lieut.-Governor's reign nothing happened to Herr Allemann that would be at all interesting in his biography. During the lifetime of Van Noot, he had always borne himself well towards the chief members of the Senate of the Government, and had never told anything against them; in fact, when Van Noot fancied he had found out something about their doings, Allemann would cleverly divert his wrath. So now he enjoyed the pleasure of Herr de la Fontaine's friendship, as well as that of all the members of the Senate, who were his best friends. He lived very happily with his wife, who presented him first with a young son, named 'Nicholas Antoine,' and afterwards with several other pledges of their affection. The terrible news of Governor Van Noot's sudden death had been sent home by the first ship to the 'Council of Seventeen' in Holland, and not quite a year afterwards Herr de la Fontaine received his letters patent as Governor of the Cape. An event so long wished for was welcomed with the greatest delight by all the inhabitants of the Colony as far as the Dutch rule extended. Even the far-distant Hottentots sent messengers to the new Governor, with 'tabeetjes,' that is to say, presents of elephants' tusks, oxen,

and sheep. It is true that the Hottentots, when they bring these presents, have generally an eye to their own interests, and are always willing to take more valuables back with them than they brought. But this value existed only in their own imagination, for brandy, tobacco, knives, glass beads, and buttons, are not worth a quarter of what teeth and skins will fetch. But the oldest of the deputies, or the one in command of those who brought the presents, always received a huge stick or Spanish reed, with a prodigious brass knob on the top of it, bearing the Arms of the Company, and sometimes these Hottentot tribes would send a few presents to the Cape merely for the sake of obtaining one of these 'Palangbangers' for their newly-chosen captain.

"At the time that the new Governor, Herr Johann de la Fontaine, received his appointment, according to custom, the senior merchant, Adrean Van der Kerwel, was made Lieut.-Governor by the Chamber of Seventeen, and soon afterwards Herr de la Fontaine was presented to all the civilians, the military and naval forces, the assembled burghers, and country people, with fitting pomp and honour, as their Governor, amidst the roaring of cannons and the rattle of musketry. Never before was a ceremonial celebrated with so much pomp and solemnity, and with so much enjoyment, as at this time. All who had life and breath cheered lustily, and wished the new Governor thousandfold luck and prosperity; and these wishes welled forth from honest and loving hearts.

"Lieutenant Rhenius received his appointment as captain (in the place of Captain Van den Berg, who had just died), and Hendrich Schwellengrebel was installed as Chief of the Custom House and Merchant, with which rank Herr Ryk Tulbagh was also honoured. Van Kerwel, Schwellengrebel, and Ryk Tulbagh subsequently became Governors, and followed each other in turns. While such pure-minded men as Governor de la Fontaine and his three successors were at the rudder of the ship, the Cape of Good Hope was the true seat of content and happiness, and it could literally be said that every inhabitant, under the shadow of his own vine and fig-tree, spent his life in the most perfect peace and good-will. I must confess that as often as I sit and think of the happy hours I spent in this country, I grow discontented, and bewail the hard fate which took me away against my will from a land which to me was so dear. Just at the time that Herr de la Fontaine became Governor, a new independent Fiscal, Daniel van Henghel by name, arrived from Batavia. This man, who was a lover of the strictest justice when it brought any profit to himself, should have been sent out in the time of Van Noot, as now he had very often to see his judgment reversed or modified. But when he gave severe sentences to slaves who had run away or committed other crimes, no one interfered with him, for if these sort of people were not frightened out of their evil ways by hanging, breaking on the wheel, and impaling, no one's life would be safe.

"But if a European was allowed to be sentenced to death, he must

be a notorious criminal indeed. Only six Europeans were punished by death during my eight years' residence at the Cape, but those six thoroughly deserved their fate." Our author here enters most minutely into the details of each case, but which we must omit, and pass on to some personal traits of character. "This new Fiscal was a very covetous man, and his wife, a foreigner (that is to say, a lady not born in Batavia), was equally greedy. Both were very penurious, unreasonable folks, and would seldom pay for work that was done for them. If they could not possibly help themselves, they would pay a part of the debt, and let the remainder stand over till a long time had elapsed, and then deny it altogether. The barber and the wig-maker who served him saw not a penny of their wages for years, and he abused them for the slightest neglect or dilatoriness, saying they stole the money out of his pockets. But the wife of this gentleman seems to have been a thorough skinflint, and a worthy helpmate to so grasping a limb of the law.

"When the lady Fiscalina received a piece of work home that had been ordered, instead of payment, she gave a promise that if she wanted any more she would let the workers know, and send for them. It is true that when her mode of dealing became more generally known, she found it very difficut to get her orders executed; but what were those poor things to do who had done work and got no payment for it? Certainly, the Fiscal, being quite independent of the Government, had plenty of opportunities for cheating and mortifying people. Those law-suits, which he had the power of lengthening out till they only ended with the loss of every penny that the litigants possessed, were very dear to him, for he received the third part of the spoil as his fee.

"But I see, according to the newspapers, that for some years past the Dutch East India Company has ordered the 'confiscation of property' (whereby many heirs were punished as severely as criminals) to cease under pain of death, unless with the cognizance of the heirs—a good deed, from which the public will reap much benefit; but the Fiscal will sustain a heavy loss. As has been said before, it was a great blessing to the Colony that this Fiscal, Daniel Van Henghel, had not been at the Cape at the same time as Governor Van Noot, for then nothing would have restrained them. But with such good men as the present Governor and his Senate at the head of affairs, he dared not stretch out his claws very far, for these honest men, all guiding the rudder with united power, held the reins ever tightly in hand against the Fiscal. Our Herr Allemann now showed a particularly wise policy in his behaviour. He was highly esteemed by the Governor, held in honour and friendship by the Senate, and yet remained an impartial and dispassionate acquaintance of the Fiscal's. Those who were his equals in rank, as well as those of a lower standing, respected him greatly. But those who were his subordinates both loved and esteemed him, for he spoke up for them, he cared for them, he ever sought to help them, and, if in

necessity, he assisted them liberally, without expecting anything again.

"In the year 1734 tidings arrived that a large ship had put into Muschel Bay, or Mossel Bay, about fifty or sixty miles from the Castle. At first no one knew if this was a friend or an enemy, a Dutch vessel or a foreigner, or perhaps a pirate. But soon after a special messenger from the captain to the Governor brought the news that it was a homeward bound Dutch vessel, named the *Marquette* (after the family of that title), which had suffered so much from stormy winds that she could remain no longer at sea, but was obliged to put into the nearest bay. The captain begged the Governor to send speedy help, for if it tarried long he feared his bark would sink. The Governor immediately sent off some ship-builders and workmen, with several sailors, with the assurance that he himself would follow in person as quickly as possible. As soon as the preparations for his journey were completed, and everything necessary provided for it, he started, accompanied by Herr Allemann and two under merchants, a guard of honour, and a train of six or eight wagons. Herr Allemann, who had already made a journey into the interior of South Africa with Governor Van Noot, was the fittest officer to accompany the party. He had to fix the outspan places. Everything, indeed, depended on him, and he prepared and arranged all to the Governor's great satisfaction. The journey was made a very comfortable one, for the under landdrost, with a couple of dragoons, were always sent on in front to the place where the Governor was to dine or sleep, so that when he himself arrived all was in readiness. After the Governor had thoroughly inspected the damaged vessel, and had her sufficiently repaired to get round to Table Bay, where she could better be put to rights, he betook himself on a short journey, two days further inland, accompanied by Allemann, his guard, and some African Boers. Amongst these Africanders were two brothers, Antony and Jacobus Botha. There had been three brothers, but one had died. Their father had been a European, but they were born in Africa. All three of them had in their young days been elephant hunters, but as one by one they got a farm, a wife, and children, they gave up their hunting. All three were very tall and stout, possessing immense bodily strength and extraordinary courage. If other elephant hunters went out in parties of from fifteen to twenty men, these three brothers went alone, only taking a wagon of provisions and a couple of slaves with them, and shot elephants, lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, buffalos, bucks, and, in short, whatever they came across. The elephant tusks they delivered up to the Company, and received for them twenty stübers a pound, and they shot no elephant whose teeth did not weigh at least forty pounds. For a lion skin the Company paid fifty Cape guilders and sixteen stübers, and for a tiger skin ten rixdollars and forty-eight stübers; thereby these beasts of prey were nearly exterminated. They only took the skin of the rhinoceros, out of which could be

cut as many as a hundred sjamboks, and they were each worth twenty stübers. But bucks they kept for their own consumption, and took home with them. Through these two brothers, who attended the Governor, we had a good view of a lion. He lay sleeping in a deep sandy hollow. Botha jumped off his horse, took his gun, and was just going to shoot the sleeping lion, when his brother prevented him. 'What!' cried he, 'is it fair to murder a brave creature whilst asleep? Hei, Lion,' cried he, 'wake up!' The lion raised himself, sat on his hind legs, and looked about him, and Botha shot him through the head.

"Not upon this journey, but at another time, were the brothers out elephant hunting. One of them fired at a huge elephant, but missed the head, and hit him between the breast and the shoulder-blade. As soon as the animal found that he was wounded, he started in pursuit of his enemy, and would certainly have overtaken and trampled him under his feet (for these creatures never trot or gallop, but quickly gain upon their foe with long strides), had not Botha, who, after having missed his aim, had thrown his gun away in hopes that it might occupy the elephant, and retreated towards his brother, who was not far distant, crying, 'Oh, God! my dear brother, think of my poor wife and children.'

"'Foolish fellow!' he answered, 'is it now a time to think of God, of thy wife and children?'

"Thereupon he seized his gun, and both brothers firing together at the furious charging brute, the shots penetrated his brain, and the report and his fall were simultaneous. What presence of mind!

"Their dead brother was once out hunting, when a lion attacked him from behind, and fastened his claws in his shoulder, nearly crushing it. Botha looked round and shouted to the lion, 'Hi, you rascal, what are you doing? Is this fair?' The lion released his hold of him, put his tail between his legs, and slunk away quite ashamed of himself. Botha held his injured arm fast with the other one, went home and had it bound up, but could not go out on the chase after that, nor again hold a gun. I relate these stories merely for the purpose of showing the pluck and presence of mind of these brothers.

"The guns of the elephant hunters carry a leaden bullet weighing four to the pound. One can easily imagine that these guns are very large and heavy, so that when a hunter wishes to shoot at an elephant he lies down on the ground, and places his weapon on a small rest resembling a two-pronged pitchfork. But these three brothers Botha never made use of the rest, being so wonderfully strong, that they could with ease hold their guns in their own hands, and fire; and yet their aim was so certain that often for amusement they would drive a post into the ground, and place an egg on the top of it, or put up a bottle of wine at 400 or 500 paces distant, and seldom miss either.

"Now to return again to the Governor and his journey. Nothing

wonderful or interesting happened during the remainder of it. On board the damaged vessel was the widow of a noble member of the Council of India, who had died on the voyage, and the Governor wished her to return with him to Cape Town, and stay at Government House till the ship was again ready for sea. But she was not the sort of person that a Governor would be very anxious to press an invitation upon. She was a half-caste, and her husband had probably married her for her great wealth. So she went to Batavia by the first homeward-bound ship.

"One interesting circumstance, related to me by Herr Allemann himself, was, that during the two days' journey further inland, the Governor discovered a fine forest containing plenty of yellow-wood trees, apes, and lowries. Forests at the Cape of Good Hope are very rare and seldom seen. Apes and lowries are never found near the town itself. Baboons used to be very common in the neighbourhood of Table Mountain, and used to do great mischief in the gardens around; but they have become very scarce now, and I only once heard their cry, 'a-huh,' but saw nothing. Upon this some one fired off a gun for a spree, and I never heard their voices again, much less saw them. It was said that the Governor wished at this time to found a colony in this district, and one house was really erected, but no one inhabited it. Governor Schwellingrebel, who succeeded, did really establish a colony, and called it after his name, and it seems to me very probable that this was in the same place. After a five weeks' journey, the noble Herr Governor returned home again. The last day's journey he had accomplished on horseback, and came riding into the Castle. The same marks of honour were paid to him as to Van Noot on his return from the journey mentioned before, but with this difference, that now a true welcome was given by loving hearts, whereas before all would have been glad if on the way Van Noot had met with the fate of Absalom.

"After this Herr Allemann passed several years in the greatest contentment and peace, without anything particular happening to him. Without his knowledge the Herr Governor had represented to the Council of Seventeen that as the advancement of officers at the Cape was very slow, and they had to serve for years before they could rise a step, he hoped the Company would appoint two lieutenants to the garrison, instead of one. Consequently, as Herr Allemann was the oldest ensign, his appointment should be at once sent out to him. The plan was approved, and quite unexpectedly did Herr Allemann receive his patent as Lieutenant, and with it a monthly increase to his pay of ten Dutch guilders. It was at this time that Herr Allemann engaged me to teach his three eldest children, and besides that placed his eldest son under my charge. This young fellow had a young slave, between fifteen and sixteen years old, to attend him about, and also to wait upon us both. Herr Allemann had also given me a peculiar kind of employment, namely to superintend the delivery of the produce brought in by the farmers for the Company.

Every morning at dawn of day, sometimes only every other day, the wagons arrived at the Castle with their loads. I noted down everything as they were unloaded, and then my work was done for that day, sometimes for two days; consequently, I had plenty of time to teach for four or five hours. My monthly wages and board-money I received from the Company. In the middle of the day I dined at Herr Allemann's own table; in the morning and evening my breakfast and supper were sent to my rooms, with tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco. I was well supplied, and at all times was well cared for. New Year's presents and other perquisites I need not mention. The care of my young pupils often gave me an opportunity of taking pleasant walks with them, and of strolling in the garden, for Herr Allemann had his own house at the Cape, and a very pretty, though not a large, garden attached to it. One day something took place in this garden which reminds me to say something about Madame Allemann's brother, who had become blind when only five years old, through an attack of the small-pox. This Herr Meyboom was, in spite of his blindness, a clever, skilful man in many ways. He was particularly fond of fine horses, and always had four excellent ones to draw his carriage. When he had touched a strange horse, felt him over, and bestridden him, he was quite able to judge accurately of his size and shape. The harness of his horses he himself kept in repair, and, if any improvement was needful, did it himself with great dexterity. He possessed a magnificent watch, the half hours of which were marked on the dial by little gold roses. If he or anyone else wished to know the time, he would open the upper case and the glass, feel over the dial very delicately and cleverly, and would then give the right time to the minute.

"Not always did Herr Allemann's wonderful good luck attend him. It left him just at this time, and some malicious tricks were played him. In the year 1736 he sustained a severe loss of his property. He possessed, as shortly before mentioned, a nice house of his own outside the Castle, in the so-called town, with a small, but well laid out garden. A number of runaway slaves had banded themselves together, and resolved to set on fire the few houses in the town, which, as they were all thatched with reed, would burn easily before the wind, and, during the conflagration, to rob, plunder, and to murder. One night Herr Allemann was on guard, when just at midnight the alarm of fire was given. I ran to Madame Allemann, but she begged me to go down to her husband at the guard-house, and see if I could give any assistance, little thinking the misfortune had overtaken her own house. Herr Allemann besought me to return, as he guessed that the fire, if it had not broken out in his own house, could not be far distant, and told me to try and save what I could. I hastened back at the top of my speed, but could no longer get into the house, as the fire had already caught the furniture in the rooms. Madame Allemann had a large stock of European and East India goods laid in, besides tobacco, Marseilles soap, tea,

coffee, beans, preserves, and fine salt. But all these together were not worth so much as her beautiful linen, which shortly before this had all been brought in from the wash. All this was burnt and nothing at all was saved but two fine horses and a two-seated phaeton. This was pushed into the street, and the horses turned loose in the fields, where they were caught again the following day. I ran to the fowl-house, in which were all kinds of feathered fowl, but as the roof was already burning, I could not go in to get them out, nor would they come out of themselves. On the following day when we came again to the burnt place, we found that the Serlaten slaves had had a feast, and had eaten them all up, even to the bones. They must have been very juicy, as their insides had not been taken out. Besides, nothing can be more delicious or delicate eating than a fowl, feathers and all, laid on the glowing embers, and covered up by them so that no air can penetrate, and it is an expedient often adopted by elephant hunters on their journeys. Reebucks, bontebucks, klip-springers, and such fair-footed game, if allowed to remain in its skin, and is roasted in the same way, would be something delicious. The runaway slaves before mentioned had first set on fire, on the south-east side, the workshop of a shoemaker, in which his tanned skins were stored; and as the trade-wind, prevalent at the Cape, was blowing strongly, the fire caught three other houses, among which was Herr Alleman's. But God the Almighty bade the wind to cease, and soon all was so calm that a feather might have fallen to the earth. Through God's grace and good providence also the fire spread no further than these three houses. But this terrible misfortune might have taken place if Herr Allemann's next door neighbour had not adopted a singular plan of protecting his roof against the flames and heat. Herr Allemann's house was a corner one in a narrow street; the one opposite belonged to a shoemaker. This man had a large old ship's sail made of hemp, which he had bought. This he laid over the roof on the side of the fire, and made his own and other slaves keep it wet. This plan alone saved the shoemaker's house and those of his neighbours.

"The whole band of incendiaries were captured one after the other, and three of them cut their own throats. They were thrown into the before-mentioned Black Hole, over the door of which was a small air hole about half an ell long, and quarter of an ell high, with iron bars across.

"One cannot help wondering at the boldness and daring of these men, for actually one of the conspirators went into the Castle in broad daylight, and through the small hole threw a sharp knife into his comrades, to cut their throats with. Of the chief incendiaries, five were impaled or spiked, four were broken on the wheel, some of them having one arm and one leg first broken by a couple of blows from an iron club, and then bound living on to the wheel, four were hung; two women were strangled, and during their slow death a hangman's servant stood before them waving a burning bundle of

reeds close in front of their eyes. If these two women had, during their throttling, any perception of the heat of this, their punishment must have been terrible.

"But how could all these heavy punishments help those who had lost everything by the fire? However, the punishment of these malefactors served as a warning and example to others. Those who are broken on the wheel and spiked generally linger on, if it is warm weather, for twenty-four hours; but as it happened at this time to be a cold night, they were all dead by midnight. Herr Alleman lost no time in rebuilding his house, but this time he put up a solid stone roof instead of thatch, an example which was quickly followed by his neighbours. Hardly was the house finished than he found a purchaser for it; so he sold it, and bought himself a larger dwelling, with a fine garden, lying on the side of the Devil's Peak. This spot appeared to have been placed there by Nature especially for man's enjoyment, for from the house one could overlook the Castle, the whole town, the bay with its ships, the whole of the Tigerberg range, Robben Island, and beyond it a wide stretch of open sea. No more beautiful view could be found in the whole of the Cape of Good Hope." Surely, this must refer to the Zonnebloem Estate, now used as a Kafir College.

Cape Geology.

To the Editor of the "Cape Monthly Magazine."

Sir,—I regret that my engagements last month prevented me from addressing you on the subject of Dr. Shaw's note in the July number of the *Magazine*, with reference to the sketch of the "Geology of the Cape." Dr. Shaw, I observe, takes exception to Mr. E. J. Dunn being credited with the authorship of the theory of "volcanic pipes," in connection with the diamond mines of Kimberley and Du Toit's Pan, and claims the honour for Dr. Cohen, a petrologist, who, it is said, first announced it in his account of the Diamond-fields, published in the *Scientific Journal* of Heidelberg, fully two years ago. In the sketch referred to, it was simply stated that Mr. Dunn had lately submitted to the leading members of the London Geological Society specimens of the rock forming the "pipes," which he considered to be the agent in bringing the diamonds to the surface through the horizontal shales in which they are situate. No claim to the merit of originality for this theory (common enough among diggers) was made, although it might have been added that the like conclusion was come to by Mr. Dunn early in 1871, fully three years ago.

In the same note Dr. Shaw has fallen into the error of imputing to Mr. Dunn, as "a paid and professed geologist," an arrangement of the nomenclature of South African rocks, which "groups doleritic dykes, dioritic dykes, and granite as meta-

morphic." No amateur with the slightest smattering of the science, let alone a professional geologist, would have done such a thing. But by an accidental misprint at page 350 of the *Magazine* the brackets intended to embrace only the "Namaqualand schists and gneiss" as "metamorphic" was extended so far as to embrace the trap conglomerate dolerite, and dioritic dykes in the same group. For this mistake, Mr. Dunn was in no way responsible, as could readily be ascertained by reference to his published geological sketch map of the Colony, which gives the descending arrangement of the formations as given (I introduce them) thus:—

Glacial Conglomerate.		Mesozoic.
Tertiary		
Enon Conglomerate and Sunday River Beds	Oolitic (?)	
Stormberg Beds (coal-bearing)	Triassic	
Upper Karoo Beds		
Lower Karoo Beds		
Zuurberg, Zwarteberg, and Witteberg Sandstones	Carboniferous	Palæozoic.
Bokkeveld Beds—Upper Devonian		
Table Mountain Sandstone—Lower Devonian (Wyley)		
Malmesbury Beds—Silurian		
Namaqualand Schists	Metamorphic.	
Gneiss		
Granite		
Trap Conglomerate		
Dolerite Dykes		
Dioritic Dykes		

Mr. Dunn's map is now in the Public Library, and may be examined and studied by all who take an interest in the geology of the country. His object in compiling it was similar to that which I had in giving the *resumé* of Cape geology which appeared in the *Magazine*, namely, to place on record what has been observed up to the present time, in order to guide and possibly stimulate others in the examination of the wide "fields and pastures new," which are still open to the science in South Africa.

But the thanks of the Colony are due to Mr. Dunn for this map, and for his labours, brief and hurried though they were. His hypothesis of a glacial conglomerate extending from the Vaal and the Orange River to the North Western districts is worthy of more extended investigation; and here, at least, the palm of originality will be granted him Besides, he has during his visit to England, done much to bring the minerological characteristics of the country to public notice. He carried with him from the Colony a numerous catalogue of specimens of South African rocks (igneous and metamorphic), collected by him on his several geological expeditions. These he submitted to the best authorities at home for examination and analysis, with instructions that the reports upon them should be forwarded to the Colony. Duplicates of these rocks were at the same time placed in our Cape Museum for reference, and may be seen in the geological cabinet there. In the latest English papers I find that some of these very specimens have been investigated by Professor Mackdyne and Dr. Flight, of the British Museum, who

have, therefore, during the last month read a very interesting paper on the subject of our diamantiferous rocks, before the Geological Society of London.

In the absence of any recognized official geologist, whose appointment, strange to say, was refused by our Legislature; in the face of the fact that the growing prosperity of the Colony is chiefly owing to its mineral wealth, it is now, I conceive, most desirable to encourage in every way the examination and investigation of the structure and economic value of the various formations of the country; and whether a "geologist" or "petrologist" helps us to this end is very immaterial.

INO.

Modern Spiritualism.

WE have received from a gentleman in Cape Town a letter on Spiritualism, in connection with two remarkable articles which appeared recently in the *Fortnightly Review* from Mr. Wallace. Our correspondent, who himself is a firm believer in the manifestations generally known under the name of Spiritualism, has, with friends, held several seances in Cape Town, and, as he imagines, has had direct communication with the "Spirit World." Before proceeding to give a few extracts from his communication—which is too long to be inserted in full—we may here publish the following remarkable statement made to us first orally and then in writing by Mr. Evans, the chief photographer of the American Transit Expedition to Kerguelen :—

A voluntary statement made by Mr. D. R. Holmes, Chief Photographer, Kerguelen Island Expedition, for the transit of Venus, on the U.S.S. *Swatara*.—Cape Town, August 19th, 1874

Some eight months ago I was a perfect sceptic in regard to spiritualism, denouncing it as a perfect swindle, delusion, &c. The cause of my becoming a firm believer in spiritualism was in this way.

A party of ladies and gentlemen had an engagement with a Mr. Evans, a spirit photographer, Washington. D. C. asking me to go with them and see if I could find any deception, that he might practice on them in making the picture, I went with them and sat in the circle, and we soon heard rappings, and many questions asked and answered. When it was proposed Mr. Evans should make a spirit photograph, he tried several, but did not succeed. It was then proposed, by some one of the party, that the spirits would allow me to make a picture—the answer was that I could, but that I must seal all the doors, so that I would be satisfied that no one could have access to the room in which I prepared the plate I took a plate from the original package from the manufacturer, cleansed it and sensitized it in the usual way; after which I put the plate in the tablet, and put it in the camera which was on the table where the circle were sitting. After taking my seat there were countless raps on the camera-box, then three distinct taps. When Mr. Evans said the plate was ready for development, I took the plate from the camera; went alone to the dark room, and developed it, and was astonished to find a perfect likeness of my brother that was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, ten years ago. A few nights after I was invited to attend another meeting of the circle. I did so, and Mr. Evans failed in taking a picture, when it was proposed that I should try. I did so, and I received a written message. This is a copy :—

"Friend Holmes, we give you this as a test, and nothing more, for it is too much for our medium. Sit in your own room, and at home, and we will develop you to make spirit pictures for us.—Addis and Others."

Mr. Addis was a celebrated portrait photographer of Washington who died three months preceding. I have been present when musical instruments, bells, &c., would leave the table, play without any human agency about the room, and when the table has been moved by invisible means, and placed and left upon the top of a cabinet six feet high.

I may further add that whilst in Cape Town I have attended a private seance, and received communication from a daughter of mine in the spirit world, who promised me at a seance in Washington that she would always be with me.

D. R. Holmes.

As to our Cape Town correspondent's letter, we can this month only find room for the following passages, which are interesting if for no other purpose than as illustrating some curious phases of human nature :—

Now, Mr. Editor, what do you say when I tell you practical manifestations have been produced in South Africa? I have produced rappings, violent movements of the table, and of late *automatic writing* through a female who is a somnambulist, as well as having seen apparitions on several occasions.

The manifestations, I will admit, have not been satisfactory on account of the dampness of the weather and other things I cannot explain, but I am thoroughly satisfied of its genuineness, and hope, when the fine weather sets in, to thoroughly develop the sitters. There are gentlemen in the town who have communicated with departed friends through the medium of a pyschograph scores of times; others who have seen tables move about without interposition of hands; and ladies who have seen the electrical or spirit light, as it is called, moving about the room where the seance was held. Should your readers wish to seek for themselves, to enable them to do so in a scientific manner, I enclose you a copy of "The Philosophy of the Spirit Circle, and the Rules for Conducting it."

Those who are anxious to witness these wonderful manifestations must be earnest about it, being very particular in paying attention to the details of temperature, impressions, &c. (see rules.) I may mention that all somnambulists or sleep-walkers, and those who are good subjects for magnetic phenomena, are likely to turn out trace (speaking) or writing mediums (automatically.)

I shall be most happy to give any information verbally to anyone who may wish to investigate. All who wish to understand spiritualism should read "Where are the Dead; or, Spiritualism Explained," by Fritz, price 3s.; "Spirit Manifestations," by J. Snaith Reiner, 1s; and the *Daybreak and Medium*, the weekly organ of spiritualism, price 1d.* * * * *

I must now conclude by asking my readers not to form a hasty opinion for or against Modern Spiritualism, but obtain information through books (the way most self-taught men obtain their knowledge) on the subject they wish to understand. The majority of people are led by a few able writers—never thinking to question their fallibility on the subject. Five-tenths of the people in the world don't think at all, four-tenths let others think for them, and the balance, one-tenth, does all the thinking. Verily people are, as a rule, led like lambs to the slaughter. Think and investigate for yourselves. God has given each of us our talents, which we are expected to cultivate, that we may be better enabled to *discover* our duties as men to Him, and estimate His wonderful works. Each of us will receive his just reward due to us; as we sow so shall we reap. I hope all earnest seekers will not be laughed down by their wiser brethren, but boldly maintain their opinions, and defy sneers.

To the man who thinks, and thinking, dare speak, and speaking the truth defies the world, the above pages are dedicated.

I am, &c, An Investigator.

* These may be had from J. Burns, 15, Southampton-row, London, W.C.

Letters from the "Challenger."*

BY COMMANDER MACLEAR, R.N.

Friday, December 19th.—Since leaving we have such beautiful weather, not at all what we expected,—so the Professor has been gratified with a daily dredge. The result is very important, showing that the same forms of life exist here as on the Norwegian coasts,—the very same forms—not southern types of them, as was expected. Is there an intercommunication below the surface? Yesterday we issued the warm clothing to the men: great pea jackets, flushing trowsers, sea-boots, and mits—regular hand-stockings. The officers have to pay for their warm clothing. We won't be at the Crozets at Christmas, as we expected. Our westerly gales must come soon though. Nearly all the flies have left us. We are beginning to look in a little better order, but our main deck is still full of coal, live stock, vegetables, and stores; the holds and the lower deck also crammed; though we are not quite so bad as Ross's vessels, in which you had to climb over the casks on deck. We have commenced lime-juice as a ration already, but we will hardly be able to keep quite clear of scurvy.

December 20th.—Our expected bad weather has come; not a very bad gale; just sufficient to prevent ordinary work. This is a very different vessel to most men-of-war. We are bowling along merrily. The long-expected north-wester came to-day, and we prepared instantly for him,—down royals, in small gear, and prepared for a buffeting. The sea has already been nearly up to the boat, and certainly will be to-morrow. We have not yet seen any icebergs, and, indeed, it is quite warm yet; but any moment now may bring the thermometer down to freezing.

Sunday, December 21st.—It is blowing a fresh gale from northward; barometer 29·44, and still going down. We certainly will have to pay for our two days' fine weather. We are much steadier than yesterday, from the wind being more on one side; but it is

* These very interesting extracts of private letters addressed by Commander Maclear to members of his family at Mowbray, and sketching the cruise of the *Challenger*, from her departure from Simon's Bay in December last, to her arrival in Melbourne, have been kindly placed at our disposal for publication.—Ed. C.M.M.

very wet, dark, and unpleasant, and this is the sort of weather we shall have for three months!

On the 25th, Christmas-day, we sighted Marion Islands, too late to land, so we lay off till the morning, then ran along the shore till we found a spot where we could jump out on the rocks. Nearly everyone landed, and had a rummage about the place, collecting specimens and plants. The first thing we saw on landing was a big sea-elephant; poor thing, he could not move; and how he had dragged himself up into the grass is a wonder. It is not a fur seal, and unless the sealers use him for oil, I don't know whether he is fit for anything. Near him were a few large, fat penguins—I don't know the species. We have now come across four sorts. This is a dirty black and white fellow, the fattest and clumsiest of them. At other places on the island we came across rookeries of the king penguin, and also of the crested. On the hill-side were the nests of the albatross. They are evidently just pairing and building. It is a magnificent bird, sometimes called the Cape sheep. They are beautiful when flying, but on shore they are absurdly awkward; and it was very amusing to see them alight. They invariably tumbled head over heels, unable to stop themselves gradually, like other birds. They pull up the turf, and build a hard, compact mound, about two feet high; the top is indented like a saucer: in this the egg is laid, and one of the birds always sits on it—I think male and female relieve each other. The island is evidently volcanic, and the stones near the landing affected the compass strongly. Over the greatest part of the rock there is a layer nearly two feet thick of rich moss. This, decaying, forms a soil enriched by the numerous birds that live on the island, and I suppose increases in depth year by year. The rain and snow keep it constantly damp; indeed, it is probable that most of the island is under snow during the winter, though in the summer only the hills are covered. Besides this moss, some reedy grass, which grows in places, one common fern, and the Kerguelen cabbage, there is little vegetation; but the moss is so universal that you seem to be always walking on a very thick, wet, Turkey carpet. As we sunk in it sometimes up to the knees, sea-boots were a necessity. Water, I need not say, was abundant, so were the birds; the albatrosses were scattered about in the nests, looking at a distance like white sheep; and then came the penguins in their rookeries. The king penguin lives in a different colony to the crested. I did not see any rookeries of the fat penguin, but others must have seen them. I only saw single ones. Then there is a very pretty white bird, *looking* very clean and very cheeky—the sheathbill; but observation showed that his habits were very dirty: in fact, he is the scavenger of the island, and nothing comes amiss to him. In some things he puts me very much in mind of a magpie. I watched one in a penguin rookery. He had managed to get an egg away from its parents; he immediately pecked a hole in it, and began at the contents; the parent lazily waddled after it, and tried to attack; the

bird knew to half an inch where the penguin's beak could come, and just kept out of reach; would move a pace at a time, till the penguin had his back to the egg, then he would hop round, and make a dozen pecks at the egg before the penguin had turned round and got near him again. As he passed about the rookery every penguin had a shot at him, but he was quite unconcerned, and none touched him. We found the remains of an old hut, and a pot evidently neglected many years, probably used by some old sealing party. There are two islands—Marion and Prince Edward's Island. On one of them, we don't know which, a vessel (*Richard Dart*) was lost in 1849. Ten survivors lived a month on the island until relieved by Mr. Jeary's sealing party. All the time that the party were on shore the ship stood between the two islands dredging. In the evening we lay to, intending, if possible, to land again on the 27th; but next day it was so thick, it was unsafe to land till late in the evening, and so, after a good deal of dredging, and having determined the latitude and longitude accurately—it was about 20 miles out each way—we bore away for the next group, the Crozets, with a splendid breeze after us. We made the first of them—Hag Island—on the evening of the 30th; but it was blowing hard, and a dense haze, so we had to stop till morning; then, when it cleared off a little, we neared and ran down its western side; but landing was out of the question. I need not give you the details of the next few days; they were wearying—dense haze, heavy sea, and generally blowing. We would sight the islands, and then stand out again, and lie under double reefs (our normal state lately). On the 2nd it lifted for some time, and gave us a hope. We immediately ran for Possession Island, and closed a small cove called Navire, or Ship Bay, by the French frigate *Heroine*, which lay there for five weeks. There are no harbours, and in the finest weather it is nasty work landing on these islands We could see a large, deserted hut, several casks, and, *I* thought, a boat, but no people, although we fired a gun to attract attention. We would then have gone on to another bay, where Ross communicated with the sealers, but such a strong north-easter sprang up dead against us, we gave it up, and lay to again for the night; luckily, we did not attempt to land or anchor, for it came on a nasty night, and we certainly would have been driven away. The next day we made one more attempt, but the increasing gale and still falling barometer, with the thick weather, showed that it would be some days before we could land; so, very reluctantly, we bore up, and came on here (Kerguelen) with a rattling breeze. On the 6th we saw Bligh's Cap, and tried to get in before dark, but could not, so, like Cook a hundred years ago, we lay off, and the next morning ran into the beautiful little Christmas harbour. The gale had gone down, the sun had come out, and it seemed a little paradise to us. This harbour is right in the north-west corner of the island, and is formed by an arm of the sea running about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland, in a west-north-westerly direction, so it is quite sheltered from the pre-

vailing winds, and a curious rock, just like Temple Bar, shuts off the east wind. It is very narrow, and the cliffs on each side rise very steep, and end in enormous boulders; at the head is a beach of volcanic sand. Here Ross established his observatories, and I planted our stand nearly on his exact site; but he calls it, "this inhospitable harbour," and was very glad to get out of it; but then he was here in winter—we in midsummer. We weighed next morning, and came down the north-east side to this extreme, and anchored here the same evening in a small cove like a dock in a big bay, Betsy Cove. It is a snug, little place, but not so beautiful as Christmas Harbour. We are surrounded with sea-weed (kelp) so thick that I find the easiest way to get our boats on shore is to make a line fast and pull them by it, it is so difficult to work the oars. We were astonished on coming in to see a row of gravestones and monuments on the side of the hill, and they gave a sad look to the place. We find they are all put up by whalers, principally in memory of men drowned at sea while fast to whales; so at one time this bay must have been well frequented. Their dates are mostly 1850 and 1852; the last is 1860; but they evidently have recently been all painted again by some kind hand. The north-east shore of Kerguelen, that we came along, is deeply indented with fiords, that put one in mind of Norway; and there must be many snug harbours. Now, here is an island, right in what Maury considered the best track to Australia, abounding in good harbours, and plenty of coal. What part is it destined to play? For ships always have a strong, *fair* wind this route. Our work here is to get what information we can for the benefit of the Transit of Venus party, and to determine certain positions.

Betsy Cove, Kerguelen, January 11th.—This is a lovely day, a beautiful sun, and almost a clear sky; yesterday was like it till the evening; but these days are too rare to hope that one will favour the Transit of Venus party. This harbour has not been surveyed; Christmas harbour has been; so we are surveying this part; on the 15th we will have completed, and then will fix the position, and make a rough survey of the south end, which is altogether unknown. This place is 7′ wrong in latitude, and I don't know yet how much in longitude). Probably we will recommend the low land to the south-east as the best site for the astronomers; they will have no chance near the hills, as they seem to be in perpetual clouds, snow, and haze, but a few days will show more. The birds are plentiful here, and we have shot about fifty brace of duck.

Sunday, February 1st.—This is, I expect, a day of rejoicing, for are we not leaving Kerguelen Island after a long three weeks' stay, during which time we have explored a very large portion of it? We sent all the ship's company on shore for a run, and to cut grass, or, more truly, cabbage. It is a cabbage peculiar to these islands, in taste between cabbage and spinach, and perhaps in appearance more like a cabbage than anything else, though not quite like one. It has a long, thick

stalk. It is a very good anti-scorbutic, and luckily the men like it, so I always send on shore for boat-loads of it. The next day, the 12th, we had a very strong squall from the north-east, which quite changes my opinion as to Betsy Cove being a snug harbour; it is too small; and when we swung to the wind we were nearly across the cove, and our stern in unpleasant proximity to the rocks. During a lull, though, we made fast ropes to the rocks ahead, and hauled the ship into a better position, then let go a second anchor, and moored her. A bumping would not have improved our rudder or screw. The next day we had a visitor in the shape of a whaling schooner, the *Emma Jane*. It was late when she ran in, and until she was close to did not make us out, but mistook the lights we had hoisted for *two* schooners, and was going at first to pass between them! The surprise of her skipper was very great. From him we learnt that the barque *Roman* (New London), with her two tenders, the *Roswell King* and *Emma Jane*, are whaling and sealing here, and at Heard Islands. They go to Heard in October, and kill seal. In December they leave a party on the islands, to kill seal during the winter, and come to Kerguelen. Their head quarters are at Three Island Harbour, Royal Sound, on the south end of the Island, marked blank on our charts. After refitting and preparing their boats and vessels for whaling, they start up the eastern side, and work the fiords, anchoring every night in some sheltered nook, and going out every fine morning to look for whales. If they catch one, they cut him up, and then take the pieces to a snug, little place, where they have their pots and casks, and boil down the blubber. If they catch three whales during the season they are lucky. The winter over, they go back to Royal Sound, and prepare for seal again; then go down to Heard Island. Of course, they pick up some seal during the whaling season, but they don't get many. The captain of the *Roswell King* generally works back on the west side of the island, and knows the place thoroughly. We afterwards came across him, and obtained a great deal of information. The *Roman*, having filled up with oil from her tenders, has probably started for home. We remained till the 16th to complete our observations and surveys, then weighed, and went out just after our friend the schooner; she beat up to windward in shore, but it came on to blow very hard, and we were obliged, after beating out to clear the land, to lay to, for the weather was too thick to close the land in such a big ship. In that way we are at a great disadvantage. We can only venture in amongst these unknown reefs and islands in clear weather. The gales generally bring mists, and then we must get an offing and wait. In this we remained for a day, then seeing no hopes, we ran away round the east end to Royal Sound, and found Three Island Harbour. As we got under the lee we had better weather, and could get right up without difficulty. Here we found a third schooner working by herself, but sending her oil home in the *Roman*. These four vessels are the only ones in these seas. We remained

three days, and made a very good sketch of the Sound and its numerous islands. We had fine weather, except on Sunday, 18th, when it blew furiously for about six hours. On the 20th we left, and tried to round the Southern Cape, for it was not quite certain which was the southern point which Captain Cook calls Cape George, but it blew so hard we could make no way, so put into a jolly little bay close to, and called Greenland Bay. Next day weighed, and had another shy at the Cape, but it was no use, and we could not afford to lose time, so bore up to work up the eastern side again. After two days struggling, we were glad to be able to get back to Betsey Cove, and there wait for better times. But it would only be tedious to repeat the details; we got at last a nice working wind, and beat the ship dead to windward, about three miles an hour; not bad. The second day of our beating, the 27th, we fell in with our two schooners again, and anchored with them, under a place named Howe's Foreland by Cook. He only ran past this, and never examined the splendid bay there is on the south side. The next morning we went up it, and through a capital channel between some islands, made a short cut back to our old quarters at Christmas Harbour. We remained all the next day, which was very fine, exploring, &c., whilst the Captain was busy writing out his last notes for the benefit of the Transit of Venus party. They advise one of the positions at the south-east end, and Royal Sound to be made head quarters. Some landing might be found on the east side of the sound, on the main land, near an island we have named Channel Island, but I fancy the ship would not be so safe there; and with such changeable weather, that is a matter of consequence; but in that direction they are most likely to have the clearest weather. Then there are notes of the weather, and tracings of the places we have surveyed. I am afraid their chance is but small, poor fellows. All these notes were put into a tin box, and deposited under a large cairn, on a high cliff, on the north side of Christmas Harbour. But I trust that our papers will reach the Cape before they leave. Our naturalists completed their stock of specimens, including more seals and penguins, and a man from each mess was sent on shore to get as much Kerguelen cabbage as he could. It is a capital antiscorbutic, and we shall get nothing green till we reach Melbourne. The 31st was a horrid, cold, raw, rainy day, with the mist pouring over the cliffs close to the ship, in the same way it does sometimes over Table Mountain. We deposited our notes, and left under sail, nearly getting on shore, in one of the hard squalls that came down there. Ross says one of them blew a man into the water, and moved their observatory a foot. It was blowing too hard to go round and explore the west side, as we had hoped, so we went over our old ground on the lee side, and the next day were fortunate enough to find the wind sufficiently light to let us approach and fix the latitude of the real south point of the island, about which there was a doubt, and then we made off for MacDonald Island and the

South Pole On the 2nd we bowled along ten knots an hour, but had to stop and sound; there was only 150 fathoms water, and I suspect that Kerguelen and Heard Islands are connected by a bank. We also had a dredge, and brought up a lot of smooth, worn stones. Next came four days' weary work, dodging about in thick mists, unable to make a dangerous land, of which the position is very uncertain, and has many outlying dangers. Sometimes we were deceived by the strong appearance of land, so common in those regions. At length, on the 6th, we saw the high snow-capped peak, and ran round to a bay on the east side, the wind rushing down the ice-cliffs in frightful squalls as we approached—"willy waws" they are called. The bay was sheltered from the westerly winds, so we anchored, and the Captain landed, with Buchanan and Moseley. They found six sealers, the others being at different parts of the island collecting seal. They seemed to like it, and one of them said he had been there two years, and would remain another. The whole island is so covered with ice and snow, that it seems to form one mass, and the ends of the glaciers come right down into the bay where we were lying, just like some of the glaciers in Norway. Above the glaciers appears a smooth, white snow surface, the head in mist. I wonder if it is ever clear. Ahead of us a neck of land connected a craggy hill with the main island. On this neck were the huts, half sunk into the ground to keep them warm. The men have about two years' provisions with them, and they eat penguins' eggs, and use penguin skins for fuel. We delighted them with all our old newspapers. After a couple of hours ashore, and a visit to a glacier near, the Captain and his party came off, saying it was so cold they could hardly move, and having brought off specimens of everything that was to be found—birds' eggs, elephants' tusks, grass, &c. We intended to land a party the next day, and get more complete observations, but at midnight the rate at which the barometer was going down warned us it was time to be off, so at daylight we weighed, and steamed out in a dead calm and dense fog, the ship covered with snow—she was a great white mass. "Oh," said the boatswain, "she has got her wedding-suit on to-day, and no mistake." We took a dredge outside, and made off as soon as it cleared sufficiently to see. As we expected, the wind rose rapidly, and we were soon under trebles, with a hard north-wester blowing, which would have made our position in the bay very critical. The schooners are provided with an anchor and cable big enough for a vessel six times their size on purpose for anchoring there. To-day the gale is less, and we are making great tracks for the pole.

February 24th.—We are now in the antarctic regions, just outside the circle close to the land Wilkes is supposed to have discovered. It has been a very anxious day with us, and I don't think any *Challenger* will ever forget it. We have realized most fully that we are in the hands of an Almighty who shows us his wonders and his blessings as is best for us. Do you remember grandpapa telling of Ross, that he

said his hair turned grey in one night? I don't think I showed you the picture in the book, but we passed through a similar scene; but I shall go back to the 11th, when we saw our first iceberg—a queer, flat-topped fellow, with high, perpendicular sides, about a quarter of a mile long and 200 feet high. Of course, we all had had a good look at him. About thirty miles further on we saw another. Then on the 12th and 13th they became numerous. At that time we counted them, and used to put down the places—No. 1 iceberg, No. 3, No. 50, &c. Afterwards they got so numerous, that we noted instead—"6 p.m., 70 bergs in sight." Well, on the night of the 13th February, about 11 p.m, we suddenly became aware that we were surrounded with ice, and large lumps were rubbing our sides. We hauled out again, and waited till morning. What a sight then greeted us!—from south to south-west a great prairie of ice—as far as one could see—composed of huge lumps, closely packed, whilst here and there large bergs showed themselves like guardians of their white flock; to the west the water appeared open, but all around us were icebergs of every shape and character—small pinnacles, churches, mosques, tables, birds, &c. We could not advance to the southward, so we sounded and dredged, then made sail to the south-west, and for three days kept along the edge of the pack, passing innumerable bergs and pieces of ice. They were nearly all flat-topped, and looked as if they had broken off a piece of wedding-cake. Some of them had turned partly over, from their under surfaces having melted away, and showed huge, ploughshare-shaped pieces of smooth ice—they generally had large cracks down their sides. * * *

To-day is one of the few quiet Sundays we have had—certainly the quietest since we left the Cape—and, what is more, the driest. Why, actually all our decks are almost dry and clean! This is a great thing for us, for we have so very seldom had a dry day. Our southern troubles are now over though, for we are only 140 miles from Cape Otway, and about 180 from Melbourne, and we hope to be there to-morrow night, and get letters. Captain Nares to-day, in the service, gave thanks for the mercies extended to us in the late cruise. But to continue. I was saying that from the 13th to the 16th we kept to the south-west, along the edge of the pack, passing amongst numerous bergs, and all sizes—some as big as the ship, others half a mile long; nearly all were flat-topped, and about 200 feet high, as if they had all been formed in the same way, and broken off at different periods. As they float with one-tenth *out* of water, the part under water must have been about 1,800 feet. With a great many bergs this lower part had melted unequally, so the berg had toppled over, and showed a large portion of the smooth, worn, under part, but the flat top could always be seen. Other bergs had been scooped out in a very curious way by the sea, so that deep caverns and beautiful arches were formed. I see, on the 14th, we passed one in which four transverse arches had been formed, so that we could see right through, and a little way off two pillars only had been left. Somehow, it put

one in mind of a mosque, with two outlying minarets; it was so beautiful and so curious, we all came up to look at it. Another berg was a beautiful blue. I fancy that a large piece had just split off, for we often found perfectly fresh ice to be blue; the caverns, too, where we had a depth of clear ice, were often blue. On the morning of the 16th we ran into what is called brush-ice—little pieces floating about like hard lumps of white grease on the top of warm grease or oil—they have come off larger pieces or bergs. Then it fell calm, and we tried to get alongside some of the bergs to make observations, but not one could we find that we could land on, or make the ship fast to, without knocking her to pieces. This was disappointing, but soon a fine breeze sprang up, and away we went to the south, till we crossed the antarctic circle, which I need not tell you is latitude 66° 30′. We were then in longitude 78°. There was no pack in sight, and a clear sea to the southward as far as we could see. Such a temptation to go on; but we knew that the pack could not be far off, and perhaps in an hour we would be brought up again; and we were having such unmistakeable signs that the season was fast passing away, and that to be frozen in the pack now would be no joke, that the Captain thought we had gone as far as we should in a ship unprepared for resisting the shocks and nips of ice, and so we turned, and stood off to the eastward, to the land that Wilkes said he saw. The next day we had clear water, and only a few bergs in the distance, so suddenly does one find oneself here in clear water or surrounded by ice, it showed the great necessity for care and watchfulness. The next morning, at four, we had clear weather, and only three bergs in sight. I was standing close to the officer of the watch, and we were remarking the curious state of affairs—it was very cold, thermometer 25°, and the keen breeze and strong ice-blink showed us the ice was close, too, though we could not see it—when a white line appeared on the horizon, and in half an hour we were again in the pack. We ran through it for some time, but got so many hard bumps that we hauled out again to the northward, and skirted its edge. Up to this time, from the 13th, we had experienced pretty fine weather—that is, gentle winds, occasional snow showers, and thick weather, &c.; a thermometer averaging about 30°; but now we began to have thick, heavy snow squalls covering the ship, and the weather much thicker; the night, too, closed in with great rapidity, so that, after ten p.m., we had to heave to till morning. Thermometer went down to 24°, but rose again on the 18th to 28°, where it remained. Till the 21st we were running with light winds to the north-east, sounding occasionally. Frequent snow squalls, and thick, dark weather often obliged us to wait till it cleared up, to avoid running into the bergs. I find in my journal—"That the decks are getting blacker and blacker," for all the cleaning they got in those days was having the snow swept up; if you attempted to put water on them it immediately froze, and the deck became a slide, and the next man who passed would get a regular cropper.

On the 21st, we went close to a large berg, on which at first we thought we could land, but getting close to, its sides were too steep; there was a cove formed by a cleft in it, but a sea ran up this that would have capsized any boat. So we fired a shot at the side instead, and were astonished at seeing immediately a quantity of ice, about equal to the observatory, altogether detach itself in flakes, and keep on sliding down with a roar, till the sea between us was covered with bits of ice. Then we had a shot at it with the camera, and I enclose a copy. Not bad, considering how we were moving at the time. Next morning (Sunday, 22nd) we had a calm, which we immediately took advantage of to swing round, under steam, for magnetic observations. I had hoped to be able to make observations on the ice, but, as time went on, gave it up in despair, unless we could venture so far into the pack as to get a large, flat, shallow piece, but we never got this opportunity. On this day we all rejoiced at seeing the sun—a very unusual phenomenon. At two in the afternoon we had finished, and made sail again to a capital breeze, fast springing up. We were now close to the position of Wilkes' land, but could see nothing of it; but from the strong ice blink, and very cold air, we knew we were close to ice. At half-past seven, next evening, 23rd, we were again brought up by the pack all round us; we were then *almost on* the position that Wilkes has put the land—certainly within six miles of it—and yet we could see no land within twenty miles, nor high land at thirty. Mind, I do not say it does not exist, and from the quantity of ice about it is probable that land is not far off; but certainly there is no land in the position he assigns. We now hove to till morning, hoping to be able to make closer observations, or perhaps to land on ice, but it was our *Ultima Thule*, as it turned out. The next morning, the 24th, we sounded, and took a haul of the dredge; unfortunately, it came up empty, for some reason or other, but by this time (nine a.m.) it had begun to blow hard, and the snow and the mist made it so thick that we could hardly see the bergs close to us; but we ran under the lee of the largest one we could see, to make sail. He was a huge fellow over on his side, and the waves were breaking over him in grand style; but the gale must have been driving him faster to leeward than we thought, for suddenly the ship seemed to close with it very rapidly, and away went our jibboom, whiskers, and martingale; this was nasty, and it took us till 5 p.m. to clear and secure the wreck of the spars. The gale was now blowing furiously, and the heads of the waves as they broke were converted into showers of snow, which swept past us in such a dense mist we could see nothing; thermometer 22°. The work became very trying; the ropes were like rods of ice, and had to be cracked before they could be used. I went down sometimes to thaw a little, for I could hardly put one leg before another. There was a picture of the boatswain being carried below, quite stiff, and converted into an icicle, by four men, after eight hours on the bowsprit. We were anxious because we knew there were several bergs to leeward, and

we must be drifting on to one or other of them, and so it turned out. Suddenly, through the dense mist, loomed the form of an iceberg, close to us; we immediately clapped on steam, reversed the engines, and sent men aloft to set the sails aback, and drove the ship, stern first, clear of the berg, in the same way that Ross did. We were hardly clear when another berg appeared, then another. We now got up steam full speed, and kept going backwards and forwards, under the lee of the berg, so as to keep position. We knew that if we could do that we would be safe from other bergs. As night came on, we were delighted at the mist clearing, and during the night the gale went down. It would have been very awkward had it taken place at night instead of daytime. The morning after was fine and cold; we made sail again to the eastward, and soon passed our old friend that we had run into, recognizing him by a deep rut that our bowsprit had made. We soon again ran into the pack, and as probably this might be our last time in it, we ran well amongst the pieces. We lowered boats, and collected some ice of a peculiar colour, and we sought for a piece big enough to land on, but there were none steady enough for the instruments, though they were big enough to give the ship some heavy bumps. The wind was rising, and we did not like to stay, as a severe frost, which might come on now at any time, would consolidate the floating masses and snow, and make our position critical, so we made sail out; the lumps were too close together to keep clear off, and she went bumping from piece to piece, cutting into some, turning others over, and some large ones making her stop completely. Next day, 26th, it was evident that the season was over for us, and we could make no further progress south, so we took our last dredge in the vicinity of the ice, and made off for Melbourne; but at night it came on so thick, and there were so many nasty bergs round us, that we had again to stop, and try a position close to the largest to keep us from the others. It again came on to blow furiously, and it took all four boilers and full power to enable us to keep near the berg; our position was little better than on the 24th, but this time we had no berg to drift on to, and could just keep the white mass to windward. The 27th was thick, with constant snow squalls, that we had constantly to heave to, and only make sail at the clear intervals. We passed this day a berg with a curious mark on it, like the figure of a Girl of the Period—Alexandra limp, stick, and all. It was caused by a mass falling from above, and the waves washing off the snow below. 28th was better, and we began to get clear of bergs, but the snow squalls were so thick we often had to stop; the night, too, closed in very early. The constant wet, the straining of the ship, and being obliged to keep our ports in, made us very uncomfortable. On the 1st we began to get better weather, and were able to go on during the night—the first time for many nights. During the next few days we made great tracks; the bergs were much fewer, aud on the 4th we saw the last. Every day brought us warmer and drier weather. The

moral as well as the mercurial barometer went up. Everyone was rejoiced at getting out of our troubles. Sails and clothes were dried and aired, and, what was of great importance to me especially, we were able to clean our decks again. We had two or three auroras, and sometimes *saw the sun;* on one day it came out quite clear of clouds, and everyone came up to look at his shadow—about the third or fourth time such a thing had been seen since we left the Cape. There is not much more to note during this time. We sounded and trawled every two or three days, and brought up many curious and rare specimens. We left behind some of our old ideas respecting the formation of the bottom of the sea, and adopted new ones, but the reasons would be far too long and too heavy to put in a letter. You must wait till Vol. II. of the Proceedings of the *Challenger* is published. One thing appears certain that life is the same at all great depths of the ocean, both in the high northern and southern latitudes, and also in the equatorial; whether there is sub-oceanic communication seems not quite determined, but it is highly probable. There are the same forms of life here as off the coasts of Greenland; but this place is richer, and the specimens finer.

A Trip Through Kafirland.

In Two Parts—Part I.

"Erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferrenti."

Thus, like Æneas of legendary fame, we shall endeavour to depict the passing events of a tour of some six weeks' duration, through that part of South Africa shown on the map as Kafirland. As yet, we believe little is known of this portion of the country; and except by the few missionaries and traders, who make their ventures in their separate spheres, it is little frequented. The gift is reserved to but few, of being able to chronicle circumstances with sufficient force to make their relation palatable to the critic's taste; and we must, therefore, crave the reader's indulgence for any and all of our shortcomings in the following account. Let us plunge at once *in medias res*, and imagine yourself in a Frontier town, preparing for a "trek" which is to extend over a month or six weeks. The party, consisting of six in number, hail from different directions, and the place of rendezvous is the British Resident's House, Idutywa Reserve, some fifty miles beyond the Great Kei River. Through the medium of the very popular and kind C.C. & R.M, of the aforesaid Frontier town, who was unremitting in his exertions, a serviceable tent wagon was procured, and all the paraphernalia requisite for camp life, together with a goodly supply of provisions were carefully packed and stowed. The arrangements thus completed, everything was ready for the start. The oxen were inspanned, and the loud crack

of the driver's whip, followed by his shrill "Yak! yak!!" proclaimed that "the ship of the South African wilds" was under weigh, and that the voyage was commenced. We mounted our ponies, and putting spur to their sides, bade farewell, for a time at least, to all the restraints and petty annoyances of a routine life.

How delightful is the sense of utter freedom as you speed along, subject to no restraint but what is self-imposed; the fresh breeze inspires you with renewed vigour, and you begin to feel equal to any emergency or hardship that may be in store. This feeling becomes the more intense as you proceed, and ere long it would seem that a complete transformation has taken place. Your latent energies are aroused, and you appear to regard everything from a different point of view. Your ideas, cramped and narrowed by the enervating influences of a town life, give way to your truer and more elevated sentiments, you consider nature from its bright, instead of its shady, side, and you become imbued with the feelings of the philanthropist rather than those of the cynic.

Before proceeding on our journey, let us first become acquainted with those who form the party. As we have previously said, they were six in number, with a pleasant combination of the civil and military elements; for three of our comrades served "'neath the flag that's braved a thousand years," and proved, as is generally the case, agreeable *compagnons de voyage;* for, as a rule, they have travelled more and seen more of the varied phases of life than the majority of those whose pursuits will not permit of an extended tour from home or the country of their adoption. Heading the roll was our chief, Mr. B——, who was proceeding "up country" on business of political import, and through whose kindness we were enabled to take advantage of this rare opportunity of seeing and hearing many new and strange things. It had been our lot to travel in his company before; and should this ever meet his eye, we trust he will not consider it out of place to remark that, from our knowledge of his kind and generous character, a mere casual acquaintance has ripened into a sincere friendship, and which we hope is reciprocal on his part.

A—— ranks next "upon the civil list." He holds an important appointment under the Colonial Government beyond the Frontier, and one for which he appears eminently fitted. It is a post that has been lately filled up, through the recommendation of the Secretary for Native Affairs; and its disposal, together with several changes of a similar nature, has been most beneficial, and given universal satisfaction to those whom they most nearly affect. We feel sure that the results from such appointments cannot fail to satisfy the requirements of a Government whose merits are being put to the utmost test.

T—— came next; he, poor fellow, also served the Government, and his quiet, gentle, and unselfish disposition will ever be remembered by those who knew him. He was one of the few men of whom it could be said "He never had an enemy, and no one has ever heard an unkind word spoken of him." He now rests beneath the shade of

a large mimosa tree, in a pretty valley close to the Mission Station at Shawbury—a victim of the treacherous waters of the Tsitsa River.

The military contingent consisted of Colonel W——, an officer, who has distinguished himself in the service of his country, and is deservedly popular in the corps which he commands; and J—— and P——, the former a bright ornament to the scientific branch of the service, and the latter an aspirant to the few honours that appertain to a "marching regiment." In closing this category, we must not omit to mention that our servants consisted of two stalwart privates of Her Majesty's service, the one acting as cook and general manager of the culinary department, and the other as butler and head waiter. These two men were aided by J——'s Zulu boy, who did as little as he could, but did *that* willingly.

We will pass over the events of the first few days, for, with the exception of a short delay at the Kei River, owing to its swollen and almost impassable state, and the transport of our baggage across that stream, nothing of note took place. Our wagon and servants reached in safety the rendezvous, and we there found awaiting our arrival the remaining members of our party. A—— brought with him a very strong, serviceable-made wagon, drawn by eight quadrupeds "of that ilk;" this, together with several horses and natives, proved a welcome addition to our transport department, and completed our arrangement for the trip. After partaking of the kind hospitality of the magistrate and his *confrère* in the Reserve, on the 12th February, we pushed on for Clarkebury, hoping to reach that station the same evening. We passed the "Xolosa," a peculiar shaped hill, where formerly at its base was situated an advance post of the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police.

On nearing the "Bolota," a small stream running into the Umgwali, two of the party, T—— and P——, stopped at a store owned by one Venables, to lay in a stock of mealies for our horses. Whilst awaiting, they fell into conversation with a workman—a mason by trade—who had taken up his residence nigh at hand. He evidently thought that "our chief" had with him a staff of reporters, for his first question, after greeting, was:—"Well, I suppose Mr. B—— will have all his doings put into them Cape papers? and wery right too;" then, calling T—— aside, he said, as he jerked his thumb over his shoulder, towards P——, "Now, ain't he a reporter for the *Argus*, I thought so directly I see'd him fust." Wishing to keep up the joke, T—— remarked that his perception was singularly clear; whereupon our friend commenced to give his views upon things in general, and the Kafir question in particular. "It's quite impossible," he argued, "to govern them natives by gratitude, I've seen a' most every tribe of 'em, and I've allus found the best way is to fust knock 'em down, then you represent Government."

We failed to perceive the good that would accrue from thus representing Government; but, nevertheless, our informant begged us, almost as a personal favour, to follow his advice in our journeyings,

and added that *he* would answer for its being our best and safest course to pursue. He then dilated upon the enormities of Gangelizwe, the Tambookie Chief, and the ability of the present Resident amongst the Tembus, together with the general unsatisfactory state of things across the Bashee and Umtata, ending with a high eulogium upon our chief, Mr. B——, in these words, "I know very well, and I orter know, that he's the right man for it, and if you writing gents only knew as much as I do, you say so too." It was getting late, so we parted with our loquacious companion; and as we rode away we laughed heartily at the quaint way in which he argued his points. To this day he imagines that every word he uttered was jotted down by "us writing gents," and would ultimately be handed to posterity through the medium of the influential papers, on whose staff he supposed we were employed.

Crossing the Bolota, we passed a police camp, which was, we presume, a sort of "feeder" to the expedition then in Basutoland against Langalabalele. On arriving at the Umgwali, one of the main tributaries of the Bashee, we found that it was then impassable; so, making the best of our position, we outspanned the mules and awaited the arrival of the ox-wagon. It was evening, and as the shades of night were closing fast, we easily scanned the horizon for a sight of our servants and their charge, for our tents and sleeping equipage were with them. We could discover no signs, so, lighting a fire close to the mule wagon, we seated ourselves around its cheerful embers, and sought consolation in the stories of camp life that some of our comrades related.

There is something so companionable about a fire, especially under circumstances such as these. As now it brightens up, then dies away again, its ruddy, fitful light invites conversation, ideas are exchanged more freely, and one's sentiments seem to expand under its genial influence. Our small camp was exceedingly picturesque: the fire in the centre cast a subdued light for a few yards round, and caused the gloom beyond to become more intense. Every now and then the old-fashioned physiognomy of "Kaikee," one of the mules, would emerge from the darkness; and if a dumb animal could have spoken, certainly her words would have been, judging by her looks, "Where's my supper."

As evening advanced we found there was no prospect of the wagon's arrival, so bethought ourselves as to the best way of passing the night. The pangs of hunger also got hold of us, and, although a pipe served to stave them off for a while, we began seriously to consider our position. Fortunately, our good genius in the form of Mr. McDonald was nigh at hand; he, with great kindness, invited us to his store, and spread before us a goodly meal of potted dainties. These, washed down with a stiff glass of the "cognac of the country" yclept "cango," proved a capital supper, and one to which we certainly did ample justice. Our beds, composed of a number of Kafir blankets, were then made up upon the counter; and, notwith-

standing our ridiculous appearance, as we lay like mummies, the head of one to the feet of another, we tucked our heads beneath the soft coverings and were soon lost to all that was passing in the outer world. Our wagon turned up next morning, having been detained at the Bolota. After a delicious bath in the Umgwali we off-loaded, and, by means of a boat belonging to Mr. Hedding, of Clarkebury, conveyed our baggage across the river. Our camp was then pitched within a few hundred yards of the banks, and viewing it from a gentle elevation, some short way off, the sight it presented was exceedingly picturesque. As the daylight waned, and the sun sought its rest beyond the range of hills skirting the great Bashee River, its crimson light tipped each peak and rise, and the whole aspect of the country seemed to undergo a metamorphosis. The rugged points were toned down, and everything seemed to partake of the softening influence of the summer sunset. As the tinted light rested upon our canvas tents, it seemed as though some fairy encampment had sprung into existence in this Kafir wilderness.

The station or school, as it is called, is prettily situated in a semi-amphitheatre of hill ranging from the N.W. to the S.E. ; the river Umgwali running from the westward meets the Bashee, which flows from a more northerly direction three miles to the S.E. of the station, and thus Clarkebury stands upon the apex of a triangular peninsula. The Rev. P. Hargraves presides over the spiritual as well as bodily (for he is well versed in the arts of Æsculapius) welfare of those under his charge to the number of about one thousand two hundred.

Clarkebury—a station of the Wesleyan Society—boasts of a well and substantially built church, capable of containing some four hundred persons, and, owing to its minister's popularity, it is invariably well filled. It was through Mr. Hargrave's exertions, and by funds raised by him chiefly among the Tambookies, that this church was erected ; and the Wesleyan Mission may be congratulated upon numbering amongst their pastors one who is so universally respected and esteemed. The school-house is also a large building, where the young aboriginal is grounded in a good plain education ; and we were informed that many had distinguished themselves in the more pretentious seat of learning at Lovedale. Two stores and a blacksmith's shop close the category of important institutions. Altogether, we imagine that Clarkebury has a prosperous future before it, especially as the tide of emigration and civilization is undoubtely flowing in its direction. We may add that the Resident for Tambookieland has his office some eight or ten miles from the village. This seems somewhat of an anomaly, for it naturally occurs to one that where the charge is there also should be its guide and adviser. However, probably all this has been thought of before, and the present arrangement has been considered the best. A messenger arrived from Gangelizwe, asking if he might be permitted to meet and converse with Mr. B—— upon certain topics requiring investigation. His

request was acceded to, and next morning whilst waiting for the chief, we strolled to the summit of the hills behind the station. The view from this eminence was singularly fine, and, indeed, excepting the first glimpse of the Drakensberg Range and the Tsitsa Falls, we saw nothing more imposing during our trip. Peak after peak rose in irregular succession, and as the morning sun lit up the upper portions, the dense wood which clothed the lower seemed to cast a gloom over the Umbashee, which wound its tortuous course at their feet. Here and there huge krantzes rose perpendicularly from the river's bed, and their bare rugged appearance contrasted strangely with the intense green of the verdure beyond. The cry of a golden eagle soaring many hundred feet above caused a weird sort of echo to reverberate from each rocky shore, and filled one with a strange feeling almost akin to dread.

As far as the eye could see we traced the windings of the Umbashee, and we believe that, with the exception of the St. John's, the views along its banks are the finest in this part of South Africa. It has been given the name of the "Dark River," owing to the gloomy and heavily wooded kloofs and ravines through which it runs to the sea. Whilst gazing on this grand and splendid scenery a sense of littleness stole over one, and we could not help feeling the mighty grandeur of Omnipotence, and how everything sank to insignificance when compared to His wonderful works. We retraced our steps with a certain feeling of relief; and as we neared the village were overtaken by Gangelizwe and his retinue. His first appearance was anything but prepossessing, for, though a finely-made young man of some thirty-five years, there was in his face a look of stupid cunning rather than intelligence; and on this occasion he was decidedly unable to take care of himself, for it appeared on the previous evening he had been concerned in a great beer-drinking orgie, and the effects thereof had not as yet worked themselves off. He rolled rather than walked down the hill, and every minute we expected to see the hereditary chief of the "Halas," measuring his length (over six feet) upon the grassy incline. His councillors and followers looked on with apathy; and if his looks conveyed any opinion, it was certainly like *Punch's* cabby, who, on beholding the helpless form of "a gentleman under the influence of a grateful stimulant," exclaimed, "Ah! I wish I 'ad only 'alf 'is complaint." Providence, as is usual upon these occasions, stepped in, and our dusky friend arrived in safety at the appointed place.

(To be continued.)

Sketches from the East Coast.

No. VI.—Conclusion. From Aexandria to London by Mont Cenis.

We left Alexandria on Tuesday, the 6th of May. Between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, a tug came alongside with the Bombay passengers, who had arrived from Suez by a night train, which takes ten hours to cross the desert. Soon after taking them on board we steamed out of harbour, but did not lose sight of the low, sandy coast for some time. Next day we sighted the Island of Candia, whose lofty peaks were covered with snow. During the forenoon a slight squall struck the *Ceyton*, the only one we had while crossing from Alexandria to Brindisi. In the afternoon we passed some rocky islets, and about six in the evening passed the end of Candia, that had gradually been getting more distinct as we drew closer. The snow-covered summits we saw rising out of the ranges of hills that apparently formed the most of the island, were said to be about 8,000 feet high. Of course, rising from the sea made them appear still higher. We were too far off to detect any signs of vegetation, and saw nothing but bold, rocky outlines. We were told, however, that the forests were upon the opposite slopes. Seen from the sea, Candia seemed very long and very mountainous, intersected by gorges, down which, as the snow melts, wild torrents must rush. When we awoke next morning (Thursday) we were off the south of Greece. Truly the glamour that seems to belong to the very name of Greece was thrown over us that morning, for the scene still lingers in our memory like a beautiful dream. The part we were more immediately off was the island of Navarino. Ranges of hills, low on the coast, but gradually rising into the snowy mountain-top of the mainland, with a misty-blue haze softening and rounding everything; while the brilliant sunshine brought out the white peaks in the far distance in clear relief; and, for a foreground, there was the Mediterranean, that morning intensely blue, with ships under full sail gliding over it. There was a soft loveliness about the panorama stretched out before us that exercised a subtle charm over the senses very difficult to analyse. "Glamour" is the only word that expresses it. Now for the first time we began to understand the charm of Greece for the poet and the painter in ages past and present.

During the same day we passed the Ionian Islands, which, we must say, did not come up to our expectations. We were told, however, that we saw the worst sides of them. Zante seemed all hill, with a soil part sand, part rock. The shore was for the most part precipitous, with some fine caves; and we thought we could make out some of the vineyards from whence our domestic supplies of currants are drawn. Cephalonia is only separated from Zante by a narrow strait,

through which, again, the mountains of the mainland are seen. Cephalonia is quite different from Zante. The heights slope gradually down to the sea, and are torn up by water-courses. At the bottom of the slopes, and a little above the sea, lie the villages, nestling among trees.

On Friday morning, the 8th of May, we sighted Brindisi, and a pleasant sight the low, green coast, dotted with white towns, like patches of snow, was to all our eyes—grown weary of looking at sand and water. From the entrance, Brindisi, built on rising ground, crowned by a square tower, and surrounded with gardens and green grass, looked very fresh and pretty, but it was "distance lending enchantment to the view;" for in reality it is a rather tumble-down, fever-haunted place. The steamer was moored alongside the wharf, directly in front of the hotel, the P. & O. office, and the bank. The custom-house is also close at hand, and plenty of porters come on board, so that there is no difficulty with respect to luggage. As there was a little delay in getting my luggage out of the hold, I went ashore, got my railway ticket, and very reluctantly changed some good English gold for dirty, greasy Italian paper-money or lire. In paper money you apparently get more than the value of your gold. I got about 27½ or 28½ lire or francs for the sovereign. Passing my baggage through the custom-house was a farce—only a small valise was opened and shut, that was all. You can register your luggage through from Brindisi to Paris, and it then passes the frontier custom-house, and is not examined until it reaches Paris. If it gets there before you it waits until you turn up, for your through ticket enables you to take ten days from Brindisi to Paris, and make three stops *en route*. It is, however, a bad and most costly plan to take much luggage, for there is no free allowance in Italy, and the charge for baggage is very high. Small portmanteaus are taken in the carriage, and anything you take into the carriage is not charged for. The waiting-rooms at Brindisi are the finest on the road, and the refreshment-rooms are also very good. From the station proper a short line runs to the wharf, so that there are no difficulties on first landing. An interpreter is also sent with the train as far as Bologna. The mail-train from Brindisi is called the English train, and is special, being dispatched on the arrival of the P. & O. steamer. It consists only of first-class carriages, goes along at a great rate, and stops at few stations, and at them only from three to five minutes. After leaving Brindisi, we passed through a very pretty country covered with oliveyards, vineyards, and fields of green barley, divided from each other by stone dykes. The banks on either side of the railway were gay with scarlet poppies and white roses, and above all with yellow broom, so that one might almost fancy we were travelling in Scotland in the leafy, flowery month of June. And so, on we went, sometimes along the sea,—again, past a picturesque Italian town; now catching a glimpse of some high hills skirting a bay; and so at last, by six o'clock in the evening, we came to Foggia and dinner.

The station was good, and so was the dinner; but as twenty minutes was all the time allowed, we rather bolted than ate it. During the night we travelled very fast, and arrived at Bologna about six o'clock in the morning in that sort of dirty, tumbled, shivery state you generally are in after travelling all night. No time allowed even for a cup of coffee; only five minutes to change carriages. It was a splendid morning, and, looking out on the right, the landscape seemed to be a succession of dewy vines and glancing rivers, and endless rows of mulberry and other trees.

On the left there were low hills covered with red-tiled houses, and tall poplars were everywhere to be seen. Every inch seemed cultivated, and one got weary of the uniformity of beauty. After passing Bologna, there was one scene on the left-hand that strongly imprinted itself on my memory. Through a gap in the low range in the foreground a single Alpine giant was to be seen, with the snow far down its sides—the splendid, sunny, luscious beauty of the foreground, and the background formed by that one grand snowy peak, like the grand realities of life, rising calmly and coldly above its mere beauty and enjoyment.

We passed Modena about seven. It lies charmingly, with the Alps rising peak over peak in the distance. We specially remarked here the beautiful leafy lanes.

Parma at eight o'clock: also finely placed with a background of mountains. Things were evidently not all right with the vines here, for we saw peasants blowing something off or on them with bellows.

In fact, as we rushed along, it seemed to us as if painters had designed all these picturesque towns, that just seemed to be placed where they could be shown off to the greatest advantage, and those beautiful blue distances stretching away hill over hill to the snowy Alps.

After passing through all this beauty we got to Turin about one o'clock, tired, dirty, and hungry as hawks. After breakfast, and an hour or two's rest, we hired a cab and drove about the town. We were too late for the museums and other sights, so we simply drove about the principal streets and squares in a little open cab, and well wrapped up in skins, for the air was very cold and snowy. Turin is certainly a fine city, although not rich in relics of the past. The principal street has a row of trees running down each side, and we were glad to see the Vaudois Church occupying a good site on this street. There are several fine squares, one with a pretty garden and fountains in the centre of it; another had a fine statue of Count Cavour, with Italy offering him a laurel wreath; another was surrounded by horse-chesnuts in full blossom.

We drove a short distance along the banks of the Po, which are very pretty, with houses and gardens sloping down to the water's edge. The Collina rises on the other side of the Po from the town, covered with houses and gardens to the top. We saw some one—

likely an erratic Englishman—paddling his own canoe along the Po, and we certainly pitied him that bitter cold day.

We only saw one bridge—a fine suspension one—but there may have been others. The public gardens we did not enter. On a spur of the hill, and just placed like a fort, stands the Church of the Capuchins, but like many other forts, its time—if it ever had a time—is over, and its spiritual artillery is rusty and behind the age.

We saw some handsome palaces, but unfortunately our driver only spoke Italian, and it was with some difficulty we could make him understand us or we could understand him. One characteristic of the town was the number of arcades filled with shops and stalls. In particular, we remarked the flower-stalls with their button-hole and other bouquets, and invested a *sou* or two in a bouquet of lilies of the valley, the first we had seen for many a year. As regards the population, a fellow-traveller from New Zealand said that, to him, "it seemed made up of priests and soldiers," and certainly they were a remarkable feature in it. We cannot say that we admired many of the uniforms. One in particular, that had a hat with a large plume of cock's feathers, struck us as more resembling that of a stage brigand than anything else. Priests we had seen often, but friars in their dirty garments we had never seen before. Somehow or other there seemed an air of unreality about them, and you felt that they, too, were not of this time, but that their day, like all superstition, was fast waning.

We came back to an eight o'clock *tâble d'hote* dinner, at which most of the party were English. We were very much amused by hearing the one English waiter asking some gentlemen who were to leave next morning what they wished for breakfast, adding, "he supposed something substantial." He might well think so, for on running over what they might have, he was told to give them everything. Englishmen's taste for substantial breakfasts seems to be well known. Next day was Sunday, and we resolved to abjure sight-seeing for the day, and refresh ourselves mentally and physically by going to church. There was a Church of England service, but we resolved to make up our minds not to go there, but to turn Vaudois for the day, and see how it fared with that ancient church now she had got into smoother waters. We therefore went at eleven o'clock to the French service. We were struck by the tasteful simplicity of the church when we entered it. No colours, no paintings, but the walls all creamy white, with a dark wainscoting round the lower portion, and dark pews of the same wood. There was a row of large, smooth, creamy-white pillars on each side, standing out a little from the sides of the church. The windows were all of stained glass of subdued colours, and without any figures. Thin red curtains were hung before each window, and drawn over some of them. The effect was perfect, a dim, religious light certainly, but with a sort of rosy glow over the creamy white. The pulpit was also of some dark wood,

with an open Bible conspicuously carved upon it. The communion-table and rail were covered with crimson. It seemed to us that the Vaudois had just hit the happy mean—that, while not offending the most fastidious Italian taste, would make it difficult for the most rigid Scotch Presbyterian to find anything to cavil at, save, perhaps, the certainly very fine "kist of whistles." The senior pastor, whose name we forget, took the French service. He was a fine-looking old man, dressed like a Scotch minister, in black gown and bands. The service was very simple, and closely resembled the Presbyterian form; and when an old woman in a mutch, or something like it, and a little boy in a kilt, made their appearance, it seemed as if we had suddenly wakened up "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne." The service was warm and earnest, and the singing impressed me more than any singing I had ever heard. The organ accompaniment was very fine, and the singing itself was slow, solemn, and grand. The Vaudois have not yet got beyond the simple, grave melodies they used among the mountain fastnesses in troublous times, where we could not certainly imagine the more florid, intricate and lively tunes of the present day being sung. We say nothing against modern tunes, for we suppose that singing, like everything else, must change with the changing years; but how is it that these modern tunes fail to bring the light of other days over us as we get older, and some simple, grave, slow old melody, awakens a perfect rush of memories, and feelings, and regrets for wasted years, and aspirations after higher things? The florid, lively tunes may do the same to those that will come after us—who knows? The congregation was a very interesting one, and, most hopeful sign, consisted chiefly of the *people*. In the same seat with us were several Swiss servant girls in their white caps and aprons, and rosy-cheeked, buxom lassies they were. There is an open space left between the pews and the wall near the entrance door, and that was constantly occupied by soldiers and others, mere passers by, who came and stood and listened a short time, and then went away. One figure we could not help remarking was that of a fine-looking young officer, in a light blue and silver uniform, who stood leaning against one of the pillars for a considerable time, evidently listening earnestly.

In the afternoon we went to the Italian service in the same place, when the Italian evangelist preached. The singing perhaps was even finer than in the morning, but the same kind of tunes; and certainly Italian suits the pulpit. The space at the door was constantly filling and emptying, and one could not but see that it was a missionary service, in every sense of the word. We introduced ourselves to the Italian pastor after the service, and found that we had some friends in common out in South Africa. Attending the simple little Italian evening service, and a pleasant chat with the pastor, who walked back with us to our hotel, finished a very pleasant Sunday. Turin generally had a dreary, miserable, work-a-day look about it on

Sunday; shops open, and people buying and selling. There was no steady stream of church-goers, either Catholic or Protestant.

We left Turin on Monday morning, and soon after leaving had a beautiful view of the Alps rising in a succession of snowy tiers, with lower wood-covered hills in the foreground; it was the most magnificent panorama I had ever seen. The more immediate foreground was much the same as what we had seen between Brindisi and Turin. A little way further on we passed one of the king's palaces on the left, and a beautiful winding of the Po on our right running in among the mountains, under whose shadow we were quickly getting. Rushing on, we passed a beautiful wooded valley, surrounded with brown hills, and blocked up at one end by one of the lesser giants of the Alps. Then on the right a ruined castle on a rock, now a little hamlet nestling under the shadow of lofty rocks. Again another relic of feudal times on the top of a tremendous pile of rocks, and in ruins. The hamlet survives, the castle is gone; and so it will be until the end of time. Capital roads run alongside the railway, and one could not help wishing you were driving instead of rushing along in an express train. It was grand, however, to get among the mountains again. They were now closing round us, and on some of them the snow was lying fresh and pure. On the right and on the left rose the snow-covered summits, and we began to feel the exhilarating influence of the keen mountain air. One began to understand how the true faith found refuge among the mountains, and lived and throve among the hills of God. Their mountains must have acted as a constant inspiration to the Vaudois.

We now reached the station of Bussoline, where the lamps for the tunnel, or rather tunnels, were put in. We passed through two short tunnels after leaving the station, but the light in the carriage was so strong that we could see to write by it. Vines were still cultivated even in the close neighbourhood of the snow, and the contrast as we went along was very fine,—the snow-clad, barren mountains, and the green, cultivated valleys, with their little hamlets and detached houses, well sheltered by trees. Judging by the region we were in, we made up our mind that there would be plenty of tunnels, and we were not mistaken, for we passed through seven before we reached the town of Susa, where the road—and a splendid one it is—begins winding up Mont Cenis. Three or four more tunnels, and we were running along beside a magnificent mountain stream. The hills were terraced, so as to grow as much barley and as many vines as possible. The clear mountain streams were a great contrast to the muddy waters we had passed on Saturday. We had passed through our thirteenth tunnel, and waterfalls began to make their appearance; two, especially fine, were quite close to the railway. After we had got through our nineteenth tunnel we passed an Alpine village, huddled close together as if there was not room and to spare. Emerging from the next tunnel, a lovely glen presented itself, with the Alps in the distance, and pines clothing the sides of

the hills and sticking through the snow. The hill-tracks beat those in the Eastern Province for steepness. Stopped at the station Sabbertrand, where there is a good hotel, and where we got out for a few minutes to breathe the keen mountain air. We passed a splendid ravine shortly after leaving the station, went through our twenty-first tunnel, and began to run alongside a mountain torrent, or rather river. Every corner seemed to be cultivated. Another tunnel, and then a viaduct. In great contrast to the viaduct was a primitive little Alpine bridge over the same river. Soon after this we reached the last station before *the tunnel*, and got among larches and pines and rocky hills powdered with snow. Ahead we could see the snow falling on the mountains. One could not help admiring the engineering skill that had found out and carried through this route, for we had now passed through twenty-four tunnels, some long, some short, and we had still the greatest wonder of the whole to pass through. At last we were in the tunnel we had heard and read so much about. At first, and for a very short distance, it is lighted from the outside, but that soon stops, and all is darkness. We went at a good speed, drawn by the engine. The light inside the carriage was very good, and the air did not feel at all choky. Lamps very rarely made their appearance in the tunnel. At one part we went at great speed after a warning whistle had been given; afterwards we slowed again. The air was very cold, and quite fresh. The last part we went very slowly, as we were descending. The time taken to go through was twenty-nine minutes. Just as we emerged from the tunnel there was a splendid view on the left, through a narrow gorge; and we saw the town of Mentone lying below in the valley. There is both a steep descent and a sharp turn to get down into the valley, and we could only wonder at the brains that planned and carried it all out.

At Mentone you cross the line that divides Italy from France, and there is another small farce of examining portmanteaus. The custom-house officers seem to know at once whom to examine, and through travellers from Brindisi get very little trouble. I offered my keys at every custom-house, but a look at myself and luggage seemed quite enough.

After leaving Mentone, it was running down hill through wild Alpine scenery, and some more tunnels, all the way to Chamberry. I wish we could have made a sketch of the scene that now lay before us, for the benefit of our friends. A river ran in the foreground; on a green bank above it stood a white church; behind it lay a village, sheltered by light-green larches, and stretching up the hill. Higher up, the pale-green of the larches melted into the dark-green of the pines, and these again into the eternal snow. A short time after leaving this village, we passed the most magnificent mass of snow-capped rocks we had yet seen. They were so high, that it was only by crouching down on the floor of the carriage we could see the top, receiving as it were a fresh baptism of snow. And so on we went,

through a dreamland of beauty and grandeur that never will be forgotten, until we reached Culoz, where is the junction with the Geneva line. A train had just come in, and we were quite astonished by the number of English faces. Leaning back in one of the carriages was what looked like an old Scotch minister, with a shepherd's tartan-plaid round his shoulders, and a mild, placid face: evidently no coming sermon was haunting him. The refreshment-room was very good, and it was amusing to watch people's different tastes as they came in out of the cold—wine, brandy, soup, *café noir*, and *café au lait*, and we saw one gentleman (no lady) with a small tea-pot. The French beat us to sticks in coffee—a basin of their *café au lait* is the most delightful thing possible when in the vicinity of snow, or, what is much the same, snowy cold. We again got in, and ran through a very beautiful, but tamer country than we had done in the forenoon. It was now evening, and the setting sun threw long shadows over the grass, and lit up the red-tiled roofs of a town we were passing at the time. At Amberien we turned off for Paris, and the line lay through a great plain. It seemed a great change running through this plain, after the mountains we had just left. At the other end of the plain, we crossed the Rhone, over which, a little higher up, there was a very pretty bridge, and on a hedge passing there was a little bit of yellow broom, and plenty of old recollections. After sunset, we enjoyed the, to us, novelty of twilight, and very peaceful and lovely it was. We dined at Maçon about eight in the evening, and got a first-rate dinner, with coffee and dessert, for four francs (3s. 4d.) The refreshment-room was a pleasant sight, with its bar decorated with flowers, and its tables abundantly set out with dessert, glass, snowy napkins, and rolls.

After leaving Maçon we settled ourselves for the night, which we managed to get through very tolerably. We wakened up in the morning to find that we were drawing near Paris, and that it was very cold, and raw, and depressing altogether. The Seine was flowing alongside, and there were rows and rows of tall poplars in every direction. Very dull and monotonous it all looked after the magnificent scenery of the day before. Before we reached Paris, we passed through the woods of Fontainbleau, which did not strike us as being anything very remarkable; yet one could not help thinking of the many glittering pageants that must have swept through these very avenues.

The first indication of Paris was a dark, smoky cloud on the horizon, and in a quarter of an hour we were there. Our first business was to get a hold of our luggage, that we had never seen since it left Brindisi. That got, after another farce of a custom-house examination, we took a cab for the northern terminus, got rid of our luggage by putting it in charge, and went off, light and happy, to the nearest hotel, in search of breakfast. That over, we bought a guide-book, called a cab, and set off to explore a little of Paris. The first fine building we passed was the new opera-house—a splendid

pile, covered with statues, but with too much gilding outside to suit our sober tastes. The sight of such a splendid temple of pleasure could not fail to make us draw some strange conclusions. We next drove to the Place Vendome, where the celebrated column was being put to rights, and was therefore surrounded with scaffolding. It is truly a magnificent pillar, and so large that the wonder is how, once down, it was ever got up again. After leaving the Place Vendome, we went to the Madeleine. Its religious atmosphere was simply intoxicating. To come out of the sharp, raw, outside air into this more theatre than church, with its warm, incensed, heavy atmosphere, its paintings and statues, and lighted candles, beautiful fresh flowers, and kneeling worshippers, it made you understand the chapel scene in "Lothair," when he is simply carried away by the intoxication of the moment; and it showed how well the Church of Rome had studied the religion of the senses. The next place we went to was the Place de la Concorde, with its two beautiful fountains, the water of which not only falls down, but is as it were blown up again from the mouths of some of the figures in the basins. There are twelve groups of statuary round the Place, and in the middle, on a fine pedestal, is the twin sister of Cleopatra's needle. The one in Paris, well placed and mounted, looks, however, much better than its Alexandrian sister. After seeing this, we drove through the Champs Elysées, which looked to us like a sort of Cockney-Parisian tea garden, with, however, some very pretty spray fountains. The Parisians understand how to dress a city as well as to dress a man or woman, but, with the former as with the latter, there is too much make up, and too little simplicity. We passed the Palace de l'Industrie, and went on to that memorable Arc de Triomphe—a magnificent piece of architecture, covered with bas-reliefs—Napoleon the first, of course, on the front. Like many other places in Paris, it was undergoing repair. We then drove back, past the gardens of the Tuileries, full of trees, statues, fountains, and chairs, and past the Palais Royale, which was also being repaired. On our way we passed a small statue of Joan of Arc, hung with immortelles. A few more women of that stamp would have done France no harm. We were much struck by the words *Liberté*, *Egalité*, *Fraternité*, inscribed on one of the public offices, as we went along. It is not understanding the true meaning of these three words that has worked so much ruin in France. No repeating of mere words would ever make Hugh Miller and some drunken, idle stonemason equal, though they worked in the same quarry, and hewed at the same block of stone. King Mob is the greatest despot of the present century. As we passed along we saw all that remained of the Hotel de Ville, and after that stopped at Notre Dame. Notre Dame is far grander than the Madeleine, but did not impress us as much as we expected, from the centre of the church being so narrow. It is also spoilt with gilding, candles, and trumpery. The Louvre, to which we went next, is a splendid pile of buildings, and has a fine collection of pictures and statues. There were a number of artists at work

copying as we went through, of whom the half were elderly ladies. We studied a little the Venus of Milo, one of, if not the finest piece of sculpture in the collection, and we could not help coming to the conclusion that, if that was the ideal woman's head, it was good for mankind it was not the real one, or what a set of foolish dolls they would be. We may be Goths, but we confess that to us it lacked all signs of moral and intellectual beauty, and fully bore out its name, the Venus of Milo. We must demur to the head of a Venus being taken to represent the highest type of a woman's head, and say again it would be a poor-look out for humanity if it was so. After leaving the Louvre, we dismissed our cab, and deliberately lost ourselves in Paris, so as to see the street life, so different from ours ; and when we had had enough of it, we again called a cab, and drove back to our hotel, where we had dinner, and then left for the northern station. We left Paris by the 7·45 express, to be in London next morning, but found when we got to Calais that a gale of wind had made a bar, and that we must sleep all night in the boat. We thought we had done with bars and detentions when we had left African shores, but here they were again between the two greatest capitals in the world. The roughest part of our long sea voyage was the crossing from Calais to Dover next morning. It was a chopping sea, and almost everybody was ill. Of course, the long voyage people did not suffer, but after once seeing the scene, we did not wonder at *Punch* being so fond of it. . The deliberate preparations to be ill, and the passengers in a resigned row, each with a basin beside him or her, was about the most ridiculous scene we had ever seen on board ship.

The train was waiting for us at Dover, and in a few minutes after landing we were on our way to London, where we arrived in the forenoon, safe and sound, to the astonishment of friends, who had quite lost sight of us during our wanderings on the East Coast.

The Library Address.

No lover of truth can regret that the Library Address of May last has called forth replies and criticisms from men qualified by observation and study to combat the position then taken by the lecturer. At the same time, the very object of the address, which was to exhibit the relative stand-points of the advocates of special creation and of evolutionists, has been partially overlooked and interpreted as an attempt to discredit generally the theory of evolution. The lecturer put himself in the place of those who, brought up at the feet of a Christian Gamaliel, had been trained to believe in first and final causes, the knowledge of which, though inaccessible to us by observation and experience, is the outcome of the higher spiritual life ; and even Darwin himself admits that "to suppose that the eye, with all its inimitable contrivances for adjusting the focus to different distances, for admitting different amounts of light, and for the correction of

spherical and chromatic aberration, could have been formed by natural selection, seems, I freely confess, absurd in the highest degree." (Darwin's "The Origin of Species," 6th ed., chap. VI., p. 143.)

If even the exponent and champion, if not the founder, of the evolution theory, acknowledges that the difficulty of believing that a perfect and complex eye could be formed by natural selection is "insuperable by our imagination," it must appear reasonable in the most truth-loving of dilettanti inquirers to stand on the defensive and ask for more time and light before surrendering unconditionally to the demands of a new philosophy of life. The inability of a limited capacity to grapple with this difficulty of belief is not pleaded as an argument subversive of the truth of the theory, but only as a reason why the mind should be kept in a state of receptivity for further evidence.

As far as we know, the species man has remained immutable, and when it is affirmed that there has been a continuity of development which in countless ages has resulted in the organism now called man, was it not reasonable to ask for the evidence of transitional and intermediate forms of organic life? The suggestion came from Darwin himself, who, in the beginning of chapter VI., classes the difficulties and objections, and asks, why, if species have descended from other species by fine gradations, do we not everywhere see innumerable transitional forms? But, in his endeavour to answer his own question and to account for the absence or rarity of transitional variations, it is not satisfactory to find that all the explanation which can be given is, that "extinction and natural selection go hand in hand—the parent and all the transitional varieties will generally have been exterminated by the very process of the formation and perfection of the new form." Again, to the question, why do we not find innumerable transitional forms embedded in the crust of the earth, his answer lies "in the imperfection of the geological record." Then, why, if several closely allied species inhabit the same territory, do we not find at the present time many transitional forms? Darwin asks; and his answer is as before. The absence of such is accounted for by "the tendency of the process of natural selection to exterminate parent forms and intermediate links; of the former existence of which evidence could only be found amongst fossil remains, which are preserved in an extremely imperfect and intermittent record."

By such negative reasonings, objections and difficulties are not removed. The arguments of those who try to account for the origin of species by natural selection are not stigmatized as untrue, but as based on insufficient evidence to carry conviction to ordinary inquirers.

It does not detract from the stupendous character of the creation to say that, in the far remote dawn of an evolving world, a vital energy was infused into matter, and that, from this primeval union of matter and spirit, among the multitudinous developments of organisms, one line of evolved beings culminated in man. We may yet learn to trace order, law, and perhaps design, in such a process; but the demand on my belief is such, that as a student of truth I am

bound to look for the weak links in such a system, and not of necessity accept what is new as therefore true. And besides pausing before we let go belief in the immutability of species and in special creation, the inquirer may claim the right to investigate some of the consequences of a new theory, although his apprehension of consequences, immediate or remote, cannot and ought not to bias his perception of the truth.

A critic who writes in the *Cape Monthly*, (July, 1874,) on the Origin of Language, candidly puts a consequence :—"If Darwin's theory can be scientifically proved to be true, and if it is inconsistent with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, the latter doctrine will have to be surrendered by all those whose souls are most worthy of immortality, *i.e.*, by those who prize the truth above a comfortable delusion. Of this, however, we may be well convinced, that if Darwin's theory were a universally accepted and demonstrated truth to-morrow, as it is the belief of many men of strongly religious minds to-day, it would leave the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, the Divine government of the world, and the doctrines of religion generally, as untouched as the old* astronomical and geological discoveries of the motion and antiquity of the earth." Exactly so; we accept the position. The doctrines of the immortality of the soul and of the Divine government of the world would, in the critic's opinion, be then consigned to the limbo of delusions, like the Mosaic cosmogony and the Ptolemaic system of the universe.

The able and experienced critic, W. B. B., intimates that there is a suspicion in my mind that, if man is immortal and has been evolved, the attribute of immortality could not have been first acquired by him, but must be allowed to animals inferior to man, just as it will be the birthright of those superior to him (*Cape Monthly*, August, 1874). I go further, and say that if the range of immortality is so widened as to include the inferior organisms through which, by successive advances, man has been evolved, then immortality is an attribute in which, as a Christian, I am not interested; such an immortality means, not that you, reader, and I shall have a future individual existence; not that the element of life which constitutes my individuality and identity will survive physical death; not that there shall be a continuity of any individual existence, but that the germ of animal (and why not of vegetable?) life is imperishable, that there is a conservation of the life-giving element throughout the universe, just as light runs into heat, heat into electricity, electricity into magnetism, magnetism into mechanical force, and mechanical force again into light and heat (Tyndall, "Prayer and Natural Law"). The Proteus changes, but he is ever the same.

* The Editor *C. M. M.* points out to me, whilst this article is in the press, that the meaning of the undoubtedly obscure passage, in his opinion, is this: - That as religion is now admitted to be consistent with the *discoveries* of astronomy and geology, so also it may be with the *theory of evolution*. If so, why does the critic call the discoveries *old?* I presume that the geological discoveries which are adverse to the chronology which places the creation of the world at 4004 B C., are *modern*; and astronomical discoveries from the days of Copernicus, who died A.D. 1543, are usually called *modern*.

My position is that if we are to place at the root of life this primordial and imperishable germ, whence have been and yet will be developed countless varieties of organic life, the Christian philosopher must reconsider his stand-point as to the personal consciousness of immortality.

I take leave to conclude this brief acknowledgment of the various and well-put criticisms on the Library Address with the words of Tyndall ("Use of Imagination"):—I do not think that the evolution hypothesis is to be flouted away contemptuously. I do not think it is to be denounced as wicked. It is to be brought before the bar of disciplined reason, and there justified or condemned. Let us hearken to those who wisely support it, and to those who wisely oppose it; and let us tolerate those, and they are many, who foolishly try to do either of these things. The only thing out of place is dogmatism on either side.

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The Entertainment.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Not long ago I found a host,
Most generous and unsparing,
Whose sign-board was a goodly branch,
A golden apple bearing.

Beneath a kindly apple-tree,
I had most timely housing,
On luscious food and sparkling drink,
Right royally carousing.

Throughout his green retreat unchecked,
Light-wingéd strangers glided;
They hopped and revelled, blithe and free,
With best of fare provided.

A couch for sweet repose was there,
With softest of green bedding;
Mine host himself stood overhead,
A grateful shadow spreading.

And when I asked to see the score,
His shaken crest said—"Never;
O may that tree be blest, I pray,
From root to crown for ever!

J. G.

The Geology of Basutoland.*

When, in September last, I was enabled to give you some little account of the Basutoland coal, you may remember that I promised to send you, at an early opportunity, a sketch of the *general* geological features of the country. That promise, having to-day a little spare time to devote to the subject, I shall now endeavour to redeem; merely premising that, if the following observations should appear crude and superficial, allowance should be made for the short time I have been in this part of Africa, and the little leisure I have had for directing my attention to subjects of a purely scientific nature.

The geological formation, then, of Basutoland, corresponds, I think, most nearly with what is known in Europe as the "Permian" system. It is here, however, distinctly carboniferous; and the Basutoland formation probably belongs either to the Permian age (lowest "new red sandstone"), or to the Devonian (highest "old red sandstone");—it is impossible to say for certain *which* at present; because we have not yet found any shells or other characteristic fossils by which one might be guided to the exact age of these rocks. There is a great deal of oxide of iron in them, and therefore it is not unlikely that fossils will be very scarce.

The main features of this country (Basutoland) are large and numerous table-mountains, flat ledges, and table-lands of red, yellow, and grey quartzose sandstone, very friable, and, for the most part, remarkably devoid of mica and talc.

Petrologically, the red sandstones are coarse, very loose in texture, highly impregnated with oxide of iron, contain but little lime or other cementing medium, and are the most abundant in quantity; the yellow are finer, closer grained, only slightly ferruginous, and less abundant; whilst the grey are the finest in grain, most compact, scarcely show a trace of iron, are strongly pasted together with lime and kaolin, and occur in least abundance of all. All these rocks alike contain, sparsely embedded within them, rounded, water-worn pebbles of quartz, felstone, jasperized clay-slate, nodules of oxide *(no sulphurets)* of iron, and other such geodes.

There is, of course, plenty of iron pyrites to be found in the country of all shades and shapes; but it does not occur, as far as I have yet seen, in the form of these embedded geodes, found everywhere in the sandstones and "grits" of Basutoland.

Repeatedly intercalated between the sandstone strata are beds of argillaceous (gypseous?) shale, and brightly coloured, variegated marls (very conspicuous) yellow, red, pink, "mauve," blue, black, grey, and white.

* This interesting communication, addressed to the Under Colonial Secretary by H. E. R. Bright, Esq., of Maseru, Basutoland, and dated there on the 8th August, has been forwarded to us by Captain Mills for publication in the *Cave Monthly Magazine*.—Ed. *C. M. M.*

So noticeable are these frequent alternations of coloured marls with the heavier shades and more sombre tints of the sandstones, grits, and shales, that their appearance cannot but remind one of the old term "poikilitic," which used, some years ago, to be commonly applied to those members of the lower "new red sandstone" which are now distinctively known as "Permian."

As a general rule, the Basutoland sandstones (which represent an immense thickness, probably at least 4,000 feet), are perfectly and persistently horizontal; and it is remarkable to observe how corresponding layers of rock show themselves at exactly corresponding elevations on opposite faces of the hills, which the slow process of erosion, during the long lapse of ages, has cut off from their original continuity by deep valleys from one to ten miles broad. It will be seen that I regard these valleys as having *(generally speaking)*, been formed by erosion; and in but few cases by the upheaval of the adjacent hills. There are, however, examples here of the latter class of phenomenon, even on a colossal scale (*e.g.*, the "Maluti" mountains).

That the sandstone beds of Basutoland, enormous as they are, were of lacustrine rather than pelagic origin, seems not improbable, perhaps, from the very singular fact (singular, that is, for South African regions connected with the great basin of the Orange River) that there is no perceptible trace of *salt* to be found anywhere in the country. Indeed, so strangely and inconveniently devoid is this country of all saline matter, that animals feel the want of it acutely; and you will frequently see them licking the ash-heaps and places where kitchen-refuse has been thrown, for the sake of obtaining whatever infinitesimal doses of salt they may be able to scrape together by that somewhat tantalizing and homœopathic process.

Along the edges of the hills where the lowermost visible sandstone beds touch the upper margin of the vast mosses of "detritus" heaped up around their bases, are numerous open caves and closer caverns, once inhabited, doubtless, by the primeval Bushman in the early "stone age" of South African history; sometimes subsequently used for his hideous orgies by the murderous cannibal; but now, I rejoice to say, quietly appropriated by the peaceful Mosuto to the kraaling of goats, or the nightly shelter of his wives and children.

In some of these caves what is colonially known as "*drip-kalk*" (amorphous stalagmetic carbonate of lime) is found in small quantities. But the huge scale on which these natural laboratories are constructed, together with their frequency of occurrence, makes it a matter of wonder that this drip-kalk is not more abundant. And in connection with this subject, it seems to me possible that in the process of disintegration of the rocks in this part of South Africa, *sulphates* have been, and are still being, formed, rather than *carbonates*.

The large beds of "poikilitic" marl I have mentioned above, seem to be chiefly composed of a mixture of argillaceous matter and

gypsum. And it is extremely seldom that, on testing (here) with acids and decomposing stratum or matter exfiltrated therefrom, any trace of carbonates is observable (by effervescence). May not the cause of this probably be that the chief agent in the disintegration and decomposition of these rocks and their sole permeator is the rainwater of violent, and, for the summer months of the year, almost uninterruptedly quotidian thunderstorms; which rain-water is most likely (as usual) considerably charged, under these circumstances, with *sulphuric acid?* Even in the ordinary climatic rains of the regular seasons here, the presence of electricity is constantly manifesting itself by the deep growlings of thunder; and may not the result be that the decomposing strata, year after year, age after age, saturated by storm-floods charged with sulphuric acid, resolve themselves into sulphates and sulphides of their constituent bases, where, under more normal and ordinary circumstances, we should have expected carbonates?

The persistent horizontality of the sandstone rocks is a very marked feature of this country; and yet there are innumerable places where upheavals have tilted the strata on edge at every angle; and where granite, gneiss, felstone, greenstone, augite, and trachyte have cut enormous dykes (some of them many miles long) in all imaginable directions through the horizontal beds.

Still, it cannot but strike one as remarkable that such immense dykes and upheavals should *not* (as being great centres and axes of eruption) have produced more distortion or tilting of the strata than we actually find to be the case.

That in Basutoland, subsequent to an immensely protracted Neptunic period of calm, sedimentary deposition, there ensued a Plutonic period of volcanic action, both extensive in area and powerful in its effects, is evident from the enormous areas of upheaval upon which rest the picturesque tabular and terraced sandstones, grits, and shales of the Maluti and Drakensberg mountains, close alongside of us, piled like Pelion on Ossa, height upon height, and peak upon peak, to such stupendous altitudes, as though, like Babel's Tower of old, they would fain scale the skies, from the rugged banks of the lowly "Tees," on the one side, up to the crowning summits (an eternal cloud-land) of the "Mont-aux-Sources" on the other.

This volcanic action is also shown by the abundance in every part of the country of "dykes," and "faults," and "shifts," due to internal thermo-dynamic convulsions. That this volcanic action has not yet altogether died out appears from the shock of an earthquake, felt slightly by many persons in this neighbourhood in February, 1873, and from the remarkable subterraneous fire which until only *a few months ago* was still in full activity in the "Conquered Territory" (as it is called—lately part of Basutoland Proper), not very far from the residence of the chief Molapo at Leribe.

The dykes of this country are trappean, consisting for the most part of green stone diorite clinkstone, augite, dolorite basalt, trachyte, and

affiliated rocks; there are also many veins, faults, and fissures, filled with trap, trap-tufa, trap-breccia; and siliceous and felspathic amygdaloids, the cementing matrix of which is sometimes found indurated by heat to the consistency and compactness of jasper.

In the neighbourhood of these eruptive centres are always to be found a large quantity of irregular, amorphous masses of silica (often beautifully marked, like agates, with concentric annular veins); also lumps of milk-quartz, quartzite, and crystallized quartz (in hexagonal prisms.) It may be not uninteresting to remark that sometimes the amorphous lumps of quartz, &c., assume (externally) pseudo-botryoidal and mammillary forms (like malachite.)

It must be remembered that no fossil shells, animals or animalculæ (in short, no fossil fauna) have as yet been found by me up here; so it is useless my attempting at present to assign anything like a definite stratigraphical position to the Basutoland sandstones. One thing is certain, they belong to a carboniferous era. And in the vast ranges of the Maluti (one of the most wonderful, picturesque, and intricate chains of mountain-scenery in the world) I doubt not, partly from what has been gathered from the natives, and partly as a deduction from ordinary geological premises, that there are mineral deposits (copper, lead, and argentiferous galena), and reefs of quartz more or less auriferous.

Of the only coal-seam (a highly bituminous shale or "splint"), which I have, as yet, had the opportunity of examining, I have endeavoured to give you some account in a former communication (see *Cape Monthly Magazine* for September, 1873.)

In that seam are to be found traces of a few monocotyledons;—ferns such as "pecopteris," "neuropteris," and "odontopteris abtusa;" and numerous sections and joints of "calamites striatus;"—but (as yet) no "asterophyllites," "sphenopteres," "sigillaria," or "stigmaria." I have also seen indications of our finding hereafter, it may be, fossil trunks of small tree-ferns, in connection with the vegetable coal-seams.

All the coals, carboniferous shales, and lignites of Basutoland, are bituminous, some of them highly so.

The extremely regular, conformable horizontality, and persistent character of all the Basutoland formations, makes it very probable that the coal-fields will be found extensive in area.

Mineralogically, this country exhibits chiefly a development of silicides and zeolites. And all the ores of metals seem to assimilate themselves to the prevailing lithological types, cast as they are for the most part in the form of silicates. One of the most remarkable minerals I have seen here at present is a form of "titaniferous iron," called *Ilmenite*, as black as jet and as hard as flint, with a splendid metallic lustre and high specific gravity. It is amorphous, and occurs in lumps nearly spheroidal, about an inch in diameter. The same mineral is found farther up the country in the form of a highly-glazed black powder (somewhat like the best and finest

diamond-grain gunpowder). In this form its proper name is "Menaccanite."* The natives use this mineral, which has the richest metallic lustre (and also the "Ilmenite," which they reduce to powder) for the purpose of mixing with fat, to which it imparts a peculiar jet-black, opaque, yet showy brilliancy (very similar to that imparted to grates and fenders by blacklead.) This mixture they rub plentifully into their hair, which, thus acquiring an unctuous and yet sparkling sort of glitter, is considered by the Basutos to be the very acme of fashionable taste and dandyism. It may here be added, that this titanate of iron is called in the Sesuto language "Sikama," and in the Serolong "Sibilo."

I have now jotted down everything of interest on this subject that at present occurs to me, and must apologize for the length to which this letter has extended. Hoping, however, that it may prove not altogether uninteresting as a small contribution to South African geology,

I remain, faithfully yours,

H. E. RICHARD BRIGHT.

P.S.—As it may hereafter be found not only interesting, but practically useful some day in extending our investigations into the character of the fossil flora of the South African carboniferous eras, I annex hereto a capital tracing of a fern (pecopteris?) which was kindly sent me a short time ago by Mr. C. S. Orpen, of Smithfield.† The original fossil was found in the neighbourhood of Bushman's Kop, not far from Mafeteng, one of the Basutoland seats of magistracy.

H. E. R. B

The Autobiography of John Stuart Mill.

THE "Autobiography of John Stuart Mill" has taken its place without question and without demur in that small company of works which a world that loves truth, whatever else may be said of it, better than anything else, places on its selectest and most sacred shelf. It is no question of fame, of honour, of affection. John Stuart Mill never courted fame; he had a kind of subdued contempt for honour; he inspired affection in the hearts of only a few. In his lifetime, his uncompromising adherence to principle, and the

* NOTE.—"Nigrine (Iserine, *Menaccanite*, Titaniferous iron-sand). This is a combination of iron with titanic acid, which occurs in the form of black grains or sand. In Cornwall it was found in the Valley of Menaccan, whence the name '*Menaccanite*,' and in this substance the metal titanium was first discovered. '*Ilmenite*,' which occurs in somewhat larger masses in the Urals near Minsk, is thought to be the same substance."—(Varley, page 138).

† We have referred this tracing to a competent geological authority, who decides that the specimen is not of sufficient importance to warrant our publishing it in chromo-lithograph.—ED. C. M. M.

calm and deliberate enunciation of his opinions, won for him the respect of the thoughtful and the distant reverence of the multitude. Yet he was never the idol that Gladstone is. His nature was too reserved, too far removed, as it seemed, in the vague mists of abstraction, to inspire such a personal regard as popular affection or idolatry. There was a wonderful serenity in his demeanour, and a wonderful serenity in his works. Yet, beneath that quiet exterior, within that unpretending temple of genius, there burnt a bright and vigorous flame. The true nature of John Stuart Mill was a deeply impassioned nature. He strode through the realms of thought with a firm and steady gait. Into every ramification of the obscure vault of speculation he peered, and pried, and sounded, and satisfied himself, without even a shadow of fear to disturb the undaunted serenity of his soul. To realize what he was we must measure ourselves with him. Naturally, he says, his mental qualities were not above the average. In training, he confesses, he had an advantage over most men. The critics have remonstrated against the expression of such a monstrous absurdity. They tell us that the method of education he was subjected to would break down and "doom to drivelling idiotcy" any ordinary man or woman; and that if he had had a more rational training there is no knowing to what heights of splendour his genius might have soared. There is something very comforting in this view of the matter. If Mill's natural endowments were so vastly superior to those of most men, why, of course, there is no shame in ordinary men falling so far below his standard. And if they find his books stuffed full of eccentricities, it is satisfactory to know that he was wrong, which was inevitable, because, of course, his education was so unfortunate. And thus common-place people are justified to themselves, and it is mere waste of time and patience to think seriously of his ideas about the constitution of society, or the relations of the sexes, or the necessity of war, or the freedom of will. It is, however, notwithstanding all, a curious phenomenon to the opaque mind that the genius of Mill should have been so unhappily misdirected; and it is perfectly plain that, in the ordinary course of nature, if he had but had fair play (but then, of course, there was his wretched training!) his proper position should have been on the purple bench of a snug bishopric. But to anyone who has subdued his mind to the sympathetic appreciation of his character and career, it is plain that he spoke the honest truth when he attributed his success as a thinker, his freedom of prejudice, his mastery of himself, to the remarkable educational treatment he received. To understand Mill—as, before one can know what a thing is he must also know what it is not—regard his contrast: The blooming youth, who is melted by the first glance of flattery from any silly minx of sixteen; whose "supreme anxiety" is the lay of his trousers, and the second the growth of his whiskers; whose attainments consist in a fashionable lisp, an unlimited vocabulary of slang, and half-a-dozen scrap quotations from Virgil. Such is the

cheerful creature who ultimately, may be, blossoms into a writer for threepenny magazines, and puts John Stuart Mill right with himself when he declares his success was owing to his industry.

Mill's greatness was his conscientiousness. Throughout his life his one guiding star was truth, his one path was knowledge, and his one means was labour.

It is presumed that everyone has read his works, and that the "Autobiography," at least, is familiar. The object of this paper is merely to embody a few reflections as they have occurred to the writer in meditating on the works and life of one of the boldest figures of this generation. Throughout his life, Mill was the consistent champion of the weak, but not the apologist. When he claimed for the lowest man equal social and political freedom with the highest, he was careful to claim no more, and carefully to define what he meant by freedom. He showed that every privilege has its corresponding duty; as, that the liberty of every man to do as he likes, is supplemented by the duty to permit every other man to do as he likes; and limited by the mutual duty not to disturb the freedom of others. When he attacked the system of social slavery to which woman is subjected, he admitted her inability to cope with man, but from no inherent deficiency of mental quality, only from the effect of long subjugation. And he spoke unpalatable truth when, upon those who demonstrated that, generally speaking, women would rather remain unemancipated, he retorted that the love of freedom never yet had a home in the heart of a slave. When the serfs of Russia were freed a few years since, they considered themselves exceedingly ill-used; and now, when women are asked to accept the suffrage, they regard it as an indignity to their sex! His tract "On the Subjection of Women" is an appeal to the manliest instincts of men and women. I am quite aware that there are many wise and thoughtful men who hold that it would be impolitic to give women equal rights with men; and that from the physical conditions of their sex they are not justly entitled to share the privileges of men. Mr. Goldwin Smith says women would make war, and men would have to do the fighting. This line of argument satisfies the conscience of some people, if it does not convince their reason. How illogical it is may be shown by a passing reference to the British Constitution. Queen Victoria on her Throne, the Lords and Commons in their Houses, declare war, and the army and navy fulfil it. If women cannot fight, there are those who will take hire to do so, just as at present. Besides, women are as much interested in maintaining peace as men are, for it is in the peaceful arts that their success in life will mainly depend. The ambition of the soldier and sailor will not be theirs. Are they so innately blood-thirsty, then, that, for the love of murder and misery, they will provoke war? The tender-heartedness of woman is her most conspicuous weakness. But the question is too wide and important a one to attempt to discuss on this occasion. It has been

referred to because of the sickening iteration and reiteration of the cuckoo portion of the press that Mill's championship for women is the great blot on his system. In his "Political Economy" they find symptoms of the craze; but it was only after his union with one of the sex that this incipient eccentricity flamed out into actual madness.

In all the long calendar of human devotion, there are few more touching or reverential exhibitions than that of John Stuart Mill's for the woman whom he loved. In all the years of his waiting there was no impatience, and in the few years of possession there was complete fulfilment. It is no ordinary love-story. We confess we have great diffidence in speaking of it; not because of the social disapproval which barked at his heels during his life, and which has snapped at his reputation since his death, in consequence of this episode in his life; and less because anyone who defends him is liable to indignity himself at the hands of a world of gabeys. There are many who honestly disapprove of Mill's love for a woman bound by Church ties to another man. Their feelings, prejudices, and opinions deserve respect. But these are, I trust, the very people who will heartily extend the right-hand of good-will to anyone who ventures conscientiously to say that in this, as throughout, Mill proved himself to be profoundly sincere. The bonds of society must not suddenly or violently be shattered, nor did John Stuart Mill desire roughly to disturb them. His opinions on this subject may be uncongenial, just as his conduct, though not in itself reprehensible, is regarded by many worthy people as dangerous to the well-being of society. We refer to it with diffidence, because it is almost too sacred a matter to drag out of its privacy into the broad glare of the world. And yet, in his great purity, Mill has himself not hesitated to do so, as far as was needed. The filth of jibes and jeers, and gossip and scandal, are suitable nourishment for those green-flies of society who rejoice in all unwholesomeness. For this class there is no necessity for any consideration. They always have existed, and always will exist. Let all this, however, be blotted out from memory. In the distant future men will look back upon the receding vista of the past, and they will behold the bright star of the devotion of the philosopher for a woman. That alone is endurable for ever. That his love should have been elevated into reverence, and his devotion into a worship, is a striking and startling revelation of the subjection of man to circumstances, and the impotency of the will to control the affections. That which is best in all his writings he attributes to his wife. She was the wisest, the purest, the gentlest of her sex. Her poetic genius eclipsed that of Shelley; in the region of practical statesmanship she was the fitting companion of the Protector. Had she devoted herself to philosophy her head would have towered above Plato and Aristotle: and yet she was ever the sympathising friend, the cheerful companion, the gentle wife. Head and heart alike submitted themselves. In the untempered

glow of affection, he saw and felt nothing but the pure white radiance of his own soul. How should he stop to consider Mrs. Grundy's gossip; or how should he sit in judgment on the reason which was but the handmaiden of the heart? Let us doff our hats reverently in the presence of that grave at Avignon, in which are deposited the earthly remains of John Stuart Mill and the woman he adored, and around which floats the memory of a love which was a religion.

To pass on. In reading the "Autobiography," the literary *dilettante* is charmed to be introduced to many of the remarkable men of the past fifty or sixty years. One by one they have nearly all passed out of life, until there are at the present day few remaining of that choice circle to which Mill belonged. The figure of James Mill (father of John Stuart, author of a "History of India"), is drawn in an outline almost too harsh. It was sufficient for the son to pay a just tribute to the genius of his parent, and to state amply the care and discipline for which he was indebted to him. The two Austins, George Grote, honest old Jeremy Bentham, Ricardo, Romilly, Carlyle, Sir Henry Taylor—these are a few of the personal friends of Mill whom we meet with here in the flesh. They are touched in with such a grace and simplicity that, while they are perfectly natural and proportioned sketches, there is not the faintest suspicion of art. Thus unconsciously is displayed the highest art, which conceals itself so dexterously that the effect is produced before its presence is suspected. The "Autobiography" is very strictly confined to the object stated in the introductory chapter. It is the record of an education which was unusual and remarkable, proving how much more than is usually supposed may be taught, and well taught, in those early years, which, in common modes of what is called instruction, are little better than wasted. The prodigious amount of work that Mill got through in his early years, he declares, may assuredly be done by any boy or girl of average capacity and healthy physical constitution; "and if I have accomplished anything," he adds, "I owe it, among other fortunate circumstances, to the fact that through the early training bestowed on me by my father, I started, I may fairly say, with an advantage of a quarter of a century over my contemporaries." In the second place it is a keen and faithful exposition of the successive phases of a mind which was always pressing forward, equally ready to learn and to unlearn, either from its own thoughts or from those of others. And lastly, and above all, the "Autobiography" was dictated by a desire to make acknowledgment of debts which Mill's intellectual and moral development owed to other persons. It is in this connection that we have the graceful sketches above referred to of many of those historical figures that rose upon the firmament of English literature in the beginning and earlier half of the present century. It was a dazzling period, in the brilliancy of which common men who gaze upon it may well blink and sink back to earth

again. In those days one of the mightiest empires in the East was ruled by a "board of merchants" sitting in London. Mill was in the India House, as his father had been before him; and he exercised, in a quiet, unpretending manner, more influence in the administration of Indian affairs than any other person concerned in the responsibility of dictating and directing the government of that far-distant empire. In those days several new sciences were born, or were matured. Chemistry, geology, political economy, were rescued from the region of empiricism, and impressed with the stamp of science. The eyes of philosophy were purged of the cataract of metaphysics; and it was John Stuart Mill's proud boast that he was the first to recognize and proclaim in England the truths of Comtism. "The Wizard of the North" was enchanting every home throughout the isles with the magic of his poetry and romance. The genius of Byron, and Shelley, and Keats, gleamed in the sunshine of the period; and the Lakers touched a spring in human sensibility of which the world had hitherto been unaware. Then it was that "Maga," adorned with the grave portrait of Geordie Buchanan, the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Edinburgh*, and the *Westminster*, broke in upon the quiet of the world with shout and clamour, like thunder and lightning, and through them was poured down a torrent of inquiry and speculation. The heavens were opened; and many a wretched tenement of humbug and ignorance was swept away in the deluge. Society on the Continent had been shaken to its basis; and the Reform Bill of '32 had passed. The honest record of a life passed in such a period is of profound interest, apart from the charm which always attaches to the relation of personal experience, when the egotism is gentle and subdued. Throughout the "Autobiography" there is not one spark of "egotism." We have in it, besides much else, the mental picture of the man Mill standing on one side, and just revealing the constitution and method of development of a human intelligence. His mind is an object, which, with microscope and scalpel, he analyses; and his "Autobiography" is a lecture. A few such honest and powerful works as this, and psychology would no longer be the unhealthy spectre it has so long been; a spectre haunting us in laboratory and in pulpit, in philosophy and in poetry.

We have said that Mill's greatness was his conscientiousness. He affected nothing. There is no meretricious brilliancy to be discovered in any of his writings. If he had a truth to expound, or a fallacy to demolish, he did it with a quiet calmness, and yet with such subdued and sustained energy that conviction is almost carried to the mind by the simple force of style. It is one of the characteristics of his method, that he never treated an opponent unfairly. Sir William Hamilton's disciples have nothing to complain of in the way in which their master's principles were expounded; yet where is there another book of its kind to be compared with the "Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy?" If it were not for this spotless fairness, the manner in which Mill seized upon limb after limb, nor considered his

task accomplished until the remains of Hamilton's system were left a cold and mangled mass, would seem almost critical barbarity. It has been said that Mill was more successful in analysis than in synthesis; which may be granted. He did not strive after originality; his mind was not of that cast. The account he gives of himself is, no doubt, correct enough; that he tried to understand and to apply the results of the researches of other men, and contented himself with carrying on, modifying, and correcting the principles gathered in this manner. His success lay in his grasp of diverse and antagonistic lines of thought, and in the happy gift he possessed of disengaging the relevant from the irrelevant, and establishing truth from hypothetical conjecture. But with all his loyalty to those from whom he learnt, he never sacrificed his independence or his individuality. Wherever he owed a debt, he paid it with ample munificence; that which was his own he preserved with the care it deserved. No one who loves his memory will venture to claim for him more than he claimed for himself; and few will attempt to demand for him that position which he neither aimed at nor attained.

The "Autobiography" will be read by many out of curiosity; by a few it will be studied in the manner Mill desired it should be; by all it will be admired for its great and endurable qualities. It is stamped with the mint-mark of genius, it is touched with a faint tinge of poetry, it breathes the aroma of truth.

H. S. C.

Song.

I.

Oh think not that I do not grieve because I never weep,
The crested waves dance in the sun, the wrecks are hidden deep;
Above, the gales and billows sport, and stately vessels glide,
But piteous secrets hide and sleep beneath the silent tide.

II.

The rose still rears its graceful head, though worms are at the root;
The saw may rend the oak's broad breast, it will not blanch the fruit.
Think not the storm-cloud casts no shade, tho' glittering in the sky,
Nor deem the bosom bears no grief, because it heaves no sigh.

B. M. R.

The Darwinian Theory.

(FROM A THEOLOGICAL POINT OF VIEW.)

THE theory of evolution, as at present advocated by many scientific men, is at once repugnant to reason and opposed to the teachings of Revelation. Ever since the publication of that clever, though not strictly accurate work, entitled the "Vestiges of Creation," a certain class of men have run wild in their pursuit and development of the theory as therein indicated. Darwin, in his elaborate treatises, has done more than any man living, to collect data, arrange specimens, and strain facts to give this idea of spontaneous generation and evolution of species something like a tangible basis in nature. He has been supported on the one hand by Huxley, eminent as a comparative anatomist, labouring to reduce to a minimum the difference in the amount and texture of man's brain as compared with the highest ape. On the other hand, he has been supported by Lyell, that prince of geologists, who, after the gigantic labours of his prime, has spent his declining years in gathering flint implements from the valley of the Somme, and picturing to our excited imagination the earth peopled with a race of naked little savages long prior to Bible Adam. The theory of evolution, as maintained by Darwin and his followers, may thus be briefly stated :—The generation of organic life is spontaneous. A power in nature seeks expression, and in virtue of its own inherent force springs into existence in the rudimentary forms of organic life. A new species is evolved therefrom through a process of natural selection, or through variation arising from changed conditions and modes of life. Thence new varieties appear, which henceforward propagate as distinct species. From these again new varieties spring through the same process of natural selection, and still higher species make their appearance, until man comes forth, the last in this wonderful scale of evolution.

Now, this theory, to say the least of it, is beautiful. It unifies nature, and brings to our view the whole system of animal life in its myriad forms as one great whole, apart altogether from the question at issue, whether this mighty on-rolling, living stream in this planet of ours is an evolution of life from its own inherent powers of self-expression, or simply an evolution of plan in the Great Divine mind, finding expression in acts of creation separate and distinct. It is this same unity that is discernible in other departments of nature and other phases of life. For from the blade of grass trampled under foot of man to the tall and stately oak that braves the tempests of a hundred years, a vegetable life energy seeks expression in forms of ever advancing beauty of structure and appearance. There is a chemical force, too, which has found its expression in those shining particles of plebeian sand that glitter in the morning sun upon the sea-beach, and that finds its fullest force expended in the dazzling beauty of the aristocratic diamond. To comparative anatomists generally, to Darwin and Huxley in particular, we are indebted for

tracing the unity of plan and ever-progressing adaptability of structure running through the entire mechanism of animated nature. If the investigations of these men should do nothing more in the elucidation of truth than the unfolding of the several links in the gradual and progressive development of nature's life plan, we are of opinion that an important service will thereby be rendered to the cause, not only of science, but of religion. But this theory of evolution is not destined to be looked at by the public simply as a convenient fulcrum, by which, through the lever power of science, the unity of life only is to be clearly excavated. From the suggestions of its own authors, as well as from its effects on the public mind, we cannot fail to discover that its tendency is decidedly rationalistic, and subversive of the long-cherished doctrines of Christianity. From such statements as the following we get a glimpse of the tendencies of this development theory :—Darwin in the first chapter of his "Evidence of the Descent of Man from some lower form," says that "seeing man and all other vertebrate animals have been constructed on the same general model and pass through the same early stages of development, and retain certain rudiments in common, we ought therefore frankly to admit their community of descent." And again : "It is only our natural prejudices and that arrogance which made our forefathers declare that they were descended from demi-gods, which leads us to demur to this conclusion. But the time will come when it will be thought wonderful that naturalists who were well acquainted with the comparative structure and development of man and other mammals, should have believed that each was the work of a separate act of creation." Now, while frankly admitting the premises that "man is constructed on the same general type or model with other mammals," we decidedly regard the conclusion as illogical that man must have descended from these lower animals by the natural law of evolution, no separate act of creation taking place on man's appearing in the world. It is at this point that theologians join issue with Mr. Darwin, when he endeavours to prove that there was no special act of creation when man was formed. Now, here we must beware of denouncing a theory as atheistic and subversive of religion, simply because it *seems* to oppose our long-cherished conviction of what Revelation teaches on the subject of science. We would not be so unphilosophical, for Revelation, in all its references to scientific facts, gives them only in the language of appearance, not condescending to data, which man in his study of God's book of nature is expected to unravel for himself. We have had lessons enough on this very point, from Galileo downwards. It is not over twenty years ago that theologians would declare that to maintain the earth's formation by a gradual process of development and series of changes during which rocks were formed with shells and plants drifting into the sand below the sea level, and afterwards upheaved in solid masses, was to maintain a doctrine decidedly atheistic and subversive of true religion. The theory of these men was, that the rocks and hills were created by a single fiat of Almighty power, shells, fish, skeletons, and all

being created inside these very rocks. It will not do, therefore, to stigmatize this theory of evolution as atheistic simply because it seeks to account for man's creation otherwise than by a special act. There must be other grounds of objection on which to condemn the theory than that it seems to shut out the miraculous interposition of the Divine Being at this particular stage of man's appearance. For although by such a theory a separate act of creation is not recognized, it does not necessarily follow that the Divine energy is nowhere acknowledged. Grant, with Darwin, that animal life has gradually evolved, species after species, from some pristine germinal vesicle ; or go further, and suppose that animal life is associated with vegetable life, and under certain conditions is evolved therefrom ; or go even further, and suppose, with Coleridge, that all life is merely another form or process of such physical forces as heat, electricity, and chemical affinity, and make your protoplasm what you please, you are brought to acknowledge a special act of creation to form by Almighty power that primary life basis, out of which all nature is evolved.

Without condemning the theory on the ground simply that is denies a special act of creation, let us look more closely into what is involved in this development theory. According to the unfolding of this law of evolution as maintained by Darwin, we are led to imagine man's first appearance on this world's stage in a comparatively wild and savage state. In fact, this is boldly enunciated, and proofs are brought forward to show that there are races even now but little removed in barbarity from what the original ancestors of our race must have been. Thus at the conclusion of his second volume he says :— "The astonishment which I felt at first seeing a party of Fuegians on a wild and broken shore will never be forgotten by me, for the reflection at once rushed into my mind,—such were our ancestors. These men were absolutely naked, and bedaubed with paint, their long hair was tangled, their mouths frothed with excitement, and their expression was wild, startled, and distrustful. They possessed hardly any arts, and, like wild animals, lived on what they could catch ; they had no government, and were merciless to every one not of their own small tribe." Such were our ancestors, says Darwin, in their first step of evolution from the highest class of the inferior animals, and ever onward by a series of progressive development we have man in his civilized condition as at present existing. Now, here the theologian cannot be accused of narrow-mindedness and want of philosophical sympathies when he denounces this evolution theory as diametrically opposed to the teaching of Scripture, and dangerous in its tendencies. It being the special province of Revelation to teach doctrine, and not science, we are warranted to oppose any scientific theory that would seek to denounce or disregard its positive teaching. If there is one truth more clear than another in the Bible, it is that man, in whichever way he came upon earth's surface, is not now what he was. The doctrine of man's fall from a higher state of pristine innocence and excellence of character is the very fundamental

basis of all Revelation. The whole truth of the Bible, with its magnificent redemptive scheme, must stand or fall with the doctrine of man's deterioration from a state of primeval goodness. But not only is this doctrine of man's fall distinctly taught in Revelation: it is also an intuition realized in our moral and intellectual nature, and exhibited in its result in our corporeal frame. It is written on our race in its legendary histories, for there is scarcely a tribe existing without the lore of a golden era in the past. And as race after race has been struggling on in the pursuit of greatness, we see no steady onward progress of man like that which by the law of evolution must needs be seen moving onward and upward in an ever advancing scale; but, on the contrary, we see only a rising and a falling of nation after nation, till the great Redeemer himself comes to restore the lost link, after which man moves onward in an ascending scale in the achievements of science and triumphs of truth. Inasmuch, then, as this theory seeks to demolish the doctrine of man's fall, it carries with it a weapon for its own self-destruction, as it thus contradicts the clearest theological tenet, and does violence to the most plainly demonstrated philosophical axiom. Religion and true philosophy unite in condemning this development theory as thus developed by Darwin.

In the evolution theory we meet with another fatal error. In those animals that come nearest to man in physical development, we find thoughts, feelings, and desires, all guided by natural instinct, and capable of being regulated, restrained, and made subservient to their one all-absorbing consciousness of the fear of man; while in man, however rude and barbarous the specimen, there is reason, conscience, and will, self-asserting their Divine origin and relationship, and capable of enforcing obedience and homage to the Great Supreme. Educate an animal, and you can teach it to be governed by the fear of man; educate a savage, and you can teach him to be governed by the fear of God. Is this a difference of degree, or of kind? Darwin would say of degree, for he points out that there is a greater difference between some of the lowest animals and the ape, which difference is gradually bridged over, than between the ape and man in respect of mental faculties. He concludes, there is no fundamental difference between them except of degree. Now, so far as physical structure is concerned, we are perfectly willing to concede to Darwin the possibility of his theory of evolution, for the difference between man and the highest brute in corporeal frame is certainly only of degree; but when we come to consider not only man's rational, but moral nature, we see such a broad and impassable gulf fixed between them as to necessitate the dismissal of such a theory from our mind. Man, in virtue of his immortal nature, by which he is capable of attaining knowledge and expressing the same in language, and is impressed with the belief of moral truth and Divine agency, stands alone among the organized beings of the globe. Any attempts that could be made to bridge this gulf by the approximation of its opposite sides, could be done either by proving that the inferior animals were possessed of immortal spirits, and hence capable of intelligence, while their inferiority

consisted only in having coarser brains and less developed structures; or, on the other hand, by proving that some species of men were destitute of that Immortal Spirit, having no consciousness of a Supreme Being, and incapable of attaining to such consciousness. Darwin seems to choose the latter mode of sinking out of view the immortal in man altogether, and denying to man an intuitive conviction of the existence of a Divine Being. This, then, is the second fatal objection to his theory of evolution, for only when we can be led to believe that mind is produced by matter will we render allegiance to Darwin, and acknowledge that man's immortal spirit, with its power to grasp eternal verities, as found even in the rudest savage, is nothing more than the cultivated instincts of the ape developed by natural selection.

We have thus endeavoured to exhibit two most fatal objections to this theory in that it disregards two distinct doctrines clearly taught in Revelation, and supported by the highest reason, doctrines that cannot, dare not be upset without plunging us into an atheistic rationalism. These doctrines we have already shown to be that man, as he sprang into being, was no wild, untutored savage, governed by animal instincts and passions, but a being pure and holy and heavenly minded, from which state he has since fallen; as well as the possessor of a rational and immortal soul, with the capacity of attaining spiritual knowledge and of being governed by conscientious convictions of moral right. If, then, these positions are logically correct, having their origin in Revelation and harmonizing with our highest reason, we have data sufficient to place beyond controversy the question whether we must believe in the evolution of man as maintained by Darwin, or in a distinct and independent act of creation as suggested in Revelation.

It is thus we argue in favour of a special creation, not because it could not possibly have been otherwise in face of the scientific fact recorded in Scripture that man was made by God, for God could make man in one way just as easy as in another; but that seeing this evolution theory, the view proposed as a substitute, necessarily leads to the rankest rationalism, we are forced, on the principles of logical congruity, to dispose of it as a theory at once unsatisfactory and untenable, and not meeting all the difficulties of the case.

Having thus disposed of this evolution theory as advocated by Darwin and his school, let us look at the theory of special creation maintained by theologians. And here we are met by difficulties likewise. If the former theory presented theological, this latter presents scientific difficulties. In this age of scientific inquiry we must not shut our eyes to difficulties presented by men of science, but look at them, and manfully meet them in the spirit of calm and patient inquiry, having faith both in Nature and Revelation, for when both are rightly interpreted they must needs harmonize. We will not be thought irreverent we represent the view of special creation as it appears to men of science. That God should take of the dust of the ground

and mould the figure of a full-grown man, and afterwards vitalize that model by his own living breath, seems altogether unnatural and contra-indicated by the whole method of His own proceedure in the creation of other life existences. Did the Almighty condescend to gather together out of nature all those elements of which man's body is composed, and from their component particles make bone and muscle, artery and nerve, and each internal organ? Were all these moulded out of their elementary substances in nature, and then vitalized by the breath of God? Such a proceeding does seem certainly out of harmony with all our ideas of the Divine Being and his mode of operation, and yet this is the view suggested by a literal interpretation of Scripture, a view altogether unsatisfactory to a reasoning and philosophic mind. Must we, then, also discard the theory of a special act in man's creation because of this difficulty? Let us see.

It will be observed that our objection to the evolution theory lies mainly in the impossibility of man in his immortal nature being the product of an inferior race, and that an objection to the special creation theory lies in the incongruity of forming a model physical structure from primary elements in nature; and it will be remembered that we have already declared that had man been an animal only so far as physical structure is concerned, he might have appeared on earth's surface by a process of evolution. Now, we would humbly suggest that inasmuch as man is the possessor of two natures, a physical and a psychical; so far as his physical is concerned, he may be legitimately descended from an inferior race, while in virtue of his psychical he is a special act of Divine creation. In the creation of man, was it not as easy for God to take dust already organized in the possession of animal life out of which to form man, and into which to breathe the breath of lives, and thus raise this new creation to a level above all others? Such a view seems to reconcile the claims of science with the legitimate demands of Revelation? To maintain that in his body man is an evolution, and in his spirit he is a special creation, at once removes the objections to the theory of evolution, and dissipates the philosophical objection to the special creation theory. But have we any authority for this mode of reconciliation? Has God in any of his works ever by a special act of creation raised up a new form of life upon a basis already organized? We think He has, for we have only to look philosophically into the fact of the Divine Incarnation of the Son of God to find the key to what we would call the true evolution of life.

The subject of the Divine Incarnation, or more precisely of the miraculous conception, is one that men of science do not generally care to investigate, on the ground that it lies beyond their province, and appears to them as more of a supposition than an accredited fact. To theologians, however, it is the centre stronghold of all their system of doctrine, based as a fact on the surest testimony, and harmonizing with the whole plan of Divine forces, with which they are as minutely acquainted as the philosopher with his laws of heat and electricity.

And yet the theologian is too apt to refer to this fact of miraculous conception as the Mystery of the Incarnation, not dreaming perhaps that when examined in a philosophical spirit it may contain the key to unlock the whole secret of life forces with which men of science have for ages been puzzling their brains.

In the birth of Christ in our world, we have by universal acknowledgment a special act of creation, a higher form of life than had ever walked on earth's surface—a second Adam, the head of a new species, an embodiment of spiritual life. Throughout the ages prior to His appearance, we find as it were a groping after this higher species, attempts as it were on the part of humanity, through the breath of the Divine Spirit, to select and evolve this higher form ; but not until the Divine Spirit, the great energizing force of all nature, vitalized a human germ in the person of Mary, did this higher species of spiritual life obtain an independent organic existence. From Christ, as the head of a new race, there has sprung a new creation, propagating, not by animal, but by spiritual generation, having its basis in the immortal element in man, even as that immortal has its basis in the animal. This creation is even now in its process of evolution, and shall only reach its highest development when, after the revolution of nature that shall terminate the human period, the redeemed out of every kindred shall gather around their second Adam, in the possession of an incorruptible frame, free from all the elements of an animal constitution, and fitting in to that higher spiritual life that flows through all the spirits of men created anew in the process of spiritual evolution. All theologians admit the reality of this new creation of which Christ is the germinal source. All admit, likewise, that it is a step or species higher than the mere human life existing, and even higher than the life from which Adam fell. If, then, these positions are correct, what, we ask, are the laws of this development of a new species going on before our eyes ? These laws, so far as they relate to the question before us, are simple and clear :—*A Special Act of Creation* is needed to found a new species. That special act implies only the vitalizing of a germinal vesicle already in existence, and does not suggest the idea of the re-organization of matter from its first elements, separate and distinct. The germinal vesicle that is vitalized by direct Divine agency is *taken as it is naturally in the species already in existence.* Thus Mary became the mother of Jesus, not by ordinary generation, but by the supernatural vitalizing of the human germ. And so the first Adam by the same process may have made his appearance, the product of a germ of an inferior race, supernaturally vitalized. And so in the history of the past, from the creation of the first organized germ upwards through the whole progress of animal species, one not evolving from the other by the ordinary law of creation, but each one forming a stepping-stone for a new Divine influx of life.

By this theory of evolution we trace the unity of all animal structures, the germ of the one being the parent of the higher, and hence,

to a certain extent, bearing its image in physical configuration ; and also the ever advancing variation and development of powers and capabilities, and even the introduction of that which is immortal, for God Himself is the Father of each new species. And so all life, proceeding from one Divine Fountain, moves on like a mighty stream, pressing against a gradually yielding barrier of organized structure ; and so each wave, as it rolls along from the all-powerful life centre, develops a new species of beauty, and, gaining strength as it goes, instils a higher and yet a higher life power, until it actually sweeps into the ocean currents of immortality.

W. G.

Transkei.

Charade.

Oom Piet relinquished his knife and fork,
And gazed on the bones which had once been pork,
Then took up his glass, but his glass was dry,
And at that Oom Piet fetched a terrible sigh ;
He leant back on the " rustbank," and closed his eyes. ;
His home-made candle got choked with flies.
He closed his eyes and began to snore,
But was startled at once by a wild uproar,
As if cattle, calves, horses, and sheep and all,
Were racing and chasing about in the kraal,
And Zwartboy, with terror quite white in the face,
Rushed in, crying " Kafirs, Baas, all om de huis ; "
Piet seized his " babjanbout," for silence he beckoned,
While terrified Zwartboy ran out for my *second*.

Neigh, and bellow, and whistle, and yell !
No wonder Oom Piet what to do could not tell,
His best chance seemed away with my *second* to burst,
And trust in the safety he'd find in my *first* ;
Alas ! and Alack ! too late, too late,
See—dusky forms by the threshold wait,
Dark and dread, like Death's messengers stand,
With a gleaming steel in each grimy hand !
Oom Piet felt his courage beginning to ooze
Through the calf-skin soles of his home-made shoes,
And his thoughts flew back—for he was but man—
To those sweet pork bones and the emptied can.
Oh, transient happiness ! too soon past,
Heaven forbid that that supper should be his last !
With a throe, like the parting of body and soul,
He leapt to his feet, and escaped from my *whole*.

B. M R.

Under the Willow.

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

PROBABLY an association of ideas will be conjured at the sight of "Under the Willow," but I have nothing in common with the young lady so famous in song who possessed the "golden hair," nor with the lonely mother who bewailed the premature fate of her favoured child, in the somewhat paradoxical fashion of "singing" while "weeping." Mine was a sturdy branch of the willow genus, planted by Dame Nature on the banks of the Modder River, and whose feathery branches waved o'er that turbid stream, as it rolled placidly on through the district of Jacobsdal with monotonous melancholy, bending to the slightest pressure of wind, like the sad nodding of the funereal weepers which bedeck our modern hearses. 'Twas sunset as I approached this particular part of the river, and there being a kraal which had evidently been made by some migratory Boers, I off-saddled, knee-haltered my horse, and waited for the arrival of my Kafir, who was trekking with some forty rams I had for disposal. My sheep being secure for the night, the skin bag which did service for a valise, and which was strapped to the bows of my saddle, was ransacked in preparation for supper. Karbonaadjes were produced, roasted on heated stones, and in the absence of all table requisites, I set to in frontier fashion, spiking a piece of meat on my ramrod, and cutting to the dictates of necessity. My Kafir, on the opposite side of the fire, imitated my operations, and began chanting some Basuto ditty in a low unmusical voice. After puffing at the pipe for a while, I planted my saddle against the willow for a pillow, wrapped myself in a skin blanket, took the rifle by my side, and coveted sleep. Sleep! there was none for me that night, for the jackals kept perpetual chorus, and when the active senses were nearly mastered, some rascally jackal more daring than his fellows would raise his peculiar howl in the immediate vicinity of my willow, while its mate, louder and louder still, would catch up the echo with a more shrill and piercing cry, startling the denizens of the river-bank, which kept up an almost unceasing rustle of leaves as they hurried to and fro in their terror. The night was beautiful, but the moon, as if in league with wolves and jackals, allowed her light to be eclipsed by the only one cloud which swept o'er the heavens, and that moment was chosen for a combination of most hideous yells, resounding far and near. Man is born to trouble, we are told, although why he should be I cannot understand; mine began to multiply now, for a host of mosquitoes heralded the return of the moon's light, and took a sudden admiration for the pale skin, while the Kafir, dressed *à la* Adam previous to the fall, enjoyed immunity from their attacks. At first the gentle hum of the mosquitoes was heard like the fading echoes of some tiny bells, then louder and clearer as they neared their unhappy victim,

sweeping down with vulturine eagerness on the feverish martyr, who lets fly with his hand at some who had perched on the face; but the blow which was meant to crush the insect life out of his tormentors, falls with considerable force on the nasal promontory, and only adds to the ills which life is heir to. Again their rapacious notes swell the midnight air—having the more sonorous howl of the jackal for a base—and, like the old gentleman's music heard at Alloway Kirk, growing "fast and furious;" thud, thud, the hands of the sleepless sinner are again at work, smiting his unfortunate cheeks in the vain attempt to get rid of his persistent companions.

> No sleep till morn, where youth and beauty meet,
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.

What a different cause to produce the same effect! The night was too close to cover my face, for that would have been a protection, so I had to roll from one side to the other, buffeting my face rather severely. Vengeance is said to be sweet, but the myriads of mosquitoes which held nightly jubilee on the banks of the Modder defied all vengeance, save that which was mistakenly wreaked on the unoffending face of the poor victim by himself. A day's fatigue in the saddle, and the lassitude attendant on travelling under an almost tropical sun, failed to allure sleep. The incessant rustling of leaves around me awakened some suspicions of tarantula scorpions and adders taking their midnight walks abroad; and to announce to such vermin that I lay under the willow, I kept moving my position, ever and anon breaking occasionally in my evolutions dried twigs, which lay in numbers all around, to apprise them of my presence, and to seek refuge from the mosquitoes. The hum of a swarm tells me of another attack, and with the sheen of a three-quarter moon penetrating between the branches, I see the enemy reinforced, hovering o'er my devoted head with homicidal intent, and resembling in their numerical density a miniature grey cloud. On they come, chorusing their horrid war-song. I fire out at them right and left, but, like Don Quixote, spend my strength in vain. The cloud becomes scattered, but it is only a passive retreat; and impudent stragglers perch on all parts of my face, to get frightened only at the exercise of my pugilistic powers against myself. I was thus doing battle with my insect enemies, and lying in a half sleepy state—a semi-torpor—in which the senses had an apathetic control over the physical actions sufficiently to guide the throwing of my hands in an aimless way at the mosquitoes, when a firy brand shot through the air not many paces distant, and a voice called out, "Baas! Baas!" Hurrying to the scene of this unusual demonstration, Amperfet—a miserably poor, old, shrivelled Basuto, to whom I had given this name—pointed to two wolves, which were skulking leisurely away, one of which had had the audacity to come within a few yards of the smouldering fire, and actually began gnawing a reim which my boy had left there. I tried to cover them with my rifle, but the moonlight was too treacherous,

and not knowing the exact position of my horse, I did not fire. On our return to the fire, Amperfet complained of a pain in his leg, and on examining it I found his right thigh swollen, and a lump the size of an egg, around which the leg felt quite hard. The work of a scorpion, I thought, and as signs of daybreak made their appearance, I ordered coffee to be made—for Amperfet carried about a portable larder. Daylight at length did come, when a most beautiful sight greeted the eye. The vast prairies of grass were teeming with animal life—springbok, blesbok, wildebeesten, and quaggas, numbering hundreds upon hundreds, browsed quietly on the great plains. Far in the distance I could see some ostriches scampering away at leisure, and a pack of wild dogs scudding on in the same track ; near me guinea-fowls in great broods crept out from the river bank, and the Namaqua partridge came in flocks of hundreds, or passed far over head in flight, uttering their peculiar cry, *kelke win*, *kelke win*. Smaller specimens of the feathered tribe flitted here and there, gorgeous in plumage, but destitute of song. And from this grand panorama of animated nature I read the lesson to be up and going ; so I saddled my horse, and was off without a sigh or parting look at the Willow.

M.

Good Templarism.

We are told that words are symbols to express ideas ; and we all know what is the æsthetic value of the words "Good Templars.' But the meaning of those cabalistic words would not be so obvious had we not been made aware beforehand that the Good Order is one binding itself to abstain from the use of all alcoholic beverages—had we not known that its motto would be an alteration of the Horatian one, and run "*non*" instead of "*nunc vino pellite curas.*" We are most of us, too, fully alive to the soundness of the principle of the Order of Good Templars, the good it promotes, and acknowledge it to be the means of plucking many a brand from the fire. It also confers a subjective benefit in affording opportunities for pleasant gatherings for mutual improvement and amusement, an unspeakable advantage in small, dull colonial towns. But the *term* "Good Templars"—what is it? I am not aware that the founders of the Order have given us any explanation or reason of it. Hearing the term, one's thoughts naturally fly at first to the old religious Order of Templars, established about A.D. 1,118, at Jerusalem, a band who promised to live in chastity, obedience, and poverty, and which the King of Jerusalem was one of the first principal persons to join. Their first undertaking was to guard the highways against the numerous robbers and marauders—to act as a kind of armed and mounted police—to protect the pilgrims who came flocking to the Holy Land, and who were regarded as lawful prey by the lawless

robbing bandits. It is true most of them were poor and empty, but occasionally there would be one whose pockets were worth turning inside out. These Templars flourished for some time, until, growing wealthy, cruel, and arrogant, the Order became intolerable. Two of their own body were the treasonable ones to accuse them, of whom Philip the Fair, of France, was the most conspicuous. It is probable the Grand Master had offended him in taking the part of Pope Boniface VIII. when Philip the Fair had a quarrel with him. However, early in the fourteenth century an order emanated from Pope Clement V. that on a fixed day all the knights who were dispersed throughout Europe were to be seized and imprisoned. The Order was finally and totally suppressed by the Council of Vienna. It is difficult to believe *that* to be the origin, or, more correctly, the type of the modern Good Templars' Order, although one had a Grand Master, and the others have a Worthy Chief. On brooding over the object of this new and growing society, I am disposed to trace its roots much further back—to the days of Mahomet and the middle of the seventh century. In those days the use of wine and strong drinks was most stringently prohibited. Whether it be true that the free use of wine had grown into shameless excess since the time of Osiris cannot, of course, be determined. That benevolent conqueror, however, whose military expeditions were undertaken with a view of instructing mankind in sowing, planting, and the useful arts of civilized life, introduced the vine with great care wherever the soil was adapted to its growth. Where it was not, as particularly in Egypt, he taught the inhabitants the use of ferment, and showed them the way to make a wine (more likely beer or whiskey) of barley. The lofty Pelasgus held this liquor in great contempt, compared with the rich and generous wines of Greece. At any rate, wine was forbidden to be used, and the occasion of Mahomet's prohibition is said to be as follows :—The prophet one day, visiting a friend at noon, found an assembly celebrating a marriage at a most sumptuous feast ; and, sitting down among the guests, he observed them to be very merry and very jovial, kissing and embracing one another. *This* he attributed to the hilarity of their spirits, raised by wine. He thought it must be a very good thing to promote such amiable exhibitions, and the prophet, therefore, in all due and becoming ceremony, blessed it as a sacred thing, " in being the instrument of much love among men." However, returning the next day to the same house, he saw a gruesome sight—blood on the ground, a hand, an arm, a foot, and other limbs dismembered ; stupid, helpless louts lying about on the floor ; black eyes and broken heads—all which, he was gravely told, was the effect of the brawls and fightings occasioned by the wine, these wretched people being inflamed and maddened by it into this dreadful and fatal *mêlée*. Angry and indignant at this display of Donnybrook Fair, Mahomet at once changed his opinion ; in awful words he turned his former blessing into a curse, and forbade wine ever after to his disciples.

This prohibition of wine hindered many of the prophet's contemporaries from embracing his religion. Yet several of the most respectable Pagan Arabs—like many of the Jews and early Christians—abstained altogether from wine from a feeling of its injurious effects upon morals, and in some cases in that climate on health, but more especially from the fear of being led by it into the commission of foolish, degrading, and idiotic actions. We are told in history of one "Keys," the son of Asim, who, one night being overcome with wine, attempted to lay hold of the moon, and swore he would not quit the spot until he had grasped it. Hallucination with a vengeance! After leaping several times most frantically, and straining, with the view of effecting his purpose, he fell flat on his face and broke his nose. Next morning, when he had recovered his senses, the cause of his disfigurement was disclosed to him, and all his pleasing behaviour of the evening. Keys was so mortified and abashed at his own folly that he swore a solemn oath to abstain from wine for ever after.

Later on, Ali the Caliph (A.D. 634), issued an order that whoever drank any wine should receive four score stripes on the bare soles of his feet, and one Omar, who was caught tippling with his friends in a mosque, at Medina, was forced to undergo this novel, but tickling, and withal painful punishment. At the same time, all were exhorted that if any were conscious of being guilty, they had better come forward, in testimony of the sincerity of their repentance, and voluntarily submit to this penance. Many did come forward, having no other accuser but their own conscience. In reward, they were told of the project of marching to Antioch against the *Grecian dog*—as was the fashionable vituperation—for that was the best compliment they could pay the Emperor. Now, the rules and principles of modern Good Templars seem more to correspond with those of these Saracens than with those of the Knights Templars of the twelfth century. For although it does not appear that the followers of Mahomet had a Grand Master, or a W. I. G., or W. W. G., attached to their names, or, indeed, any of those mystic letters which to the uninitiated are incomprehensible, yet it is to be both hoped and believed that modern Good Templars will, like the best and truest of them, persevere in carrying out their principles in their real spirit and not, like their namesakes of old, fall away into debauchery, avarice, and wrong. Certainly, the theory and practice of the ancient Mahometans were similar, if not identical, with those of the Order we are now contemplating, while the Knights Templars only resembled them in *this*, that they were banded together by mutual compact, and were presided over by a Grand Head.

It will hardly be a matter of surprise, when we calculate the amount of good that the Templars are working throughout the world, to find some enthusiastic people inaugurating some new independent Order. We should scarcely be startled if we were some day to hear of our American friends founding an "Independent Order of Good

Chimneys"—brothers and sisters of this worshipful Order, like good chimneys, don't smoke. And, seriously, some such institution might work with beneficial results among some of my transatlantic acquaintances. Nicotine in excess is nearly as injurious to nerve and brain as alcohol, and the amount of tobacco consumed by some is truly appalling. Don't let me be understood as railing against the use of the fragrant weed—I love it too well.

> "Sublime tobacco, that from East to West
> Cheers the tars' labours, and act Turkman's rest;
> Magnificent in Stamboul, far less grand,
> Tho' not less loved in Wapping or the Strand;
> Divine in hookah, glorious in a pipe,
> When tipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
> Yet they, true lovers, more admire by far
> Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar."

So wrote Byron, and I agree with him; but use is one thing, abuse is another, and so I think my dreamt-of Order may some day come into being, and its title is at least as expressive of its object as the term "Good Templars" is of their aim. At all events, it is devoutly to be wished that any schemes for the spiritual, intellectual, and physical amelioration of our race may meet with such success as has hitherto attended the cause of Good Templarism, and that they may carry in them the purely benevolent spirit which actuates its promoters. For, to their praise be it said, they do not magnify their office, nor exalt membership or brotherhood of the society, like some others, above the divine grace of temperance.

If all that is done for the good of our fellows be after this pattern, we shall not in time care much to ask, "What is in a name?" but "What is in the man?"—not "Why is he called a Good Templar?" but "how is it he is a good man?"

C. F. O.

Kafir Nursery Tales.*

Tales such as the following are very numerous among the Kafir tribes to the eastward of the Colony, by whom they are told with such slight variations as to surprise Europeans, hardly two of whom will relate one of our nursery tales in the same manner. Many ancient dames pride themselves upon an extensive knowledge of such stories, and from them little children hear them as soon almost as they begin to lisp. The girls retain them in their memory, and frequently laugh over them in after years, but with the boys it is different. Knowledge derived from a woman—even be that woman his grandmother or mother—is lightly esteemed by a Kafir man, and these stories soon come to be considered by the lads as old women's fables, quite unworthy of their notice. They tell hunting

* This writer, in a private note to the editor, says:—"You may depend upon these stories being authentic. The first, indeed, I had from at least twenty different sources."—Ed.

tales, love stories, the deeds of their chiefs and ancestors, and lately, unhappily, of Bacchanalian orgies, but seldom refer to the stories of childhood, which probably they soon forget. The first of the following tales is very popular with Kafir children. There are some others that hold higher places in their estimation than the second and third, but these have been selected on account of their reference (in common with the first) to cannibals.

T.

Victoria East, September 12th, 1874.

STORY OF DEMANE AND DEMAZANA.

Once upon a time a brother and sister, who were twins and orphans, were obliged on account of ill-usage to run away from their relatives. The boy's name was Demane, the girl's Demazana. They went to live in a cave that had two holes to let in air and light, the entrance to which was protected by a very strong door, with a fastening inside. Demane went out hunting by day, and told his sister that she was not to roast any meat while he was absent, lest the cannibals should discover their retreat by the savoury smell. The girl would have been quite safe if she had done as her brother commanded. But she was wayward, and one day she took some fat buffalo meat and put it on a fire to roast. A cannibal, called Zim, smelt the flesh cooking, and went to the cave, but found the door fastened, so he tried to imitate Demane's voice, and asked to be admitted, but Demazana said, "No, you are not my brother, your voice is not like his." The cannibal went away, and after a little while came back again, and spoke in another tone of voice, "Do let me in, my sister." The girl answered, "Go away, you wicked cannibal, your voice is hoarse, you are not my brother." So he went away and consulted with another cannibal. He said, "What must I do to obtain what I desire?" He was afraid to tell what his desire was, lest the other cannibal should want a share of the girl. His friend said, 'You must burn your throat with a hot iron." He did so, and then no longer spoke hoarse. Again he presented himself before the door of the cave, and this time the girl was deceived. She believed him to be her brother come back from hunting, so she opened the door. The cannibal went in and seized her.

As she was being carried away she dropped some ashes here and there along the path. Soon after this, Demane, who had taken nothing that day but a swarm of bees, returned and found his sister gone. He guessed what had happened, and followed the path by means of the ashes until he came to Zim's dwelling. The cannibal's family were out gathering firewood, but he was at home, and had just put Demazana in a big bag, where he intended to keep her till the fire was made. Demane said, "Give me water to drink, uncle." Zim replied, "I will, if you will promise not to touch my bag." Demane promised. Then Zim went to get some water, and while he was away Demane took his sister out of the bag and put the bees in it, after which they both concealed themselves.

When Zim came with the water, his wife and son and daughter came also with firewood. He said to his daughter, "There is something nice in the bag, go bring it." She went, but the bees stung her hand, and she called out, "It is biting." He sent his son, and afterwards his wife, but the result was the same. Then he became angry, and drove them outside, and having put a block of wood in the doorway he opened the bag himself. The bees swarmed out and stung his head, particularly his eyes, so that he could not see. There was a little hole in the thatch, and through this he forced his way, and jumped about, howling with pain. Then he ran and fell headlong into a pond, where his head stuck fast in the mud, and he became a block of wood like the stump of a tree. The bees made their home in the stump, but no one could get their honey, because when any one tried, his hand stuck fast.

Demane and Demazana then took all Zim's possessions, which were very great, and so they became wealthy people.

THE STORY OF IRONSIDE AND HIS SISTER.

A long time ago a woman who went to cultivate her garden took her little daughter with her, and before she began to hoe the ground she laid the child down in the shade of a tree. About midday there came two birds, and flew away with the girl. They carried her across a great river, and laid her gently down in a pumpkin-field on a plain. As the birds were carrying her away she called to her mother, who took no notice of her cries, because she could not imagine her child was being taken away. In the afternoon the girl was missing, and her mother searched for her without success. She made inquiries of the neighbours, and some of them told her they had heard the child crying, "I am going away with the birds."

The plain on which the little girl was put down was near a town in which lived a nation of cannibals who had one leg much longer than the other. There she remained alone till the next day. That night the chief of the cannibals dreamed that he saw a very pretty girl in that place; so in the morning he sent a party of men to look for her. When the girl saw them coming she was afraid, and hid herself among the pumpkins. But the men had already noticed where she was, so they easily found her, and took her home with them. The chief was very much pleased with her appearance. He gave her to his mother to take care of, and when she grew up he took her to be his wife.

Afterwards she had two children: one very pretty, and with two legs like herself; the other ugly, and like its father, with one leg longer than the other. The cannibals saw the advantage of having two legs of equal length, and they became jealous of the woman and her child. They told the chief it would be dangerous to allow the child to grow up, because then a nation stronger than themselves might arise. They persuaded him to consent to her being put to death, and then they rejoiced greatly, because she was very fat, and they intended to eat her. But one of them who had more compassion than the others told the woman what they were about to do.

After the little girl had been taken away by the birds, her mother had a son, one of whose sides was flesh like other people's, and the other side was iron. His mother told him of his sister who was lost, and when he became a man he determined to go in search of her. In his journey he came to a great river full of water; he had an iron rod in his hand, with which he struck the water, and at the same time he called out with a loud voice, "River, I have no sister, be empty." Then the river dried up, and he went safely across. After this he came to the stream where the cannibals drew their water, and concealed himself among the reeds which grew on its banks. While there his sister came to get water, and he at once knew who she was. She, of course, did not know him, but he told her he was her brother. Then she said the cannibals would eat him if he went to their town without an introduction. So they arranged that he should smear himself with mud, and go to the top of a high hill, and when he was coming down she would tell the cannibals who he was.

Ironside went on the hill, and as soon as he came in sight of the town his sister said, "There is the servant of the wife of the chief of the cannibals." These words she repeated twice. When Ironside reached the town a mat was brought to him, and spread in front of his sister's house, but after a time he was allowed to go inside, still covered with mud. The next day they all went to hunt, and Ironside killed more game than the others, upon which they became envious of him. This was shortly before the cannibals agreed to kill and eat the daughter of their chief. When the one who had compassion made known what was about to be done, Ironside was present, and heard what was told. He said to his sister that she must pluck the hair from her head, and scatter it about in different directions. This she did, after which Ironside and his sister and her child left the town in haste.

The cannibals came, and when they could not find the child, they called her loudly by name. Then the tufts of hair all answered in her voice, and the seekers became confused. Ironside and his companions, having two legs, could walk much quicker than the cannibals, and soon they were on the other side of the large river. The child trembled, and was very much frightened, but her uncle told her not to fear at all. After they had crossed, Ironside struck the river with his iron rod, and said, "River, I have found my sister, be full." Then the water rose very high, quite to the top of the banks.

A party of cannibals who were in pursuit came to the river after it was ful., and Ironside made a long rope and threw the end over to them. They caught hold of it, thinking that he would pull them across, but when they were in the middle of the river he let go the rope and they were all drowned. Another party then came and asked where their companions were. Ironside said they had gone to a ford further down, but they knew that was not true, so they returned home. Afterwards they discovered who it was that gave warning of their intentions, and they killed and ate that one.

So Ironside took his sister home to her mother, who received her with the greatest joy, never having forgotten her during all that long time.

THE GREAT CHIEF OF THE ANIMALS.

There was once a woman who had occasion to leave her home for a short time, and who gave her children in charge to a hare. The place where they lived was close to a path, along which droves of wild animals were accustomed to pass. Soon after the woman left, the animals appeared, and the hare at sight of them became frightened. So she ran away to a distance, and stood to watch. Among the animals was one terrible monster, which called to the hare, and demanded to know what children those were. The hare told their names, upon which the animal swallowed them entire.

When the woman returned, the hare told her what had happened. Then the woman gathered some dry wood and sharpened two pieces of iron, which she took with her, and went along the path. Now this was the chief of the animals; therefore, when she came on a hill over against him, the woman began to call out that she was looking for her children. The animal replied, "Come nearer, I cannot hear you." When she went, he swallowed her also. The woman found her children alive, and also many other people, and oxen, and dogs. The children were hungry, so the woman with her pieces of iron cut some pieces of flesh from the animal's ribs. She then made a fire and cooked the meat, and the children ate. The other people said, "We also are hungry, give us to eat." Then she cut and cooked for them also. The animal felt uncomfortable under this treatment, and called his councillors together for advice, but they could suggest no remedy. He lay down and rolled in the mud, but that did not help him, and at last he went and put his head in the kraal fence, and died.

His councillors were standing at a distance, afraid to approach him, so they sent a monkey to see how he was. The monkey returned and said, "Those whose home is on the mountains must hasten to the mountains, those whose home is on the plains must hasten to the plains, as for me I go to the rocks." Then the animals all dispersed. By this time the woman had succeeded in cutting a hole through the chief's side, and came forth followed by her children. Then an ox came out, and said, "Bo! bo! who helped me?" Then a dog, who said, "Ho! ho! who helped me?" Then a man who said, "Zo! zo! who helped me?" Afterwards all the people and cattle came out. They agreed that the woman who helped them should be their chief.

When her children became men, they were out hunting one day, and saw a monstrous cannibal, who was sticking fast in a mud hole. They killed him, and then returned to tell the men of their tribe what they had done. The men went and skinned the cannibal, when a great number of people came from him also. These joined their deliverers, and so that people became a great nation.

Running the Gauntlet: or the eight times dusted Bush-buck Doe.

AN ALBANY BALLAD.

On Tuesday Robert Featherstone,
A general hunt did give
To men of Lower Albany,
Who round about do live.

Bush after bush the natives beat,
Few living things were started,
Quite dull at length the hunt became,
We almost felt down-hearted.

But when old Sol had mounted high
The realms of fadeless blue,
In silence stealing stream and vlei,
Unseen by mortal view,

From out Black Kloof a bush-buck broke,
With many a graceful bound:
Awhile surveyed the guarded field
By hunters closed around.

Near William Gray away she flies,
Across the sloping vale;
Four drachms of powder roar in vain,
And smoke along the gale.

Bob Featherstone has now a chance
To stop the bounding game,
To gain fresh laurels in the field,
And win immortal fame!

He fired—she fell not! Can it be,
A sportsman so renowned
Could miss a buck, however fleet,
So near, on open ground?

George Penny next was seen to raise
Aloft his double gun,
And aim, as if he meant to *kil*
The doe that meant to *run*.

Alas! when most we wish to shine
In fiddling or in song,
In making love, or shooting game,
Then something *will* go wrong!

Let's laugh it off; ah, yes, we will,
And to our tale return;
To Featherstone again attend,
From whom we all may learn

Miss Fortune's frown, however dark,
Right manfully to bear.
He fires again—another miss!
Well may the natives stare.

And now the sprightly antelope,
With long extended throat,
Black, staring eyes, projecting ears,
Bears down on gallant Pote.

Again Black Kloof resounds afar!
Down pours the leaden rain;
Courageously she holds her course
(An aloe bleeds in vain),

And almost brush'd young Mortie's boots,
Misdeeming him a learner!
Threw up the dust, and whisk'd her tail,
And offered him a sterner!

Then flash'd the lady-killing eyes,
So full, expressive, blue,—
Another shot—fire, smoke, and dust
Conceal'd the saucy ewe.

"See, there she goes, dear Mortimer,
The white tail swings afar!"
Grown rash, she hastens on to face
A Bathurst sporting star.

Napoleon-like, she thought, no doubt,
No shot for her was cast—
That Destiny had pre-ordain'd
That she'd get safely past

The last great danger of the field,
Where, self-collected, stood
The Colonel of the "Bathurst Greys,"
"Coal-Merchant," Joseph Wood.

Long tried on many a hunting field,
"She's mine," he said, and smiled;
In mental eye he saw the doe—
The beautiful—the wild,

Extended on the battle-field :
He calmly aims, and fires ;
"Not dead?" how strange!—another shot!
And—lo! the doe retires,

With her attendant retinue—
A far extending line
Of greyhound, pointers, ringtail curs,
And other friends canine.

Knob-kerries *sing* a last adieu ;
The trembling assegai
Impatient leaps from many a hand,
To *breathe* a parting sigh!

With hairless tail, and bleeding ears,
She leaves the hunt behind,
Then seeks a densely-cover'd height,
And, safely there reclined,

In silence views the war below
Move down the rocky vale!
And mourns her maim'd and bleeding ears,
Her white-lined yellow tail.

"Alas! no buck will call me now
The pretty Black Kloof Belle ;
O, curséd hunt, I almost wish
Bob Featherstone in h—.

"I'll haste to some far-distant wood,
To all my friends unknown,
And there remain in solitude
Until my hair be grown ;

"Then to Black Kloof, without delay,
By night, I will return,
Accept the love of some dark swain,
And cease at length to mourn."

D.

Life's Enigma.

Oh ! might I burst these dull fetters of clay,
And soar to the skies but for one brief day,
Gaze upon worlds in their whirling race,
Discover the myst'ry of limitless space,
Find out the law that o'ergoverns the whole,
The beginning of time, and eternity's goal ;
Know the spirit's existence—when severed by death,
Part body and soul with the parting breath ?
Can it mount like the eagle, take wings on the wind,
And be where it would be, by bonds unconfined ?
Can it think and remember, feel pleasure and pain ?
Or are spirits absorbed in life's fountain again ?—
As the ripples of ocean still separate seem,
Or the rays that are shed by the sun's bright beam :
Yet the ripples of ocean, the rays of the sun,
Living singly a moment, again become one !
Is life like the ocean, each separate soul
But a ripple, again to be merged in the whole ?
When the dust has returned to the dust of the grave,
Does the spirit flit back to the God who gave ?

I mused, and there came on the whispering breeze
A voice in my ear full of sweetness and peace—
"Man's lot is to wait, and to labour *alone*,
Not now is it granted to know as thou'rt known."

O. H. H.

Second Note on the "Sketch of the Geology of the Cape."

I take the liberty of giving the following translation of an article by my friend, Dr. Cohen, of the University of Heidelberg, on the subject of the claims of Mr. Dunn as author of the scientific view of the New Rush Diamond Field, &c, as being volcanic pipes. I urged Dr. Cohen's claims in the July number of the *Cape Monthly*, but did not think then that I should be in a position, from the author's own hands, to show that I was justified in all I said. The letter is as follows :—

HEIDELBERG, 21st of May, 1874.

SIR,—The article of Mr. E. J. Dunn, on "The Mode of Occurrence of Diamonds in South Africa," contained in the 30th volume of the *Quarterly Journal of Geology*, gives me occasion to remark that I have expounded the same views, in all essential points, already in a letter written to your journal from Du Toit's Pan, on the 20th September, 1872.*

Whether the theory of the Diamond-fields in South Africa then enunciated by me for the first time, as far as I am aware, be the right one or not, will only be established after intrinsic investigation of the materials brought home by me,—to which I intend to devote myself as soon as possible. Before this I should not have seen any occasion for a further contribution, if it had not been for the surprising fact that Mr. Dunn now—more than two years after some observations of

* Communicated to the *Neuen Jahrbuch fur Mineralogie, &c.*, 1872.

his made on the spot—expresses opinions, which are diametrically opposed to his former ones, and in harmony with my own, without making any mention of my communication. The condition of things in the "dry diggings" has been latterly such as to preclude the possibility almost of arriving at any other conclusion than that proposed by me, if one be only so situated as to take account of the physical geological (*geognostische*) character of the phenomenon, without any investigation of the material. It appeared to me, therefore, the more inconceivable, how a geologist could draw such conclusions as Mr. Dunn has published in his "Notes on the Diamond-fields, Cape Town, 1871." I believe myself to be the more entitled to draw attention to these facts, and claim the priority for myself, as opportunities cannot have been wanting to Mr. Dunn to become acquainted with my views. Independently of my publication in an easily accessible journal like yours, I sent to Dr. Shaw, of Colesberg, and Mr. C. L. Griesbach, the separate papers (both of whom were in London at the same time as Mr. Dunn); and I have explained to the former gentleman my theory as early as July, 1872, during his visit to the New Rush.

Incidentally I wish to add the communication that the so-called "Ironstone" of the diggers is, according to my preliminary investigations, partly *Diabas* Olivine*, and is therefore almost identical with the trap (basalt) of the West of Scotland and Hebrides, and to some extent approaches *Gabbro*, as I have stated in my previous article, from macroscopic finding.† The difference made by Mr. Dunn between *Gabbro* and *Euphodite* probably rests on an error; they are both synonyms for the same rock-base. The first named was introduced by L. von Buch, and the second by Haüy. But whether the ground in which the diamonds are found has any connection with this ironstone can only be decided, if at all, by careful chemical and microscopic studies.

A similar communication to this has been sent by me to the *Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society*.

E. Cohen.

The writer of the *Cape Monthly*, "Jno," author of the sketch on the "Geology of the Cape," and Mr. Dunn's champion, has replied to my note, stating that it was not his intention to set forward Mr. Dunn as the first propounder of the theory of volcanic pipes. With this explanation and my note I am satisfied. It does not appear, however, that Mr. Dunn himself has duly acknowledged Dr. Cohen's claims: a fact I am not surprised at. Mr. Dunn has not, in connection with his observations in the Diamond-fields, recognized any workers before him, and his observations of permanent value have been simply reproductions of my own and others. I do not say that Mr. Dunn has quietly copied from my articles on the "Geology of the Diamond-fields," but I do say that it is not customary among scientific men to ignore previous work done in the same field, and indicates on the part of Mr. Dunn ignorance of the amenities of scientific etiquette.

A charge of hypercriticism is made against me by "Jno." I think before I have done with Mr. Dunn's map, which is advanced as embodying his views, I shall show that I could scarcely attribute many errors of his to mere printer's mistakes. And even before this he has exhibited such undoubted haste and ignorance in some of his views, that I could not but be prepared for even graver mistakes than that of grouping as metamorphic granite, doleritic, dioritic, and other

* Abgedruckt von diesem *Jahrbuch*, *Jahrgang* 1872, s. 857—61.

† Goniometrical finding.

formations. In his "Notes on the Diamond-fields, Cape Town, 1871," he applied the term "Pleiocene" to the diamantiferous alluvial of the Vaal. In the same document he enunciated his celebrated theory of the sand-storm origin of the Diamond-fields. But perhaps it would be better for me to make the maturer observations of Mr. Dunn's, as embodied in his map, the subject of criticism, and give him the benefit of the difficulty of writing on the field, and necessarily under circumstances when the best men are often in fault.

1. His map gives original observations only on three heads, and these are either wrong or questionable. It is simply a compilation, and a very rough one, of what has been done by others in all respects except these three.

(*a*) There is an extensive territory laid down in the northern Karoo and generally through the East, and marked as intersected by numerous doleritic dykes. Now, with reference to this, there is not in the whole region, (and I have been over the greater part of it), one doleritic dyke. Diorite it may be called, being in some instances, as in the Sneeuwbergen, diabase hypersthene; in others, as in the neighbourhood of Colesberg, diabase labradorite; and, as in the Diamond-fields, diabase olivine; but there is not a trace of dolerite in the whole region. Then, as to the term "dyke" even exception must be taken, as not being at all an adequate expression to set forth the nature of the *overlying* masses of trap, which are the feature of the country, and which have proceeded from dykes, which, as Wyley so well pointed out, are as a rule to be found here and there in flats and flush with the Karoo beds, through which they had thrust themselves. The intrusive and overlying action of these igneous rocks is thus overwhelmingly characteristic in comparison to the eruptive display in dykes.

(*b*) There is another tract marked as glacial conglomerate, and certainly Mr. Dunn deserves the palm for originality here. I have examined miles of country exhibiting glacial action in Scotland, and I think I know such when I see it. I was curious, therefore, to examine the specimen left by Mr. Dunn in our Museum, and I have no hesitation in saying that it never was under glacial influence. If his hypothesis is to deserve even conjectural treatment, it must be supported on better evidence. I have been over a good part of the same tract, and have never seen any signs of glaciation. Considering, moreover, that the matrix of the conglomerate is a calcareous tufa, the absurdity becomes too glaring for sober criticism.

(*c*) One spot only in the Diamond-fields is marked—a small spot of trap conglomerate at Pniel. I was the first to observe the presence of trap conglomerate there; but it is to the east of Pniel, not the west.

2. I might now be justified in stating what the map does not contain, but will merely content myself with saying that there is no reference to the trap conglomerate and amygdaloids at Hope Town, described by Mr. Wyley, and afterwards by me. I think, however, that I have shown sufficient to justify my opinion in regard to the work done by Mr. Dunn, expressed in my "Note," and that if we are to have a Geological Survey, we must have it in another style, and under the direction of other than such as he.

JOHN SHAW.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

On Professor Tyndall's Address.*

Canst thou by searching find out God?
And unto man He said, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.
Job xi., 7, *and* xxviii., 28.

EACH of these verses contains a word which in every age has represented the object of the highest human pursuit. To find out God, and to know wisdom,—these have ever been to the highest and noblest of human intellects the object of their keenest and most absorbing pursuit. Wherever man has risen above the condition of barbarism, the masses may indeed have been content with the things that are seen and temporal; but the few have always striven to rise above them, and to reach the realm of the unseen and the eternal. It was so in the great nations of antiquity. The apostle struck the key-note of the higher life of Greece when he said, "The Greeks seek after wisdom." They would have accepted the description, and acknowledged it with pride. And the Romans, who, intellectually, were the children and inheritors of Greece, would have been equally proud of the appellation. In the midst of that passion for power and that pride of conquest which were the special characteristic of the Roman, there were still found among them some men of kingly intellectual stature who devoted themselves to the great search for wisdom, and who kept the torch of philosophy—kindled for them in the porticos of Athens—burning brightly among the palaces of the Tiber.

And the absorbing pursuit has not slackened in our own day. The intense eagerness with which men have engaged in it, and the splendid success which has attended their efforts, are among the most memorable features in this age of wonders. "Where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" These are the questions that are beating incessantly at the heart and the intellect of the foremost men of this age, and directing its marvellous and

* The following address, by the Rev. Dr. Cameron, was delivered at Sea Point on Sunday evening, the 11th October, and has, at our request, been kindly handed to us for publication.—ED. *C.M.M.*

manifold activities. Only within the last few weeks we have had striking and interesting evidence of the intense earnestness of the modern pursuit of knowledge, in the arrival in our waters of costly and richly-equipped expeditions, fitted out by the great nations of the world to observe at different points on the earth's surface the transit of a planet across the disc of the sun, that an addition might be made to the sum of human knowledge and to the conveniences of human life. And our recollections are still fresh of the interesting visit to our shores of that scientific expedition which is still pursuing in eastern waters its task of examining the forms of life that inhabit the depths of the ocean.

These facts sufficiently indicate the direction in which the mind of man is moving in the pursuit of knowledge. The great feature of modern intellectual life is its earnest and eager physical research. Nature is everywhere being questioned with the utmost patience and minuteness, and with the most brilliant success. The silent spaces of the heavens, the pathless depths of the sea, the great stone-book of the earth's crust, the tissues of animal and vegetable life—in a word, everything that can be brought into the field of the telescope or the focus of the microscope, under the scalpel of the anatomist, or upon the balances of the chemist, is being compelled to give up its ancient secrets and whisper them into the eager ear of science.

Now it is impossible for intelligent Christian men to regard these researches and discoveries with indifference. Our calling as Christians, our claim to be enrolled as citizens in the registries of the "city that hath foundations," our faith in the supreme importance and the abiding glory of things that "eye hath not seen nor ear heard," need not, and do not, deaden our interest in this fair and wondrous earth which is the scene of our pilgrimage to the city of God. This, too, is a chamber of our Father's house, and we yield to none in our interest and eagerness to know more than we do of the exquisite beauty, the grand, all-pervading laws, the infinite and beautiful relations of the manifold works of our God. When science, therefore, opens her mouth and speaks, we bring the listening ear and the humble heart; prepared for yet deeper views of the harmony of all the works of God, and hoping to gain yet more impressive thoughts of the greatness and glory of Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being.

And science has recently spoken to us, in the person of one of its most distinguished representatives. At the recent meeting of the British Association, held at Belfast in August last, Professor Tyndall, the President for the year, delivered an opening address, in which he traced the progress of scientific thought from the earliest times to our own day. The fame of Professor Tyndall as a man of science, his high position as an original discoverer in some of the most interesting departments of scientific research, the sparkling clearness of his style, and his acknowledged place as the most able living

interpreter of science to the world outside of science—all these combined to raise the large and learned audience that listened to the address to a high pitch of expectation. There was also another thing that gave a special character and a special intensity to this expectation. Professor Tyndall was well known to hold very strong views on the relations of science and religion, and to have taken an active part in the supposed controversy between them. From time to time he has challenged, on scientific grounds, the reasonableness of the teachings of Christianity on such subjects as miracles, Divine Providence, and the efficacy of prayer. There was, therefore, much eagerness to know whether, as President of the Association, he would confine himself, as his predecessors in the chair had done, to a calm and critical survey of the progress of science ; or whether, leaving the serene heights of scientific speculation and thought, he would use his high position for the purpose of advocating and developing those views which have already done so much to shock the religious sense of his countrymen. The latter was the course upon which he decided. With an eagerness which, in the judgment of most men (even among those who share his views) showed far more boldness than wisdom, he rushed into the conflict of opinions, and took his place with those who reject Christianity as a delusion, and a living God as a fast-dying superstition.

Upon this address, and the views which it advocates, I have undertaken to say something this evening. I will make no attempt to analyse the address, or to follow it step by step. The one thing I am anxious to do is to set before you, clearly and fairly, the position which is taken up by one of the most eminent scientific men of the day, and the grounds on which he asks us to cast away our faith in God and the soul of man, in immortality and heaven.

The address, as a whole, may be described as a summary of the history of man's attempts to account for the existence of things. The first of the many names which it brings forward is that of a Greek philosopher who lived in the fifth century before Christ ; and the last is that of Professor Tyndall himself. Through many intermediate links the chain of opinion is followed, until the ends unite, and the chain becomes a circle. The Greek philosopher of the fifth century before Christ, and the English physicist of the nineteenth century after Christ, bring the ends together and complete the circle. The only existing things, says the former—and his words are quoted with evident and high approbation by Professor Tyndall—are atoms and empty space. These atoms, or ultimate indivisible particles, are in a state of perpetual motion, always striking against each other, and by their collision the first beginnings of things arise. And this, or something similar to this, is the view that we are asked by Professor Tyndall to accept. "Abandoning all disguise," he says, "I discern in matter . . . . the promise and potency of every form and quality of life."

"Abandoning all disguise," Professor Tyndall says, and "prolong

ing the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence," he makes this confession. Upon each of these expressions I would offer a remark.

(a.) The first remark is that all disguise does not seem to have been completely abandoned. For the boldness of this statement seems to be qualified by some of the expressions that follow it—as, for instance, in the next paragraph of the address, where he speaks of "a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man," and declares that "as little in our day, as in the days of Job, can man by searching find this Power out." It might be argued that the view advocated by Professor Tyndall does not necessarily exclude the idea of a God,—that, in his view, the "matter" in which he discerns "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," received this promise from a source external to itself, and was endowed with this potency by God. I cannot, on a careful reading of the address, find anything in it to justify this position; and the entire tone and spirit of it points to an opposite conclusion. Indeed, the theory of the spontaneous evolution of all things is distinctly and favourably contrasted with the theory, "if it could with any propriety be so called, which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe, into an artificer fashioned after the human model." Professor Tyndall's use of the word "garment" cannot fail to remind us of a sublime passage in the Psalms, in which the Almighty is described as "covering Himself with light as with a garment." In these words there is no disguise. The man who wrote them believed in a personal living God of Creation; and to speak of this living person as robed in a garment of light is a perfectly natural as well as a very magnificent metaphor. But to speak of "the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe," is at once misleading and inaccurate, unless the power is to the speaker an equivalent for a living person. And that it is no such equivalent to Professor Tyndall, the entire tendency of the address manifestly shows, notwithstanding the spelling of power with a capital P, and the attribution to it of the visible universe as a garment.

If this is a true view of Professor Tyndall's position, we may proceed at once to put into other and simpler words his confession that matter in itself contains "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." The words mean simply, that there is no need of a God, and no room for Him, in the system of the universe. The world is self-developed—it makes itself; whether, as the old Greek declared, by the interaction and concussion of atoms, or by some other mechanical and material process, does not very clearly appear. But the fact remains; and if we accept this new gospel of Nature, we shall henceforth believe that the creative power which we have been taught to regard as an attribute of God, is nothing but a property of matter. Matter is both living and life-giving—not that "mere empty *capacity* which philosophers have pictured her to be,

but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb." God is a clumsy and unscientific expedient—away with Him.

(*b.*) The second remark is that it is only a natural question to ask, On what evidence are we to acquiesce in this demand upon us to abandon our first and strongest religious beliefs? Here is a man of science, eminent as an observer of facts, clamorous in his demand for experimental evidence, to whom the world has listened with admiration and allegiance as an interpreter of nature, because he is so calm in observing facts and careful in weighing evidence—here is this eminent man saying to us in effect, "There is no God. The power that you imagine to belong to God resides in matter; life is but the subtle workmanship of matter; men are but cunning casts in clay; thought, feeling, conscience, desire—these are but functions of matter. The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is a God;' but the wise man hath said with his understanding, 'There is no God.'" In so momentous a question as this, we surely have a right to ask for very clear evidence to justify us in accepting these conclusions. Where is it? The answer is in three words,—there is none! simply and absolutely none. And this is no mere assertion of mine, but Professor Tyndall's own admission. He says that, in making this statement, he is looking "across the boundary of the experimental evidence." Surely, we have a right to turn round upon him with astonishment and indignation, and say, *Across* the boundary of the experimental evidence! Why, you have been teaching us all these years that truth is to be reached only by keeping *within* the boundary of the experimental evidence. On this you rest, and we have admitted, your claim to teach us. You come to us from the far places and the inner shrines of the temple of nature, if you will still allow us to use such language, and speak with authority of what you have seen and heard and handled. But here, in the most momentous of all questions, in the matter that lies nearest to our hearts, you ask us to admit your conclusions without that which alone has given value and authority to them hitherto. We ask for the bread of well-attested evidence, and you give us the stone of a bare and unsupported assertion.

And if at this point it should be urged that, from the very nature of the case, the experimental evidence is not available, and that the physical investigator must of necessity pass across its boundary, the answer is very simple and decisive. When once the physicist has crossed the boundary of the experimental evidence, he strips himself of the authority with which hitherto he has spoken to us. By his own admission he has exceeded the limits within which our allegiance is due to him. He has entered the region where at last the most delicate analysis fails him—where weights and measures and balances have nothing to record. But it is for this very analysis, for the accuracy of his weights and measures, that we have given him credit. He tells us that they fail him just where his demands on our

faith are largest and most trying. We accept and return upon him his own words:—"When the human mind has achieved greatness and given evidence of extraordinary power in any domain, there is a tendency to credit it with similar power in all other domains. Thus theologians have found comfort and assurance in the thought that Newton dealt with the question of revelation, forgetful of the fact that the very devotion of his powers, through all the best years of his life, to a totally different class of ideas, tended to render him less instead of more competent to deal with theological and historic questions." The comfort and assurance which Christians may have derived from the fact that Newton wrote in defence of Christianity are at least as reasonable as any fear and trembling which may arise from the fact that Professor Tyndall denounces it as a superstition; since the devotion of the best years of the illustrious Professor's life to a totally different class of ideas has tended, by his own confession, to render him less competent to deal with such questions.

But the limits within which I can ask for your attention are already almost exceeded, and I have touched upon only one of several points upon which I would remark. Yet let me ask you to follow me a few minutes longer, as I glance at one or two of the results of this attempted reconstruction of our religious beliefs.

One of these results, it might naturally be supposed, will be the destruction of religion altogether. If religion is truly defined as the due relation of the heart to God, it would seem reasonable to conclude that with discarding the idea of God the notion of religion would at the same time be destroyed. But it is not so. Religion is to remain, provided that it is not permitted to intrude on the domain of *knowledge*, and is allowed to exercise an influence only in the region of *emotion*. It is admitted that there are in man deep and inextinguishable feelings of awe, reverence, and wonder, and that these have given birth to the various religions of the world. But these forms of religion must change with the changes of thought and the progress of science in successive ages; and those who accept them must do so on the distinct understanding that in these matters a steadfast and enduring faith is impossible—to use the words of the address, "with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable." On such conditions, we are told, these religions may be not only harmless but even serviceable to mankind. Nay, more than this, Professor Tyndall goes the length of gently urging upon those "who have escaped from these religions in the high-and-dry light of the understanding," that they have gone too far in deriding them, and that "it will be wise to recognise them as the forms of force." Let us clearly understand the meaning of this claim. Religion must have nothing to do with facts: it may only regulate the feelings. It does not much matter whether we sacrifice to the gods of the Pantheon, or pass our children through the fires of Moloch, or bow down to a monster with a hundred heads, or 'make a joyful noise unto the Lord, and exalt the God of the rock

of our Salvation,"—Jupiter or Jehovah, Olympus or Calvary, Mohammed or Christ. These are only varieties of the religious sentiment—different channels in which the same stream of reverence is permitted to flow. Religion has done its work when it touches and quickens the emotional nature of man. Let it abandon all right to speak in the domain of Knowledge, and make no claim to rest on any other fact than "that there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, wonder,"—then, and only then, can it be tolerated.

If this position is once accepted, we may fling our Bibles aside, and blot the name of Christ from the records of human life. For the Bible deals to a large extent with the domain of knowledge, and Christianity rests upon a foundation of facts. "That which we have heard, that which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled—that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you."* "A declaration of those things which are most surely believed among us . . . . that thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."† "It was not as followers of cunningly-devised fables, but as having been eye-witnesses of His majesty, that we declared to you the power and presence of our Lord Jesus Christ."‡ Such passages will occur to you in abundance. That is no fair presentation of Christianity which does not base it upon the facts of a Divine life and death and resurrection,—facts that hold their place in the world's history quite as much as any other facts, and belong to the domain of knowledge quite independently of any theory or opinion about them. To say that religion must stand apart from knowledge is only a roundabout way of saying, Christianity is a falsehood—away with it. The fires of science shall consume this and every other refuge of lies.

On one other point let me ask your attention for a few minutes. Professor Tyndall claims that henceforth science shall be allowed to pursue her way unmolested by the interference of religion ; and he shows how, in past ages, religion has endeavoured to retard the progress, and has persecuted the disciples, of science. In somewhat inflated language he speaks of opposing, to the death if necessary, any attempt to shackle the freedom of the intellect by the despotic sway of religious systems. Such language is mere idle talk, and utterly unworthy of the power and reputation of the man who uses it. He might have spared his indignation on this point. The claim which he makes on behalf of science is one that has long since been conceded. It is an unfair representation of the Christianity of this day to say that it would in any way interfere with the freedom of the intellect in the researches of science. The Christian has learned much, and will learn more still, in the school of science. Scientific discovery has given us—is almost daily giving us—new and broader

* 1 John, i, 1, 2. † Luke i, 1, 4. ‡ 2 Peter, i, 16.

renderings of the language of Scripture, larger and more magnificent views of the scale upon which the Creator has wrought. And Professor Tyndall knows, better than most others, that many of the most conspicuous men in the registers of modern science have not reached their scientific eminence at the cost of their Christian faith. The name of Faraday, his own illustrious predecessor in the chair of science, should have suggested other thoughts. "Whether standing as the philosopher before the rank and fashion of the land, or as the preacher meeting a few humble and devout men and women to teach them the lessons of the Sermon on the Mount, he was the priest of that high religion which sees a Lawgiver as the cause of every law, and represses the pride of human intellect by showing the weakness of man's mightiest efforts to penetrate the darkness which hides powers unknown, guided by laws undreamt of, beyond which reposes the God of Creation, to whom Faraday ever prayed 'for light, more light.'"

But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Admitting, as we do, that in former days ineffectual attempts were made, in the name of religion, to check the advance of science, is it not a fact that of late the relations have been reversed, and that now religion, instead of imposing restrictions upon others, is obliged to protest against the imposition of constraint upon herself? There is a world of sensible things—that is the department of science, and in this domain religion claims no authority to challenge the verdict of science. But there is a world of spiritual things—that is the sphere of religion. And now it is religion that "asks to be allowed to pursue her course unmolested by the score of philosophers," and claims that, as she allows to sense the things that belong to sense, so to faith may be given the things that are her own. Some of you may remember the profound and beautiful prayer by Lord Bacon, entitled "The Student's Prayer." Its closing words are a most appropriate prayer for all of us alike—the student of nature and the disciple of Christ.

"This also we humbly and earnestly beg, that human things may not prejudice such as are Divine; neither that from the unlocking of the gates of sense, and the kindling of a greater natural light, anything of incredulity or intellectual night may arise in our minds towards the Divine Mysteries. But rather that by our mind throughly cleansed and purged from fancy and vanities, and yet subject and perfectly given up to the Divine oracles, there may be given unto Faith the things that are Faith's. *Amen.*"*

I must remind you again of what has already been said—that I had no intention of dealing with the address as a whole. There are many parts of it which do not come within the range of subjects suitable for treatment on an occasion like this, and discussions of modern scientific theories with which I am quite incompetent to

* Bacon's Works, Spedding's Edition, vol. vii, p. 259.

deal. I have endeavoured to do the one thing that I proposed at the outset—to state, and criticize, and protest against the main positions taken up in the address, and to point out some of the consequences involved in them. Some of you have read the powerful and indignant lines that appeared upon the address in a periodical which, dealing for the most part with wit and humour and good-natured satire, now and then speaks in tones of earnest and pathetic seriousness. With their conclusion I entirely agree :—

> If Tyndall's last word be indeed the last,
> Of Hope and Faith hence with each rag and tatter!
> A black cloud shrouds our future, as our past :
> Matter, the wise man's God : the crowd's,—no matter !

But contrast with these stern and passionless demands upon our faith the sublime and simple statements of the Bible. Is it more reasonable to believe that the world is self-originated than to believe that "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth?"—more reasonable to regard conscience, will, emotion as mere functions of matter and the result of subtle combinations of atoms, than to believe that "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding?" Is the cold eye of the philosopher more winning than the tender heart of the Saviour? or does the prospect of annihilation satisfy our hearts more than the hope of heaven? The philosopher concludes his long and brilliant address by a reference to what may be accomplished by the loftiest minds "ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past." The Saviour comforts His sorrowing friends by the assurance, "In my Father's house are many mansions : I go to prepare a place for you;" and the powerful intellect and large heart of the illustrious man whose one desire was to be apprehended of Christ, were alike satisfied by the prospect of "a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." I know not any better antidote to the depressing influence of these dreary opinions, any surer way to the recovery of a peace which they may have disturbed, than calmly and devoutly to read a few verses of the Scriptures—to come into spiritual contact with the bounding joy of a Psalm, or the serene wisdom of the Sermon on the Mount, or the visions which passed before the inner eye of the disciple whom Jesus loved. Thus coming to those great words which

> beat
> Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast,

it is given to man to find "rest in his unrest," and to reach by the avenues of Faith and Love that Peace which we fail to gain by the pathway of the understanding—a Peace of God which in a very profound sense of the words "passeth all understanding." The great poet who has spoken with such power to the heart as well as to the

intellect of our age has given us the record of an experience which contains a very noble and precious lesson for us :—

I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun.

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,
I heard a voice "believe no more,"
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer'd "I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear ;
But that blind clamour made me wise ;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near.

And what I seem beheld again,
What is, and no man understands ;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.

Loose Papers on Sundry Subjects.

By Ian.

III.—POETS AND POETASTERS I HAVE KNOWN.

Professor Masson has made calculation somewhere as to the number of thousands of poets in Britain, who attempt to write poetry : or, as Carlyle would put it, "words that jingle." It may be safely stated, at all events, that there is on an average one poet for every week of the year, who patronizes the poet's corner in each individual newspaper in England. This makes the probabilities appallingly suggestive, that the gift, disease, or whatever else we may call it, is a widespread one. There are also, it is to be presumed, a goodly number of the moonstruck sons of rhyme in lunatic asylums. (The writer knows of two cases !) If, however, Wordsworth is correct in saying that there are many poets of nature, who have "the faculty divine" yet lack "the severe accomplishment of verse," we may be thankful that it is not even worse with us, and that poets are not as plentiful as blackberries.

From a considerable experience of men, and from, by no means, a limited acquaintance with poets and poetasters, I am inclined to think, that every tenth man of average education is, or has been at some period of his life, a rhymer in a sort of fashion. As a general statement I should say, also, that they mainly belong to that class of mankind, which includes the indolent, the very familiar, the easy-going, conceited, and irresponsible, and those addicted to early love-making. Their ruling characteristic is greasiness, a love of borrowing

money, and bad-grip of it when borrowed or honestly acquired, a desire of praise and display, and a feverish and pathetic delight in Mutual Improvement Societies. They are fond of the company of old maids and young ladies if they are such as have a mission,—they are bores to all others. Oh the inflictions of their endless recitations of poetry, and their still more endless yarns on their future developments! I have often thought that there ought to be restrictive legislation on the subject! I have known tailors, who were poets; and shoemakers, schoolmasters, and even civil servants who perpetrated verse: the poetic gift, in every case nearly, was all, however, they were good for! Then, according to their own idea, as tailors, shoemakers, schoolmasters, or whatever else professionally they were, they considered themselves sacrificial lambs or chained lions as long as they were such.

Of some fifty rhymers personally known to me five have produced books, which have had to run that rueful operation of criti-cision (a new word to the English language, necessary, however, considering the history of Keats, Smith, &c.), in the columns of the *Athenæum* devoted to minor poets. One of them is amongst the leading poets of the day; another has left a posthumous volume of poetry, which has reached its fourth edition in England; a third has sublimated into a presbyterian preacher; the fourth is now a melancholy clerk, spending his days over a poet hated and unpoetical department,—the auditing of accounts. When I saw him last I asked kindly after his *magnum opus* (He had already published two volumes!) but he shook his head in a rueful fashion, and said he had given up the muse. He found verse-making and study were bad for the general health and the digestion.

The fifth deserves some more particular notice. He belonged to the class of poets commonly characterized as "local." They are, as a rule, specialized and different from all others, and are either, as they themselves would put it, emancipated weavers or tailors, and therefore have an independent right to live on the public, or they are energetic agitationists or heretics, making capital amongst their class out of social grievances. They in general affect Burns; and perhaps now and again, as in the case of the poet Close, Wordsworth. Our local poet was admitted an honorary member of a society of students devoted to literature, and, to put it finely, the amenities of sociality. The only stanza of his I remember is

> "I see there stretch for miles on miles,
> A dreary wilderness of tiles."

Seeing that he dwelt in the Calton of Glasgow, the Pre-Raphaelitism of the description is its only merit; but our society quoted and used it as weak punning on a crowd.

This individual was conspicuous for his love of old waistcoats. Every visit of his to our rooms meant a waistcoat. The mania was long a mystery to me; but I got to the solution at last from one of

my friends. Previous to the departure of two of the members of the society for the stormy struggle of literary life in London, a few of their chums met them at the usual social rendezvous, and, along with them, was the local poet. There was, of course, very little money amongst them, and that was very soon spent on "cakes and ale." The night was young, and the tuneful brethren were loth to part. He, with the mania for waistcoats, then rose up and asked to be excused as he took his coat deliberately off, and then his waistcoat. He made the latter into a bundle, donned the former, and left the room. He returned shortly, and the lucky possessor of two shillings, but minus his small bundle. Three other waistcoats went that evening; but relentless "Forbes Mackenzie,"* in due time, put an end to further sacrifices. After this truthful narration parsons and heads of families will be, no doubt, reconciled to my strictures on poets and poetasters; and will think with me that the first dawnings of the poetic art in a young man ought to be viewed with suspicion. Poets are very social, and they are great proselytizers to sociality, and, like Edmund in the "Brook," cannot understand

> "How money breeds
> Think it a dead thing,"

especially if idle in the pocket, and inspiration is wanted.

I have *often thought it* a comfort, that there is very little inclination on the part of South African youths to write poetry. Indeed granting that there are 800,000 inhabitants in South Africa, and that most of the poets patronize the *Cape Monthly*, there is really no necessity as yet amongst us for legislation. Indeed, it may be said, that the poetry of South Africa is of a sensible character, free from social and drinking inspirations, and tolerably moderate on the subject of love. I should fancy, too, that it is as a rule the poetry of old stagers; we have, therefore, some ground for gratification, that in the future there will be even less chance than at present of our suffering from the chronic poetical epidemic of the old country.†

I dare say my readers think all this rambling detraction of poetasters needless barbarisms, but I must reiterate my experience, that I have known men expend in writing wretched poetry energies and talents fitted to do great work in the world. Being a poet, so called, is in a young man, as a rule, an easy-going way to dram drinking, a swift way to uselessness, and a sure way to utter delusion in regard to what are the real and earnest purposes of life. The most that can be said in its favour is that perhaps once in a generation out of thousands of seedlings one poet of mark is produced; and ordinarily, if it does nothing worse, it yields a fair crop of penny-a-liners.

* The popular cognomen for the act by which public-houses in Scotland must be closed at eleven o'clock.

† If, Mr. Editor, there be any danger that some of your esteemed poetical contributors to the *Monthly* may take offence at this paragraph, you can take it out.

The history of one newspaper office may not be uninteresting in illustration of these remarks. The head of it was a poet, and man of considerable literary cultivation and great common sense. Being of a kindly and benevolent disposition, moreover, he became the victim of numerous applications from embryo poets. I should be afraid to say what were the annual numbers, who called upon him for an opinion on their powers of versification. An idea of the matter, however, will be formed, when it is said, that the common question put to long-haired, fusty-looking young men, who wished to speak to Mr. H., was always, whether it was in reference to poetry? He was very patient with these youths, asked blandly, while he was reading some of the effusions, what was their calling? How old they were, and how long they had been taken with poetry! If he found there was anything like sterling metal in them, he invited them at a considerably smaller sum than they were earning, otherwise, to come into his office as scissors' wielders and paragraphists. This acted as a wholesome damper in the first place. Then he would go on to remark on the unpopularity of poetry; how the age cared little for it, and finally gave as an example the career of his own poem. They knew it. (Of course they did!) Well it had cost him some years' hard work, £—— to publish, and he could assure them that he had still on hand, after fifteen years' waiting, three-fourths of the edition. I daresay, looking blandly, you have met with a copy? (Oh, yes, they had!) Now were they not in second-hand book-shops, and weren't they all presented copies, "With the author's compliments?" Sometimes after even all this, a youth would sacrifice a good situation for the hard lines of a daily newspaper office, with pay at a salary a chimney-sweep would scorn.

The editor got a hold of good stuff occasionally, as was to be expected. Alexander Smith made his first appearances in the poet's corner of the paper. Robert Buchanan was also a contributor—a poet who has earned for himself in the lyrical, dramatic, and pastoral art one of the proudest names in this century. Everyone has read with surprise an attempt of his, made the other day in a new department—the humorous.

"At the wedding of Shon Maclean,
Twenty pipers together
Came in the wind and the rain,
Playing over the heather.
Backward their ribbons flew,
Bravely they strutted and blew,
Each clad in tartan new,
Bonnet and black-cock feather,
And every piper was fu'
Twenty pipers together.

Father and son, since the world's creation,
The Macleans had followed this occupation,
And played the pibroch to fire the clan
Since the first duke came and the earth began.

Like the whistling of birds, like the humming of bees,
Like the sough of the south wind in the trees;
Like the singing of angels, the playing of shawms,
Like ocean itself, with its storms and its calms.
Were the pipes of Shon, when he strutted and blew,
A cock whose crowing creation knew."

The onomatopœiac character of the lines in italics is unquestionable. Every one should read the whole poem in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July last.

The author of "A Princess of Thule," and the very finely opened, "Three Feathers," now appearing in the *Cornhill*, was in the same newspaper office for a considerable time. But last, although not least, I must mention the poet, David Gray, whose tragic and pathetic career was cut short at the early age of twenty-four. His first poems appeared in the same paper—wild promisings of better things. His "Luggie" is one of the sweetest pastorals in the language.

But while there have been such results, we must think of the terrible disappointments of these years of delusive fruit—apples of Sodom to the men themselves, delusion to many a home, and sorrow to many a heart. These four or five lights but serve to show the dark background of wasted energies, lost hopes, ruined lives; the empty heads, vain conceits, and pitiable self-assertions of hundreds, it may be thousands. Is it worth it all? Let us look at a fasciculus of experiences on the dark side.

There is one character specially pitiable—the youthful student of a profession with a poetic craze. He is far from being uncommon. Study and proper attention to work, he shows little, if at all. These, he thinks, may be left to drudges. "You know I could do it if I chose," is a common remark of his. He sometimes manages a volume of verse, and publishes it by subscription. He may, however, be contented with a few pages of the university or college album. Or he succeeds in getting two or three spirits of similar erratic proclivities to start a magazine in connection with the university, or, less ambitious, he may—with a few *confréres*—be contented with an MS. magazine; and has ephemeral enjoyment and fame for a space. And then the "ploughing" time comes, and years are lost never to be recovered; opportunities have vanished never to return; and all the comforts left him are the few stanzas of drivelling or sentimental verse, in which he vaporized on aims too deep for him to represent in hard, honest, straightforward work.

Amongst my poetical acquaintances was a lunatic casual, if I may be allowed the expression. Poor S. had been in his early days a theological belligerent, and this craze took the form of hymn writing. His effusions did not command that attention from the minister of the parish S, thought proper, and according to their deserts. He established in his own mind a reason. He declared that the minister could not appreciate the sacred war notes of his genius: they were orthodox and Calvinistic; the minister was a

Moderate and Armenian. S. soon conceived it to be his duty to watch the Sunday utterances of his detractor, and seeing that these were in Scotland not the days of written and read sermons, it was not long until our belligerent got a goodly list of heresies. The matter came in due course before the church courts, and the minister was found innocent. Our poet left the church of his fathers; but, as I have often heard him tell in triumph, he was found to have been right years after, for the parson was ultimately expelled the Church.

It would take more space than I can give to follow the windings of the casual's story. Literary disappointment, Calvinistic theology, and his own mental nature worked gradually on, together, to a crisis. He was wont to disappear for a matter of three months at a time, no one knew where. The revelation came out to me in this way. I had invited him to come with me one Sunday to hear "Orwell"* preach, and afterwards he stayed to partake of a student's dinner. In the course of talk he in a whisper informed me that he was accustomed to spend three months every year in G——, a well-known lunatic asylum, and thought that now he had better surrender himself finally as a permanent resident. There was nobody to care much for him, he said, and he had accomplished something to be satisfied with. This was a reprint of "Luther on the Galatians." He had, he told me, distributed 500 copies amongst the errant clergy of the church. I never saw him again.

This article is spinning out into rather a melancholy strain, and, therefore, I shall not add to my list of poetic failures, although I could do so considerably. I think, however, from the general tone of my remarks, that I have made good my assertion that a mild form of legislature would be advisable. The following I give as a draft of such an enactment:—

1. The institution of an asylum, or house of correction, for the benefit and cure of young persons given to poetry. Treatment,—low diet, Good Templarism, and confinement. Imprisonment has produced one or two good results in the way of genuine inspiration on mere incidental and accidental trial. I need only instance the "Pilgrim's Progress." All cases of delusion would yield under the influence of such hardships. In instances of genuine inspiration it would act favourably, as in the case of Bunyan!
2. The institution of a detective force, consisting of poetasters (of course reformed) would be a vigorous and effective mode of ferreting out the aberrant sons of song. The jealousy of poets is proverbial.
3. Tickets-of-leave might be granted on probation. On violation of these, delinquents ought to be more firmly dealt with. A course of mathematics should be inflicted in such instances of relapse, and by the time students had got the length of conic sections all dangerous symptoms undoubtedly would vanish.

* The Rev. W. C. Smith, LL.D., of Glasgow, author of "The Bishop's Walk," "Sermons on the Beatitudes," &c.

Native Education.

"PERHAPS IT MAY TURN OUT A SANG,
PERHAPS TURN OUT A SERMON."—*Burns.*

THE material progress of South Africa, if it is to be sustained and further developed, depends mainly on the solution of the question of labour. How are the channels of ordinary manual industry to be systematically fed? The subject is forced upon our attention daily and hourly. The extension of railways and other great public works on a scale demanded by the awakening of enterprise, which is opening new highways of commerce, as well as the introduction of agricultural machinery and other appliances, require the services of trained labour; and where this is not forthcoming, such agencies will absorb the best available labour of a normal kind, but the withdrawal of this from its regular and ordinary employers causes some inconvenience and loss at the present, and deters the producer from risking capital in future on any branch of industry where his profits are likely to be jeopardized by the bareness of the ordinary labour market.

Various means of relief are advocated by those who care only to meet the immediate need, without regard to the political and social welfare of the present inhabitants, and to the ulterior evils of flooding the country with races of objectionable habits, and alien to us in every thought, word, and deed. Whatever may be the remedy, the present hand-to-mouth system must cease if industries are to be promoted. There is scarcely an article of attire, from the hat to the boots, which does not come to us ready-made; and domestic economy is set at naught in most villages, where, for want of the cobbler's timely stitches, serviceable articles are thrown aside; and of articles of food, from Irish and Australian butter, English and Dutch cheese, American and Australian bread-stuffs to the costlier luxuries of French and Spanish Wines, all kinds are freely and largely imported and consumed, because we do not yet utilize the immense resources which this country has in itself, and which lie undeveloped from causes which it is in the power of the inhabitants to remove, or at all events to modify.

We may, of course, continue to import from Europe both ordinary and skilled labour if we are willing to pay heavily for it; but under any circumstances, imported European labour will not be satisfactory in those branches of industry that are pursued under a burning summer sun, and the wage rate will be excessive; whilst common prudence and a proper consideration of the vital interests of the native races of South Africa require at our hands some substantial reasons for neglecting to train the unemployed thousands of the native population—unemployed because they are unbroken to the yoke just as they are unconscious of the wants of civilized life.

Groups of natives, eager for money, may be got to take work spasmodically; but our aim must be systematically to rear the native youth for a career of steady labour and handicraft, as being both necessary and useful. The whole economy of native society is adverse to industrial and varied occupations. Whilst the toil of the hut and the field devolves on the woman, the man has nothing to do but to eat, talk, and (when circumstances require it) fight. The school-Kafir, too, stands in a different relation to the labour market from the European lads of the class of our artisans or tradesmen. In civilized life there is the pressure of family and social influences on every lad, which determines his line of occupation as soon as he leaves school. Even during school-life he has made his acquaintance with the carpenter's shop and the smithy, with the garden or the retail store. Everything around him presses the question, "What are *you* going to be?" Besides the usual incentives of seeing how people rise to wealth by industry, and of hearing how a *quondam* apprentice is now a master, employing many hands and on the road to realize a fortune, there is the stern and fortunate necessity of earning wages to clothe and shelter and feed himself. All the surrounding forces of the society in which he lives drive him into a groove of labour to supply some of the thousand and one wants of educated and civilized Man.

But the school-taught Kafir lad, surrounded by no such influences, living in a social condition where there is little or no demand for the carpenter, the smith, the tailor, the gardener or the shopkeeper, cannot, if he has the inclination, make a sphere of industry for himself; there is no demand among his people, and therefore no supply: and the circumstances of European society throughout the Colony are so complex that there is as yet little chance for him, however well-educated, to force a channel into which he may enter, and where others may follow. Among his own uncivilized tribe he finds neither room nor encouragement for industry, and his very education has made him an alien. It is only by fusion in the ranks of ordinary civilized society that the educated native can find the influences which are to keep him from relapsing into heathenism and that systematic idleness which appears to be the characteristic of a red Kafir's life.

Such considerations are familiar enough to those who are accustomed to deal practically with the work of native civilization, and may serve to illustrate some of the fundamental difficulties which meet the reformer, *in limine*.

If we look first to the stand-point of the missionary teacher, we feel the necessity of an industrial element as a medium for the deepening and strengthening of religious impressions. What may be the effect of religious expositions on a native mind untrained to any higher aspirations than the enjoyment, in its own rude way, of the sensual promptings of the hour, it is impossible to estimate. You may evoke emotion; you may arrest attention; you may provoke discussion and reflection on the terrorism of the future that

awaits the wicked; but it is questionable whether the high and simple Christian graces can find a *rapport* in the untutored savage, whose beau ideal of life is unrestrained licentious orgies at recurring seasons, or a listless self-contented life of indolent self-indulgence Looking then, first of all, to the many noble and self-sacrificing efforts now exerted for Christianizing the native races, what permanent outcome are we to expect from these laborious attempts to raise Christian graces and virtues in a soil unprepared to assimilate the teaching, of a refined spiritual form of religion, which is animated only by the convictions of Faith and the aspirations of Hope. You may place the native upon

> " . . . . The great world's altar-stairs,
> That slope through darkness up to God,"

but can you keep him in the upward path? Can religious impressions be anything but evanescent and emotional unless worked into the daily life by Christian examples, and above all, by Christian institutions. Is it not essential that a life of honest industry should be the embodiment of Christian influences? If there be no real Christianity without work—honest work—in the vocation of each professing Christian; if there be an essential connection between faith in God and self-help; if the lessons of the Church are then only learnt when practised in the workshop and the field, the folly of attempting to Christianize the native races by the influences of the Church and the School alone, without the supplementary institutions of industry and honest handicraft, will recoil upon those who have spent their life-blood in a vain cause. It is on all sides admitted that Christianity cannot flourish in an unproductive soil; there must be fruit; and the labour by which the fruits are produced is at once the evidence of Christian life and the re-impression and strengthening of religious teaching. The faith of the soul and the toil of the hand act and re-act beneficially on each other. It is maintained, therefore, that the missionary teacher is interested primarily in the question whether, when our mission work in school and church is successful in elevating native children to a fair standard of religious and secular knowledge, we are not wrecking every hope of progress, and running every risk of declension from the standard attained, if the school-Kafir goes forth with his modicum of book-learning and no training of his industrial capacities. The education, in fact, stops just when it ought to be really beginning. The parents of an English lad will find him occupation, and society will make him work; but your school-Kafir has no such help or pressure. You have placed him in mid air between the heaven of civilization and the hell of savageism; and will you leave him there? If this is to be the end and aim of native education, the Colony will be rearing and fostering the instruments of its own injury and ruin. The native, when he becomes an educated idler, is a greater pest to society than the red-blanket Kafir.

These serious reflections are very fitting at a time when the education of the school is so vigorously pushed forward; and it is

the business of those who hold the helm to look out for breakers ahead. It was essential to drill the young savage in the discipline of the school—to train his mind to habits of observation and attention; to fit him to receive religious influences; and now comes the crucial test, "What is he going to *do?*" But if the missionary teacher is interested in providing each native scholar, who is leaving the school, with the power of earning an honest living in a civilized way, as a means of supplementing the religious teachings and giving a reality to the external assumption of the Christian faith, the question is of far more general and serious import, when viewed from an outside stand-point. If we cannot utilize the labour of these teeming kraals of Kafirs, Fingoes, and Basutos—if we cannot divert it into the varied channels of ordinary industries, what is to be the outcome of native education? Are we to pour into the frontier districts, year by year, hundreds of native lads able to read and write, but standing idle until the eleventh hour because they have not the trained capacity for any industrial occupation, and because their own native society offers no sphere either of training or of employment? The preliminary work of school teaching has advanced far enough (among the Fingoes especially) to justify our anxious reflections on the most likely means of completing, or at all events conserving, the influences of the teacher, and at the same time of recruiting, year by year, the labour market of the Colony, without having recourse to any importation beyond that of European mechanics and other experienced workmen. Some enthusiastic educators ask for a compulsory system of education among the natives; and they mean by education the usual school routine of reading, writing, arithmetic; but this would only augment the evil already felt. What is to be done with these literates? they cannot work, and to beg—well! they will be compelled, if not to steal.

There is but one straightforward (perhaps difficult, and certainly costly) plan, and that is to re-arrange and extend the elementary school system among the natives in such a way that every girl on leaving school shall be able to cut out and make and mend clothes more or less aptly; and that every boy on leaving school shall have acquired in the field or the workshop some aptitude for manual labour—some skill in the use of tools, and some acquaintance with the details of at least one branch of industry; and shall then, after this preliminary trial of his capabilities, have the opportunity of perfecting himself for a further period in any particular branch if he evinces an inclination and special aptitude. Into the details of so large an industrial scheme it would be premature to enter just now; but experience, on a small scale, shows that the plan is feasible, if the first expenditure is not too large for our means. It is proposed simply to make the instruction in school subjects and in industrial employments of a *general* character, to go on simultaneously in all schools up to a certain point; then the school instruction would cease, and the *specific* training of the more apt lads by apprenticeship to a particular trade would supersede the general industrial employment.

Selection—Artificial and Natural.

"Professor Agassiz," says Dr. Dale in his recent address to the Cape Town Library, "sums up the lessons of a life of uninterrupted research into the *arcana* of nature with words which seem to toll the knell of the advocates of evolution. *It is not true* that a slight variation among successive offspring of the same stock goes on increasing until the difference amounts to a specific distinction; on the contrary, *it is a fact* that extreme variations finally degenerate or become sterile. Like monstrosities they die out or return to their type." The first branch of this sentence is, of course, a mere assertion of the writer's disbelief in the doctrine of evolution. Its appropriate answer is to be found in the works of Darwin and the evolutionists generally. The second branch of the sentence referring to the unfertility of extreme variations deserves the most serious consideration. It refers to one of the first and most prominent difficulties which present themselves to the mind in considering the theory of evolution. The partial truth of the statement is undeniable. Darwin himself, with his usual candour, not only admits it, but was the first to draw attention to it. Speaking of the varieties of the domestic pigeon produced by artificial selection, he admits the extreme difficulty of keeping up peculiar breeds on account of their infertility; and the argument naturally suggests itself, that if such comparatively slight deviations as these from the original type become infertile, how is it possible to believe that the much greater variations produced, or alleged to be produced, by natural selection should remain fertile and propagate themselves. This argument, it must be admitted, appears at first sight to be a fatal objection to the theory, but a little further consideration shows that so far from this being the case, it really furnishes an additional proof of its truth.

The observed infertility of derived varieties refers, it must be remembered, only to *some* varieties, artificially produced by man in a very few generations. The infertility of new varieties selected by nature is *inferred* from this. But now consider the different principles on which man and nature work in selecting new varieties. Man selects with regard to some special quality which he requires. Man breeds, for example, to produce a variety of sheep which shall produce a high average weight of wool. In producing such a breed as this it is quite possible that from the unknown correlation of different functions, some other quality conducive to the continuance of the species may be injuriously affected. The animals so produced may become less prolific or more liable to disease, but man is there with his remedies and precautions to meet and counteract these defects. By dint of care he can keep up the existence of a variety useful for some special reason to himself, but which, exposed without his interference to the action of natural laws, would either die out or revert to its type. Beyond a certain distance, however, in

establishing new varieties man very often cannot go. He arrives at a point where further variations in the required direction involves so much care and attention to preserve the breed that it becomes practically impossible. Now observe how differently nature works in evolving new varieties. Nature selects not for one quality, but for the whole assemblage of qualities which go to the continuance of the species. Fertility, constitutional strength, ability to procure food, power to endure the necessary vicissitudes of climate,—*every* point, in fact, is considered in natural selection. Nature, too, works more patiently than man. What man endeavours to do in a dozen generations, Nature does, perhaps, in as many hundreds. Nature, in fact, is never in a hurry; and never calculates, like man, on special interpositions to counteract the injurious consequences of undue haste. Every type produced and preserved by Nature is necessarily in conformity not only with outward circumstances but with all internal laws for its own preservation. But, it may be asked, is this always possible? May not those deviations of type necessary to preserve a species from destruction from external causes be sometimes incompatible with the internal qualities necessary for the continuance of the race? Undoubtedly this may be the case; and what is the consequence? Such races die out. Perhaps they become infertile, and die out in that way. Perhaps some constitutional weakness is developed, and disease carries them off more rapidly than they can increase. Is not this thoroughly consistent with what we know of the world's history? Have not species been continually becoming extinct. Thus that which at first sight appears to be a serious objection to the theory of evolution turns out on consideration to be not only no objection at all, but even to explain an unanticipated difficulty.

Bailie's Grave.

AN EPISODE IN THE HISTORY OF THE EASTERN FRONTIER.*

A SPECTATOR standing on the heights of the Great Fish River, and looking eastward, has before him one of the most glorious panoramas the lover of Nature can gaze upon. Looking over the dense bush which margins that capriciously tortuous stream, he sees immediately in

* When we state, without his own permission, that the author of this very interesting and valuable historical sketch is the Hon. Robert Godlonton, M.L.C., we must add as our only excuse for the liberty we are taking, an expression of the delight it gives us, as it will to our readers, to congratulate the venerable gentleman on having lately passed his *eightieth* birthday, which found him, as this Reminiscence proves him now to be, with his eye by no means waxed dim, and his natural force but in a marvellously small degree abated —while for the rest he is, as men who have rendered so honourable service to their country should be, surrounded with

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

ED. *C.M.M*

front of him the whole range of Kafirland mountains; while to the left, in the dim distance, soars aloft the Winterberg, whose table-top, when capped with snow, as often seen in the winter season, and from which it derives its name, is an object which may well come within the category of "the sublime and the beautiful." In the wonderfully transparent atmosphere of this climate, the eye takes in on a clear day the whole of this mountain region, covering a vast area; and he may distinctly mark, if acquainted with Frontier history, some of the most stirring scenes of border warfare that have transpired in this country.

It is one of these scenes, and at a period as far back as 1835, to which the following has reference.

There is sufficient warrant, in facts patent to the inquirer, to aver that the British settlement of Albany was never in a more healthy state of social prosperity than in the year 1834. The arduous difficulties of first settlement had been surmounted; the peculiarities of the climate had been learned; every valley was vocal with sounds of cheerful industry; and every hill adorned with droves of cattle, in the rearing and care of which the settlers took especial interest.

The year was fast drawing to its close; the high festival of Christmas was at hand, and all were busy preparing to celebrate the advent of the world's Redeemer.

It was at this season, when the acclaim of "Peace on earth, goodwill towards men" seems to flock around every Christian household, that the people of Albany were startled by the cry of war. Messengers in hot haste sped from homestead to homestead; the cry of *Sauve qui peut* was heard from hill to hill, as the smoke of burning homesteads marked but too plainly the track of invading savages. It was soon known that the neighbouring tribes of Kafirs had combined in a general movement on the Colony; had entered it in countless numbers at different points along the Frontier; that the cattle of the settlement were being swept off by thousands; that the firebrand was doing its deadly work; that property was everywhere abandoned; and that all were fleeing to points of supposed safety, or at least to those positions at which it was supposed there would be a chance of defending life and saving some remnant of property.

The gallant Colonel H. Smith, when subsequently in Cape Town, referring to these dark events, remarks:—"At a period of profound peace, numerous hordes of barbarians, bearing the bloody knife and firebrand, burst into one of the richest and most populous districts, spreading desolation far and wide; and the once fertile fields of Albany and Somerset, adorned with the neat habitations of the wealthy and industrious, covered with numerous herds and flocks, are now nearly one wide and depopulated waste."

The case of one of these sufferers seems to be deserving of more notice than it has hitherto received; and more especially as it may serve to place prominently forward a character which may be pointed to as worthy of imitation by our rising colonists. It is the brief

history of a young colonist, whose career, short as it was, entitles him to rank among such Christian warriors as Hedley Vicars, Captains Hammond and Havelock, a Stonewall Jackson, and others, whose achievements and whole life bore testimony to the fact that a profession of religion is compatible with indomitable gallantry in the field, and with the sternest sense of duty under the most trying circumstances. The case of Charles Bailie will illustrate this remark. This young colonist was the eldest son of Mr. John Bailie, a gentleman who at the time of the promulgation of the Government scheme of emigration to this country held an official appointment under the Imperial Government of that period. Impaired health, and the necessity of resorting to a milder climate than that of England, induced him to accept the Government offer of location at the Cape ; and accordingly, at the head of one hundred families, he disembarked from the good ship *Chapman*, on the 10th April, 1820, on the then desolate strand of Algoa Bay. Charles, the eldest of four sons, accompanied his father's family to the Frontier, the selection of country made by them being from the mouth of the Fish River to about seven miles inland, its western boundary being the Small Kleinemond River. The location was not happily chosen, but notwithstanding its many disadvantages, the family applied itself, with all that energy which marked the career of the first settlers, in the improvement of its position, and the development of such natural resources as they found around them. Charles, being the eldest of four boys, took the lead in all their daily employments, as well as in those manly exercises, such as shooting and riding, which afford relaxation from toils which are the unavoidable accompaniment of settlement in a new country. The result of this industry was seen in the erection of a substantial family residence, in cultivated fields, the planting of a garden, and in all the *et ceteras* which make up the sum total of civilized life. Amidst all these varied and engrossing employments, Charles Bailie was conspicuous for the solidity of his character no less than for his admitted excellence in every pursuit in which he engaged. Of fine presence, of great manliness of deportment, and of keen intellect, he was looked up to by his associates as a model colonial youth, the more so as his openly avowed principles were based on and brought to the touchstone of religious truth. Ardent in every pursuit, his active mind was directed very early to the dearth of religious instruction in the neighbourhood around him ; and his was not the mind to see an evil without making an effort to provide a remedy. The nearest minister of religion was the clergyman at Bathurst, ten miles distant ; and to supply his lack of service, Charles Bailie, with his own hands, aided by his brothers, built a commodious school and preaching-house, and in this the children of the neighbouring farms were collected, and such instruction given as was in his power to afford. This effort to ameliorate the condition of his neighbours very naturally endeared him to them, and he was looked up to as amongst the most rising

men of his day. This will not occasion surprise when we look at the records of the period. Those referring to him state :—" Accustomed from his arrival in the Colony to the use of a gun, he soon acquired such skill as a marksman, that even amongst the youth of Albany, where precision in firing is general, he was considered to have arrived at extraordinary excellence. But more than this,—in his own neighbourhood he was universally loved for his goodness of heart, and for other qualities which inspire respect. For instance, as he grew up towards manhood, he acquired high reputation as an intrepid hunter. Frequently, in his ardour in the pursuit of the large game of the country, such as the elephant, the hippopotamus, the buffalo, tiger, &c., he would plunge into the deepest recesses of the bush, and would there wander for days without companion and without food, save what he could obtain by the aid of his trusty gun. But this was not all, for when successful in his pursuit, he would select some poor family, and either present them with his spoil, or direct them to the spot where they might find it. Besides these works of charity, there was no family for miles around but what, in turn, he would visit, encouraging them to the utmost of his power. In process of time, Charles Bailie became the happy husband of a young lady in every respect worthy of him ; and it will not be too much to aver that never did a young couple enter upon married life under more favourable auspices or with a more cheering prospect of eventual success. At this period, forty years ago, education was very far below the standard of the present day. In the British settlement of Albany especially there was a great dearth of means for the attainment of even its mere rudiments. With the exception of Salem, where Mr. Matthews had established a school, under the auspices of the Rev. W. Shaw, there was no school establishment nearer than Graham's Town, thirty miles distant. Throughout a large area around the homestead of Charles Bailie, there was neither school nor chapel, the sound of the church-going bell was never heard, nor was there any means of obtaining either religious or secular instruction, except what had been afforded by the voluntary efforts of himself as before stated. Qualified as both he and his young wife were, at least in some degree, to fill up this void, they resolved to devote themselves to the labour of tuition, a career which they had entered on with every prospect of increasing usefulness. A first year had passed over in domestic tranquility. The season to the cultivator of the soil had been a propitious one ; the progress of the school had been satisfactory ; and the pupils had been dismissed to their several homes for the Christmas holiday. It is true there were rumours afloat of restlessness on the part of the neighbouring Kafirs ; many depredations had been committed by them on the Frontier farmers ; but this was only regarded as the normal state of affairs on the Eastern border ; nor was there anything to arouse suspicion that the seeming tranquility would be broken up by a murderous inburst of

the Kafirs on their peaceful homes. Charles Bailie and household, on hearing the startling cry of invasion, had just time to escape with their lives, but their homestead was devastated, their property pillaged, and the buildings fired. From substantial comfort he suddenly found himself reduced to the condition of a houseless fugitive. But he was not the man to sit down with folded arms and mourn over past losses. It was a time for action. The enemy was in the field ; hundreds of women and little children were homeless, destitute alike of shelter and food ; and the marauders were still destroying the crops, firing the buildings, and sweeping off the live-stock of the province. The invaders had to be repelled and punished, and the call to arms was responded to with the alacrity which ever marks the brave and honourable man at the call of duty. To follow Charles Bailie in his subsequent career would be to give a narrative of the Kafir War of 1835 ; suffice it, therefore, to say that towards the close of it, about the middle of that year, he was serving, under the gallant Colonel Smith, as Lieutenant in a provisional corps, stationed at King William's Town, a locality then struggling into existence as a Frontier settlement. The Kafir War, however, was at that time nominally at an end. The great chief Hinza had fallen in the contest ; his son and successor had submitted to the terms insisted on by the Governor of the Colony ; and Colonel Smith had established himself at King William's Town as the Governor's representative for the establishment of the country from which the marauding tribes had been ejected for their daring and wanton aggression. Peace had been proclaimed, but there were still bands of armed marauders in the bushy fastnesses, whose daily depredations furnished active employment for the colonial forces, and whose repression, as the sequel will show, was both difficult and dangerous. This kind of guerilla warfare was just suited to the temper of C. Bailie, whose dash as a soldier was only equalled by his attention to all those details which mark the well disciplined military officer. This peculiar service is at all times dangerous, demanding the utmost amount of vigilance and endurance ; but in this case the difficulties were greatly augmented by the formidable nature of the country in which the natives sought shelter, and by the crafty, pertinacious character of the enemy with whom the colonial forces had to deal.

Reference has already been made to the mountain region which formed, up to 1835, the western boundary of Kaffraria, the whole range from the Hogsback to the Buffalo being popularly designated as the Amatola Mountains. This region must be regarded naturally as one of the most highly favoured in this country. It is precipitous, but its precipices are in great part clothed in richest verdure, its kloofs or indentations abounding in valuable timber. It is a well-watered region ; while its valleys, deep with alluvial soil, the deposit of ages, must be ranked amongst the most fruitful spots to be found in this or any other country. At the same time, its intricacies are extraordinary, and it was this, together with the wide range of its

area, which made it the favourite resort of the Kafir, and especially at times of disturbance on the border. It presents numerous positions which are all but impregnable to an attacking force, while many of its passes are so tortuous, precipitous, and rugged, as to make military movements alike difficult and dangerous. It was here, in the Bomah Pass, that a British force, under Colonel Mackinnon, was attacked by a Kafir force and suffered so severely. This was the prelude to the Kafir War of 1851, a contest of such magnitude and cost as may well inspire the utmost precaution in our dealings with the native hordes with which the Colony, whether it will or no, is brought into collision.

It will not be matter of surprise that at the close of a protracted contest like that of 1835, there should be lingering bands of marauders, and that the Amatola should be sought by them for defence, attack, and concealment. It was here, as the public records of the day state, that Charles Bailie was employed in the onerous duty of rooting out the enemy. Accordingly this officer, with Lieutenant Biddulph and sixty men moved from head-quarters, under orders to patrol the extensive and difficult kloofs near the Line Drift road, leading to the Keiskamma, including the wooded heights of the Umdezzeni, and the "poorts" of the Buffalo. Here the enemy was found established in such force that after skirmishing for some time, inflicting some loss upon the marauders, it was thought expedient to dispatch an officer to head-quarters for reinforcements. This request was promptly complied with. Detachments were sent out in different directions to act in concert with Lieutenant Bailie, so as, if possible, to envelope the enemy and force him to submission. During these operations, Bailie had divided his force of sixty men, detaching Lieutenant Biddulph with instructions to move on one side of extensive kloofs occupied by the enemy in force; to remain there for the night, and at dawn of the next day to scour the bush, while he operated in like manner on the opposite side. The two parties were to rendezvous under the Tabendoda Mountain. Lieut. Biddulph seems to have executed his instructions to the letter. He reached the appointed rendezvous, and while resting there distinctly heard firing in the direction in which it was inferred Captain Bailie was moving, but still, to the surprise of the Lieutenant, his commanding officer did not make his appearance, nor was he ever again seen. After waiting for one or two days, the Lieutenant and his men returned to head-quarters and reported what had transpired.

The particulars connected with the fall of this gallant young officer have been gathered from some of the natives with whom he was engaged at the time he fell. But here it may be necessary to remind the reader that it is a peculiar trait in Kafir character, that after the cessation of hostilities, they will relate most circumstantially to their opponents all the *minutiæ* of any affair in which they have been actors. In this case, not a man of poor Bailie's party was spared to relate the fate of his comrades. All that was known at the

time was that every man was missing, the probability being that all had fallen by the assagai of the enemy. After an unavailing search, and the lapse of sufficient time to show that all hope of the escape of any of the party was futile, the following "District Order" was published by Colonel Smith, commanding the forces.

"Lieutenant Bailie was an officer of the most cautious and enterprising character; bold and undaunted, discreet and judicious, possessing every qualification to render him hereafter one of the brightest ornaments of his profession. He had more experience in this desultory warfare than almost any other officer; had frequently distinguished himself in his encounters with the enemy; and such was the unlimited confidence placed in him by the officers commanding the Province, that whatever was the number of men given him to command, complete success was anticipated. Some disaster of no ordinary cast, over which human foresight has no control, must have occurred to this officer and his gallant band; and whatever it may have been, most assuredly he fell as he had lived—a SOLDIER and a CHRISTIAN, affording a bright example of both.

"Although it is not permitted a soldier to lament the loss of his comrade, yet the feelings of the man will sometimes predominate over the iron-heart of the soldier; and if deep grief in such cases can be pardoned, all who knew this meritorious officer may be unfeignedly forgiven for indulging in it. That he and his gallant band fell in the service of their country as became men cannot be doubted; and while the mystery of their fate augments the affliction of their friends and relatives, it insures them the deep and universal sympathy of their comrades in arms."

The force of parental feeling eventually solved the mystery referred to in this "District Order." The father of Charles Bailie held, like his son, a command under Colonel Smith, and he at once obtained leave to enter upon a searching inquiry as to the fate of the missing band. His success was complete, for not only did he gather all the particulars of the movements of the hostile parties, but he was guided to the very spot where his gallant son, after firing his last shot, fell by the hand of a Kafir enemy. The only mementos of the sad affair were his scattered bones, and these being carefully collected by the sorrowing sire, were religiously interred on a beautiful spot at the foot of the Amatola Mountains, near the Tabendoda, the spot being pointed out to every passing traveller as BAILIE'S GRAVE. This spot cannot be passed without recalling vividly to mind those periods in the history of the Frontier when life and property were in continual jeopardy, the sufferers, when complaining, being taunted with the simile that they were "wax to receive and marble to retain," impressions derogatory to the natives with whom they came unwillingly into daily collision. May it not be fervently hoped that such periods have passed away never to return, and that in our future dealings with the coloured natives within and beyond the Colony, the lessons of experience will not have been taught in vain, nor the maxims of common sense be ignored by

those to whom are committed the safety of the country, the stability of our institutions, and the advancement of the public welfare.

The information collected by the father of Charles Bailie may be summarised in the following particulars :—

That on dividing his force with his junior lieutenant, Charles Bailie moved at once into the thick bush which marks the Tabendoda. Here the enemy were in considerable force, and at once manœuvred so as to draw him deeper into the tangled thicket. To effect this object the Kafirs gave him, in native parlance, "a fresh spoor" into the more difficult and rugged part of the mountain, where the Kafirs lay *perdu* in great force. Still they did not show themselves, but permitted Bailie, in the ardour of his pursuit, to cross the Tabendoda, and subsequently to descend into the valley of the Keiskamma, the enemy permitting him to approach so close that some of them were wounded. After a most toilsome march all day he endeavoured, at the close of it, to move towards the point of rendezvous as agreed upon, but finding it impracticable to accomplish this, he decided upon bivouacking on the summit of an open ridge, sheltered by the ruins of a dwelling which, previous to the war, had been occupied by a trader named Kent, and in which, at the first outbreak, he had been ruthlessly murdered. This position, as will be seen in the sequel, was a very dangerous one, there being no outlet but through intricate bush, in which the enemy had mustered in great force. The dawn of the following day revealed to the little party their imminent peril, and that they would have to defend their lives against overwhelming odds. The Kafirs, fully sensible of their advantage, at once commenced the attack, but, after killing one man, were repulsed with determined gallantry, several Kafirs being killed or wounded in the rencounter. In spite of this, however, the Kafirs redoubled their efforts, attacking fiercely the little party as they endeavoured to force their way down the face of the mountain, and through the intricate bush. On reaching a small spot of open country, it was found that seven out of the thirty men had fallen by the assagais of the enemy; but still it is probable a good many of the remainder would have extricated themselves and gained the open country had not the Kafirs, at the very crisis of the affair, received a large reinforcement. Pressing forward, however, and making the enemy pay very dearly for his temerity, Bailie had nearly reached the open country, when, on approaching a small stream called the Umxesha, his party was suddenly rushed upon by a large body of Kafirs who lay there concealed by high grass in ambuscade. It was at this spot that the two volleys heard by Lieut. Biddulph were fired, and it was here that every soul remaining of the British force fell by the hand of the enemy. The gallant Charles Bailie, it appears, was the last survivor of his little band. He reserved his fire when his men made their final effort. Facing the enemy, and placing his back to the thick bush, each barrel of his trusty rifle brought down an assailant. He then resigned himself to his fate, and fell, covered with wounds inflicted by the savage foe.

In rescuing the name of Charles Bailie from the oblivion in which so many others who fought and suffered with him are shrouded, the writer is influenced by the consideration that the example of such a character, when placed before our Frontier colonists, may have a beneficial and an enduring effect. He stands forth as a true patriot; —one as loyal to his Creator as to the land of his adoption. But more, and above all this, it presents to the rising generation that union of decided piety and manliness of deportment which must ever command respect, and which is a sure guarantee of advancing usefulness. His melancholy fate points a most significant moral when applied to our dealings with the barbarous natives of this country. Such cases throw a flood of light upon the policy formerly pursued by a distant Government, which, with the best intentions, regardless of the remonstrances of those on the spot, were led into those errors which culminated in the wide-spread ruin of which the example given here is but a single though striking example. The period referred to is a distant one, and the intervening years have not passed without the recurrence of events not less startling and calamitous; nor have we full assurance that such scenes may never be again witnessed. The case of Charles Bailie may therefore be held up *in memoriam* as a beacon-light, warning those who control the destinies of this country of those dangers which are inseparable wherever barbarism and civilization come into immediate collision. It should never be forgotten that the Cape Colony is, as it were, but the threshold of South Africa; but small a part as it is in comparison with the whole, it cannot but exercise a mighty influence for good or for evil on the countless natives of this continent. British supremacy is moving steadily forward, and happy will it be when that supremacy shall be acknowledged wherever the white man's foot has trod, or the first germ of civilization has been planted by the heroic men who have perished in their attempts to raise the degraded natives of this country.

The following lines appeared at the period in question in the local press. After the lapse of forty years they will admit of repetition, not on account of any poetic merit, but for the perfect accuracy of the facts they are designed to commemorate :—

THE COLONIST'S GRAVE.

I yesterday followed, through kloof and wild,
A sorrow-struck, aged father,
Who eagerly sought the bones of his child,
Which he was intent to gather;
Deep in the thicket had fallen his son,
Where the Kafirs (by numbers) the strife had won.

They had scoop'd for him a cold, shallow bed,
Near the place where he, fighting, fell;
And by the old man we were quickly led
To the grave he had marked so well;
Deep sorrow had printed the spot on his mind
So plainly, it took no trouble to find.

The wolf had not broken his narrow cell,
For many had fallen around;
He could gorge on others equally well,
Who uncoffin'd lay on the ground;
With tattered garments the place was spread.
And crunchéd bones of the tombless dead.

And other signs of the strife were nigh,
For the flattened ball lay there,
And shattered shaft of the light assagai,
Which told of no thought to spare;
And the hair it was matted among the grass,
On the spot where the skull no longer was.

They quick removed the rubbish and stones
From the grave where the youth was laid,
And soon, very soon, did his damp, cold bones
Grate harsh 'gainst the edge of the spade.
Dost thou shrink? those bones had ceased to smart,
Since the assagai found its way to his heart.

They carefully gathered, with sorrow of heart,
Those reliques so clammy and foul,
And from the lone glen we hastened to part,—
Fit abode for the gloomy owl;
Where the bones lay commingled of friend and foe,
In that dreary valley so dismal and low.

The year that is gone was a year of strife,
To hundreds, a year of sorrow;
A year with death and destruction rife;
Deep in the cheek is the furrow
Of many, who lived in peace and content,
Up to the time of this direful event.

The Stone-Age at the Cape of Good Hope.*

By Dr. Comrie, R.N., H.M. St. "Basilisk."

Considerable and growing interest has of late years been taken in all that concerns the history of primitive man. Hitherto this investigation has to a great extent been confined to Europe; and other countries have been but imperfectly explored. The more extended the field becomes, the more value have corresponding facts; and everything relating to the early history of the human race generally, will be found to throw a light upon individual races. The contents of shell caves, kitchen middens, and coast finds of stone implements all agree in these investigations, and now-a-days are considered quite of as much interest as the remains of Greek and Roman civilization afforded to the mediæval archæologist. The stone objects I now submit for your inspection are most of them chips and flakes,—the failures and castaway fragments spoiled in manufacture,—but I hope, although not so perfect as might have been procurable, they may serve to direct attention and stimulate to

* This interesting paper was read by Dr. Comrie before one of the learned Societies in New Zealand; and through P. D. Martin, Esq., of Simon's Town, Dr. Comrie, during his recent visit in the *Basilisk*, has forwarded the MS. to us for publication in the *Magazine*.—[Ed. *C.M.M.*]

fresh research. Drawings of more complete specimens now in the Museum at the Cape, I also submit to your notice.

No. 1. Highly-finished spear head.
2. ——— edge looks like a saw.
3 & 4. Leaf-shaped arrow heads.
5. A knife or saw.
6. Chisel.
7 & 8. Flakes.

I also exhibit steatite pipes, stone used by the Natives of the plains, as also photos. of Native races.

The stone arrow heads, spear point, and perforated hammers were picked up on Mr. McKellar's farm *in situ*, at the southern extremity of Cape Point, on a platform close to the edge of the cliff underneath the lighthouse, and about 400 feet above the sea-level. They appear to have, until quite lately, been covered over by sand, which is now removed by the wind. The specimen of pottery, and the larger flat stones, which in all probability served as anvils, were also found in the same spot, as well as human remains. A row of large stones was arranged circularly, while in the centre numerous smaller partially calcined stones, where a fire had evidently existed, also were observed. All the implements are palæolithic or unpolished, but the distinction of this from the neolithic is rather arbitrary, as in this way Nielisen would exclude pottery, laying down the law that pottery did not exist in the palæolithic age. The perforated stones may have been hammers, or served as heads to clubs having a wooden handle. Burchell in his travels mentions that some of the tribes of South Africa dug up roots by the aid of a pointed stick, the force and weight of which was increased by a round stone perforated in the centre, into which the stick was firmly wedged. My friend, Dr. Bleek, informs me he has seen them so used; so also says Darwin in "The Voyage of a Naturalist." The pieces of pottery have all apparently been hand-made, of very coarse loam, in which quantities of grains of sand and granite were kneaded. They are all apparently burnt from the inside, in shape having a wide mouth and an average diameter of twelve to fourteen inches, indicating the use of the potter's wheel.

I received from Mr. P. D. Martin, of Simon's Bay, some pieces of pottery marked in a reticulated form on the inside, and I fancy these must have been made by moulding the clay on the outside of some wicker or basket mat, and in hardening this was burnt out. Several fragments contained a sort of ear-shaped handles. The large numbers of rough material brought from a distance, and the numerous chips then lying in one spot, would suggest that this was a workshop of some celebrated pre-historic stone artificer, perhaps one of the earlier instances of division of labour. Although now there is no vegetation on this sandstone platform, I think it is probable it was shielded to windward by the melk bush *(sideroxylon inerme)*,

which forms a dense scrub, as in all the shell mounds, and they are very numerous. Pre-historic races of the Cape were guided in their choice of camping ground by the shelter these afforded.

The contents of the caves I beg next to submit to your notice. These caves, of which I have examined three, are situated in False Bay, on the eastern side of Cape Point, and about two miles from where the implements first mentioned were found. They occur in a limestone formation. The general Geology of the Cape Peninsula may be described as consisting of stratified sandstone reposing on slate; and where the caves occur there is a gap in the stratification, an intercalated deposit of limestone having here taken place, formed by the *débris* of sand and shells which have been blown in and consolidated by the percolation of water leaving large cavities with their openings facing sea-ward. The roofs are laden with stalactite. Stalagmite also exists on the floor. The bones and shells were found in layers. The shells consist of turbo, salmaticus, haliotis, patellas, &c. The bones I am unable to identify.

One of these caves remains in much the same condition in which it was found, and from this I collected the specimens of shells and bones now shown.

The height of the caves from high-water mark is about 200 feet, and their distance from the shore about seventy or eighty yards. Opening on the cliff, and internally in height from six to fourteen feet, and in length about three to four yards. Numerous stalactites depend from the roof, and the accumulation of shell, bones, black mould, rises to the height of about three feet. The bones and shells were taken out at variable depths from two to four feet. Skeletons have been found in one of the caves. Numerous small calcined round stones show that the natives of the caves cooked their food by heated stones, either placed in a pit with the food, as we see in Fiji and the South Sea Islands at the present day, or into wooden boxes or baskets as is the usage of the Western American Indians, and in all probability were a different race from those who formed the stone implements, as nothing of the kind beyond rounded water-worn stones used for pounding the shells have been found, although no doubt some implements must have been used for splitting up the bones to get at the marrow, and otherwise leaving marks of scraping and rough cutting. That the chips and flakes exhibited were artificial, as also the pottery, there cannot, I think, be much difference of opinion; but as some doubts exist amongst the scientific men of the Cape as to the caves having been dwelling places, and the shells having been brought there as food, I may briefly state them. It is objected that small, non-edible shells such as tiny trochus are found mixed up with large edible shells. This I need scarcely say is no valid argument, as these shells were attached to the larger limpets. Another is that birds brought them. This also may be passed over. Another is that they are portions of a raised beach, and they are the same as the sea-shore accumulations

existing along the whole of the southern coast, and that no tradition remains with regard to either the mound or cave dwellers. Now I am not prepared to say that there has been no upheaval of the coast, but that the bones or shells occupying the mounds or caves were thrown up by action of currents is highly improbable for the following reasons: 1st. The long bones all bear the marks of having been split up longitudinally to get out the marrow; 2nd. All the shells are edible, and the univalves have been broken to extract the mollusk; 3rd. The shells are such as now exist in shallow water, and of a littoral character and not deep water, and are perfect specimens, and not dead shells. 4th. The bones are not rolled or water worn; 5th. Human remains have been found interstratified with shells and bones of birds and animals; 6th. The natural conclusion is that those were dwelling-places, and that the shells and bones were carried in by the human inhabitants, and were their food. The shell mounds do not differ from those in the Straits of Magellan, British Columbia, and other places where the aboriginal races resort to the coast at certain seasons to live upon, collect, and dry the contents of shells; 7th. Distinct ash heaps and marks of smoke have been observed in the shell heaps that have been cleared away; 8th. The shells occur in heaps, and there is no evidence of their having lain dead under the water, as indicated by barnacles, serpulæ, or corallines adhering to the inside, and all the specimens have the same appearance of age; 9th. The edible shells are out of all proportion to the shells generally existing in the sea. The only explanation appears to be that they were brought there by the cave dwellers.

The question remains, What were the races who have left these traces? as no aboriginal race now exists in this part of South Africa. On referring to the early Dutch accounts, as given in "Sutherland's Memoir on South African Tribes," published in 1845, we find a people mentioned on the arrival of the Dutch called Goringhaconas, to whom belonged nomadic tribes called Strandloopers, Vatermen or Vischmen, and frequenting the coast on the west from Hout Bay, and from Kalk Bay on the east to Cape Point. They existed on fish and shell-fish. The earliest account of the natives occurs in "Camoen's Lusiad," describing Vasco de Gama's visit to Table Bay in 1497, and his reception by the natives—

> "And soon an arrowy and flinty shower,
> Straight o'er our heads the fierce barbarians pour,
> Nor poured in vain."

Van Riebeck, first Dutch Governor in 1662, in his memorandum for the information of his successor, speaks of the Strandloopers and Vischmen who have no stock, but live by fishing off the rocks. In his journal for 1652 the first notice of a people called Vischmen occurs. He states Table Bay was visited annually by three tribes of people similar in appearance and manners. 1st. Strandloopers or

watermen, who lived on mussels, &c., which they found on the rocks, and on roots dug out of the ground. They are described as always travelling at night, other tribes trying to catch them to make slaves of them. They are low in stature, and very lean; entirely savage; without any huts or cattle; and his successor, Commandant Walt, says that they are said never to have had any live stock except a dog or a louse. They are also described as poor naked creatures, who dared not go anywhere, but were employed about the Fort at menial work. They lived in caves or little hovels on the sand-hills. There is no doubt but that the stone-age was in existence on the taking possession by the Dutch in 1651. Frequent mention is made by Van Riebeck as to the great value given by the natives for iron to the early settlers; while later he feelingly laments that the good times had passed away when a fat bullock could be got for an iron hoop. It is also mentioned in 1687, by the crew of a wrecked Dutch vessel, that there was pottery; and it is remarked, that although having this, they had no permanent habitation or house of brick or earth. A very interesting Damara legend, given by my friend, Dr. Bleek, in an article on African Folk Lore in the *Cape Monthly* for 1870, pictures the recollection of the passing of the stone into the iron age, affording a clear evidence of the prehistoric period prior to the arrival of Europeans. In a sort of a Damara version of "The House that Jack Built," mention is made of the use of a thorn in sewing, and stone hatchets for cutting down trees. Dr. Bleek also mentions in another fable, "Reynard in Africa," the use of hot stones in wicker baskets for melting fat.

In conclusion, simple and rude as these implements are, and rough as the mode of life of the South African cave dwellers and prehistoric man seems to have been, still, as representing the commencement of civilization, they possess great interest and significance—they show with what rude and imperfect steps the first advance towards a higher and more refined life was made; and that our present civilization is the result of simple and rude beginnings. In the language of the first writer on this subject, De Perthes, "Let us not, then, disdain these few essays of our forefathers. If they had not made them—if they had not persevered in their efforts, we should have neither our towns nor our palaces, nor any of the masterpieces we admire in them. The first man who struck one pebble against another so as to give it regular form, gave the first blow of the chisel which produced the Minerva and all the marbles of the Parthenon."

The Days of Old—1798–1815.

By the kindness of a friend, we have been presented with three tattered old copies of the *Times* newspaper, giving the original accounts of the glorious victories of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and the several despatches of Nelson, Collingwood, and Wellington. There is a ring about the records of these genuine triumphs of British arms that serves to recall to us some of the pomp and pride and circumstance of war; and suggests some very obvious comparisons as to the very great change of public feeling upon international disputes now manifest by special correspondents and Reuter's telegrams. Much of this apathy, no doubt, is to be attributed to the rapidity with which the heads of startling intelligence are now flashed all over the world; so that long before full details are given to the press the matter has been brushed away and crowded out of the public eye by some other social or domestic excitement; but a great deal is also due to our loss of insular exclusiveness, and our growing distaste for shedding blood, except in the fields of fiction. We are conscious of having tired a little of military glory, and like veterans of the prize-ring, prefer to look on at battles fought between our hot-blooded neighbours, where we can criticise and praise without taking a personal share in the struggle. As a natural consequence, foreigners are very apt to loudly pooh-pooh the fighting powers of Englishmen, and seem to forget that we ever knew how to handle the sword as well as the pen. A glance at these papers will therefore do us no harm.

The first print we have to notice is the *Times* of Wednesday, October 3rd, 1798,—No. 4,298, price sixpence. The sheet consists of four pages, a little bigger than our Cape *Zingari*, and of these the first and last are crowded with petty advertisements. There is a short account of the "Rebellion in Ireland" (with a despatch from Major-General Trench to the Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant), in the suppression of which the Downshire regiment of militia appears to have distinguished itself at Foxford and Killala. The French Republic seems to have fostered this outbreak among the Irish of Sligo, if we may judge from the following passage of the despatch: "I also owe much to Mr. Orme of Abbeytown, and several other gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the disturbed country. Upon entering the town of Killala, I proceeded to the palace of the Bishop, who, I feared, had suffered from the rage of the rebels, but was glad to find him and his family in safety, but preserved from their violence only by the authority which Charost, the French commandant of the town, possessed over them; but which was beginning rapidly to decline before we arrived, insomuch that he was obliged to arm himself and the four French officers with a number of carbines, which he delivered up loaded in his room. The Bishop, his family and servants, were armed in a like manner by him, and served out with ammunition,

in order to protect them from the threatened violence of the rebels. At the palace, the head-quarters of the commandant, I found 270 barrels of powder." This was on Monday, the 24th September, 1798. Next day the General proceeds to follow up these rebels and smash them. "Having heard, late on the night of the 24th inst., that the rebels were assembling in great numbers at a place called the Lacken, I marched yesterday morning in that direction. They fled and dispersed on our approach, but by the activity of the men several were overtaken. Between fifty and sixty were killed, all in arms, and five taken prisoners. Amongst the killed were several in French uniforms. I did not return here until nine last night. The men bore a fatiguing march of fourteen hours with zeal and spirit. Bellew and Burke were hanged yesterday, by the sentence of a general Court Martial. Five men came in and surrendered their arms this morning (the 26th September) under the proclamation. I trust that their example will be followed by many others. P.S.—In our different actions with the rebels they lost between 500 and 600 men. We lost but one man and a few wounded, the list of whom I enclose." Evidently Major-General Trench was a man not given to diplomatic notes, and clearly a soldier not to be trifled with. He would have made short work with the Fenians, and reduced their ranks considerably had he been alive in our day.

Upon this the *Times* comments in a short note, and dismisses the Irish with characteristic contempt. In another, but theatrical notice, we are told of Drury Lane Theatre: "The part of Zanga in the 'Revenge' was last night played by Mr. Kemble. This gentleman's delineation of the character is in many respects as finished a piece as our stage affords. The subtle and malignant spirit of vengeance was finely marked from the beginning by the judicious and imposing semblance of friendship and candour. In the descriptive scenes he was clear and impressive, and in the imitation of the leading passion natural and vigorous. The declaration of the motives which influenced him to the work of destruction was accompanied with a dignity of motion that almost justified the excessive resentment of the moor."

"After the play, the news of Admiral Nelson's victory produced a burst of patriotic exultation that has been rarely witnessed in a theatre. 'Rule Britannia' was lustily called for from every part of the house; and Messrs. Kelly, Dignum, Sedgewick, Miss Leak, and Mrs. Bland, came forward and sang it, accompanied by numbers of the audience. It was called for and sung a second time. The acclamations were the loudest and the most fervent we have ever witnessed.

"The following lines, written for the occasion, were introduced by Mr. Dignum and Mr. Sedgewick:

'Again the tributary strain
Of grateful Britons let us raise,
And to the heroes on the main
Triumphant add a Nelson's praise.

Though the "Great Nation" proudly boasts
Herself invincible to be,
Yet oft brave Nelson still can prove
Britannia Mistress of the Sea.'

"The audience were not satisfied with this repeated mark of exultation, but in the effusion of enthusiastic loyalty called for 'God Save the King,' which was received with reiterated plaudits."

In connection with this there is also a paragraph in the local intelligence column which is rather amusing as a specimen of London wit:—"A person last night in the gallery of Drury Lane House calling frequently in a boisterous manner for the tune of 'Britons Strike Home,' was immediately silenced by the appropriate observation of another at some distance from him, 'Why, d—— it, they have, haven't they?'"

The excitement about the battle of the Nile evidently was very great, and reminds us of somewhat similar scenes that took place in nearly all the London theatres when the fall of Sebastopol was definitely announced to very full houses. The Londoners, however, are a practical set of men, and therefore we are not astonished at the following item of news:

"Immediately that the news of the gallant victory obtained by Admiral Nelson was known at Lloyd's, a subscription was opened for the relief of the widows and orphans of the brave men who perished fighting the battles of their country."

That loss amounted to sixteen officers, 156 seamen, and forty-six marines killed; and thirty-seven officers, 562 seamen, and seventy-eight marines wounded—total, 895, of which 218 were killed: with a loss to the French of eight frigates taken, four burnt or sunk (having on board, when going into action, 9,410 men and 940 guns), and four escaped. It was calculated at the time that the enemy lost 5,000 men in killed and wounded.

Nelson's despatch to Admiral the Earl of St. Vincent, Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c., of the *Cadiz*, is very characteristic and sailor-like. We therefore print it, omitting the enclosures:

"*Vanguard*, off the mouth of the Nile,
"August 3rd, 1798.

"My Lord,—Almighty God has blessed His Majesty's arms in the late battle by a great victory over the Fleet of the enemy, whom I attacked at sunset on the 1st of August, off the mouth of the Nile. The enemy were moored in a strong line of battle for defending the entrance of the Bay of Shoals, flanked by numerous gun-boats, four frigates, and a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van; but nothing could withstand the squadron Your Lordship did me the honour to place under my command. Their high state of discipline is well known to you, and with the judgment of the Captains, together with their valour, and that of the officers and men of every description, it was absolutely irresistible. Could

anything from my pen add to the character of the Captains, I would write it with pleasure, but that is impossible.

* * * * * *

"The ships of the enemy, all but their two rear ships, are nearly dismasted; and those two, with two frigates, I am sorry to say, made their escape; nor was it, I assure you, in my power to prevent them. Captain Hood most handsomely endeavoured to do it, but I had no ship in a condition to support the *Zealous*, and I was obliged to call her in."

* * * * * *

The *Times* well expresses the national exultation in the following leading article:

"The narrative of this glorious action is much too concise to satisfy the curious eye of the public. It is written in the true style of a seaman who understands how to lead his fleet to victory better than to write a long letter. Admiral Nelson was severely hurt by a splinter, which struck his head and eyes; and the French Admiral, Brueys, was killed towards the close of the action, being shot through the body. His first captain was also killed. Admiral Nelson was left by Captain Capel on the ground where the action happened, refitting his fleet. The transports that were at Rosetta are most of them burnt; the rest that are at Alexandria will most probably share the same fate. The two frigates that escaped are said to have made for a Turkish port, where they are detained as prizes.

"The victory gained by Admiral Nelson is one of those events which will hereafter be less considered with respect to the glory which the British arms derive from it than as it relates to foreign politics, and giving confidence to those who are on the point of entering on a new war with the French Republic. Already we know that a considerable army of Russians is approaching the Austrian territories to give confidence to the, we fear, yet undecided politics of the Emperor of Germany; a Russian fleet is arrived at Constantinople on its passage to the Mediterranean through the Dardanelles; and the Grand Seigneur, from the decision and vigour which guide his councils, and hasten his preparations by sea and land, seems anxious to emulate his ancient rival in laudable exertions. The King of Naples we have long known to be hearty in the good cause, and waiting only for the protection of a British fleet to declare himself. Every petty state in Italy is weary of the endless rapacity of the agents of the Directory, and we have no doubt but the first successes obtained over the French will induce the new Republics to declare themselves against their tyrannous conquerors. We have always asserted that the only way to make a safe peace with the Directory was by vigorous and successful exertions; and the prospect before us re-animates our hopes of seeing a termination to this calamitous war in the only way in which it can be terminated

either with honour or security. Motives of private interest or state necessity may have induced some Cabinets to make peace with France, and even to become her allies. But though France may have Allies, it is impossible that the French Republic can have any who are so sincerely."

The prescience that distinguishes this article was well justified by events. And now moving forwards a few years we shall see with what heartfelt sorrow the press records the universal regret felt at Nelson's untimely death at Trafalgar. Dear old Collingwood can scarcely abstain from tears as he pens his famous despatch, and details the victory that was almost despised because of the great Admiral's death in the hour of his triumph. See with what modesty he indites the following general order :

"*Euryalus*, October 22nd, 1805.

"The ever-to-be-lamented death of Lord Viscount Nelson, Duke of Brontè, the Commander-in-Chief, who fell in action of the 21st in the arms of victory, covered with glory; whose memory will ever be dear to the British navy and the British nation; whose zeal for the honour of his King and for the interests of his Country will ever be held up as a shining example for a British Seaman—leaves to me a duty to return my thanks to the Right Honourable Rear-Admiral and Captains, Officers, Seamen, and detachment of Royal Marines serving on board His Majesty's Squadron now under my command for their conduct on that day; but where can I find language to express my sentiments of the valour and skill which were displayed by the Officers, the Seamen and the Marines, in the battle with the Enemy, where every individual appeared a hero on whom the glory of his country depended? The attack was irresistible, and the issue of it adds to the page of Naval Annals a brilliant instance of what Britons can do when their King and their Country need their service."

At this distance of time it thrills one to read how deeply the people of England were affected by this glorious naval success and most decisive victory over the French. As the *Times* well remarks, "The victory created none of those enthusiastic emotions in the public mind which the success of our naval arms have in every former instance produced. There was not a man who did not think that the life of the hero of the Nile was too great a price for the capture and destruction of twenty sail of French and Spanish men-of-war. No ebullition of popular transport—no demonstrations of public joy marked this great and important event. The honest and manly feeling of the people appeared as it should have done—they felt an inward satisfaction at the triumph of their favourite arms; they mourned with all the sincerity and poignancy of domestic grief their Hero slain."

"If ever there was a man who deserved to be 'praised, wept and honoured,' by his country it is Lord Nelson. His three great naval

achievements have eclipsed the brilliancy of the most dazzling victories in the annals of English daring. If ever a hero merited the honours of a public funeral and a public mourning, it is the pious, the modest, and the gallant Nelson—the darling of the British Navy, whose death has plunged a whole nation into the deepest grief, and to whose talents and bravery even the enemy he has conquered will bear testimony."

From some of the details given in these papers it would appear that Nelson thoroughly enjoyed himself at Trafalgar. When he found, by his skilful manœuvres, he had placed the enemy in such a situation that they could not avoid an engagement, he was in a state of great excitement, and extremely animated; and with his usual confidence of a victory, he said to Captain Hardy and the officers who surrounded him on the quarter-deck, "Now they cannot escape us. I think we shall at least make sure of twenty of them. I shall probably lose a leg, but that will be purchasing a victory cheaply." After he was shot in the shoulder, and was yet in the arms of the men who were supporting him, his eye caught the tiller rope, which was unusually slack. He exclaimed, with much emphasis, "Tighten that rope there!" an eminent proof that his professional ardour still survived the brilliancy of the flame of life. When he saw his secretary and his friend, Mr. Scott, thrown overboard, after having been cut in two by a chain shot, uncertain through the disfigurement of the wound and the confusion of the fight whether it was him or not, he inquired with affectionate ardour, "Was that poor Scott?" A strong impression seems to have been made upon Nelson by this scene, for as the men were carrying him down to the cock-pit he said to them, "Don't let me be thrown overboard; tell Hardy to carry me home!"

Can we not all picture this touching scene—the smoke, the noise, the dreadful confusion, and amidst it all one calm intelligence intent upon his country's fame, heedless of his own hurts, saying good-bye to his friends, asking after their welfare, and kissing his beloved Hardy—like a tired child who was fond of his nurse, and wished to be at rest? His last words are full of quiet dignity. "I know I am dying. I could have wished to have survived to breathe my last upon British ground, but the will of God be done!"

Turning, now, to a more cheerful theme, let us see what the Londoners had to amuse themselves with in those days besides the news of glorious victories at sea. Duels were evidently very fashionable then, as in the *Times* law report we find that Mr. Ralph Sheldon publicly challenged Mr. Thomas Dickens, a barrister of the Court of King's Bench, to give him satisfaction for having insolently forced open a gate that was locked in his park. As the road was a public way, the barrister refused to do so, whereupon Mr. Sheldon threatens him with an action at law, and clinches the matter by writing to say that "You may beat down my gates, but you cannot make a gentleman put up with an insult. You must beg my

pardon, or I am determined to take the only alternative of which a man of honour can avail himself.'

In another case, Lieutenant Thomas Keating of the 45th Regiment, and J. Wylde, an assistant surgeon of the same, are accused by Mr. Foxcroft, an attorney at Nottingham, of trying to make him fight a duel against his will. In this case the officer had borrowed money from one of the lawyer's clients seven years previously, and when called upon to pay he pleaded minority, and so enraged the limb of the law that he threatened to post him up wherever he went, as a man who availed himself of mean subterfuges to escape the settlement of his just debts. Hence the challenge, in which the fire-eating officer calls the attorney "a liar and a coward."

The only theatre advertised in the *Times* is Covent Garden. There were no operas apparently, and no other place of amusement open, except the National Gallery (or the European Museum, as it was then called). Mr. Charles Kemble, John Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons in "Venice Preserved;" and Mr. Munden, Mr. Emery and Mr. Lewis in the "Road to Ruin," entertained the citizens on the dates of these papers. At Ranelagh, also, grand galas were held from time to time; and there was a Royal Circus, the proprietors of which were the Bologna family, and who send a very elaborate advertisement to the *Times* on the occasion of their benefit. A Mr. Smith notifies that tickets at 10s. 6d. each may be obtained to his first subscription concert at the Assembly Rooms, Castle Tavern, Richmond, and at which Miss Poole is to be the leading vocalist. There is also a panorama open in Leicester Square, at one shilling, and this about exhausts the list. Large rewards are offered by the Post Office for information as to who stopped the mails on the road near Farnborough. Highway robberies are frequent, and accounts are given of Mr. Vernon of the Treasury, Lieutenant Millar of the Royal Horse Guards, and Mr. Courvoisier (one of His Majesty's messengers) having been severally robbed by the gentry of the road, and apparently without offering any resistance,—in short, life in London, in those days, seems to have been as humdrum as our present colonial life, and certainly did not afford much scope for the journalist to descant upon. There is one solitary allusion to political opponents, in a paragraph to this effect: "The opposition papers state that Mr. Fox does not mean to attend his duty in Parliament during the ensuing session. However, greatly the talent of this gentleman may be rated, the want of his counsel has not proved detrimental to the public prosperity. It would, on the contrary, appear, from the brilliant successes of the country since his secession, that his absence has been auspicious to the promotion of our national honour and glory." This reminds us of Mr. Gladstone's recent retirement to Wales, and the ill-natured comments it gave rise to! How absurdly history repeats itself. There is also a rather neat retort given to the King of Prussia, by the Russian Minister, Prince Repuin, who, while staying at Berlin, was shown by the King an

excellent picture representing the Prince Royal, *about four or five years* old, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, the latter half-drawn, and his mien expressing firmness and resolution. "What is your opinion of this picture?" said the monarch. "Sire," answered the Prince, "this young gentleman appears to be of great vigour and resolution. He holds not yet, I apprehend, a seat in your Majesty's Council." To us the sarcasm seems perfect! So very bland and smooth, and yet so very bitter and true.

As we approach the days of Wellington fifteen years later, the *Times* still maintains its old form and size; but there is a greater vigour in the articles, and the class of advertisements is much improved. Painting and painters are more noticed, and a love of the fine arts is evidently on the increase. Among the advertisements of June 22, 1815, it is notified that the British Gallery, Pall Mall, is now open with a selection of celebrated pictures by Rembrandt and Vandyke, and other eminent artists of the Flemish and Dutch schools, with which the proprietors are determined to gratify the public in general, and the nobility in particular. At Spring Gardens, Mr. de la Roche, from Paris, exhibits his wonderful musical automatons, that will perform duettos on the flute, answer different questions, and astonish by their cleverness every beholder. He also owns a mechanical canary bird which sings ten different airs, and respectfully informs the public that these automatons perform at the will of any person present. Then we get a glimpse of a possible "*Dotheboys* Hall" in the following bait for tender guardians.

"*Education.*—Winton, near Borough, in Westmoreland—Boys are educated, furnished with boots, boarded and clothed by the Rev. J. Adamthwaite, D.D., beneficed curate of Badly, at twenty-two guineas a year, and parlour boarders at forty guineas. There are no vacations at this school, and from the close attention of Dr. A. and his assistants to the education of his scholars, no school in the kingdom can boast of finer boys. Dr. A., who was for many years an usher in the public schools, and tutor to a nobleman's family, attends each day between the hours of eleven and one at the Clapham Coffee House, St. Paul's. References to bishops, clergymen, and laymen of equal eminence." Even the notorious Whackford Squeers, Esq., would find it hard to beat this unique production of the educational pen! Another clergyman wants to do a sharp stroke of business in the disposal of a pedal harp and cabinet pianoforte. "The harp has had the pedals green covered, &c., in complete order. Cost, 45 guineas. To be sold for 25 guineas. The cabinet pianoforte is as good as new, stands remarkably well, in tune, silk front, two pedals, &c., for 38 guineas; shop price 60 guineas. Square pianoforte 16 guineas. *No abatement.* To be seen at 5, Leicester Place." Clearly this gentleman does not mean to chaffer his wares, and is very sharp, clear, and decisive in his terms. He evidently expects somebody to turn up and take these articles off his hands without more ado. In a different vein of hope is the next on our list.

"One thousand pounds will be presented to any person who can procure for a gentleman of respectability (*sic!*) an adequate mercantile situation. Address, post-paid, to A.B., 69, Swallow-street." Let us hope some one took pity on him at last, and helped him to an office stool! The whole of the news column of this issue of the *Times* is taken up with Wellington's despatches about Waterloo, and the lists of killed and wounded officers. From these it is clear that Blucher and the Duke thoroughly understood each other, and arranged to furnish help to whoever was the first attacked by the bulk of the French army. To this end the Prussian army was in occupation of posts at Thuin and Lubez on the Sambre; while Wellington fell back on Les Quatre Bras with the whole of his army on the 15th June, under Sir Thomas Picton, followed by the corps of troops under the Duke of Brunswick, and afterwards by the contingent of Nassau. The French, early on the morning of the 15th, at daylight, with their 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 6th Corps, and the Imperial guard and all their cavalry, attacked and drove the Prussians out of their posts on the Sambre—although Charleroy was the real object of their attack. General Zieten, who commanded the corps at Charleroy, retired upon Fleurus, and Blucher concentrated the Prussian army upon Sambref, holding the villages in front of his position of St. Amand and Ligny. The allies thus got separated, and the French rapidly advancing, forced back the army of the Netherlands under the Prince of Weimar posted as Frasne, to the farm-house on the road from Charleroy to Brussels, called "Les Quatre Bras;" Napoleon then attacked the English with his 1st and 2nd Corps and Kellermann's cavalry—while he hurled the rest of his forces upon Blucher, who, however, made the Prussian army maintain their position with great gallantry and perseverance against a great disparity of numbers, as his 4th Corps under General Bulow had not joined, and Wellington could not come to his help, because he himself was held in check by the French by their 1st and 2nd Corps, and his cavalry had not arrived at "Les Quatre Bras." The Duke, however, maintained his position also, and completely defeated and repulsed all the enemy's attempts to get possession of it. His loss was large, including the Duke of Brunswick. "Now, although," says the Duke, "Marshal Blucher had maintained his position at Sambref, he still found himself much weakened by the severity of the contest in which he had been engaged, and as the 4th Corps (Bulow's) had not arrived, he determined to fall back and concentrate his army upon Havre, and he marched in the night (of the 15th) after the action was over. This movement of the Marshal rendered necessary a corresponding one on my part; and I retired from the farm of Quatre Bras upon Genappe; and thence upon Waterloo the next morning, the 17th, at ten o'clock. The enemy made no effort to pursue Marshal Blucher; neither did he attempt to molest our march to the rear, although made in the middle of the day."

Thus the two Generals were in this position, that whoever was first attacked by the French was immediately to send off for his neighbour's assistance—the distance between them being considerable.

On the morning of the 18th the French determined to attack the Duke, and began their furious series of charges on Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, but without avail. The English cavalry kept them in check till about seven in the evening, "when the French made a desperate effort with the cavalry and infantry, supported by the fire of artillery, to force our left centre near the farm of 'La Haye Sainte,' which, after a severe contest, was defeated; and having observed (writes the Duke) *that the troops retired from this attack in great confusion*, and that the march of General Bulow's corps (the missing or lagging 4th corps) by Enschermont upon Planchenorte and La Belle Alliance had begun to take effect, *and as I could perceive the fire of his cannon*, and as Marshal Prince Blucher had joined in person with a corps of his army to the left of our line by Ohaim, I determined to attack the enemy, and immediately advanced the whole line of infantry, supported by the cavalry and artillery. The attack succeeded in every point. The enemy was forced from his position on the heights, and fled in the utmost confusion, leaving behind him, as far as I could judge, 150 pieces of cannon and their ammunition, which fell into our hands. I continued the pursuit till long after dark, and then discontinued it only on account of the fatigue of the troops, who had been engaged during twelve hours, and *because I found myself* on the same road with Marshal Blucher, who assured me of his intention to follow the enemy throughout the night."

There is, therefore, no doubt that the operation of Bulow's corps upon the enemy's flank was most decisive, and even if the Duke had not in his turn made his attack upon the French, it would have forced the French to retire if these attacks should have failed, and would have prevented them from taking advantage of them, if they should unfortunately have succeeded. Wellington strongly expresses his grateful thanks to the Prussians for their timely assistance, and gives them the credit of having enabled him to convert a bloody and obstinate defence into an unexpected and instantaneous and glorious victory. The French owe their whipping, therefore, to Englishmen, but the English owe it to the Prussians that they got the chance of turning a defensive position into an attack. The receipt of these despatches causes the *Times* to gloat over the glorious news. "TWO HUNDRED AND TEN PIECES OF CANNON AND TWO EAGLES," printed in the very largest type, is the least it can do to prove its delight and crow its loudest. It repeats:—"TWO HUNDRED AND TEN PIECES OF CANNON! When, where, or how is this loss to be repaired. Besides, what has become of his invincible guard, of his admired and dreaded cuirassiers? Again, we do not deny that these were good troops, but they were encountered by better. We shall be curious to learn with what degree of coolness, of personal courage, and self-possession Buonaparte played his stake, on which he must have been well aware that his pretensions to the Empire hung. It is clear that he retreated; nor are we prepared to hear that he fled with cowardice; but we greatly suspect that he did not court an

honourable death. We think his valour is of the calculating kind, and we do not attribute his surviving the abdication at Fontainebleau entirely to magnanimity."

Oddly enough, the fall of Napolean I., as of his nephew later at Sedan, was followed by rumours of an insurrection in Paris, with a view to put Louis Phillipe on the throne. The Duke of Orleans immediately issued a manifesto, denying his share in the attempt, and, as first prince of the blood of France, puts forth the stronger and more legitimate claims of Louis XVIII., in a very dignified declaration, here published, but too long for extract. The space at our command is nearly exhausted; but the *Times* of June 22, 1815, must be credited with containing a large amount of prescience as to what led to, and would follow upon, this victory of British arms, and very forcibly points out how Napoleon's only chance of retaining his hold on the French nation, who considered him an usurper no less than the greatest of soldiers, was by sustaining his run of luck. "For many years he had ridiculed Carnot's plan of a northern campaign, and had openly avowed at Paris his intention to break through the allied armies, instead of moving round both their flanks. With as little reserve had he declared that he would open the campaign on the Meuse and the Sambre. In short, by a refinement in *finesse*, he had exposed his true plan, imagining that nobody would believe that such was his real intention. We do not deny that this plan might have been one of considerable ability; but he did not take into the account that he was to be opposed by abilities superior to his own. That unpalatable truth his vanity would not allow him to believe, nor would it easily find credit with his admirers; but the 18th of June, we trust, will satisfy the most incredulous."

History has rendered her verdict in unmistakable terms as to the relative merits of these two great men. They were the fighting giants of those days of old, and have gone to their graves with very different honours indeed; but the very best thing they have done for posterity is to disgust us with the injustice and impotency of war as the handmaid of politics and settler of international disputes. For glory and personal ambition, Napoleon waded through seas of blood, idolised by his troops and cursed by all the world. For duty and thorough sense of loyalty, Nelson and Wellington set a bright example to all soldiers and sailors who love to be led by gentlemen, and heartily distrust a snob. War to them was the accident of their calling, and not the necessity of their natures. They were good, kind, pitiful men, generous to their foes, fond of their friends, and the very souls of honour in all their dealings. How different to the haughty Corsican, mean in his hates, unnatural in his loves, and thoroughly saturated with falsehood, trickery, and political roguery. When such a man falls, "he falls like Lucifer, never to rise again!"

Avena.

The old sweet smile of other days
Lights your fair face again ;
Your eyes as frankly meet my gaze
As in that pleasant time.
Though wrath, and bitterness, and pain
In the brief interval have swept
Between us, yet your voice has kept
Its witching, well-remembered chime.

But 'twixt those happy hours and this
A bridgeless gulf is laid ;
It is but as a dream of bliss—
An utterance—and it flies.
For both our hearts since then have strayed
O'er desert regions drear and vast ;
And now between me and that Past
An unforgotten tombstone lies.

B. M. R.

Answer to Charade in the "Magazine" for October.

No wonder "Oom Piet" had such horrible dreams,
And fancied he heard diabolical screams,
For people are apt to experience a fright
If they will eat pork suppers the last thing at "*night.*"

Escape from these horrors the darkness may aid,
By hiding Piet's flight in its favouring shade ;
So off he'll skedaddle, nor longer despair,
Well mounted aback of his rood-schimmel "*mare.*"

As a soldier starts up at the bugle's sound,
So leaps from the rustbank Oom Piet to the ground ;
And rubbing his eyes, finds his plate to be bare,—
The cause of his terror was only "*nightmare.*"

C. F. O.

An Explanation.

To the Editor of the "Cape Monthly Magazine"

My Dear Sir,—I see that "Δ" has entirely misunderstood the meaning of the concluding sentences of the article on the Origin of Language, which appeared in your July number. The error, no doubt, arises from the omission of certain words in the printed article which, to the best of my belief, were in the manuscript. The sentences in question should read as follows:—"If Darwin's theory can be scientifically proved to be true, and if it is inconsistent with the doctrine of the immortality of the soul,—*absit omen*,—the latter doctrine will have to be surrendered by all those whose souls are most worthy of immortality—*i.e.*, by those who prize the truth above a comfortable delusion. Of this, however, we may be well convinced, that if Darwin's theory were a universally accepted and demonstrated truth to-morrow, as it is the belief of many men of strongly religious minds to-day, it would leave the doctrines of the immortality of the soul, the Divine government of the world, and the doctrines of religion generally, as untouched as *did* the old astronomical and geological discoveries of the motion and antiquity of the world."

The omission of the words italicized rendered the meaning of the passage in the original article slightly ambiguous. The meaning was, however, simply this: that as the relatively old discoveries of the motion and antiquity of the earth, though at first opposed by theologians as contrary to Scripture, have afterwards been acknowledged to be perfectly consistent with it, the same would undoubtedly be the case with the Darwinian theory of evolution if once accepted. The word *old* is not used in the technical sense of *ancient* as distinguished from *modern*, but in its literal sense as comparing the dates of the astronomical and geological theories here alluded to with the theory of evolution. I need hardly remind "Δ" and your other readers that the doctrine of evolution in various forms is already accepted by many clergymen and by men like Mivart (who is, I believe, a Roman Catholic) and others, who would be justly indignant if they were accused of having thereby abandoned their belief in the immortality of the soul and the Divine government of the world. The doctrine of evolution does not bear on the point *whether* the world is under Divine government, but *what are the laws* of that government. Because a man believes that the planets move according to the law of gravitation, he does not the less believe in the Divine government of the universe.

I quite agree with Dr. Dale, in his address, in holding that the proper attitude of the mind towards a new doctrine like that of Darwin is a prudent suspense of judgment, and a degree of belief in strict proportion, as far as that is possible, to the amount of evidence. Where I think Dr. Dale was in error was in the tendency of his remarks, unintentional no doubt, to excite the *odium theologicum*, and to test scientific doctrines on unscientific grounds.

Writer of the article on the "Origin of Language."

Professor Tyndall's Address.

On the eve of going to press, we have received a copy of a new edition of Professor Tyndall's memorable discourse at Belfast, now issued directly by himself, with the following preface, which we reprint in full :—

At the request of my publishers, strengthened by the expressed desire of many correspondents, I reprint, with a few slight alterations, this address.

It was written under some disadvantages this year in the Alps, and sent by instalments to the printer. When read subsequently, it proved too long for its purpose, and several of its passages were accordingly struck out. Some of them are here restored.

It has provoked an unexpected amount of criticism. This, in due time, will subside ; and I confidently look forward to a calmer future for a verdict, founded not on imaginary sins, but on the real facts of the case.

Of the numberless strictures and accusations, some of them exceeding fierce, of which I have been, and continue to be, the object, I refrain from speaking at any length. To one or two of them, however, out of respect for their sources, I would ask permission briefly to refer.

An evening paper of the first rank, after the ascription of various more or less questionable aims and motives, proceeds to the imputation, that I permitted the cheers of my audience to "stimulate" me to the utterance of words which no right-minded man, without a sense of the gravest responsibility, could employ. I trust the author of this charge will allow me in all courtesy to assure him that the words ascribed by him to the spur of the moment were written in Switzerland ; that they stood in the printed copy of the address from which I read ; that they evoked no "cheers," but a silence far more impressive than cheers ; and that, finally, as regards both approbation and the reverse, my course had been thought over and decided long before I ventured to address a Belfast audience.

A writer in a most able theological journal represents me as "patting religion on the back." The thought of doing so is certainly his, not mine. The facts of religious feeling are to me as certain as the facts of physics. But the world, I hold, will have to distinguish between the feeling and its forms, and to vary the latter in accordance with the intellectual condition of the age.

I am unwilling to dwell upon statements ascribed to eminent men, which may be imperfectly reported in the newspapers, and I therefore pass over a recent sermon attributed to the Bishop of Manchester, with the remark, that one engaged so much as he is in busy and, I doubt not on the whole, beneficent outward life, is not likely to be among the earliest to discern the more inward and spiritual signs of the times, or to prepare for the condition which they foreshadow.

In a recent speech at Dewsbury, the Dean of Manchester is reported to have expressed himself thus :—"The Professor (myself) ended a most remarkable and eloquent speech by terming himself a material Atheist." My attention was drawn to Dean Cowie's statement by a correspondent, who described it as standing "conspicuous among the strange calumnies" with which my words have been assailed. For myself I use no language which could imply that I am hurt by such attacks. They have lost their

power to wound or injure. So likewise as regards a resolution recently passed by the Presbytery of Belfast, in which Professor Huxley and myself are spoken of as "ignoring the existence of God, and advocating pure and simple materialism;" had the possessive pronoun "our" preceded "God," and had the words "what we consider" preceded "pure," this statement would have been objectively true; but to make it so this qualification is required.

Cardinal Cullen, I am told, is also actively engaged in erecting spiritual barriers against the intrusion of "Infidelity" into Ireland. His Eminence, I believe, has reason to suspect that the Catholic youth around him are not proof to the seductions of science. Strong as he is, I believe him to be impotent here. The youth of Ireland will imbibe science, however slowly; they will be leavened by it, however gradually. As to its inward modifying power among Catholics themselves, rather than to any Protestant propagandism, or other external influence, I look for the abatement of various incongruities; among them, of those mediæval proceedings which, to the scandal and amazement of our nineteenth century intelligence, have been revived among us during the last two years.

In connection with the charge of Atheism, I would make one remark. Christian men are proved by their writings to have their hours of weakness and of doubt, as well as their hours of strength and of conviction; and men like myself share, in their own way, these variations of mood and tense. Were the religious views of many of my assailants the only alternative ones, I do not know how strong the claims of the doctrine of "Material Atheism" upon my allegiance might be. Probably they would be very strong. But, as it is, I have noticed during years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigour that this doctrine commends itself to my mind; that in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears, as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell, and of which we form a part.

To coarser attacks and denunciations I pay no attention; nor have I any real reason to complain of revilings addressed to me, which professing Christians, as could readily be proved, do not scruple to use towards each other. The more agreeable task remains to me of thanking those who have tried, however hopelessly, to keep accusation within the bounds of justice, and who, privately, and at some risk in public, have honoured me with the expression of their sympathy and approval.

JOHN TYNDALL.

Athenæum Club, September 15, 1874.

On the preceding remarkable production we have space for but two brief observations. The first is, that, notwithstanding the studied attempt at moderation of expression, there is manifest an intense bitterness of feeling which astonishes us as coming from a philosopher who not merely affects, but usually seems to enjoy, the "azure" empyrean serenity of the Alpine heights among which he so often dwells. The second is, that the address, as now edited by Professor Tyndall himself after the criticisms it has undergone, is so thoroughly metamorphosed that had it been delivered at Belfast in its present shape it would probably have excited no other feeling than one of almost unqualified admiration for the exhaustiveness of its research and the exquisite beauty of its style. And yet Professor Tyndall

declares that it is but a "reprint" of the original, with "*a few slight alterations.*" We have space but for two specimens of these "slight alterations"—but both of them are of the most vital character, completely transforming the aspect of the whole. The first is in the original edition as follows:—

Abandoning all disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.

In the new edition we have this most ominous passage translated into harmless necessitarianism, thus:—"*By an intellectual necessity* I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern, in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and, notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of *all terrestrial life.*"

The second is with reference to the brilliant, but mournful metaphor, with which in the original Dr. Tyndall concluded his address:—

And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. *Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.*

Nothing in the whole discourse so much as this startled the minds not merely of Englishmen, but of all thinking men who read it throughout the world. Though fully sounded at the close, it was the dirge-like key-note for the whole, and was struck as such, only *sotto voce*, from the very commencement. Yet in the new expurgated edition the passage we have given in italics *is quite struck out*, and instead of it is inserted the well-known, exquisitely beautiful, and utterly harmless passage from Wordsworth's poem on the View from Tintern Abbey, touching the—

Sense sublime,
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

We are not in this place pretending to enter upon the argument of the original question to any degree whatever; but we do express our surprise that such extensive "alterations" as we have indicated should have been made without any other indication or announcement on the part of their author than the statement that there were "a few slight" things of the sort. We can well imagine, judging from the present preface, the indignant scorn with which Professor Tyndall would have swept away any such disingenuous argumentation if it had been applied either by the "Bishop" or the "Dean" of Manchester against himself.

Before proceeding to publish the following very copious extracts from what after all is unquestionably a magnificent Address, it is only necessary to state that they are taken from—as the criticisms of the Rev. Dr. Cameron in our opening article are based upon—the edition which appears in *Nature*, pp. 309—319, and the original of which was supplied to that periodical by the authorities of the British Association:—

An impulse inherent in primeval man turned his thoughts and questionings betimes towards the sources of natural phenomena. The same impulse, inherited and intensified, is the spur of scientific action to-day. Determined by it, by a process of abstraction from experience we form physical theories which lie beyond the pale of experience, but which satisfy the desire of the mind to see every natural occurrence resting upon a cause. In forming their notions of the origin of things, our earliest historic (and doubtless, we might add, our pre-historic) ancestors pursued, as far as their intelligence permitted, the same course. They also fell back upon experience, but with this difference—that the particular experiences which furnished the weft and woof of their theories were drawn, not from the study of nature, but from what lay much closer to them, the observation of men. Their theories accordingly took an anthropomorphic form. To supersensual beings, which, "however potent and invisible, were nothing but a species of human creatures, perhaps raised from among mankind, and retaining all human passions and appetites,"* were handed over the rule and governance of natural phenomena.

Tested by observation and reflection, these early notions failed in the long run to satisfy the more penetrating intellects of our race. Far in the depths of history we find men of exceptional power differentiating themselves from the crowd, rejecting these anthropomorphic notions, and seeking to connect natural phenomena with their physical principles. But long prior to these purer efforts of the understanding the merchant had been abroad, and rendered the philosopher possible; commerce had been developed, wealth amassed, leisure for travel and for speculation secured, while races educated under different conditions, and therefore differently informed and endowed, had been stimulated and sharpened by mutual contact. In those regions where the commercial aristocracy of ancient Greece mingled with its eastern neighbours, the sciences were born, being nurtured and developed by free-thinking and courageous men. The state of things to be displaced may be gathered from a passage of Euripides quoted by Hume. "There is nothing in the world; no glory, no prosperity. The gods toss all into confusion; mix everything with its reverse, that all of us, from our ignorance and uncertainty, may pay them the more worship and reverence." Now, as science demands the radical extirpation of caprice and the absolute reliance upon law in nature, there grew with the growth of scientific notions a desire and determination to sweep from the field of theory this mob of gods and demons, and to place natural phenomena on a basis more congruent with themselves.

* Hume, "Natural History of Religion."

The problem which had been previously approached from above was now attacked from below; theoretic effort passed from the super to the sub-sensible. It was felt that to construct the universe in idea it was necessary to have some notion of its constituent parts—of what Lucretius subsequently called the "First Beginnings." Abstracting again from experience, the leaders of scientific speculation reached at length the pregnant doctrine of atoms and molecules, the latest developments of which were set forth with such power and clearness at the last meeting of the British Association. Thought no doubt had long hovered about this doctrine before it attained the precision and completeness which it assumed in the mind of Democritus,* a philosopher who may well for a moment arrest our attention. "Few great men," says Lange, in his excellent "History of Materialism," a work to the spirit and the letter of which I am equally indebted, "have been so despitefully used by history as Democritus. In the distorted images sent down to us through unscientific traditions there remains of him almost nothing but the name of the 'laughing philosopher,' while figures of immeasurably smaller significance spread themselves at full length before us." Lange speaks of Bacon's high appreciation of Democritus—for ample illustrations of which I am indebted to my excellent friend Mr. Spedding, the learned editor and biographer of Bacon. It is evident, indeed, that Bacon considered Democritus to be a man of weightier metal than either Plato or Aristotle, though their philosophy "was noised and celebrated in the schools, amid the din and pomp of professors." It was not they, but Genseric and Attila and the barbarians, who destroyed the atomic philosophy. "For at a time when all human learning had suffered shipwreck, these planks of Aristotelian and Platonic philosophy, as being of a lighter and more inflated substance, were preserved and come down to us, while things more solid sank and almost passed into oblivion."

The principles enunciated by Democritus reveal his uncompromising antagonism to those who deduced the phenomena of nature from the caprices of the gods. They are briefly these:- 1. From nothing comes nothing. Nothing that exists can be destroyed All changes are due to the combination and separation of molecules. 2. Nothing happens by chance. Every occurrence has its cause from which it follows by necessity. 3. The only existing things are the atoms and empty space; all else is mere opinion. 4. The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form; they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of worlds. 5. The varieties of all things depend upon the varieties of their atoms, in number, size, and aggregation. 6. The soul consists of free, smooth, round atoms, like those of fire. These are the most mobile of all. They interpenetrate the whole body, and in their motions the phenomena of life arise. Thus the atoms of Democritus are individually without sensation; they combine in obedience to mechanical laws; and not only organic forms, but the phenomena of sensation and thought are also the result of their combination.

That great enigma, "the exquisite adaptation of one part of an organism to another part and to the conditions of life," more especially the construction of the human body, Democritus made no attempt to solve. Empedocles, a man of more fiery and poetic nature, introduced the notion of love and hate among the atoms to account for their combination and separation. Noticing this gap in the doctrine of Democritus, he struck in with the penetrating thought, linked, however, with some wild speculation, that it lay in the very nature of those combinations which were suited to their ends (in other words, in harmony with their environment) to maintain themselves, while unfit combinations having no proper habitat, must rapidly disappear. Thus more than 2,000 years ago the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," which in our day, not on the basis of vague conjecture, but of positive knowledge, has been raised to such extraordinary significance, had received at all events partial enunciation.†

Epicurus,‡ said to be the son of a poor schoolmaster at Samos, is the next

* Born 460 B.C † Lange, 2nd edit., p. 23. ‡ Born 342 B.C.

dominant figure in the history of the atomic philosophy. He mastered the writings of Democritus, heard lectures in Athens, returned to Samos, and subsequently wandered through various countries. He finally returned to Athens, where he bought a garden, and surrounded himself by pupils, in the midst of whom he lived a pure and serene life, and died a peaceful death. His philosophy was almost identical with that of Democritus; but he never quoted either friend or foe. One main object of Epicurus was to free the world from superstition and the fear of death. Death he treated with indifference. It merely robs us of sensation. As long as we are, death is not; and when death is, we are not. Life has no more evil for him who has made up his mind that it is no evil not to live. He adored the gods, but not in the ordinary fashion. The idea of divine power, properly purified, he thought an elevating one. Still he thought, "Not he is godless who rejects the gods of the crowd, but rather he who accepts them." The gods were to him eternal and immortal beings, whose blessedness excluded every thought of care or occupation of any kind. Nature persues her course in accordance with everlasting laws, the gods never interfering. They haunt

> "The lucid interspace of world and world
> Where never creeps a cloud or moves a wind,
> Nor ever falls the least white star of snow,
> Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,
> Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to mar
> Their sacred everlasting calm."*

Lange considers the relation of Epicurus to the gods subjective; the indication probably of an ethical requirement of his own nature. We cannot read history with open eyes, or study human nature to its depths, and fail to discern such a requirement. Man never has been and he never will be satisfied with the operations and products of the understanding alone; hence physical science cannot cover all the demands of his nature. But the history of the efforts made to satisfy these demands might be broadly described as a history of errors—the error consisting in ascribing fixity to that which is fluent, which varies as we vary, being gross when we are gross, and becoming, as our capacities widen, more abstract and sublime. On one great point the mind of Epicurus was at peace. He neither sought nor expected, here or hereafter, any personal profit from his relation to the gods. And it is assuredly a fact that loftiness and serenity of thought may be promoted by conceptions which involve no idea of profit of this kind. "Did I not believe," said a great man to me once, "that an Intelligence is at the heart of things, my life on earth would be intolerable." The utterer of these words is not, in my opinion, rendered less noble, but more noble, by the fact that it was the need of ethical harmony here, and not the thought of personal profit hereafter, that prompted his observation.

A century and a half after the death of Epicurus, Lucretius† wrote his great poem, "On the Nature of Things," in which he, a Roman, developed with extraordinary ardour the philosophy of his Greek predecessor. He wishes to win over his friend Memnius to the school of Epicurus; and although he has no rewards in a future life to offer, although his object appears to be a purely negative one, he addresses his friend with the heat of an apostle. His object, like that of his great forerunner, is the destruction of superstition; and considering that men trembled before every natural event as a direct monition from the gods, and that everlasting torture was also in prospect, the freedom aimed at by Lucretius might perhaps be deemed a positive good "This terror," he says, "and darkness of mind must be dispelled, not by the rays of the sun and glittering shafts of day, but by the aspect and the law of nature." He refutes the notion that anything can come out of nothing, or that that which is once begotten can be recalled to nothing. The first beginnings, the atoms, are indestructible, and into them all things can be dissolved at last. Bodies are partly atoms and partly

* Tennyson's "Lucretius." † Born 99 B.C.

combinations of atoms; but the atoms nothing can quench. They are strong in solid singleness, and by their denser combination all things can be closely packed and exhibit enduring strength. He denies that matter is infinitely divisible. We come at length to the atoms, without which, as an imperishable substratum, all order in the generation and development of things would be destroyed.

The mechanical shock of the atoms being in his view the all-sufficient cause of things, he combats the notion that the constitution of nature has been in any way determined by intelligent design. The interaction of the atoms throughout infinite time rendered all manner of combinations possible. Of these the fit ones persisted, while the unfit ones disappeared. Not after sage deliberation did the atoms station themselves in their right places, nor did they bargain what motions they should assume. From all eternity they have been driven together, and after trying motions and unions of every kind, they fell at length into the arrangements out or which this system of things has been formed. His grand conception of the atoms falling silently through immeasurable ranges of space and time suggested the nebular hypothesis to Kant, its first propounder. "If you will apprehend and keep in mind these things, Nature free at once, and rid of her haughty lords, is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself, without the meddling of the gods."*

* * * With regard to the influence wielded by Aristotle in the Middle Ages, and which, though to a less extent, he still wields, I would ask permission to make one remark. When the human mind has achieved greatness and given evidence of extraordinary power in any domain, there is a tendency to credit it with similar power in all other domains. Thus theologians have found comfort and assurance in the thought that Newton dealt with the question of revelation, forgetful, of the fact that the very devotion of his powers, through all the best years of his life, to a totally different class of ideas, not to speak of any natural disqualification, tended to render him less instead of more competent to deal with theological and historic questions. Goethe, starting from his established greatness as a poet, and indeed from his positive discoveries in natural history, produced a profound impression among the painters of Germany when he published his "Farbenlehre," in which he endeavoured to overthrow Newton's theory of colours. This theory he deemed so obviously absurd that he considered its author a charlatan, and attacked him with a corresponding vehemence of language. In the domain of natural history Goethe had made really considerable discoveries; and we have high authority for assuming that had he devoted himself wholly to that side of science, he might have reached in it an eminence comparable with that which he attained as a poet. In sharpness of observation, in the detection of analogies, however apparently remote in the classification and organization of facts according to the analogies discerned, Goethe possessed extraordinary powers. These elements of scientific inquiry fall in with the discipline of the poet. But, on the other hand, a mind thus richly endowed in the direction of natural history may be almost shorn of endowment as regards the more strictly called physical and mechanical sciences. Goethe was in this condition. He could not formulate distinct mechanical conceptions; he could not see the force of mechanical reasoning; and in regions where such reasoning reigns supreme he became a mere *ignis fatuus* to those who followed him.

I have sometimes permitted myself to compare Aristotle with Goethe, to credit the Stagirite with an almost superhuman power of amassing and systematising facts, but to consider him fatally defective on that side of the mind in respect to which incompleteness has been justly ascribed to Goethe. Whewell refers the errors of Aristotle, not to a neglect of facts, but to "a neglect of the idea appropriate to the facts; the idea of mechanical cause, which is force, and the substitution of vague or inapplicable notions, involving only relations of space or emotions of wonder." This is doubtless true; but the word "neglect" implies mere intel-

* Monro's translation. In his criticism of this work *(Contemporary Review*, 1867) Dr Hayman does not appear to be aware of the really sound and subtile observations on which the reasoning of Lucretius, though erroneous, sometimes rests.

lectual misdirection, whereas in Aristotle, as in Goethe, it was not, I believe, misdirection, but sheer natural incapacity which lay at the root of his mistakes. As a physicist, Aristotle displayed what we should consider some of the worst attributes of a modern physical investigator—indistinctness of ideas, confusion of mind, and a confident use of language, which led to the delusive notion that he had really mastered his subject, while he as yet had failed to grasp even the elements of it. He put words in the place of things, subject in the place of object. He preached induction without practising it, inverting the true order of inquiry by passing from the general to the particular, instead of from the particular to the general. He made of the universe a closed sphere, in the centre of which he fixed the earth, proving from general principles to his own satisfaction and that of the world for near 2,000 years, that no other universe was possible. His notions of motion were entirely unphysical. It was natural or unnatural, better or worse, calm or violent—no real mechanical conception regarding it lying at the bottom of his mind. He affirmed that a vacuum could not exist, and proved that if it did exist motion in it would be impossible. He determined *à priori* how many species of animals must exist, and showed on general principles why animals must have such and such parts. When an eminent contemporary philosopher, who is far removed from errors of this kind, remembers these abuses of the *à priori* method he will be able to make allowance for the jealousy of physicists, as to the acceptance of so-called *à priori* truths. Aristotle's errors of detail were grave and numerous. He affirmed that only in man we had the beating of the heart, that the left side of the body was colder than the right, that men have more teeth than women, and that there is an empty space, not at the front, but at the back of every man's head. * * *

It may be more than a mere result of education, connecting itself probably with the deeper mental structure of the two men, that the idea of Gassendi, above enunciated, is substantially the same as that expressed by Prof. Clerk Maxwell at the close of the very noble lecture delivered by him at Bradford last year. According to both philosophers, the atoms, if I understand aright, are the *preparea materials*, the "manufactured articles," which, formed by the skill of the Highest, produce by their subsequent interaction all the phenomena of the material world. There seems to be this difference, however, between Gassendi and Maxwell. The one *postulates*, the other *infers* his first cause In his manufactured articles, Prof. Maxwell finds the basis of an induction which enables him to scale philosophic heights considered inaccessible by Kant, and to take the logical step from the atoms to their Maker.

The atomic doctrine, in whole or in part, was entertained by Bacon, Descartes, Hobbes, Locke, Newton, Boyle, and their successors, until the chemical law of multiple proportions enabled Dalton to confer upon it an entirely new significance. In our day there are secessions from the theory, but it still stands firm. Only a year or two ago Sir William Thomson, with characteristic penetration sought to determine the sizes of the atoms, or rather to fix the limits between which their sizes lie ; while only last year the discourses of Williamson and Maxwell illustrate the present hold of the doctrine upon the foremost scientific minds. What these atoms, self-moved and self-posited, can and cannot accomplish in relation to life, is at the present moment the subject of profound scientific thought. I doubt the legitimacy of Maxwell's logic ; but it is impossible not to feel the ethic glow with which his lecture concludes. There is, moreover, a Lucretian grandeur in his description of the stedfastness of the atoms : —"Natural causes, as we know, are at work, which tend to modify, if they do not at length destroy, all the arrangements and dimensions of the earth and the whole solar system. But though in the course of ages catastrophes have occurred and may yet occur in the heavens though ancient systems may be dissolved and new systems evolved out of their ruins, the molecules out of which these systems are built, the foundation-stones of the material universe, remain unbroken and unworn."

Ninety years subsequent to Gassendi the doctrine of bodily instruments, as it may be called, assumed immense importance in the hands of Bishop Butler, who, in his famous "Analogy of Religion," developed from his own point of view, and

with consummate sagacity, a similar idea. The bishop still influences superior minds; and it will repay us to dwell for a moment on his views. He draws the sharpest distinction between our real selves and our bodily instruments. He does not, as far as I remember, use the word soul, possibly because the term was so hackneyed in his day, as it had been for many generations previously. But he speaks of "living powers," "perceiving," or "percipient powers," "moving agents," "ourselves," in the same sense as we should employ the term soul. He dwells upon the fact that limbs may he removed and mortal diseases assail the body, while the mind, almost up to the moment of death, remains clear. He refers to sleep and to swoon, where the "living powers" are suspended, but not destroyed. He considers it quite as easy to conceive of an existence out of our bodies as in them; that we may animate a succession of bodies, the dissolution of all of them having no more tendency to dissolve our real selves, or "deprive us of living faculties—the faculties of perception and action—than the dissolution of any foreign matter which we are capable of receiving impressions from, or making use of, for the common occasions of life." This is the key of the bishop's position: "Our organized bodies are no more a part of ourselves than any other matter around us." In proof of this, he calls attention to the use of glasses, which "prepare objects" for the "percipient power" exactly as the eye does. The eye itself is no more percipient than the glass, and is quite as much the instrument of the true self, and also as foreign to the true self, as the glass is. "And if we see with our eyes only in the same manner as we do with glasses, the like may justly be concluded from analogy of all our senses."

Lucretius, as you are aware, reached a precisely opposite conclusion; and it certainly would be interesting, if not profitable, to us all, to hear what he would or could urge in opposition to the reasoning of the bishop. As a brief discussion of the point will enable us to see the bearings of an important question, I will here permit a disciple of Lucretius to try the strength of the bishop's position, and then allow the bishop to retaliate, with the view of rolling back, if he can, the difficulty upon Lucretius. Each shall state his case fully and frankly; and you shall be umpire between them. The argument might proceed in this fashion:—

"Subjected to the test of mental presentation (*Vorstellung*), your views, most honoured prelate, would present to many minds a great, if not an insuperable difficulty. You speak of 'living powers,' 'percipient or perceiving powers,' and 'ourselves;' but can you form a mental picture of any one of these apart from the organism through which it is supposed to act? Test yourself honestly, and see whether you possess any faculty that would enable you to form such a conception. The true self has a local habitation in each of us; thus localised, must it not possess a form? If so, what form? Have you ever for a moment realized it? When a leg is amputated the body is divided into two parts; is the true self in both of them or in one? Thomas Aquinas might say in both; but not you, for you appeal to the consciousness associated with one of the two parts to prove that the other is foreign matter. Is consciousness, then, a necessary element of the true self? If so, what do you say to the case of the whole body being deprived of consciousness? If not, then on what grounds do you deny any portion of the true self to the severed limb? It seems very singular that, from the beginning to the end of your admirable book (and no one admires its sober strength more than I do), you never once mention the brain or nervous system. You begin at one end of the body, and show that its parts may be removed without prejudice to the perceiving power. What if you begin ot the other end, and remove, instead of the leg, the brain? The body, as before, is divided into two parts; but both are now in the same predicament, and neither can be appealed to to prove that the other is foreign matter. Or, instead of going so far as to remove the brain itself, let a certain portion of its bony covering be removed, and let a rhythmic series of pressure and relaxations of pressure be applied to the soft substance. At every pressure 'the faculties of perception and of action' vanish; at every relaxation of pressure they are restored. Where, during the intervals of pressure, is the perceiving power? I once had the dischage of a Leyden battery passed unexpectedly through

me: I felt nothing, but was simply blotted out of conscious existence for a sensible interval. Where was my true self during that interval? Men who have recovered from lightning-stroke have been much longer in the same state; and indeed in cases of ordinary concussion of the brain, days may elapse during which no experience is registered in consciousness. Where is the man himself during the period of insensibility? You may say that I beg the question when I assume the man to have been unconscious, that he was really conscious all the time, and has simply forgotten what had occurred to him. In reply to this, I can only say that no one need shrink from the worst tortures that superstition ever invented if only so felt and so remembered. I do not think your theory of instruments goes at all to the bottom of the matter. A telegraph operator has his instruments by means of which he converses with the world; our bodies possess a nervous system, which plays a similar part between the perceiving powers and external things. Cut the wires of the operator, break his battery, demagnetise his needle; by this means you certainly sever his connection with the world; but inasmuch as these are real instruments, their destruction does not touch the man who uses them. The operator survives, *and he knows that he survives.* What is it, I would ask, in the human system that answers to this conscious survival of the operator when the battery of the brain is so disturbed as to produce insensibility, or when it is destroyed altogether?

"Another consideration, which you may consider slight, presses upon me with some force. The brain may change from health to disease, and through such a change the most exemplary man may be converted into a debauchee or a murderer. My very noble and approved good master had, as you know, threatenings of lewdness introduced into his brain by his jealous wife's philter; and sooner than permit himself to run even the risk of yielding to these base promptings, he slew himself. How could the hand of Lucretius have been thus turned against himself if the real Lucretius remained as before? Can the brain, or can it not, act in this distempered way without the intervention of the immortal reason? If it can, then it is a prime mover which requires only healthy regulation to render it reasonably self-acting, and there is no apparent need of your immortal reason at all. If it cannot, then the immortal reason, by its mischievous activity in operating upon a broken instrument, must have the credit of committing every imaginable extravagance and crime. I think, if you will allow me to say so, that the gravest consequences are likely to flow from your estimate of the body. To regard the brain as you would a staff or an eye-glass—to shut your eyes to all its mystery, to the perfect correlation that reigns between its condition and our consciousness, to the fact that a slight excess or defect of blood in it produces that very swoon to which you refer, and that in relation to it our meat and drink and air and exercise have a perfectly transcendental value and significance—to forget all this does, I think, open a way to innumerable errors in our habits of life, and may possibly in some cases initiate and foster that very disease, and consequent mental ruin, which a wiser appreciation of this mysterious organ would have avoided."

I can imagine the bishop thoughtful after hearing this argument. He was not the man to allow anger to mingle with the consideration of a point of this kind. After due consideration, and having strengthened himself by that honest contemplation of the facts which was habitual with him, and which includes the desire to give even adverse facts their due wesght, I can suppose the bishop to proceed thus:—"You will remember that in the 'Analogy of Religion,' of which you have so kindly spoken, I did not profess to prove anything absolutely, and that I over and over again acknowledged and insisted on the smallness of our knowledge, or rather the depth of our ignorance, as regards the whole system of the universe. My object was to show my deistical friends who set forth so eloquently the beauty and beneficence of Nature and the Ruler thereof, while they had nothing but scorn for the so-called absurdities of the Christian scheme, that they were in no better condition than we were, and that for every difficulty they found upon our side, quite as great a difficulty was to be found on theirs. I will now, with your permission, adopt a similar line of argument. You are a Lucretian, and from the combination and separation of atoms deduce all terres-

trial things, including organic forms and their phenomena. Let me tell you in the first instance how far I am prepared to go with you. I admit that you can build crystalline forms out of this play of molecular force; that the diamond, amethyst, and snow-star are truly wonderful structures which are thus produced. I will go further, and acknowledge that even a tree or flower might in this way be organized. Nay, if you can show me an animal without sensation, I will concede to you that it also might be put together by the suitable play of molecular force.

"Thus far our way is clear, but now comes my difficulty. Your atoms are individually without sensation, much more are they without intelligence. May I ask you, then, to try your hand upon this problem. Take your dead hydrogen atoms, your dead oxygen atoms, your dead carbon atoms, your dead nitrogen atoms, your dead phosphorus atoms, and all the other atoms, dead as grains of shot, of which the brain is formed. Imagine them separate and sensationless; observe them running together and forming all imaginable combinations. This, as a purely mechanical process is *seeable* by the mind. But can you see, or dream, or in any way imagine, how out of that mechanical act, and from these individually dead atoms, sensation, thought, and emotion are to arise? You speak of the difficulty of mental presentation in my case; is it less in yours? I am not all bereft of this *Vorstellungs-kraft* of which you speak. I can follow a particle of musk until it reaches the olfactory nerve; I can follow the waves of sound until their tremors reach the water of the labyrinth, and set the otoliths and Corti's fibres in motion; I can also visualise the waves of ether as they cross the eye and hit the retina. Nay, more, I am able to follow up to the central organ the motion thus imparted at the periphery, and to see in idea the very molecules of the brain thrown into tremors. My insight is not baffled by these physical processes. What baffles me, what I find unimaginable, transcending every faculty I possess—transcending, I humbly submit, every faculty *you* possess - is the notion that out of those physical tremors you can extract things so utterly incongruous with them as sensation, thought, and emotion. You may say, or think, that this issue of consciousness from the clash of atoms is not more incongruous than the flash of light from the union of oxygen and hydrogen. But I beg to say that it is. For such incongruity as the flash possesses is that which I now force upon your attention. The flash is an affair of consciousness, the objective counterpart of which is a vibration. It is a flash only by our interpretation. *You* are the cause of the apparent incongruity; and *you* are the thing that puzzles me. I need not remind you that the great Leibnitz felt the difficulty which I feel, and that to get rid of this monstrous deduction of life from death he displaced your atoms by his monads, and which were more or less perfect mirrors of the universe, and out of the summation and integration of which he supposed all the phenomena of life—sentient, intellectual, and emotional—to arise.

"Your difficulty, then, as I see you are ready to admit, is quite as great as mine. You cannot satisfy the human understanding in its demand for logical continuity between molecular processes and the phenomena of consciousness. This is a rock on which materialism must inevitably split whenever it pretends to be a complete philosophy of life. What is the moral, my Lucretian? You and I are not likely to indulge in ill-temper in the discussion of these great topics, where we see so much room for honest differences of opinion. But there are people of less wit, or more bigotry (I say it with humility) on both sides, who are ever ready to mingle anger and vituperation with such discussions. There are, for example, writers of note and influence at the present day who are not ashamed to assume the 'deep personal sin' of a great logician to be the cause of his unbelief in a theologic dogma. And there are others who hold that we, who cherish our noble Bible, wrought as it has been into the constitution of our forefathers, and by inheritance into us, must necessarily be hypocritical and insincere. Let us disavow and discountenance such people, cherishing the unswerving faith that what is good and true in both our arguments will be preserved for the benefit of humanity, while all that is bad or false will disappear." * * *

Mr. Darwin shirks no difficulty; and, saturated as the subject was with his

own thought, he must have known, better than his critics, the weakness as well as the strength of his theory. This, of course, would be of little avail were his object a temporary dialectic victory instead of the establishment of a truth which he means to be everlasting. But he takes no pains to disguise the weakness he has discerned; nay, he takes every pains to bring it into the strongest light. His vast resources enable him to cope with objections started by himself and others, so as to leave the final impression upon the reader's mind that if they be not completely answered they certainly are not fatal. Their negative force being thus destroyed, you are free to be influenced by the vast positive mass of evidence he is able to bring before you. This largeness of knowledge and readiness of resource render Mr. Darwin the most terrible of antagonists. Accomplished naturalists have levelled heavy and sustained criticisms against him—not always with the view of fairly weighing his theory, but with the express intention of exposing its weak points only. This does not irritate him. He treats every objection with a soberness and thoroughness which even Bishop Butler might be proud to imitate surrounding each fact with its appropriate detail, placing it in its proper relations, and usually giving it a significance which, as long as it was kept isolated, failed to appear. This is done without a trace of ill-temper. He moves over the subject with the passionless strength of a glacier; and the grinding of the rocks is not always without a counterpart in the logical pulverization of the objector. But though in handling this mighty theme all passion has been stilled, there is an emotion of the intellect incident to the discernment of new truth which often colours and warms the pages of Mr. Darwin. His success has been great; and this implies not only the solidity of his work, but the preparedness of the public mind for such a revelation. On this head a remark of Agassiz impressed me more than anything else. Sprung from a race of theologians, this celebrated man combated to the last the theory of natural selection. One of the many times I had the pleasure of meeting him in the United States was at Mr. Winthrop's beautiful residenee at Brookline, near Boston. Rising from luncheon, we all halted as if by a common impulse in front of a window, and contiuued there a discussion which had been started at table. The maple was in its autumn glory; and the exquisite beauty of the scene outside seemed, in my case, to interpenetrate without disturbance the intellectual action. Earnestly, almost sadly, Agassiz turned and said to the gentlemen standing round, "I confess that I was not prepared to see this theory received as it has been by the best intellects of our time. Its success is greater than I could have thought possible."

In our day great generalisations have been reached. The theory of the origin of species is but one of them. Another, of still wider grasp and more radical significance, is the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, the ultimate philosophical issues of which are as yet but dimly seen—that doctrine which "binds nature fast in fate" to an extent not hitherto recognized, exacting from every antecedent its equivalent consequent, from every consequent its equivalent antecedent, and bringing vital as well as physical phenomena under the dominion of that law of causal connection which, as far as the human understanding has yet pierced, asserts itself everywhere in nature. Long in advance of all definite experiment upon the subject, the constancy and indestructibility of matter had been affirmed; and all subsequent experience justified the affirmation. Later researches extended the attribute of indestructibility to force. This idea, applied in the first instance to inorganic, rapidly embraced organic nature. The vegetable world, though drawing almost all its nutriment from invisible sources, was proved incompetent to generate anew either matter or force. Its matter is for the most part transmuted air; its force transformed solar force. The animal world was proved to be equally uncreative, all its motive energies being referred to the combustion of its food. The activity of each animal as a whole was proved to be the transferred activities of its molecules. The muscles were shown to be stores of mechanical force, potential until unlocked by the nerves, and then resultiug in muscular contractions. The speed at which messages fly to and fro along the nerves was determined, and found to be, not as had been previously supposed, equal to that of light or electricity, but less than the speed of a flying eagle.

This was the work of the physicist; then came the conquests of the comparative anatomists and physiologist, revealing the structnre of every animal, and the function of every organ in the whole biological series, from the lowest zoophyte up to man. The nervous system had been made the object of profound and continued study, the wonderful and, at

bottom, entirely mysterious controlling power which it exercises over the whole organism, physical and mental, being recognized more and more. Thought could not be kept back from a subject so profoundly suggestive. Besides the physical life dealt with by Mr. Darwin, there is a physical life presenting similar gradations, and asking equally for a solution. How are the different grades and orders of mind to be accounted for? What is the principle of growth of that mysterious power which on our planet culminates in Reason? These are questions which, though not thrusting themselves so forcibly upon the attention of the general public, had not only occupied many reflecting minds, but had been formally broached by one of them before the "Origin of Species" appeared.

With the mass of materials furnished by the physicist and physiologist in his hands, Mr. Herbert Spencer, twenty years ago, sought to graft upon this basis a system of psychology; and two years ago a second and greatly amplified edition of his work appeared. Those who have occupied themselves with the beautiful experiments of Plateau, will remember that when two spherules of olive-oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water of the same density as the oil, are brought together, they do not immediately unite. Something like a pellicle appears to be formed around the drops, the rupture of which is immediately followed by the coalescence of the globules into one. There are organisms whose vital actions are almost as purely physical as that of these drops of oil. They come into contact and fuse themselves thus together. From such organisms to others a shade higher, and from these to others a shade higher still, and on through an ever-ascending series, Mr. Spencer conducts his argument. There are two obvious factors to be here taken into account—the creature and the medium in which it lives, or, as it is often expressed, the organism and its environment. Mr. Spencer's fundamental principle is, that between these two factors there is incessant interaction. The organism is played upon by the environment, and is modified to meet the requirements of the environment. Life he defines to be "a continuous adjustment of internal relations to external relations." * * *

The *origination* of life is a point lightly touched upon, if at all, by Mr. Darwin and Mr. Spencer. Diminishing gradually the number of progenitors, Mr. Darwin comes at length to one "primordial form;" but he does not say, as far as I remember, how he supposes this form to have been introduced. He quotes with satisfaction the words of a celebrated author and divine who had "gradually learnt to see that it is just as noble a conception of the Deity to believe He created a few original forms capable of self-development into other and needful forms, as to believe that He required a fresh act of creation to supply the voids caused by the action of His laws." What Mr. Darwin thinks of this view of the introduction of life I do not know. Whether he does or does not introduce his "primordial form" by a creative act, I do not know. But the question will inevitably be asked, "How came the form there? With regard to the diminution of the number of created forms, one does not see that much advantage is gained by it. The anthropomorphism, which it seemed the object of Mr. Darwin to set aside, is as firmly associated with the creation of a few forms as with the creation of a multitude. We need clearness and thoroughness here. Two courses, and two only are possible. Either let us open our doors freely to the conception of creative acts, or, abandoning them, let us radically change our notions of matter. If we look at matter as pictured by Democritus. and as defined for generations in our scientific text-books, the absolute impossibility of any form of life coming out of it would be sufficient to render any other hypothesis preferable; but the definitions of matter given in our text-books were intended to cover its purely physical and mechanical properties. And taught as we have been to regard these definitions as complete, we naturally and rightly reject the monstrous notion that out of *such* matter any form of life could possibly arise. But are the definitions complete? Everything depends on the answer to be given to this question. Trace the line of life backwards, and see it approaching more and more to what we call the purely physical condition. We reach at length those organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water We reach the *protogenes* of Haeckel, in which we have "a type distinguishable from a fragment of albumen only by its finely granular character." Can we pause here? We break a magnet and find two poles in each of its fragments. We continue the process of breaking, but however small the parts, each carries with it, though enfeebled, the polarity of the whole. And when we can break no longer, we prolong the intellectual vision to the polar molecules. Are we not urged to do *something* similar in the case of life? Is there not a temptation to close to some extent with Lucretius, when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods?" or with Bruno, when he declares that matter is not "that mere empty *capacity* which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb?" The questions here raised are inevitable. They are approaching us with accelerated speed, and it is not a matter of indifference whether they are introduced with reverence or irreverence. Abandoning all

disguise, the confession that I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter, which we in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life.

The "materialism" here enunciated may be different from what you suppose, and I therefore crave your gracious patience to the end. "The question of an external world," says Mr. J. S. Mill, "is the great battle-ground of metaphysics."* Mr. Mill himself reduces external phenomena to "possibilities of sensation." Kant, as we have seen, made time and space "forms" of our own intuitions. Fichte, having first by the inexorable logic of his understanding proved himself to be a mere link in that chain of eternal causation which holds so ridgidly in nature, violently broke the chain by making nature, and all that it inherits, an apparition of his own mind.† And it is by no means easy to combat such notions. For when I say I see you, and that I have not the least doubt about it, the reply is, that what I am really conscious of is an affection of my own retina. And if I urge that I can check my sight of you by touching you, the retort would be that I am equally transgressing the limits of fact; for what I am really conscious of is, not that you are there, but that the nerves of my hand have undergone a change. All we hear, and see, and touch, and taste, and smell, are, it would be urged, mere variations of our own condition, beyond which, even to the extent of a hair's breadth, we cannot go. That anything answering to our impressions exists outside of ourselves is not a *fact*, but an *inference*, to which all validity would be denied by an idealist like Berkeley, or by a sceptic like Hume. Mr. Spencer takes another line. With him, as with the uneducated man, there is no doubt or question as to the existence of an external world. But he differs from the uneducated, who think that the world really *is* what consciousness represents it to be. Our states of consciousness are mere *symbols* of an outside entity which produces them and determines the order of their succession, but the real nature of which we can never know.‡ In fact, the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man. As little in our days as in the days of Job can man by searching find this Power out. Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of an insoluble mystery that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded from their prepotent elements in the immeasurable past. There is, you will observe, no very rank materialism here.

The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration (for the subject is hardly accessible to this mode of proof), but in its general harmony with the method of nature as hitherto known. From contrast, moreover, it derives enormous relative strength. On the one side we have a theory (if it could with any propriety be so called) derived, as were the theories referred to at the beginning of this address, not from the study of nature, but from the observation of men—a theory which converts the Power whose garment is seen in the visible universe into an Artificer, fashioned after the human model, and acting by broken efforts as man is seen to act. On the other side we have the conception that all we see around us, and all we feel within us—the phenomena of physical nature as well as those of the human mind—have their unsearchable roots in a cosmical life, if I dare apply the term, an infinitesimal span of which only is offered to the investigation of man. And even this span is only knowable in part. We can trace the development of a nervous system, and correlate with it the parallel phenomena of sensation and thought. We see with undoubting certainty that they go hand in hand. But we try to soar in a vacuum the moment we seek to comprehend the connection between them An Archimedean fulcrum is here required which the human mind cannot command; and the effort to solve the problem, to borrow an illustration from an illustrious friend of mine, is like the effort of a man trying to lift himself by his own waistband. All that has been here said is to be

* "Examination of Hamilton," p. 154.

† "Bestimmung des Menschen."

‡ In a paper, at once popular and profound, entitled "Recent Progress in the Theory of Vision," contained in the volume of lectures by Helmholtz, published by Longmans, this symbolism of our states of consciousness is also dwelt upon. The impressions of sense are the mere *signs* of external things. In this paper Helmholtz contends strongly against the view that the consciousness of space is inborn; and he evidently doubts the power of the chick to pick up grains of corn without some preliminary lessons. On this point, he says, further experiments are needed. Such experiments have been since made by Mr. Spalding, aided, I believe, in some of his observations by the accomplished and deeply lamented Lady Amberley: and they seem to prove conclusively that the chick does not need a single moment's tuition to teach it to stand, run, govern the muscles of its eyes, and peck. Helmholtz, however, is contending against the notion of pre-established harmony; and I am not aware of his views as to the organization of experiences of race or breed.

taken in connection with this fundamental truth. When "nascent senses" are spoken of, when "the differentiation of a tissue at first vaguely sensitive all over" is spoken of, and when these processes are associated with "the modification of an organism by its environment," the same parallelism, without contact, or even approach to contact, is implied. There is no fusion possible between the two classes of facts—no motor energy in the intellect of man to carry it without logical rupture from the one to the other.

Further, the doctrine of evolution derives man, in his totality, from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past. The human understanding, for example—the faculty which Mr. Spencer has turned so skilfully round upon its own antecedents—is itself a result of the play between organism and environment through cosmic ranges of time. Never, surely, did prescription plead so irresistible a claim. But then it comes to pass that, over and above his understanding, there are many other things appertaining to man whose prescriptive rights are quite as strong as that of the understanding itself. It is a result, for example, of the play of organism and environment that sugar is sweet and that aloes are bitter, that the smell of henbane differs from the perfume of a rose. Such facts of consciousness (for which, by the way, no adequate reason has ever yet been rendered) are quite as old as the understanding itself; and many other things can boast an equally ancient origin. Mr. Spencer at one place refers to that most powerful of passions—the amatory passion—as one which, when it first occurs, is antecedent to all relative experience whatever; and we may pass its claim as being at least as ancient and as valid as that of the understanding itself. Then there are such things woven into the texture of man as the feeling of awe, reverence, wonder—and not alone the sexual love just referred to, but the love of the beautiful, physical and moral, in nature, poetry, and art. There is also that deep-set feeling which, since the earliest dawn of history, and probably for ages prior to all history, incorporated itself in the religions of the world. You who have escaped from these religions in the high-and-dry light of the understanding may deride them; but in so doing, you deride accidents of form merely, and fail to touch the immovable basis of the religious sentiment in the emotional nature of man. To yield this sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are—dangerous, nay, destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again—it will be wise to recognize them as the forms of force, mischievous, if permitted to intrude on the region of *knowledge*, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thought to noble issues in the region of *emotion*, which is its proper sphere. It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extirpation. What we should oppose, to the death, if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect. I do not fear any such consummation. Science has already to some extent leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more. I should look upon the mild light of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland, and strengthening gradually to the perfect day, as a surer check to any intellectual or spiritual tyranny, which might threaten this island, than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors. Where is the cause of fear? We fought and won our battle even in the Middle Ages: why should we doubt the issue of a conflict now?

The impregnable position of science may be described in a few words. All religious theories, schemes, and systems, which embrace notions of cosmogony, or which otherwise reach into its domain, must, in so far as they do this, submit to the control of science, and relinquish all thought of controlling it. Acting otherwise proved disastrous in the past, and it is simply fatuous to-day. Every system which would escape the fate of an organism too rigid to adjust itself to its environment, must be plastic to the extent that the growth of knowledge demands. When this truth has been thoroughly taken in, rigidity will be relaxed, exclusiveness diminished, things now deemed essential will be dropped, and elements now rejected will be assimilated. The lifting of the life is the essential point: and as long as dogmatism, fanaticism, and intolerance are kept out, various modes of leverage may be employed to raise life to a higher level. Science itself not unfrequently derives motive power from an ultra-scientific source. Whewell speaks of enthusiasm of temper as a hindrance to science; but he means the enthusiasm of weak heads. There is a strong and resolute enthusiasm in which science finds an ally; and it is to the lowering of this fire, rather than to a diminution of intellectual insight, that the lessening productiveness of men of science in their mature years is to be ascribed. Mr. Buckle sought to detach intellectual achievement from moral force. He gravely erred; for without moral force to whip it into action, the achievements of the intellect would be poor indeed.

It has been said that science divorces itself from literature. The statement, like so many others, arises from lack of knowledge. A glance at the less technical writings of its leaders—of its Helmholtz, its Huxley, and its Du Bois-Reymond—would show what breadth of

literary culture they command. Where among modern writers can you find their superiors in clearness and vigour of literary style? Science desires no isolation, but freely combines with every effort towards the bettering of man's estate. Single-handed, and supported not by outward sympathy, but by inward force, it has built at least one great wing of the many-mansioned home which man in his totality demands. And if rough walls and protruding rafter-ends indicate that on one side the edifice is still incomplete, it is only by wise combination of the parts required with those already irrevocably built that we can hope for completeness There is no necessary incongruity between what has been accomplished and what remains to be done. The moral glow of Socrates, which we all feel by ignition, has in it nothing incompatible with the physics of Anaxagoras which he so much scorned, but which he would hardly scorn to-day. And here I am reminded of one amongst us, hoary, but still strong, whose prophet-voice some thirty years ago, far more than any other of this age, unlocked whatever of life and nobleness lay latent in its most gifted minds—one fit to stand beside Socrates or the Maccabean Eleazar, and to dare and suffer all that they suffered and dared—fit, as he once said of Fichte, "to have been the teacher of the Stoa, and to have discoursed of beauty and virtue in the groves of Academe." With a capacity to grasp physical principles which his friend Goethe did not possess, and which even total lack of exercise has not been able to reduce to atrophy, it is the world's loss that he, in the vigour of his years, did not open his mind and sympathies to science, and make its conclusions a portion of his message to mankind. Marvellously endowed as he was—equally equipped on the side of the heart and of the understanding—he might have done much towards teaching us how to reconcile the claims of both, and to enable them in coming times to dwell together in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace.

And now the end is come. With more time, or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description; nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter and try to persuade others to do the same. I would exhort you to refuse such shelter, and to scorn such base repose—to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp. In the one there is at all events life, and therefore hope; in the other, none. I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over dangerous ground—and this partly with the view of telling you, and through you the world, that as regards these questions science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the freedom to discuss them. The ground which they cover is scientific ground; and the right claimed is one made good through tribulation and anguish, inflicted and endured in darker times than ours, but resulting in the immortal victories which science has won for the human race. I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakspeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary—not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, in opposition to all the restrictions of Materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past.

Volksliederen.

We take over from *Het Volksblad* a Cape-Dutch version of another of Burns' poems, "*Duncan Gray cam here to woo.*"

DAANTJIE GOUWS.

EENE VERTALING VAN BURNS ZIJN "DUNCAN GRAY."

Daantjie kom hier om te vrij,
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo ;
Al Zondagsaânts het hij vèr moet rij,
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.
Martjie steek haar kop in die luch,
Kijk zoo skeef en trek terug,
Zit ver Daantjie glat op vlug ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.

Daantjie smeek en Daantjie bid,
Martjie 's doof en blij mar zit ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.
Daantjie zuch ver uure lang,
Veê die trane van zijn wang,
Praat van hemzelve op te hang ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.

Die tijd verzach mar ons gevoel
Verachte liefde word ook koel ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.
"Zal ik," zeg hij, "nets een gek,
"Om een laffe meisie vrek ?
"Zij kan naar die hoenders trek ; "
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.

Hoe dit kom lat dokters vertel,
Martjie word ziek en hij word wel ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.
Daar's iets wat aan haar borsie knaa,
En hartjie-zeer begin haar plaa,
Haar oogies glinster ook mar braa ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.

Daantjie was een zachte man,
En Martjie trek haar dit zoo an ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.
Daantjie het jammer in zijn hart,
Die liefde groei weer an zijn part.
Nou leef zulle zame zonder smart ;
Met vrijers gaat dit zoo.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Aletta Van Voorn.

A PICTURE OF SOUTH AFRICAN BOER LIFE.

"KNOCK, Tim, and ask whether we can put up here for the night, and obtain anything for our poor horses," said Mr. B—— to his servant, as the latter pulled up his jaded animal in front of a farm-house, where his master, mounted on a no less knocked-up quadruped, had just stopped.

Leaving Tim to go through the preliminaries of obtaining admittance, which at the late hour of the night (about twelve o'clock) and surrounded by a troop of savage Boer watch-dogs, barking in an angry chorus around him, was no very desirable task,—I take the liberty (for perhaps it is better to speak in the first person) of briefly introducing myself to the reader.

The second son of a merchant in the north of England, I had been recommended—to ward off a threatened pulmonary attack—to travel, and had accordingly chosen the Cape for recruiting myself. Having arrived in Cape Town, much benefited in health by the sea voyage, I determined upon at once proceeding into the Interior. A horse-wagon conveyed me and my trusty servant, Timothy, in company with two Cape Town friends, to the town of B——, whence, after a couple of days' stay, I, with Tim, proceeded on horseback, with the intention of ultimately reaching the Eastern Province. On the afternoon of the second day of this my jaunt (I had slept at an English farm-house the first night) we unfortunately missed our way, and having wandered about in all directions for hours, at length arrived at the homestead before which we now found ourselves.

Thanks to the indefatigableness of Tim, aided as he was with a good armful of stones (which served the double purpose of peppering the aforesaid canine rabble, and of being, for the nonce, capital knockers) the door soon opened, and a rubicund old gentleman made his appearance. His fantastic white nightcap and light coloured *habit de nuit* certainly helped to set off to advantage a roseate physiognomy, which the proximity of the candle, held by him in his

left hand, illuminated to the full. Mine host, for such he proved to be, soon ushered me into the hall, gave orders to attend to our horses; and judging apparently from my fatigued appearance that I must be hungry, asked whether we would have anything to eat, to which I, of course, immediately replied in my best Dutch, "dankje" (thank you) at which the old gentleman looked rather surprised, and so would the reader too if he knew that in the interior "dankje," instead of *accepting* an offer means *declining* it. Need I therefore add that in this instance, certainly, I reckoned without my host, and as nothing was forthcoming, went to bed supperless.

While the reader is supposing me to enjoy my balmy sleep, which, however much promoted by the fatigue and dreariness of the ride, my corporeal exchequer was not very favourable to, it may be as well to add here a few particulars respecting my new quarters and its inmates, which, as will be seen from the sequel, my subsequent stay gave me more than ample time to collect.

The homestead of the farm "Buffelsfontein" was situated on a gently sloping eminence, as almost all Boer houses, in that part of the country at least, are. The scenery around was certainly far from romantic, the surface of the ground displaying nothing except an endless alternation of stunted bushes and small stones, the former said to be very well adapted for grazing sheep; the virtues of the latter being, I believe, as yet undiscovered. A "dry" river, *i.e.*, one (as Jonathan would say) minus its water privileges generally, as long as it does not rain,—with its shady "mimosas," whereby its course might be traced for a considerable distance,—wound close past the house, and somewhat helped to relieve the monotony of the scenery. A pretty little garden, looking prettier still from the dreary aspect of the country around, was situated in front of the house, and between it and the river. The dwelling-house, not to speak of several out-houses on the premises, bespoke the easy circumstances of its owner, and consisted simply of a large hall (having a folding-door in the middle) with three rooms on each side.

Here Casparus Vocativus van Hoorn throve in days of yore as a sheep farmer; and here his only son, Hans, lived as his successor. He might be about fifty years of age, was of middle stature, rather portly figure, with deep-set twinkling eyes in a drollish looking countenance, which, from its red hue, approaching to purple at a nondescript nose of luxuriant growth, had positively the air of joviality. His family consisted of his wife, three sons, and a daughter. His worthy better—and, to speak with exactness, larger—half, whose powers of locomotion, apart from her more than simply *comfortable* appearance seemed not far from dormant, as she was almost always seated, might still be called comely in face. Her placid and almost phlegmatic look contrasted strongly with that of her partner.

Their daughter (to pass by the sons, merely adding that they were grown up, healthy, and robust) was charmingly good-looking. Of an age just ripening into womanhood, with small regular features,

roguish blue eyes, and figure which, but for a slight tendency to *embonpoint*, would have been faultless,—Aletta, or Letty as she was commonly called, was one who might prove formidable to the peace of an unwary and even stoical young man.

But to return to myself. Partly aroused by the incipient household bustle, partly, perhaps, by the cravings of a long tantalized appetite, I emerged from my dormitory a little after daybreak, and just in time for the first edition from the coffee-pot. All the family were together in the hall, and the introduction of the new-comer was quickly disposed of. The old lady was seated before a small table in the corner of the hall, busily pouring the fragrant beverage, a large cup, or rather bowl-full of which old Hans was already quaffing. He seemed the most inclined to speak, the lady folks talking very little, and that chiefly in a kind of whisper. I have since discovered that taciturnity forms a prominent feature of the generality of country dames and lasses. To argue from this, however, that there are no "Job Caudles" in the country would be inconclusive, as being merely theoretical; a peep behind the curtain, utterly foreign to *my* experience, affording the only safe criterion.

Poor I, though by nature far from tongue-tied, soon found myself —to borrow a quaint Boer metaphor—"like an owl among a flock of crows." Of Dutch I had little or none, my vocabulary extending to perhaps no more than a dozen of words. My answers were, of course, chiefly monosyllabic; and even then I often hazarded a *neen* where perhaps a *ja* should have been used. I remember overhearing one of the youngters whispering to his brother "die stomme Engelschman," which, from the last word, I at once knew to refer to me. "Stomme," however, was a poser, but I have since ascertained it to be expressive of deep commiseration, and to be universally, if not exclusively, employed in pitying members of the brute creation. The old lady addressed me but twice, the purport of which, after a good deal of floundering on my part, I discovered to be, *imprimis*, to ask how old I was (pretty indiscreet, I thought, in a stranger, especially of the other sex), and, secondly, whether I was married. To the first question I held up my full complement of *digits* twice, adding two,—this being my age. The second I answered in the negative. I have since learned that the above are generally the first questions addressed to strangers of both sexes on their arrival in the country, with the addition of (should the second be answered in the affirmative) "how many children have you?"

At my particular request I got something to eat. I may here remark that only two meals are provided during the twenty-four hours, both hot, and not materially differing from each other;—dinner at eleven or twelve a.m., and supper at seven or eight p.m.; the fare being plain but substantial, requiring no particular comment.

Being treated with great hospitality, with every comfort I might reasonably expect, I determined to stay here for a few days, which I

soon signified to mine host. The stay, however, proved to be much longer than I anticipated, and for this reason: On the fourth day after my arrival the news of the commencement of hostilities against the Kafirs reached us, causing no small excitement, and putting a stop at once to my scheme of penetrating further into the interior. I had no particular object in view, and being, as I before said, comfortable, resolved to remain for the present where I was. Having soon made myself at home, I commenced, by way of partial occupation, to apply myself to Dutch, alternately trying to talk it and consulting my pocket dictionary. In this way I made fair progress, and was soon able to carry on something like a conversation with everyone, especially with old Hans. The more I saw the more I liked him. Hospitable in the highest degree, and possessing, though almost illiterate, no small stock of sterling common sense, with a good deal of mother wit, he seemed, from the perennial good-nature of his disposition, to come under the category of a man at peace with himself and all the world besides. Like everyone else, though, he had his weak side, being, alas! in this case, the somewhat too frequent indulgence in strong potations. All Boers patronize their *sopie* (dram) more or less; but whereas the generality of them are satisfied with a couple or so a day, Hans's figure invariably exceeded a dozen, by how much I am reluctant to add, lest the reader should become incredulous. Strange to say, however, he never seemed *the worse for it,* which I can only ascribe to long habit, a robust constitution, and the systematatic way of drinking at regular, though short intervals, but little at a time. I recollect my asking him once whether he always drank his brandy raw, to which he laughingly replied that he more than once tried to drink *what the Englishman calls grock* (meaning grog), but was unable to manage it, for he found that the mixture, besides spoiling two good things, only distended his stomach uncomfortably. He occasionally treated himself to a *'nghaap sopie* as a cordial. For the information of the uninitiated, I may add that *'nghaap* is a succulent wild shrub of a bitter taste, and much prized for its medicinal virtues, being always kept at hand steeped in brandy. The Hottentots, who are very partial to it, often use it as food.

Smoking he patronized like a Turk,—his tobacco-pipe (the South African chibouque) being seldom out of his mouth. Of an afternoon he indulged in a long siesta.

The farming avocations were mostly left to his three strapping sons, who were never idle. The daughter, similarly, for the greater part, eased the old lady of the household concerns, the latter confining herself chiefly to knitting and sewing at her accustomed seat, to which she almost appeared to have grown. Without moving she was able to keep an eye on the culinary department—a tolerably-sized window at the end of the hall (and through which she could easily see from where she sat) looking into the kitchen immediately adjoining the hall.

As I was very little of a sportsman, I passed most of my time at the house and its vicinity, and to the self-imposed task of mastering Dutch I soon added another, or rather pastime, being neither more nor less than love-making. The latter I found to progress far more glibly than the Dutch. The combination of the two, however, as must be evident, proved no bad idea—the one serving as a stimulus to the other, with the advantage of my being able to cultivate both when in company with the fair Aletta.

Our nearest neighbour lived at three quarters of an hour's distance, —in the interior considered synonymous with being "next door." We used to ride out to him occasionally. Pieter van Bommel, or *Oom Piet*, as he was invariably called, was *par excellence*, one of the old school, the number of which is now dwindling down to zero. I found him a great patriot. He was always full of General Janssens, and half-a-dozen other names which I forget. In his youth he had belonged to the then (Cape) Dutch Militia (Burgery) and had highly distinguished himself at the battle of Blaauwbergen, having shot that day at least thirteen *rooye baatjes*. He proved to a demonstration that, as far as the fight went, the *English* and not the *Dutch* were really beaten. Battles were his favourite subjects, and an allusion to one was sure to draw him out. Van Tromp, De Ruiter, Doggersbank, &c., &c., were with him so many themes for hours of ecstatic eloquence. The English language was his perfect scorn. He said that anybody, by merely filling his mouth with peas, was sure to talk good English. He knew enough of the language to maintain that o, n, e, (one) should be pronounced *onée*, and not *wun*; and having prefaced the assertion by declaring that he had one day kicked an Englishman, for maintaining the contrary, from his stoep, I was wise enough not to dispute the point with him.

Here I found what is called a *meester* (schoolmaster) who I learnt had been, in days of yore, a soldier in one of the German regiments (the 60th) then at the Cape, and who, when no longer able to shoulder the musket, had betaken himself "to teach the young idea how to shoot." In addition to his pedagogical functions he also performed those of butler, being invariably called upon to pour in (schenk) the *sopies*, which, as he generally came in for his share, he did not seem to dislike. Last, not least, he was also employed, in compliment probably to his calculative powers, to count the sheep,— especially the young lambs, for which purpose he might accordingly be seen early of a morning at the door of the sheep-kraal.

When drinking tea at Oom Piet's for the first time I committed a great blunder. A saucer containing some small lumps of sugar-candy was brought to me. Supposing it all to be intended for myself—not very improbable, as there was but little of it—I deliberately tilted the contents into my cup; but when I again looked up the gude wife's ghastly stare at once revealed to me the extent of my impropriety. I should, as I afterwards learnt, have contented my-

self with but one of the small lumps, and holding it in my mouth have sipped my beverage, thus sweetening it *in transitu*.

While on the subject of tea, or rather *tea-water* (as it is more commonly, and not inappropriately, termed in the country), I should not omit to observe that at Oom Piet's I invariably found it very strong in the early part of the week and insipid towards Friday or Saturday. Persuaded that this was more than a coincidence, I, upon making inquiries, ascertained that instead of a fresh supply every day, the quantity required for the whole week's consumption is thrown into the tea-pot at once. Boilingwater is then poured on it day by day until the end of the week, when the whole is again renewed for another eight days.

But to return to my courtship, or rather flirtation, as I intended it to be. A residence of nearly two months convinced me of two things—first, that it is sometimes dangerous to one's own peace to make love to a pretty girl even without having any serious intention at the outset,—in fact, that I was getting downright sentimental; secondly, that Aletta was dying with love for me. This state of things very soon came to something like a crisis. One fine afternoon, as I was taking a ride with her—as of late we were wont to do—our conversation became suddenly more animated, and, even on my part, in spite of my Dutch, eloquent. Leaving it to the explanation of those who are better able to trace effects to their causes, I shall merely say that "by some magic cantrip sleight" of Cupid's, of which poor I was the victim, I caught myself all of a sudden vowing eternal love to my fair companion. Not to enter into the *minutiæ* of that every-day affair termed "popping the question," which is very much the same, I suppose, "from China to Peru," suffice it to add that the "*ja woord*," as they call it in South Africa, was not at all tardy in its appearance, and Aletta in two minutes' time became my affianced bride. The whole affair happened in such a short interval that I can only view it as a dream.

But, alas! how changeable is human nature, and how soon do sudden impulses effervesce, for when I awoke next morning I found that all my rapturous feelings of the preceding day had well-nigh evaporated, and left me almost as cool as a cucumber. And no wonder, for when I began to reflect on the matter, supposing even that I loved her ten times more than I did, and this is not saying a little,—the match could not but be preposterous. Even waving the disagreeableness of calling old Hans "*Vaaier*" (equal to the Yorkshire *feyther* for *father*), what would my friends, what would my old governor say to it? For probably a short time would see me back in England. Surely, I could not think of bringing her, who had never known what society was—without education and not a word of English at command, and whose sole recommendation was a pretty face—into an English drawing-room. But what was I to do? I loved her enough to shrink from trifling with her affections, and to marry her was, as I have just explained out of the question. With

these and similar thoughts constantly recurring to my mind, I found myself after breakfast, left to an unexpected and probably preconcerted *tête-a-tête* with old Hans, who, having looked somewhat "knowing" the whole of the morning, on a sudden looked more knowing still, and, without mincing matters, said that he knew all about it, and that Aletta had told him everything. Leaving me no time to recover myself, for I must confess that I was not a little startled by his abrupt way of introducing the subject, he added that sheep-farming would be the making of me, and that Aletta's flock, consisting of 450, exclusive of *hamels* and *kapaters* would fairly set me going. What I blundered out in reply does not signify. Suffice it to say that it left him under the impression that the day which would bring him an English son-in-law was not far distant. To me a disentanglement from this love-affair seemed now more than ever difficult. I had already well-nigh resolved to adopt the only straightforward course open to me, namely, by explaining to Aletta, in the most delicate manner, the disparity of the match, and pleading my being under some unaccountable excitement at the moment. But I now saw that as old Hans was already let into the secret, I had to do with him no less, and that to get out of the scrape would be more difficult than I had anticipated.

A few days after, a son of our neighbour, "Oom Piet," paid us a visit. He was dressed in his best Sunday clothes, and mounted on a rather showy horse, prancing and tossing its head in outrageous style. I had already become aware that young Boers, when entering upon their courtship, provide themselves as a *sine quâ non*, with a horse called a *vry paerd*, literally *courting horse*, which excels in the constant and almost continuous fantastic motions of the head. This circumstance, and what I very soon noticed, convinced me that I had a rival, and it seemed not improbable that an inkling of what was going on had accelerated his visit. He was Oom Piet's only child, and consequently likely to be well off, his father being considered affluent; seemed very superior for a person in his station; and I had often heard both Hans and his daughter speak in very high terms of him. His having come a day behind the fair, was, therefore, in all probability, the only cause of failure. Poor fellow;—he must have left with a heavy heart, when, as I heard, old Hans informed him (alas! for him, and for *me* too, I thought) that his daughter was already engaged. "Verily," I said to myself, "I have already been taxing my conscience beyond reasonable limits, and the weight seems to be still increasing. I am deceiving father and daughter, and now, in addition, am the cause of their refusing a highly advantageous match, the chances of which may probably never recur. Surely a breach of promise case, with heavy damages, would be but a just retributive finale to my unpardonable conduct."

Such and similar thoughts made me extremely uncomfortable, and I was more than once on the point of making a clean breast of it, by confessing all, before matters should reach a still further stage. At other times I almost resolved to make my exit in the somewhat

ignoble manner of certain folks, who returning faster than they came, are, in slang phrase, said to *cut their stick*.

By-the-by, this phrase puts me in mind of a discovery I made as to its probable etymology, it being in my opinion—though startling the assertion—clearly of *Hottentot* origin, and for this reason :—When a Hottentot takes service, he provides himself with a small stick *(kerfstokje)* on which he daily makes a cut or notch with his knife, the number of cuts representing the number of days of service. When the requisite number of notches is effected, and he has thus properly *cut his stick*, he takes himself off. Hence, by a grammatical licence, cutting one's stick, and taking oneself off, became synonymous, and hence the origin of the saying. Should grave etymologists object to this derivation as far-fetched and fanciful, I shall only add that dozens of derivations certainly not more plausible than this may easily be pointed out in Johnson.

But to return from this philological digression. I have already said that one reason of my stay here was the breaking out of the Kafir war. I was, however, mistaken in supposing that I would even in this quiet nook, remain scatheless, for though certainly far enough away from the enemy, I and my servant were *commanded*, to our no small astonishment, to deliver up our horses, three in number, as our quota for the use of the Burgher force, of which a second levy was equipping in the ward in which I then was. Being merely travellers and not residents we could, of course, by no means be comprehended under the term "Burghers." Besides, my horses were too valuable to be parted with in such a way, and for such a purpose. Having demurred to this order without avail, I started, accompanied by Tim, for the nearest seat of magistracy, about eight hours' distant, for redress, which I had no difficulty in obtaining. I there remained over a few days, and was just thinking of returning again to my Arcadia, when a curiously shaped letter, reminding me very much of the jalap powders which my apothecary used to make up for me, being folded exactly like one, was put into my hands. The superscription was penned in a style seemingly implying a rich taste for the hieroglyphical in the writer, and which an antiquarian might have envied. Underneath the address, which I managed to decipher, were the words, "In handen, sitto sitto, met haas" (In hands, *cito cito*, with haste), at once evincing the urgent nature of the contents. With the aid of a friend, I found that the epistle, which was from old Hans, contained matters of great import, the sum and substance of which was that it had been brought to his knowledge (oh! horrible imputation!) that I was a married man, with a wife and children in England,—that I merely wanted to marry his daughter for the sake of the "geld" and the "hamels," the latter of which I would speedily bring to the "slagter;"—that having filled my "knapsacks," and aware of the risk I was running in having two wives, I would soon be off; and that should I, therefore, venture to return, an acquaintance with the wheel-ox sjambok would be the mildest treatment I might expect. The letter ended by stating that

the bearer had with him, and would deliver to me, all my luggage, which I had left at the farm.

Only those who have been in a predicament similar to that into which my over-hasty declaration of love had led me, can picture to themselves the joy with which I hailed Hans's production; for here, certainly, was this Gordian knot of all my difficulties effectually cut, and at a time when I was least expecting it. True, it had been done *with a vengeance*, and some unknown slanderer had evidently, with some object or other, been blackening my character with old Hans; but even this circumstance I at once saw would prove of great service to me, for having established my innocence, and insisted upon the author of the calumny being brought to light, it would then be my turn to be indignant; and this I could not evince better for my own purpose, and at the same time with greater propriety in the eyes of every one, than by declaring the match, after what had happened, to be now for ever broken off. A disentanglement would thus be effected with better grace than my most sanguine expectations could have led me to expect at the outset.

While I was busy chalking out my plan of procedure, the Cape Town post arrived, bringing me letters from home respecting an inheritance that had just devolved upon me, and about which there was some dispute, and requiring my immediate presence there. The importance of the intelligence determined me to start the very next day for Cape Town, where I hoped to arrive in time to secure a passage in a vessel advertised to sail for England in eight or ten days. In this I succeeded, embarking the day after my arrival in town.

And what did I do about my love affair?

Why, literally, little or nothing. Time, as just appeared, failed me to carry out my plans in person, and, to leave them to an agent, I did not like, for, in the first place, not knowing how foolish I had been in this affair (which I would have been ashamed to confess), he might be inclined to push matters further than I should wish; and things having taken this favourable turn, the old adage of "letting well alone" occurred to me more than once. Besides, I should never have forgiven myself if anything on my side had been the cause of unpleasantness to my calumniator, whom I could not but view as my involuntary benefactor. I, therefore, only gave general instructions to disabuse Old Hans as well as possible, not omitting his being informed of my great indignation, with a promise to sift the whole affair on my return from Europe, which I hoped would be in a few months.

I should not omit to add that, before embarking, I received another epistle from the country (which had missed me, and had been sent on by a friend), to my no small surprise, from the fair Aletta herself, in a strain certainly not dreamt of after Hans's anathema. The poor girl implored me not to mind what her father had written, his head, she said, having been completely turned by Oom Piet and the school-

master, who had of late been repeatedly closeted with him, and who, she knew, had fabricated the slanderous stories against me. She concluded by declaring that she never believed a word of them, that without me she could not exist, and besought me to lose no time in again returning to her father's.

I at once comprehended that Oom Piet, aware of my being the only obstacle to his son's obtaining the hand of Aletta, had, with the aid of his pedagogue, availed himself of my temporary absence to poison Hans's mind against me, which, from what I knew of the latter's gullibility (with all his shrewdness), was no difficult task.

To reply to this letter was, of course, out of the question, for a few hours more saw our gallant vessel sailing for Old England, where, after a prosperous voyage, I arrived greatly improved in health.

My affairs were soon settled, and in the following summer I again set sail for the Cape, on this occasion accompanied by my good lady, for I had at last been fairly caught in the matrimonial noose.

I need hardly add that I had often in the interval reflected with many a pang on the sudden and lamentable estrangement between Hans and myself, which, when contrasted with the unbounded hospitality I constantly received at his hands, must doubtless have stamped me in his eyes as the most ungrateful of beings. And, alas! I thought, who knows what has been the fate of poor Aletta, overwhelmed by her father's procedure, and stung by my subsequent total neglect. It was, therefore, with no small anxiety that, on arriving at the Cape, I wrote to the town of ———, to a friend (the same who had helped me to decipher Hans's letter, and knew nearly the whole affair), for information about the family. With the subjoined extract from his reply, which must speak for itself, I conclude my marrative:—

"Your 'poor Aletta' is no more ——— Miss Van Hoorn. She was married about three months after your departure to your quondam rival Oom Piet's son. All your uneasiness, therefore, about 'her fate,' as you term it, is, you see, completely thrown away; besides, believe me, our country lasses are made of much sterner stuff by far than those lack-a-daisical drawing-room belles, who, as novels tell us, break their hearts and die, because, forsooth, they have been crossed in a love affair. How she came to forget you so soon I am not sufficiently informed to explain. I have, however, learnt that Oom Piet's stratagem, employed in ousting you, having served its purpose so well was, in due time, divulged by him. He has been heard to say, with evident glee, that he valued this feat of having *done* an Englishman almost as much as his grand (stereotype) achievement about the *rooye baatjes* at the battle of Blaauwbergen; adding that he was extremely surprised that you should have taken matters so very coolly. He concluded from this that there must have either been, by a curious coincidence, some truth in his invention, or that you, aware of his military prowess, so much dreaded a hostile encounter with him (for he made sure that you suspected him from the beginning as the

author of the report), as to resign everything precipitately. Pray *do* come down one of these days, and we shall pay them all a visit, which you may depend upon will be as welcome to Hans as agreeable to you; for he has often expressed his deep regret at what had occurred."

[This article has been forwarded to us in M.S. by its author who has already, and oftener than once, enriched the pages of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* with his "Recollections" in the character of a "Country Agent." He informs us that it was printed before, so far back as 1848, in the *Cape Town Mirror*, a paper which lasted for about a year. We have looked up a bound copy of that journal, and found that it contains many another contribution which should have ensured for it a longer existence than it enjoyed—and to some of which we may direct attention hereafter. In the meantime we make no apology for our present reproduction of "Aletta van Hoorn," who figures now as fresh and fair and buxom as when she was written by her author some six and twenty years ago.]

Ed. "C. M. M."

The Angel and the Child.

An angel came to earth to sing,
  Folding his wings of light;
To holy thoughts his song gave birth,
  And aspirations bright.

He sang first in the city street,
  While busy men went by;
They paused, the sound was passing sweet,
  But heeded not the cry

That sounded loudly through the song,
  A voice of love and pain;
"My brothers, ye have wandered long,
  When will ye turn again.

Far from your father's home of love,
  Ye stoop to worship gold."
They rush on, and will hear no more,
  For shares are being sold.

Then to a church the angel came ;
These will hear me, he thought.
In Heaven the bridegroom waits to claim
The bride his love has bought.

Within, the stained glass shone like flame,
And crowds thronged through the door ;
But, 'midst the rich that went and came,
There were not any poor.

Alas ! the angel sang in vain,
Amidst the silk and sound,
And in the diapason swell
His little harp was drowned.

Only a little child that played
In a dark narrow street,
Hearing the song the angel sang,
Followed his shining feet.

From the dismal dirty alley,
Across the busy mart,
Onward for ever followed he,
The song within his heart.

And when the way was dark and rough
The angel turned and smiled,
" Of those I sang to heard aright
Only this little child."

On through the years of toil and pain,
Until old age began,
The angel taught him still his strain,
A child and yet a man.

Till through the fields of joy above
He led him by the hand,
On to the Father's home of love
Into the shining land.

M. D.

African Folklore

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH. D

III.

THE contributor "T." to the October number of this year's *Magazine* of the Kafir Nursery Tales (pp. 247—250), need not be afraid that their genuiness will be doubted. It is evident that they belong to that mass of floating traditionary lore which in its main features seems to be the common property of the nations of the Kafir kindred.

The first "Story of Demane and Demazane" (p. 248), had been mentioned to me already some time ago by our Secretary for Native Affairs, the Hon. Chas. Brownlee, Esq., as existing among the Kafirs. This was on the occasion of a Damara (Otyiherero) native tale being presented by the Rev. C. Büttner of Otyimbingue, which struck me as essentially identical with a Setshuâna tale sent years ago by the late Rev. J. Fredoux, to whom it was dictated by a native called Mahube. Then Mr. Brownlee told me of his Kafir Nursery Tale, which accorded far more with the Setshuâna tale than either does with the Damara version. On this account I give here the English translation of the Setshuâna story with which Mr. Fredoux has accompanied the Setshuâna text.

RIMOE.—HIS DEATH OR HIS METAMORPHOSIS.

It is said that Rimoe had a sister called Masechuakai (mother of Sechuakai). Now Sechuakai and her mother Masechuakai had built a beautiful house ornamented with drawings. But Masechuakai said to her daughter, "Let us remove to another place!" Sechuakai would not do so. She said, "I like this house, because of the drawings. I do not like to leave it. If you go, leave me here; and when you go, shut me up in the house." Thus her mother left her, and having gone away to another place, she built another house as pretty as the first.

Now Rimoe came to see his niece; and when he had come, he said to her, "Clap your hands, I am going to dance." So his niece clapped her hands in the house. And as she was clapping her hands, Rimoe danced, and said, "I will eat thee." Sechuakai said to him, "You say you will eat me; but do you see that window below, and that one above?" (Meaning that she should escape by one of them). Rimoe looked above and below, and he succeeded in seizing Sechuakai. So he took her into a sack, called *moraba*. Then he placed the sack on his back, and without killing the girl, he went away towards the residence of his sister.

On arriving there he found that they had slaughtered an ox. Now he had come to the house built in the backyard, and he said to his sister, "Watch this sack, that it be not untied by children."

His sister replied, "No children shall untie it; you can go and beg some meat in the *khotla* (where men use to meet and eat)."

Now a little child, a sister of Sechuakai, went to the backyard eating meat. Sechuakai saw her (through some hole of the sack which was pierced), as she was eating, and she said to her, "Please give me some meat, my sister. You were once Sechuakainyana (little Sechuakai); I am Sechuakai." Sechuakainyana went back with her meat and said to her mother, "There is somebody in the backyard, who says she is Sechuakai." Then her mother also took some meat, and went to the backyard eating it. Sechuakai said to her, "Give me some, my mother; for you were once my mother, the mother of Sechuakai." Her mother returned with the meat and called Rasechuakai (the father of Sechuakai). Then he also went to the backyard eating meat. Sechuakai said to him, "Please give me some, my father; you were once Rasechuakai, I am Sechuakai." Then Rasechuakai called his wife and said, "Let us open Rimoe's sack, since there is a person in it." So they opened it, and took out the girl, and put her into their new house; and after that they took a little dog and put bracelets on it; they took also a swarm of bees and some beans, and having placed all in the sack, they tied it again, so that it looked just as Rimoe had left it.

After having eaten meat, Rimoe came from the *khotla* and said on arriving, "Has nobody untied this parcel?" "No, nobody has touched it," said Masechuakai. So Rimoe took it and went away. Now, as he was coming to his sister's, he had lighted a fire on a flat stone. So when he reached the place, where the stone was, he threw the contents of the sack into the fire. The little dog then made his escape, crying, "*Tyai*, *tyai*, *tyai*, *tyai*, *tyai*," as he was running away from the fire, and it went for good. The bees flew away, and there remained only the beans. As these were bursting on the hearth, Rimoe having come near, began to eat them. And as he stooped and ate, he said, "Whoever saw such a thing? A person who thought, he had got nice food, being obliged to eat beans only!"

As he thus spoke, some spark flew up and rested on his head; and his hair took fire, and the fire made a great noise. Rimoe hearing this, said, "I hear thunder at my father-in-law's." The fire was then burning his hair only, not his flesh (Rimoe is said to have had immense hair); but it soon reached the head, and then he started, running towards some pools (which he knew), to quench the fire on his head. (The pools, however, were all dry.) Finding one in which there was some mud, he threw his head into it. Now his head sank altogether in the mud and became fixed in it, his legs being directed upwards. So he died being changed into the stump of a tree.

I need not draw the reader's attention to the very great similarity between the preceding Sechuanai story and that given from the

Kafir on p. 248. Regarding the latter, I have still to remark that *Zim* is not the individual name of the Cannibal in question, but that *izimu*, pl. *amuzima* (Sesuto *lerimo*, pl. *marimo*), is in Zulu the generic name for cannibals.

In the Damara version the Cannibal is replaced by an old woman, and there is in general much less similarity in details than is found to exist between the Kafir and Setshuana versions.

The "Story of Ironside and his sisters" (p. 249), is mainly identical (although it contains many different details) with that of the girl and the Cannibals in Bishop Callaway's "Nursery Tales," vol. I, part III, p. 142, and following.

The last tale "The Great Chief of the Animals," is also one occurring in the folklore of different South African nations. In fact, the only very partial insight which we have been able as yet to get into the folklore of different Bântu nations, gives evidence of so many common traits among them, with of course numerous individual differences, that we cannot doubt that the main stock of the Bântu legendary lore is derived from a common source. It is impossible to say what amount of light a full and comprehensive knowledge of the inherited and diversified products of the Bântu mind would throw upon the working of their mental and moral capacities, as well in the present day, as in the long past ages in which their formation into distinct nations has taken place. But to be able to use these pieces of native literature properly for any scientific purposes of investigation, it is essential that they should be faithfully taken down from the lips of the natives in their own language. A variety of different native versions written down in this manner would be of essential service for enabling us to trace the operation of the native power on forming and transforming legends. That this is also the only way for our acquiring truly reliable sources for a knowledge of the native languages, in thus having at our command texts perfectly idiomatic and not mere translations from foreign languages, is so clear that I need not further repeat it. Finally, I will only express the wish that your kind contributor "T," who has evidently the knowledge and power to do so, will take down these and similar stories from the lips of the best native informants in their own language, and accompany them with a literal translation; and that other native scholars will also contribute to prevent this not unimportant branch of folklore from remaining unrecorded. Yet with diamonds and gold transforming the whole face of the South African world, this will inevitably be the case, if we do not now make strenuous exertions to have it recorded and preserved for future generations.

The Story of the "Kragga" Nugget.

Most of our readers are already acquainted with the circumstances under which the "Gouph" nugget was found in the Prince Albert district towards the close of 1870: how a farmer's boy picked it up in a sheep track while driving his flock home; how it was shown to his parents and regarded as an interesting but worthless curiosity, until an intelligent neighbour happening to see it pronounced it gold; how the Government sent commissioners to examine the place, and inquire into the authenticity of the reported discovery; and how the evidence obtained clearly proved that there was no doubt as to the genuineness of the nugget and the honesty of the finder. But geological observations of the locality gave no encouragement to continue a search for more gold there. The spot where it was found—the farm "Spreuwfontein"—proved (as Dr. Atherstone and Mr. Thos. Bain reported) to be "the highest part of the Gouph,"—its water-shed, in fact, whence the water flows eastwards into the river through Miering's Poort, and westwards into the Gamka. Not the highest flood ever known could have driven the nugget up there,—no quartz reefs, no igneous rock, not even metamorphic strata of any kind, the usual habitats of gold when not alluvial. The inference seemed quite conclusive, as it did'nt *grow* there, and could'nt have been *brought* there by "drift" or by flood, or other natural causes, there must have been human agency at work,—but who? why? and when? and where did he get it? If colonial, was it brought from the Zwarteberg, or the Mordenaars' Karoo by some Bushman or wandering Hottentot, or by his hairy prototype, the other "wild man of the rocks?" If not colonial, who paid for it? When and how was it imported?" This still remains, what Dr. Atherstone terms, a "mystery of the Gouph!"

Fifteen years before (in 1855) a nugget of gold had been found on the borders of the districts of Robertson and Worcester, about one hundred miles south-west of where the "Gouph" nugget was picked up. In this case a farmer's daughter was amusing herself with bathing her feet in a small stream coming out of a kloof in the Kragga valley, when she spied a bright object which she took home, supposing it to be a bit of copper. Her father, a Mr. Le Roux of Goedgemoedt, Robertson, took the curiosity to Swellendam, and showed it to the Hon. Dr. White (now Treasurer-General) who pronounced it to be a gold nugget of about two ounces weight. It was forwarded to Governor Sir George Grey who purchased it for £8 16s., and added it to his meralogical cabinet, where it remained until the present year, when Sir George (now in New Zealand) returned it to the Government here to be placed in the South African Museum. At the very time this Kragga nugget was found, Mr. Wyley, the geologist, arrived in the Colony, and one of the first

duties assigned to him by Sir George Grey was to examine the spot where it was reported to have been discovered. Mr. Wyley was accompanied to the place by Mr. Hugo of Worcester, and shortly afterwards the result of his visit was published in the form of an official diary, which, from its special interest at the present time, we have exhumed from the *Government Gazette* of September, 1855.

The Kragga is distant about a day's ride from the top of the Hex River mountains, over which the Beaufort railway line is to be carried. It is a valley between the sandstone ranges of the Witteberg, which Mr. Wyley has classified as resting upon the Devonian shales of the Bokkeveld, but which the late Mr. A. G. Bain and his worthy son and successor, Mr. Thomas Bain, denominates Upper Silurian. Near to it at various places there crops out the "trap conglomerate," which has had a marked metamorphic effect upon the surrounding stratified rocks. It was here first noticed by Mr. Wyley as a "hornblendic schist." We quote from his journal:—

July 31.—Fine morning. Sun rose 3° 40′ S. of E. magn. Examined the low ridge of hornblendic schist, opposite Tiger Hoek. The rock decomposing forms a fertile soil, in which large bushes and many succulent plants take root. Having inspanned, rode along and crossed the ridge at two or three other places, and found it to preserve quite the same character. Arrived at the Kragga, the bed of which seemed quite dry. The bed where the road crosses, and for some distance north and south, is occupied by the same hornblendic slates. About 200 yards west of the Kragga Drift, a few feet from the road, is the spot where a piece of gold, weighing between one and two ounces, was found by Le Roux, quite on the surface of the ground, the end of the piece glancing in the sun. Examined the place narrowly, and found on the surface of the sandy clay soil, which rests upon the hornblendic slates, and varies in depth from three to four feet to as many inches, a number of rolled pebbles, or fragments of rock. There were a few fragments of quartz, not more than occurs everywhere, but a large portion of these pebbles consisted of ironstone (a peroxide of iron resembling bog iron ore, but denser), such as might be derived from a lode somewhere in the neighbourhood. All over the plain these pebbles were found, and as ironstone, in some shape or other, almost always accompanies gold, these seemed to present a clue by which the gold might be traced.

In the meantime, I examined the gravel of the river bed, and noted the various beds of slate and grit there seen, without discovering any trace of gold. Washed a portion of gravel from near the drift, at a pool of water, about a mile higher up, where we were outspanned, but without success.

The valley across which the Kragga here runs stretches E. and W. about eighteen miles, its greatest breadth being between four and five miles. The river runs N. and S., cutting through a narrow range of hills of white quartzose sandstone about two miles N. of the drift. This we shall call the Kragga Poort. Behind this, to the northward, another valley occurs, parallel to the former, and showing similar slates and grits in the river bed. This valley is bounded on the north by a similar sandstone ridge, through a poort in which, distant about three miles N. from the Kragga Poort, the river likewise flows.

The E. and W. ridges of hills are all the same, quartzose sandstone, very like that of Table Mountain or Hex River, and the intermediate flats, all gritty or hornblendic slates. Owing to the disturbed character of the beds, and the want of sufficient time, the relations of these two sets of rocks to each other could not be made out with certainty. Passing up through the middle Kragga Poort, the sandstone beds are seen to be violently contorted and doubled up, and they sometimes become so quartzose as to assume the character of a quartz vein. In the cliffs, on either side of the valley, no vein could be seen, and it was only on passing through it a second time that the large mass of ironstone (about 200 × 40 yards area) was discovered. With the exception of a small portion at the foot of the cliffs on the west side, and which appears in massive irregular beds, it is almost entirely concealed by the drift gravel and sand in the bottom of the poort, and this too overgrown with bushes. A small quartz vein occurs alongside in a gully or brook from the mountain. The ironstone is often a conglomerate of small grains and pebbles of quartz, sandstone, &c., cemented by peroxide of iron. Searched both quartz and ironstone closely, without finding any trace of gold, although the small ramifying cavities did look like places from which gold had escaped. These, however, I am now inclined to think were filled with carbonate of iron, rather than gold.

Passing through the Kragga Poort, found in the river bed, which in one place contained a pool of water, grey slates and grit beds, similar to those in the other valley. Near this pool, a tiger was lying in some bushes, probably asleep, as I passed within a few feet of him, in the river bottom. Mr. Hugo's dog put him out on our return. Examined the range of hills north of this valley (?) the Wittebergen, and found the same sandstone as that of Kragga Poort. The river seems to flow from an elevated tract of country behind, which I could not find time to penetrate.

July 22.—Night very cold. In the morning the ice was one-eighth of an inch thick on the pool, and snow on all the mountain tops.

July 23.—Crossed the valley, and explored the hills to the southward, especially a kloof where the rocks were iron-stained, and where I expected to catch the iron-stone again. In this I was disappointed. Had a good view from a summit adjoining of the hills of contorted sandstone, seeming eight or ten miles in breadth, beyond which the Touwes River probably flows. From this took bearings of some points. Found some quartz veins in the sandstone, but none of any promise. Descending into a hollow, found a small valley of slate, rolled in the sandstone. Searched the sands of this and other places on the way. No gold seen. The mountains here looked very barren, having been burnt three years ago, by Jacob, since which hardly any rain has fallen ; the river has not flowed during that time. Returned across the flat; examined the sand of one or two dry streams, but found nothing.

To-night the horses were frightened in by a tiger, which at one time we heard roar up the kloof.

July 24.—Cold and strong gusts all night from the westward ; in the morning, rain. Washed some of the gravel of river bed ; no gold. Went up to the poort, and strove to trace a continuation of the ironstone ; but it did not seem to form a lode or vein, forming only an irregular mass ; probably having a connexion with a line of fracture forming the two poorts through which the river runs. Washed some of the ironstone *debris* from

the poort ; no gold, Went out in the evening to look for the tiger ; did not find him, which was perhaps fortunate, rather than otherwise. Night cold, severe frost, strong ice on the water, and hoar-frost covering the inside of the wagon in the morning.

July 25.—Set my boy to dig at the place where gold was found by Le Roux, but with slight hope of finding anything ; and rode over to Schalk's Kraal, and from thence westward along the mountains. At Schalk's Kraal found a deep pool in the rocks and a small spring ; nothing seen. Returned, and washed the gravel of river bed ; also the clay of banks near Jacob's kraal or garden, without finding any gold ; washed also the clay from the reputed gold locality, in three separate portions, according to depth ; found no gold ; but as was usually the case with every place tried, found numbers of very small rubies and black sapphires, so far as one could judge from the imperfect, usually waterworn, crystals.

July 26.—Washed and dug all day from seven a.m. till half-past seven p.m., chiefly from the river bed and clay adjoining ; no gold. Washed also a specimen of the calcareous conglomerate, usually called limestone by the colonists, which occurs lying upon the slates in one or two places ; found no gold in any of these.

July 27.—Rained heavily in the morning, mixed with snow. A scorpion was caught warming itself at our fire.

Washed all day ; no result ; made everything ready for an early start in the morning.

July 28.—Morning rainy. Could not get our wagon under way till eight o'clock. Saw some water in the bed of a stream, cutting pretty deeply into the clay near Tiger Hoek—a likely looking place for gold. Stopped the wagon, and washed one dish, and brought another to wash at next outspan. Found plenty of small spinelles and sapphires ; also two fragments of a grass-green mineral, too imperfect to be made out.

Outspanned at the Touwes River, here cutting through stratified sand ten to fifteen feet. Some of the layers slightly cemented. Owing to the rain, one or two small pools of water had been formed. While looking over my specimens of ironstone, I broke one, and found two or *three grains of gold*. I at once crushed one of these in an agate mortar, and placed *the fact of its being gold beyond a doubt*.

Though we have travelled some twenty miles, I at once determined to go back, and have another trial at the ironstone. Came round by the Draai, and from January, a Hottentot sheepfarmer, there residing, procured an additional supply of forage, and other necessaries. Found here pieces of yellowish calcareous conglomerate, which had been raised from a well near, and would answer nearly all the purposes of a limestone. Came across the plain, to a small winding pass, in a low range of hills apparently the continuation of those of the Kragga Poort before mentioned. Returned to the old outspan on the Kragga, an hour or two after nightfall.

July 29.—Walked up over the hills to the west of Kragga Poort, &c. Day fine.

July 30.—Fine morning. Searched the ironstone from daylight till dark, both *in situ* and in the form of small boulders scattered all through the valley, without finding any particle of gold—washed also some of the *débris* adjoining, but nothing seen. Washed also some *débris* of the calcareous conglomerate, on which several of these ironstone boulders were resting, and upon which I picked up the one containing gold grains,

but without success. Was obliged to give up the search, and make everything for a start homeward.

July 31.—Started at four a.m., with a full moon, and came on at a good pace to where the road diverges before reaching the Touwes River. Here we got out of the wagon, and had a hard ride after a flock of above thirty ostriches, but in vain. Crossed over a low ridge of hills, and overtook the wagon at where it was outspanned on the Touwes, now almost perfectly dry. Saw some small rubies, but no gold, in the sands. Crossing the Touwes and a small sandy valley, through which the Verkeerde Vlei branch of the river runs, we reached the Beaufort road, along which we proceeded, over the Straat, and on to Hugo's, where we outspanned. Day very hot, and as we came down the hlll we collected some fossils; but had to give over, being obliged to keep up with the wagon. Reached Mr. Dirk de Vos's farm about an hour after dark, the horses evidently having had enough of it.

Wherefore Weep?

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

Why keepest, Madam, this dejected plight,
This evermore despair,
Sweet-hearted lady, sombre as the night,
And as the morning fair?

What matters, if to man and woman here
Life's tide unequal roll,
If, stripped of gloss, it haste to disappear,
Ownest thou not a soul?

That soul, that soon mayhap will elsewhere fly
To regions pure and bright,
Transporting thee beyond our sorrow's cry,
Beyond our murmurs' flight.

Be like the bird, that to the slender spray
For one brief moment clings,
That feels the yielding prop, nor checks its lay,
Rememb'ring it has wings.

J. G.

A Cape Picnic.

THE DRAKENSTEIN WATERFALL.

PROBABLY no social gathering is more pleasurable or conducive to mirth than a well-conducted out-of-door party, be it in the form of a croquet match, an impromptu kettledrum, or a *bonâ fide fête champêtre*. There is an exhilaration and a freedom from restraint under Dame Nature's stately dome, and within her spacious halls, that can never be rivalled or, even in any degree, attained to in the most gorgeous palaces of art.

Wealth and factitious beauty are oftimes showered with a lavish hand, and the priceless gems of science, music, and *belles lettres* are ransacked for the guests' amusement; the devotees of Terpsichore do the light fantastic in the dazzling ball-rooms of West-End mansions; and lovers coo their sweet, soft nothings in the shady corners of exquisite conservatories. But in spite of all this magnificence, and occasionally almost regal splendour, ninety people out of every hundred—amongst the *young* at any rate—will prefer a well-arranged picnic, where the chords of musician and minstrel blend with the notes of feathered songsters, and the sombre old woods forget their gloom to re-echo the laughter of the light-hearted and mirthful; where the green sward tempts the dancers to more than their ordinary vivacity, and the witchery of bright eyes and handsome faces is enhanced by the surpassing beauty of earth's secret nooks and fairy glen. Painter, poet, and botanist all share in the day's pleasures and treasures, while the minds of the thoughtful and philosophic revel in fields of new and unwonted expanse, and, perchance, bear away with them latent germs that afterwards develope into the rich, rare fruits of choicest literature.

And, above all, a peculiar charm distinguishing picnics from other pleasure parties is that *children* are welcome participators therein, and can romp and frolic at their own sweet will, without shocking the proprieties or treading on the corns of the sensitive!

So much for the preface to my story, and as it is decidedly lengthy the reader is welcome to skip it, and join me at this "knot" of my "yarn." Granted that picnics, as a rule, are charming affairs, that free-and-easy country ones (minus lavender kids and dainty silk dresses direct from Paris) are particularly agreeable, and that the jaunt about to be described was one of the most delightful of the latter sort, and we are of the same mind, and can jog on amicably to the end of the chapter.

The Whit-Monday commemorated by the said picnic was one of those gloriously perfect days, which only the genial winter of our sunny clime can produce. Heavy rains had fallen a week before, watering the soil and revivifying the verdure, filling the rivulets, and causing mimic cascades to gleam and shoot from every angle

of the neighbouring mountains; and these rains had been succeeded by two days of just sufficient sunshine to draw off unwholesome dampness from the ground, and allay all anxious fears anent colds and rheumatism.

The time fixed for starting was seven a.m.; the rendezvous the Civil Commissioner's residence. The vehicles consisted of a wagon and six horses, ditto and eight mules, two Cape carts, and a handsome travelling wagonette (the property of a warm-hearted, open-handed wine farmer, who, with his family, contributed greatly to the comfort of the excursion; and, finally, the destination was a famous waterfall near Drakenstein.

Of course various *contre temps* occurred with reference to the starting, some folks getting too early, while others were a trifle late, and one conveyance causing immense flutter and fidget by its tardy arrival an hour after time; but in due course all these difficulties were overcome, provisions and "live stock" were carefully packed, and the cavalcade moved off amidst mutual rejoicing. The party numbered between thirty and forty, and comprised not only valiant members of the Civil Service, the bar, and the medical profession, but one or two musicians—some very sweet songsters amongst the lady-birds, a sprinkling of farmers and wine-growers, a couple of those valuable work-a-day heroes who "teach the young ideas how to shoot," and divers nondescripts who filled spare gaps.

How pretty the village looked as we drove along its main thoroughfare, with the autumn tints of its vineyards and oaks lit up by the morning sun; and the changing hues, and lights and shadows of the mountains around forming an ever-varying, yet thoroughly harmonious framing to the picture!

And how happy and fresh appeared the holiday-keepers whom we met or overtook, and what abundant pity we bestowed upon all unfortunate stayers at home. Pity wasted in most instances, as the phlegmatic farmers and shopkeepers doubtless preferred turning an honest penny in the ordinary way to *keuring* after a waterfall.

So be it, *chacun à son goût*, and the keen air soon turned the tide of exuberant *expression* into an irresistible *feeling* for odd packages of sandwiches, it being observable that certain young folks, who at the outset had ridiculed the idea of a "snack" by the way, were suddenly ardent converts to the cause, and lent noble aid in the demolition!

Then what an amicable changing and re-adjusting of partners took place until each was stowed away in the particular cranny into which he or she fitted best, and how delightfully the laughter from the foremost vehicles was wafted to those behind, and joined in by their equally gleeful occupants. What a multitude of bad puns, and far-fetched riddles pervaded the atmosphere; how patronisingly the learned initiated the ignorant into the names of the different mountain peaks, farms, or hamlets that kept cropping into view; and how some faces beamed with an overflowing satisfaction when a stray patch, "exactly like English scenery," peeped up in the form of a

tiny glade or rustic bridge! No wonder that under such favourable circumstances two hours and a half sped swiftly by, leaving no trace of fatigue, but acting as a piquant stimulant to whet the appetite for the day's doings.

The first stage of the proceedings ending with the drive, how was the party situated, and what ensued? On getting out of the comfortable "traps" we found ourselves at the foot of a mountain, far up whose craggy heights the waterfall shone in silvery whiteness, and tossed down its shimmery spray in a mocking murmur of "Excelsior." But unquestionably the leader of our aspiring band was wise in suggesting that breakfast should precede the answering echoes of the eager climbers, and, to do the latter justice, they rendered implicit obedience to the word of command! Indeed, what would be the use of a picnic if the substantial and common place did not blend incessantly with the romantic and ideal; and how naturally one turns from arranging "button-holes" of wild flowers to coffee and the wing of a chicken! Who has watched children—the best and most naïve of mimics—having a picnic under a large umbrella without noticing what a prominent part the buns and sweets play in the performance; and "children of a larger growth" attach a great deal more importance to the same subject than they are at times willing to admit.

Loitering was, however, out of the question on this occasion; besides, Phœbus himself extended too warm a welcome for the climb to be long postponed, so off started the sprightly troup with vigorous wills and "best feet forward." One or two matrons who had visited the place before declined struggling up in the broiling sun, and, with their attendant squire, remained cosily ensconced under the shade of the wagons, for the ostensible purpose of superintending the commissariat, although they afterwards laughingly confessed that they had been prosaic enough to have a quiet game of *whist!* The large group soon separated into trios and duos, according to strength or "magnetic" attraction, and there being no beaten path the foremost—keeping the watery goal in view—pressed forward in as straight a line as possible, while the laggers followed the "spoor" of the energetic. There was one equestrian, a small woman, wholly unaccustomed to mountaineering, but bent upon having her own way (after the fashion of most small people!) and reaching "the Fall" *coûte qui coûte.* And thanks to the exceeding good nature of her friends, from the big brown horse who lent his back, and toiled so patiently (I had almost said *manfully*) across the rugged rocks up to the gallant cavaliers, who led the poor beast so gently now over almost impassable boulders, and again through thickets of apparently impenetrable brushwood, two-thirds of the journey was performed with ease to the rider. Then the faithful steed being tethered to a tree, the remainder of the weary ascent was accomplished by dint of perseverance and a firm grasp on the strong hand of a stalwart knight. Ever and anon miniature ravines, with cool, rippling streamlets, beguiled the toilers into lingering for a few moments' rest,

while they slaked their thirst or laved their hands in the limpid waters; snug retreats, where one might find "the poet's treasure—*silence*—and indulge the dreams of fancy, tranquil and secure." After which delicious pauses the constantly increasing murmurs of the one watchword, "Excelsior," lured on with renewed hope and nerved to fresh exertion. And oh! when aching feet and throbbing heads reached the summit of their ambition, "Heavens! what a goodly prospect spread around." Far, far below stretched a tangled gorge, like a gigantic fernery, whose sides were clothed with tropical luxuriance; the foreground unfolded a vast and lovely panorama of country scenery, immense plains studded at intervals with thickly-wooded farms or vine-girt villages, and shut in on the horizon by mountains of weird forms and ever-varying tints. While right behind, though far overhead, leapt the impetuous Waterfall from an almost perpendicular height of more than three hundred feet. Midway its frothy volume was crossed by a series of rainbows, vying with each other in the radiance of their lustre and perfection of their arc, and lighting up the colourless shower with their marvellous magic hues. And finally, dissolving itself into millions of sparkling rain-drops, it was lost in the deep black pool at its base. This same tarn formed one of the most attractive features in the *tableau*, for its blackness had by no means a suicide-inviting air, and its depths did not awe the beholder as those of a stern, unfathomable abyss; rather did it conjure up fantastic images of mountain sprites, disporting in the safety of its retirement, or poised securely upon its eddying surface, as they listened to the playful prattle of the silvery-dropping spray. Was it not well worth the "heat and burden of the day" to be favoured by such a glimpse into nature's inner shrine,

> "In the symmetry of whose parts is found
> A power like that of harmony in sound."

If only some one could have sketched the beauteous scene! but, strange to say, not one of that large gathering had either the courage or the ability to attempt its pourtrayal. And perhaps this was as well, for none but a Turner (am I right?) could do justice to so fair a spot. How soothing to rest amidst soft green ferns, while globules of feathery foam kissed the burning cheek, or hung in pearly drops on clustering curl and wayward tresses:

> "Flinging luxurious coolness round
> The air, and verdure o'er the ground."

Here nestled a pretty Titania, half buried in a mossy bed, and there sprawled a nonchalant young giant, carrying on a lazy but continuous flirtation. Some wended their way under the back of the "Fall," to be rewarded for their curiosity by the cold reception of a speedy and gratuitous shower-bath? Lovers of ferns ferreted out rare specimens, of which few, alas! survived to reach their destination, although as I write my eye rests complacently on one bonny

wee thing, brought carefully down from its distant home by a friend, of whose kindly heart it is a constant memento. And yet another group warbled gay ballads in the blitheness of their spirits, and taught the quickly echoing crags many a sweet melody from far-off lands. By-and-bye one and another prudent soul hinted the advisability of a descent to the wagons, but the enervating influence of the balmy atmosphere, and dreamy luxurious surroundings prevented anyone taking the lead in this inevitable path of duty until an event occurred which startled the indolent band into beating an alarmed and prompt retreat. Two or three venturesome mortals had climbed undauntedly up the almost perpendicular side of the cliff, and now unthinkingly amused themselves by hurling huge fragments of stone over the edge of the precipice to the depths below. These as they touched casual projections split into scores of pieces, and came down with a velocity and a divergence that would cause instant destruction to any unhappy wight who might chance to be hit thereby. In vain did stentorian voices call upwards, in the words of L'Estrange's frogs, "Though this may be *play* to you 'tis *death* to us." Like many who fancy they have reached the pinnacle of fame the sounds of dissent, and warning notes of disapproval, were interpreted as the hum of applause, and were answered with renewed volleys from the elated besiegers! The only course available was to fly under cover of friendly rocks or full-grown shrubs, and happily no one was hurt; and by the time the unconscious causes of the panic overtook the fugitives they had been freely pardoned, and atoned for their mistake by giving a glowing description of another cascade above, and of the far-off stream that fed the insatiable gushing torrent.

It does seem absurd—on paper—to drop from melo-dramatic "hairbreadth escapes" to the ordinary topic of *dinner;* nevertheless, "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and, if truth be told, the jaded mountaineers thought there were far too *many* steps between them and the savoury odours ascending from their banquet hall! The major-domo was an Indian, whose culinary talents were undeniable, and whose pound-cakes excited the envy of all the young housewives; and, under his skilful management, the various wagon-drivers proved a tolerably efficient staff of waiters.

And lo! on a sudden, what a popping of soda waters and drawing of multitudinous corks greeted the returned explorers; and what a chatter of tongues and clatter of knives and forks ensued, until empty dishes alone were left to tell the tale of the sumptuous repast; and cigars and coffee succeeded the Babel of many voices!

Finally, a universal bustle followed the brief interval of calm, a packing of crockery, donning of wraps, and drafting off to the different vehicles; after which the "captain" gave the signal for the start, and with many a regretful adieu to the lonely waterfall, the lively crew set forth on their homeward journey.

In the waning light the river at our side caught the farewell rays of the setting sun, and gleamed like a thread of gold, whose lustrous

windings we were well content to follow; and ere long the familiar strains of "Beautiful Star," told those whose eyes were closed in drowsy contentment that the first lamp in the evening's brilliant illumination had been lit.

At intervals there was a general muster, when the occupants of each conveyance caught up the refrain of some well-known song as they reached their fellows, until there was one full chorus; the conclusion of which was the signal for "A Little More Cider too," and a vigorous canvassing for cigars and tobacco amongst the gentlemen!

In due course, also, fair Cynthia glided on the "starry girdle" of the sky, and under the influence of her pale, "pathetic eloquence" some strangely touching confidences were exchanged, while blue eyes drooped more bewitchingly, and dark ones glanced more thrillingly than ever. And the thread of gold beside us changed into a vein of purest silver, stretching far out into the hazy distance, and suggesting by its careless wanderings many a quaint simile or poetic fancy, until at last the tiny lights of our straggling village peeped forth in homely welcome, and we drove jauntily through the street to the morning's rendezvous. Then a general scrimmage for each family's "belongings," either in goods or "live-stock," a few last words, and a gradual dispersion of the forces amidst many a lingering, fond

"Good Night."

Autumn.

The Sunday of the year, nature lays down
Her spade and sickle; stretched beneath her feet
The earth lies full of plenty, and her crown
Is ready, with its memories sad yet sweet,
Of spring days full of hope, with summer fair;
And, pausing ere she takes it up, a rush
Of tears fall from her eyes, through the soft air,
Straight to the ripened grain. Amidst the hush
The weary reaper and the drooping flower
Look up to Heaven, and bless the autumn shower
Which to small birds 'neath dying leaves may bring
The sweet, glad, promise of another spring.

M. D.

Occasional Papers on Classical Subjects.

III.

The new mode of pronouncing Latin, as recently advocated and explained by competent authorities, sounded at first uncouth enough to the ears of students in English universities and schools, yet there is evidence of its gradual adoption. One striking and undeniable proof is the publication of several elementary treatises, with the view of initiating the scholar into the new pronunciation, from the day when he begins his Latin primer.

Whatever arguments may be urged against the change, and no doubt there are many, especially those of the inconvenience and, besides, of the uncertainty of having even now determined the approximate Roman pronunciation of their language, yet the approach to a uniform pronunciation of Latin among all European scholars will, in most minds, outweigh all other considerations ; and where Europe leads, we cannot afford to lag behind. We have, too, a remarkable advantage, in being unfettered by the traditions and usages of the great public schools, where it is next akin to sacrilege to make a breach in their time-honoured institutions. Without running the risk of any charge of Iconoclasm, we may unhesitatingly adopt whatever changes are expedient in the discipline and order of our schools and colleges.

In a former article (*Cape Monthly Magazine*, Vol. VI., pp. 89, 90,) the directions of the Professors of Latin, both of Oxford and Cambridge, were briefly set forth, so as to invite attention to this really important subject ; and the increasing interest in it will justify some further reference to the same topic before entering upon the consideration of a cognate one—what is to be, in future, our mode of pronouncing Greek. My observations, being of a strictly practical kind, will be illustrated and methodized solely with the object of putting as much available information as possible within the reach of those who may not have access to the various treatises which I have alluded to.

The vowel sounds in Latin may be classified thus :—

Long A = *ah*, like *a* in *father*, *psalm*.
Short A approximates to *a* in *away*, *apart*.
Long E = *ey* in *they* or *ai* in *faith*.
Short E approximates to *e* in *pet*, *elephant*.
Long I = *ee*, as heard in *ravine*, *machine*.
Short I approximates to *i* in *chin*, *pity*.
Long O = *aw*, approximating to *o* in *gore*, *score*.
Short O approximates to *o* in *dot*, *obey*, *novel*.
Long U = *oo*, like *u* in *rule* or *oo* in *fool*.
Short U approximates to *u* in *full*.
Y approximates to *u* (oo) and *i* (ee).

The following examples will illustrate the pronunciation more clearly :—

ālīs *(ah-leece)*; vălē *(val-ey)*;

nĭsí *(nee-see)*; dō *(daw)*; nōn (nawn);

tūtŭs (too-tooss); rătio (răh-tee-aw); ancŏra (ahng-căw-răh).

In regard to dipthongs, it may be sufficient to say that the combined sounds of *ae* and *oe* approximate to ay, ey, in *way*, *they*; of *au* to ou as heard in *loud* or *house*; as in the examples, aes, pronounced ayss, to rhyme with *race*; ros-ae, pronounced *rosay*; aurum, pronounced *owroom*.

The sounds of the consonants will be best gathered from a few miscellaneous examples, the following rules being observed :—

c always = k; g = gh (hard); j = y; r = rr; s = ss; t is a dental; m fin a is to be pronounced faintly. Examples—Cæsar = Kaysar; gelu = gheh-loo; jam = yahm; injustus = een-yoost-ooss; res = r-rehss (pron. *rays*); causa = cowss-ăh; his = heece; t as in English *tiara*; absum = ahp-ssoo(m); obtine = awp-tee-neh; obscurior = ops-koo-ri-orr; scire = skee reh. The English sound of v is usually retained.

From this sketch, it will not be difficult for the student, who has hitherto pronounced Latin *Anglice*, to acquire facility in the new method; and to those who are likely to complete their literary course in Europe, such a facility is desirable, if not necessary.

The English system of pronouncing Greek is probably more or less due, as is generally acknowledged, to the accomplished Dutchman, Erasmus, who, after a stay at Oxford in the company of Colet, Grocyn, and other Classical men, taught Greek at Cambridge in the beginning of the 16th century; and, at the same period, scholars were sought for from England to fill the posts of Teachers of the Greek language in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent. Our fault seems to be that we read Greek with a Latin accent, and with a preponderating influence of quantity over accent, whereas modern Greek reading appears to be really based on the same principles as English; the accent predominates; quantity is not altogether overlooked, but succumbs to accent.

The following instance may illustrate my meaning:—

He róse at dáwn and fíred with hópe,
Shot o'ér the seéthing hárbour-bár.

The stress on the accented syllables necessarily lengthens the quantity of each, but it is only position which lengthens *dawn*, *hope*, *bar*; change the position of the words, and you read them as short syllables; as

Dawn bróke; and hím Hope fíred . . .

Whether there is a general identity in the pronunciation of the Greek of ancient and modern times, is a question to be discussed only by such Authorities as Mr. Geldart, to whose treatise on "the Modern Greek Language in the relation to Ancient Greek" I am chiefly indebted.

It is argued, that if the modern pronunciation is not identical with the ancient, it must be either a legitimate development from it or a corruption by foreign admixture. Against the latter view, the general, though not complete, uniformity of modern Greek pronunciation, wherever the Language is spoken, is considered by Mr. Gildart a strong argument. And in favour of the identity of the ancient and modern, it is stated that exactly the same letters appear to be interchangeable in the old and new languages. By a comparison of the two, Mr. Geldart concludes that the same phonetic laws were at work in the times of Homer and of Thucydides as now, and that the results are identical. I would not be understood as inviting assent to such sweeping conclusions; but the views of modern inquirers need to be stated, as a prelude to the reformed mode of pronouncing Greek.

It is not proposed to enter here into the general question of the value of the accents as marked in Greek; the systematic employment of the accent-marks is believed by many to be of recent date (Key, *on Language*, p. 429). At all events, the older a Greek MS. is, the more certain it is to be without them; but at the same time great scholars have been named, such as Boeckh, Hermann, Porson, who observed the accents, whilst they as strictly observed the quantities. I am concerned at present only with the setting forth of the pronunciation as advocated by those acquainted with modern Greek. With regard to this practical question, Mr. Geldart says, that from his personal experience, and that of others similarly circumstanced, he is convinced that the man who has once learned to read Greek fluently, with accent and intonation as the Greeks read it, will never be able to tolerate the reading of Homer, Xenophon, or Sophocles, with the Latin accent and the miscalled Erasmian pronunciation. I quote a specimen, from the same author, illustrating the chief peculiarities of Modern Greek pronunciation (Geldart, Modern Greek p. 66.

Ὁ οὐρανὸς καὶ ἡ γῆ οὐκ ἐπλάσθησαν εὐθύς, ἀλλὰ ἀνεπτύχθησαν
O ooranos tkĕh ee yee ook eplástheessan ephthecss, allá anepteekhtheessan
ὀλίγον κατ' ὀλίγον· οὐδ' οἱ ἄνθρωποι οἱ υἱοὶ τοῦ Θεοῦ ηὑρέθησαν
oleéghon kat' oleéghon· oodh ee ánthropee ee ee-eé too theoó eebhrétheessan
ἐξαίφνης τέλειοι ὡς καὶ νῦν.
exéphnees télee-ee oas tkĕh neen.

For reference, a tolerably complete list of the Greek sounds is subjoined.

α = ah, or the *a* in *father*.
ε = *e* in *better*; or like ä in German *Männer*.
η and *ι* = ee in *see*.
ο, *ω* = aw in *saw* or o in *gore*.
υ (vowel) as Greek *ι* = ee.
αυ, *ευ* = aph, eph.
αι = *ε* in sound.
ει = *ι* in sound.

οι and υι = ee in *see*.
β = *w* in German; softer than the English *b*.
γ = y before ι and ε; or like German *g* in *Tag*.
δ = th in *then*.
κ = tk or *k*.
The aspirate is not heard in Modern Greek.

A reference to Professor Key's Lectures on Language will put the reader in possession of the views of scholars on the opposite side. In speaking of accent, he says in regard to those who insist on giving a first obedience to what the accents, as now marked, demand, whoever has heard a modern Greek read the Iliad very generally confesses that all the metre for his ear is lost; and he quotes a portion of a translation of Krilloff's Fable of the Cuckoo, from a Greek periodical of 1848, which illustrates the shortening of *long* vowels as we ordinarily call them, and shows that η and ω, ε and ο are no longer distinguished. The utter disregard of the quantity, as we should read Greek, is apparent enough in this short extract.

Ἡ ἄστατος, ἡ σύζυγος τοῦ Κούκου ἐπὶ κλόνου
Ἰτέας ποτ' ἐκάθισε καὶ γοερῶς ἐθρήνει·
Ἡ γείτων τῆς περιστερὰ τὸ αἴτιον τοῦ πόνου
Τὴν ἐρωτᾷ καὶ διατὶ κρουνοὺς δακρύων χύνει;
Μήπως, καλὴ γειτόνισσα, τὴν ἀνοιξιν λυπεῖσαι;
Τοῦ ἐραστοῦ σου μὴ θρηνεῖς ἴσως τὴν ἀπιστίαν;
Μήπως ἐπι βουλὴν τινὰ τῶν κυνηγῶν φοβεῖσαι;
Ἢ μήπως περιέπεσες εἰς τὴν σκληρὰν χηρείαν;

I give a free rendering, in the same metre, of the third and fourth verses:—

A dove, her friend, quite neighbourly, inquires about her sorrow,
And asks the cause, so tenderly, why heavy tear-drops follow?

The metre, Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic, necessitates our reading the following examples, as marked:

ιτέας, ερώτᾳ, δακρῦων, γειτονίσσα, ανοίξιν, εράστου, απιστίαν, κυνήγων.

No apology is perhaps required for an article on these subjects; because, although immediately interesting only to Classical students, such inquiries are forced upon the attention of all who are anxious to keep abreast of the questions which occupy scholars in England and elsewhere. It is necessary in a Colony not only to maintain a sufficiently high standard in our examinations, both in Literature and Science, but also to avoid the imputation of hugging antiquated and untenable views, which advancing opinion in Europe is exploding. At any rate, whether we cling to the old methods or not, it behoves every student to know what is put forward by advocates on the other side.

Δ

Christmas Eve in Natal.

A RECOLLECTION.

England far off, begirt with rugged rocks,
Scarce knows how deeply sympathic hearts
Throb with her own in distant homes, and spread
Over the service of the whole wide world.
Oh! cursed be the hand that shall attempt
To sever these her limbs so full of life,
And wastes the coursing blood that feeds her heart.

MAN is a roving and gregarious animal, carrying with him in his wanderings all the feelings and prejudices of his childhood and early life; the latter are easily rubbed off by the attrition of the larger world he is thrown into; but the former are more deeply embedded, and become part of himself, his individuality, his subtle soul which, like an ethereal cloak, clings to the mortal, as the vital atmosphere wraps this beauteous earth.

An Englishman (which of course includes his better self) especially cherishes in his memory the Christmas times in Old England; and whether he be snowed up in Norway, fanned by perfumed punkahs in an Indian bungalow, housed in a log hut in the far west, or the golden lands of Australia, he will reproduce these merry meetings; and it will be my pleasing task to recount such a one in Natal, a little dot on the south-east coast of Africa.

I must first transport my readers' fancy from the winter Christmas season in the northern regions, where hills, house-tops and stacks put on their snowy nightcaps, and Nature sleeps,—where the trees are leafless, and the solitary robin, made courageous by the inhospitable elements, represents his feathered friends,—to one in southern climes, where Nature in her brightest garb hails the Great Event. The mimosa, with its thousand little golden balls, offers sweet incense; the euphorbia, palm, and fern, by their marked form, stand out amongst a rich vegetation as endless in variety as in tints. The feathered throng, with lovely plumage rivalling the gay flowers which are spread beneath, all utter praise for God's Best Gifts.

If you have realized this change, you must then be told that in this Natal there are two distinct climates, an European and a tropical; the former is an inland higher range, and occupied with farms for corn, cattle and sheep, partaking of the agricultural districts of southern Europe; the latter is confined to a narrow border along the coast, of seven miles broad, having plantations scattered broadcast, producing sugar, coffee, cotton, tobacco, &c., &c.; and to one of these I will lead the fancy of my gentle reader.

Suppose we take our departure from Durban, which is the sea-port town lying near the entrance of a charming bay—across its channel, upon the high bluff, stands the sentinel lighthouse, and on its bosom

here and there its mangrove islands, the favourite haunt of the ibis, pelican, and flamingo,—to spend the Christmas at a coffee plantation ten miles away. Mounting our nags, of fair proportions, we pass through a belt of bush called the Berea for two miles or more, with tree, shrub, and flower in rich profusion wrestling for life; the sportive convolvulus with its lighter form climbs into the topmost branches, flaunting its gay summer life with its festoons of blue and lake; here the clear bright leaf of the bignonia with its clustered scarlet plume; and, as if in contrast, the white-blossomed gardinia; there, hiding in a quiet nook, climbs the wild jessamine; close by the road, avoiding the vulgar crush, is the delicately formed hibiscus, with its primrose coloured petals, centred with a rich brown madder pointed eye.

But here we break into an open inland scene of hill, valley, and stream, with here and there a planter's house. In the distance is a sugar mill "boiling off" its six or seven great cauldrons of cane juice for Christmas demands—its tithe even from the greedy rollers. Above and around are spread the fields of the sweet reed—the one near the house is now being cut. Stretching across from side to side stands the six feet wall of gold and purple cane glancing in the setting sun, with its plumes of silvery green.

A few miles further, through a park-like country, with its clumps of trees and scrub, from which the timid antelope darts to find a safer shelter. Then passing through a tunnelled bush where master "Jaco" and his family sit above chattering contentment, we come to our coffee planter's home, nestled in a valley, part bounded by bold crag, so clad in foliage that but its form and nature are disclosed; and at its foot the river coming from gentle windings is now twisted by its rocky bed, and makes its brawling entrance into a silent nook, with glittering leaves above, and forms a limpid pool where the bather only shares with the kingfisher and weaver bird in its sylvan beauty.

The house overlooks the river's tortuous valley to distant blue veiled hills, and surrounded by a garden, the creation and enjoyment of the mistress's leisure hours, displaying choice plants from every clime. See, the great tamarind gives shade to the sweet violet; the gorgeous ponchietta from Madagascar adds but to the simple beauty of the English May; yonder the sweet pea climbs the cocoa nut; the honeysuckle and the vine claim the veranda's trellis-work; within the shadow of the large rough leaved teak grows the sweet-briar breathing of home. But let us greet our host, who, with a hearty welcome, leads us to the house. Off scamper blushing girls who have been caught mounted on chairs, tables, steps, with frock tucked up, decorating the rooms with the emblems of the season;—not with the prickly hawthorn with its scarlet berries, but with light creepers and date palm leaves, stolen from the neighbouring thicket; nor is the mystic mistletoe forgotten; but in centre and in doorway hangs the loving license; yet woe betide the wrong unlucky wight that should presume, his ears will tingle for his ambition. But watch

the same coy maid, with what seeming struggle she would not release herself from the arms of him who was in her heart when she hung the tempting bough. One had, with rogueish whim, wreathed the solemn bust of Shakspeare with gay flowers and wild ivy,—it became him well; the merry heart had, unconsciously, paid him a worthy tribute.

Shift on an hour: the lamps are lit, the wooden platter whirls "my ladies' toilet," and calls from every seat a joyous throng of lads and lasses, who anxious rush to avoid the penalty, for who should be a laggard? See those sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, and hear the ringing laugh pealed from an octave, and tell me if time and distance are but the period of the electric spark, and England is where her sons and daughters are.

The feature of the evening is yet to come. In the next room is prepared the Christmas-tree. The planter, with a heart made generous by the season, has given one of his precious coffee trees from the outskirts of his field as a substitute for the grizzly fir, for its regular form and dark glossy bay-like leaves afford room and background for the hundred gay trinkets hung temptingly from its branches. In front is seated high the son of Father Christmas robed in white, with staff in hand, the counterpart of the dear Old Man, made patron of the southern sphere. His whitened hair was crowned with a chaplet of bright flowers: his rosy face speaking of good cheer, laughs welcome to the throng who now came pouring in breathless from their games.

"Welcome! welcome all!!" the hale old man said; "my sire hath sent me from his northern home to shed his benisons upon this fair namesake land of his, and inaugurate a 'Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.' I therefore bid you fill your cup with pleasure, let it overflow with mirth, bearing in mind that *joys* are real,—and *sorrows*, which are mostly our own producing, are but flitting shadows that give effect to this bright world. These gay gifts which are before me will be scattered by Dame Fortune, and as she is blind, the maid may get the marbles, the lad the crochet hook, the old man the ball, and the dame the skipping rope. Blame her not; accept with pleasure what she gives in love, though not your choice. Farewell! May health, wealth, and happiness be showered upon you."

Three cheers having been given for the father and son, they arranged themselves around the room in anxious expectation of what would fall to their lot. The girls had all set their hearts on a beautiful doll, which, being too large to hang on the tree, sat in state on the table. The boys had "bagg'd" a four-bladed knife with a silver plate.

The lottery bag (all prizes and no blanks) went round and round, each one drawing a mystic number which would award a prize. On the veranda around the door stood a dusky group, representing the sons of Asia and Africa, with complexions varying from pale olive to ebony, with black, lustrous, but soul-lacking eyes. Amongst, but foremost, was a turbaned Indian boy, the "buttons" of the house. He,

with a radiant face and look that could not be withstood, begged to have *one* draw ; it was granted, when lo ! he drew the number ninety-nine, which gave the highest prize—the envied doll. Laughter, dismay, and cheer heralded the event. Surely the blindfolded dame had slyly peeped this once below her bandage. Overtures of knives, tops, and sweets were made, but he was obdurate. No sooner had he got possession than joy lent him wings, and off he flew like lightning to his home amid the shouts of the naughty delighted boys, and chagrin of their fair but sorrowful companions.

After the tree had shed its fruits refreshments came on—mince-pies, custards, tarts, lemonade, and negus satisfied those who looked upon eating as an ornament ; but those who were wiser in their generation, did full duty to the cold surloin, turkey, salad, porter, and other good things.

Supper ended, snapdragon was proclaimed, much to the delight of the little ones, first timid, then courageous, making bold dashes at the flaming raisins. Much fun was made at the unlucky ones who burnt their fingers.

The rooms are cleared, for Terpsichore is to hold her court ; music invites, and willing feet respond. Quadrille, galop, waltz, follow in quick succession. But time moves on, night will break into morning, and Sir Roger de Coverley is called to close the festivities. Some score or more had to be provided with what, in colonial phrase, are termed "shake-downs," and the dying hum of joyous voices only ceased at dawn, when nature's feathered minstrels took up the revelling, and proclaimed in rapturous melody the glad tidings of great joy that a higher future had been given to man upon this memorable and glorious day.

M.

Spring.

Sweet nature, waking from her winter sleep,
Speaks to the earth, and touching with her finger
Each vale and mead, is answered by a deep
Psalm of rejoicing. All the clouds that linger
On mountain tops swift sunbeams chase away.
Winter's dark reign is over, and the day
Of hope and love is come, to hold a longer sway,
And bid the weary world keep holiday.

M. D.

Contrasts and Comparisons.

FRENCH ACADIANS AND SOUTH AFRICAN BOERS.

PROBABLY very few readers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* have resided for any considerable length of time in the Dominion of Canada. The writer of this paper spent several years in the maritime provinces, and believes that a slight sketch of what French Acadian life was a quarter of a century ago, compared with Cape Dutch life in secluded districts at the present day, may not be uninteresting.

At that time a confederation of the British colonies in North America was not thought of, the different provinces being as independent of each other as the Cape Colony and Natal now are. There were districts in Acadia as secluded and as much out of the way of the bustle and worry of the great world outside as Griqualand East is in 1874. Such districts were the counties on the shores of the Strait of Northumberland, locally known as "The North Shore." A narrow belt of land bordering on the sea had alone been cleared of the primeval forest, and even this tract was thinly occupied. The inhabitants were partly of French, partly of English extraction. The farms were all one size—one hundred acres,—and all of the same form,—long parallelograms. They were laid out in this manner to give each occupier a front, though a short one, on the great highway. In some places there were two rows of farms, joining each other at one end but having opposite frontages, one now facing the sea, the other facing "the woods;" in other places there was only the outer row. Along the large rivers, however, and around the splendid bays with which that country abounds, the land was occupied for several miles back. The least of those fine natural harbours would be worth millions of money to South Africa, but they were almost valueless there, and it was a rare sight in those days to see anything larger than a fishing-smack on the waters of any of them except Shediac and Richibucto. The peninsula of Nova Scotia had to be doubled before they would be reached from the Atlantic, besides which they were blocked up with ice from November to March, and there was nothing but timber to create a demand for vessels.

All this has been changed of late years. The railway from Shediac to St. John, on the Bay of Fundy—which is open all the year through on account of the great rise and fall of the tides—has done a great deal towards opening up the north shore and effecting a revolution in the habits of the people. But it is of the past, not of the present, that I am writing,—of a time when there was no such thing as a railroad in that part of the provinces.

The Acadian Frenchman, living on his little farm and unswervingly following the customs of his ancestors, has a great deal

in common with the South African Boer. With both there is the same unbounded hospitality extended alike to friend and stranger: each has the same amount of education, and there is a remarkable similarity in their topics of conversation. Domestic affairs, cattle, the weather, crops, the Church,—these are the subjects of discourse, and when they are ended, silence usually follows in both instances. A stranger is asked his name, his age, the number of his brothers and sisters or children as the case may be, his mother's or wife's maiden name, with many other similar questions, and receives in return full information on all such interesting matters as a prelude to a general conversation on bovine affairs. In religion, the Acadian is a Roman Catholic, and the Boer a Calvinist, but what church festivals and saints' days are to one, the less frequently recurring *nachtmaal* is to the other, something beside religion being usually associated with each. Both Acadians and Boers speak a *patois* of the mother tongue, and both cling to the preservation of languages which, when correctly spoken, they can hardly understand. A Parisian is as much a foreigner in language to an Acadian as an Amsterdammer is to a Dopper; but both Acadian and Dopper feel indignant at the idea of English being taught in schools to the exclusion of the languages of *la belle France* and *het land onzer vaderen*. It is just an illustration in a particular way of clinging to a shadow when the substance is gone.

A grocer might point out another resemblance in the disinclination of each to purchase what seafaring folk call small stores. Perhaps no man in the world is more independent of the shopkeeper than the Canadian farmer, since his wants are nearly all supplied by himself and his family. "The Canadian dish is potatoes and fish," and these are the two principal articles of food of the Acadians. Vast shoals of herrings frequent the Strait of Northumberland every spring, and are caught not by thousands but by millions. The Acadian girl spins flax grown on her father's farm into fine web which her brothers convert into a net. A dugout or canoe is made of a single block of timber, and the farmer becomes for a couple of weeks a fisherman. He sets his long net or seine at high tide, and at low water he collects the fish, which are then either salted in casks or smoked in long trenches made for the purpose. Often it happens that the quantity taken is too great to be cleaned, and then the residue with the offal is carted to serve as manure for the potato plot. Then in the summer, codfish and mackerel are taken with the line; and, as if to make a sufficient variety, salmon, shad, and gaspereaux, the three most delicious fish known, are caught in abundance in weirs across the rivers. Trout swarm in all the brooks, and perch and eels in deep ponds, but fishing for these is an exclusive monopoly of the boys, English and French alike. Shell-fish must also be taken into account as an article of diet more common there than elsewhere, for the number of oysters, lobsters, and clams consumed every summer by an Acadian family would be deemed incredible by a stranger.

The play upon a word will be noticed in the saying "A French Canadian is so tough that he fattens on poison *(poisson)*."

In contrast with the Acadian's dependence upon the game of the sea, the South African Boer, in certain localities, subsists almost entirely on the game of the veldt. Three years ago the writer, while travelling in the Free State, was hospitably received and entertained at a farm-house where the family dinner consisted of boiled mutton and springbok biltong, four or five hundred weight of which latter article was hanging from the roof. No one seemed to notice the absence of vegetables and bread, but the good lady of the house expressed a regret that springbok biltong was the only kind on hand, other game being considered preferable.

The Acadian makes his own sugar, and many South Africans use honey instead. When the snow is melting and the sap is rising in the trees, the farmer hies to the woods and bores a hole in every hard maple within reach. Then he strips the bark off a white birch and folds it into little square vessels, fastening them with a peg at each end. These he puts under little wooden spouts which he has inserted in the trees, and as they fill with sap he empties them into a cask. When the cask is full he makes a fire under a big pot and boils the sap down, running it into little wooden moulds to cool, from which it comes out maple sugar. It is in cakes, usually small and of some fancy form, such as a horse or an animal. Very happy indeed are the good people on boiling-down day. Three or four families are usually at work at the same place, and every child that can toddle is off to the woods to taste the first sugar of the season. Only the old grandfather and grandmother are left at home to think sadly of the days long gone, when they too went sugar-making and may-be love-making at the same time; for when does Annette or Marie look more lovely than on a day like this. There is nothing at all in Africa that can be contrasted with the merry, happy, busy Acadian scene.

The sugar is taken home and stored, and then fishing and ploughing and planting keep all busy till June, when the men can take a few weeks of rest to prepare themselves for the mowing and preparing of hay on which the cattle must be fed during the winter. This is a busy time for the girls and younger children, for the pastures which a few weeks before were white with the blossoms of the wild strawberry are now covered with that luscious fruit, and it must be gathered by baskets full. Afterwards come raspberries and blackberries and marsh cranberries, and last of all blueberries, which must be dried and put away for winter use. What wild fruits have we to compare with these? A few blackberries, and in certain localities the Cape gooseberry, and the list is ended. The wild grape, Kafir plum, and gokum are indeed to be found, but in such small quantities and in such circumscribed areas that they cannot be taken into account.

In the fall the Acadian farmer reaps his small wheat field, gathers

his maize, and fattens a few hogs on potatoes or beech-nuts. Possibly he may have some oats, or rye, or buck-wheat to be ground into meal, and he is sure to have a good supply of pumpkins and turnips. So that in the way of food all he wants and usually buys from the shopkeeper is tea and salt. Of the former he does not need much as milk is his ordinary beverage. His orchard must not be forgotten, for it yields him apples, cherries, and in sheltered positions, plums and pears, together with gooseberries and currants—red, white, and black. Altogether, he is by no means to be pitied on the score of his diet; and if he sits down to a meal of potatoes and *poisson* fourteen times a week it is from choice rather than necessity.

The draper as well as the grocer finds himself slighted by the Acadian farmers, and so he did not long ago by our South African up-country friends, who went in mostly for *vel broeken*, and were in the habit of neglecting to keep up a stock of under-linen. But no parallel can be drawn between the two cases. Enter an Acadian farm-house on a winter's day, when the rivers and harbours are frozen over, when the snow lies deep on the ground, and the icy wind is rushing down from the north,—and you will hear a buzzing and a throbbing mingled with the cheery song that Annette is singing. Never in Africa will you see such industry. There is a great wood fire burning in an enormous chimney, at one corner of which sits the grandmother busily plying four little steel rods. As you look she gives the last touch to a sock, or a comforter, or an undershirt, and there it is, strong and warm, all ready for Paul or Pierre to put on. In front of the fire sits Annette, and by her is a wheel that she keeps turning by means of a treadle; for though the big spinning-wheel at which her English neighbour *stands*, or rather walks backwards and forwards, is said to be better, at just such a little wheel as this did her great-grandmother sit before the English came to Acadia, and she will sit at it too. How it buzzes and hums as the yarn rolls up on the spindle, and how fast she twirls it if Philippe should happen to drop in. Philippe does not come very often, however, for courtships are short and marriages early there as here. Beside Annette sits Madeline. At her side is a heap of wool shorn from her father's sheep, and in her hands are two combs, very different ones though from the high tortoise-shell which crowns her head. She makes a few movements with these, and then places beside her sister a roll of wool ready to be spun into yarn.

At the back of the room sits Marie, and it is from her quarter that the throbbing comes. Not the throbbing of her heart, for she is too busy just now to think of love, but the throbbing of the shuttles as they fly from side to side carrying the woof through the warp that will soon be cloth. The loom is clumsy, made, likely enough, by old Gaspard the carpenter; the work is hard, but how cheerfully it is done. To-morrow Annette will take the loom and she the wheel, and so it will go on till there is cloth enough for the whole household, and thick blankets to keep out the cold of an Acadian night;

and then flax takes the place of wool, and strong linen for shirts and sheets and underclothing must be made. Then *Père* is coaxed to buy just enough raw cotton, which the shopkeeper of course has on hand, to make woof for holiday dresses,—such pretty dresses, dyed all blue and scarlet, and made after the good old fashion of the days when the first Acadians came from France.

What a blessing it would be for South Africa if somebody would import combs and cards, spinning-wheels and hand-looms, and induce our Hessies and Sannas to use them. He would be a greater public benefactor than any the country has yet had.

Among the Boers of South Africa children are as sedate as grown-up people, and one seldom sees them enjoying a romp or throwing all their hearts into some exhilarating game. Acadian children present a striking contrast to this, for though they know nothing of English sports—perhaps never having heard of cricket—they have games enough of their own and to spare. To see them enjoying themselves thoroughly, suppose yourself, dear reader, at a Catholic chapel on a saint's day—a bright spring or summer day. All the neighbourhood, you may be sure, will be there also. The old wooden chapel will be all festooned with green boughs and bright flowers; there will be tapers burning at the shrines, and during service on the high altar, and the worshippers will all be dressed in holiday attire. Madeline and Annette will be there, with their healthy cheerful faces blooming out from under just such head-dress as William the Conqueror saw—snowy caps crowned with straw bonnets rising like a great crescent over their heads, and decorated with real flowers and the brightest coloured streamers, the said bonnets having been plaited from the choicest straw by their own busy hands. The Latin service and the French sermon are soon over, and then the good people withdraw to the churchyard where their ancestors are sleeping. It is just behind the chapel; and seats under the trees are there where the old people may gossip while the graves of those who are gone are being decorated with fresh flowers and garlands are being hung on the crosses. Then all move to the green sward in front, where the fiddler draws his bow and the young people arrange themselves for a dance, and enter into it with such spirit that the old also soon feel the warm blood coursing in their veins, and are ready to try their skill with the nimblest. On another part of the green, youths are wrestling, while maidens are making bouquets, or all are engaged together in one of the quaint old games to which our "blind man's buff" bears some resemblance. The toddlers have made claims of dandelion stalks, and are running about in rings as merry as the rest. And so it goes on till the sun sinking low warns all the happy company that it is time to disperse. But not for long, as the saints' days come often in a summer.

Or take a winter scene, and permit me again to transcribe a page from the tablets of memory. It is a keen, clear, calm, frosty day, with the thermometer a score of degrees or so below the freezing point; a high wind during the night has blown all the snow from the

surface of the frozen harbour, which now lies before us a sheet of smooth, glassy ice, stretching away to the opposite shore. That shore is formed by a peninsula between two bays, joined to the mainland by a narrow isthmus (here called a *portage**) just beyond which stands the Catholic chapel. A small group of English boys are on their way to school, but ever and anon cast longing glances on the beautiful ice, and think how much better a skating match would be. You may be sure that the tempter, in the form of a pair of skates, is in each one's pocket, or perhaps in his satchel, and more carefully looked after than his Virgil or his Horace. Papa wonders how he came by those skates, and mamma, knowing what mischief they often lead to, imagines she has safely hidden them away till holiday time; but there they are just when and where they ought not to be. Another tempter turns up in the shape of an Acadian youth. Francois tells them that the largest and whitest wolf ever seen was trapped last night; he had killed three dogs though his front paws were fast, and now his carcase is over in front of the chapel beyond the portage where everyone can see it. Then a show and comparison of skates takes place. Francois looks with contempt on the manufactures of Birmingham, and shows his which Collot the trapper has made for him out of two mill-saw files, so nicely turned and so sharp that with them on his feet he can go past the fastest horse at a gallop. "Bah!" says he, "what do those English know about making skates?" One school-boy looks at another, and each knows exactly what the other is thinking of. "I'll have a thrashing from old Nepos" (known to other people by quite a different name, and highly respected as the principal of an academy by those whose school days were over), "if you will." "What do you say, Charlie?" "Yes, I'll go." And so the skates are strapped on and the satchels stowed away in a snowbank, and over the ice to the portage go the truants with Francois taking the lead. How beautifully he can skate! How erect he is! He has his arms folded across his chest, and is apparently making no exertion, yet he can suddenly turn short round and make a dash at one of those behind, and before his shout of *gardez vous* is lost to the ear, he is round once more and is shooting far ahead. He is polite enough to ascribe this to the superiority of his skates, but there is something else at the bottom of it.

It does not take many minutes to reach the chapel, the ice is so smooth and the weather so delightful, and see there the sleighs and pungs filled with happy people all rolled up in bear skins, who have come to see the dead monster. The horses are all sharp shod, and each one has a string of bells about his neck making music in the frosty air. What a display of furs is there. Annette has a great muff of fox skin, a huge tippet of marten, and her face is frilled

* The word "portage" (pronounced portagh) is applied generally in Canada by both French and English to (*a*) any rapid in a river up which a canoe cannot pass (*b*) any narrow neck of land between bays (*c*) any such place as in this country would be called a "poort." The word was originally coined by *voyageurs* or river boatmen to denote any place where they were obliged to unload and carry both boat and cargo overland for a short distance; but it has now a much wider signification.

with the pelt of an otter. Fox skin caps, bear skin coats and gloves, and wrappers, are everywhere. What care they for the cold! Why, it is the healthiest weather in the world, and this is just the season for fun. Away again homewards go *père* and *mère* in the pungs, with the horses trotting out their best, and the bells jingling "so gaily o," and away over the frozen harbour go maidens and youths, sliding and skating "so merrily o." Annette's long muffler is taken off, and she holds one end of it, while the other end is grasped by Philippe, who skates on before as she slides on behind. The best skater, of course, gets the prettiest face, but all are satisfied and there is no jealousy. How kindly our English youths take to the sport, entering into it so keenly that you would never dream they were not too of Acadian blood. Away over the ice they go, running races and greeting convoys, back again with the rest and round yonder point, "Old Nepos" and Virgil clean forgotten, till long past midday with a sigh, the satchels are again brought to light, and the truants think of what is owing.

Yet another scene of Acadian sports. The short winter day is ended, but all is bright and cheerful outside. The snow is glistering and the stars are shining brilliantly, while great fiery streamers are shooting upwards in the northern sky. Long flames of light are darting out, so pure that you can see the stars through them, and yet so gorgeous and so grand! Here, in South Africa, we sometimes see the soft zodiacal light like the spray thrown upwards from a giant surf, but what have we like the Aurora Borealis? We too see bright stars and clear skies, but they lack the majesty of a northern night. On an evening such as this, you are sure to hear the merry shouts of Acadian children. See yon hill-side covered deep with hard snow and with a long plain at its foot,—that is the playground. There at the top is a row of little sledges,—hand-sleds they are called,—and on each is seated in front a youth (who you may think would be better employed studying his lessons), with somebody else's sister behind him. *Un! deux! trois!* and off they are. Now comes the test of skill; the least swerve from a straight course, and the sledge will capsize, when, if the voyageurs are not hurt by the fall and the roll down hill, they will be laughed at, which is far worse. But there is not much danger of that, for the slightest touch of the heel on the snow, if given in time, will keep the sledge straight, and our youth's eye is trained to detect and regulate every movement. And so, down the hill and over the plain go the sledges, till at last they stop, and then half the fun is carrying them back again for another start.

And with training like this the Acadian children grow up to be strong, active, and healthy, and if they learn little from books, they learn to love the land of their birth with an intensity of feeling which is expressed in the title they give it, ACADIA THE HOME OF THE HAPPY.

A. C.

A Trip Through Kafirland.

CONTINUED.

The spot selected for the "palaver" with Gangelizwe was close to the Mission House, and as we seated ourselves in a semi-circle *sub tegmine fagi*, its thick foliage providing a grateful shade, it seemed as though the events of former days were being re-enacted, and a council of war was here assembled to discuss the *pros* and *cons* of each antagonistic party. The white chief and his retinue on the one side, and the dark inhabitants of the wilds on the other, presented a striking contrast; and one well versed in the study of physiognomy could, even from these representative types, trace the cause of the gradual but sure usurpation by the descendants of Japheth over all that appertains to those of his less favoured brother. Mr. Brownlee opened the proceedings with a short preamble, to the effect that he was passing through the territory of the Tambookie Chief, and hearing that the latter had expressed a desire to see and speak with him on some affairs connected with himself and his people, he was glad to have the opportunity of offering his advice; and now that Gangelizwe had come with his councillors, would he at once make known his business.

The Tembu, after first giving his throat a preparatory clearance, commenced a panegyric in Mr. Brownlee's honour, in a tone of voice so extraordinary and ridiculous that we can liken it to nothing else than the sound produced when, in our youth, we blew soap bubbles from the bowl of a large pipe. This hollow, gurgling noise was intended to convey the edifying fact that the owner thereof was possessed of a deep, manly voice; and, indeed, so convinced was he himself of this, that he has several times inquired whether the Great Gcaleka Chief, Kreli, was gifted with so fine an intonation; for the son of Hintsa has for Gangelizwe so peculiar a fascination that he endeavours ineffectually to emulate him in many points.

This peroration was cut short by our chief, who requested Gangelizwe to touch at once upon the matters for discussion. After two or three digressions, he succeeded in doing this, and launched out into his chief grievances respecting the increasing number of European settlers and farmers, who were taking up their quarters in his territory, and he petitioned Government to put a stop to further emigration.

Mr. Brownlee explained that he was an independent chief, and these people had on his own urgent solicitation come into his country to help him against his formidable enemies, the Pondos. They had effected the required object, and now he wished to have them disturbed from their holdings, and, in fact, driven out of the country that they had assisted to retain for him. This, he continued, the Government were by no means prepared to be a party to, and it remained for Gangelizwe to govern and legislate in his own country. He could

make what laws he liked consistent with the requirements of Government towards the European members of his community, and that, as it was of his own free will, and through inducements he himself had held out, that these people were amongst the Tambookies, he must now rest content with existing arrangements. They had faithfully performed their part, and he was in duty bound now to perform his.

After canvassing the answer with his councillors, Gangelizwe proceeded to dilate upon his differences with his ancient foe, Kreli. From his whining appeal, one certainly gathered that "the wind blew untempered"—from the Gcaleka direction—"upon the shorn Tambookie lambs," and that our dusky inebriate was himself one of those quadrupeds so noted for its gentle and confiding nature. Unfortunately, for the implicit belief in the "never sinning but ever sinned against" theory of our simple friend, two cases were quoted by Mr. Brownlee that had lately come under his notice, which gave quite a different colouring to the picture, and, indeed, so glaring were the thefts in question, that even his Tembu highness could not attempt a denial. However, impudence came to his assistance, and when told he must have the cattle and horses restored to their proper owners, and the thieves punished, he had the assurance to say that his people would not obey him. Upon this, our chief calmly pointed out the position in which both Gangelizwe and the Tambookies stood with regard to the British Government, and he intimated that, should any difficulty arise on his or their part, it would remain a question whether the Government would in future place itself as a barrier between his enemies and himself. The effect of these few well-chosen expressions was magical, and under their influence the son of Umtirara seemed wonderfully to recover his clouded senses. Doubtless this change was effected through the terror of another attack from his dread enemies, the Gcalekas, or the fear that, should the Government withdraw their protection, his own tribe would become alienated from its allegiance, for his unpopularity is notorious. In concluding the interview, Gangelizwe broke into unfeigned praise of his magistrate, adding that what he dictated that would he be bound by, and his advice would in future guide his actions.

We may add that the speeches were translated from Kafir into English, and *vice versâ*, by Mr. Gladwyn, who is a most fluent linguist. He has, we were glad afterwards to learn, been offered an appointment in the Civil Service, and we feel sure that all who know him will agree in acknowledging, with us, that his manner and acquirements essentially fit him for a post of trust.

Before parting with Gangelizwe, we cannot refrain from giving our opinion (which we believe is the universal one) of his character. He is a man who, from his earliest youth, has been spoiled and flattered. When even a boy he knew what it was to have despotic power; his word was law, and his temper was allowed to run riot, without even the semblance of restraint. He is imperious, cruel, and tyrannical, and the vile treatment of his many wives (for he has

killed one outright, and maimed two others) is such as to make the coldest heart burn with indignation. By nature he is a coward—as was well demonstrated in the late war between the Gcalekas and Tembus—and, as a natural sequence, he is a bully; so that where he can have his full sway, his savage character shines conspicuously; but where he is curbed with a strong hand and will, he becomes cringing and subservient. But enough of Gangeligwe and his characteristics.

Early on the morn of the 14th our wagons and servants had been dispatched on the road to All Saints—a Church of England Mission Station, some eighteen miles north-west of Clarkebury—and which, to use a nautical phrase, we intended to "fetch" the same evening. Our party left Clarkebury about noon, and we pushed on as rapidly as possible. The road took a northerly direction, and gradually descended for several miles on leaving the station. We found ourselves traversing a long valley between two ranges of hills running parallel, some seven or eight miles apart. This valley is watered by the Umgwali, and the many mealie gardens and cultivated fields gave evidence of the fertile character of the soil throughout this portion of the country. The river itself is a considerable one, and forms one of the largest tributaries of the Bashee, and as far as the eye might reach we could discern the results of industry along its banks. At one bend of the stream a singularly pretty sight was presented to our view by the blending of different shades of green. It seemed as though some scenic artist had been at work to produce in nature what he found impossible to depict upon his canvas. First, the groundwork of a dark olive tint was relieved by a stratum of a more cheerful shade, and this in turn was toned off by the brilliant hues of the young mealie plant, the whole being framed by a silvery streak of water, which shone in splendour beneath the rays of the noontide sun. On pursuing our journey for about two hours, we found, to our chagrin, that we had lost our road, having overshot our mark some two or three miles. However, as we saw the spoor of our wagon was still ahead, we deemed it advisable to overtake our heavy baggage; so, crossing the Xuka River, we ascended a slight rise, and had the satisfaction of seeing our wagon about two miles in front. It appears that the road we had taken was that which led to the Bageia, a mission and trading station almost due north of Clarkebury, whereas All Saints lay considerably to our westward. Kafirs were dispatched to alter the course our servants had taken, and in the meantime some little excitement was caused by the appearance of several pauws, a large bird of the bustard tribe. Several of the party rode off to circumvent the wily birds. They are most difficult of approach, and it is only by great care and stealthy stalking that one is able to get a shot. A—— was fortunate enough to bag one to his gun, and although several shots were fired by others of our number, this was the only one destined to become an occupant of our camp "pepper-pot." We saw in the distance the altered course of the wagon, and an hour's trekking brought us once more in com-

pany with our travelling "lares and penates." As evening was coming on, we found that it would be impossible to reach our intended destination, so determined to spend a night on the open veldt. We halted close to a few Kafir huts, which portended that water was to be procured within easy distance, and, having pitched our tents, we made snug for the evening, and spent our first night upon the open veldt of the Kafir wilderness. It was some time ere we could close our eyes, and as we lay upon our camp-bed, far out in these wilds, our thoughts reverted to recollections of our English home. The sweet music of its wooded glades, and the subdued noise caused by the swaying of its stately elms, seemed to bring themselves to our remembrance on purpose to contrast with the great stillness that here prevailed. Not a sound was heard, save now and then the snort of one of our ponies, or the crunching of the grass as a bullock strayed near our tent. All seemed so still and lonely that even amongst our comrades a sense of isolation stole over us. This feeling, at first intense, gradually died away, as our thoughts became less vivid, and at last the veil of sweet sleep was drawn over our wearied limbs. Early next morning we were awakened by the rays of the rising sun streaming full upon our face through the open doorway of the tent. We sprang from our couch refreshed and invigorated, and we feel sure that no sleep is so enjoyable as that which follows a hard day's work in the open air; one's limbs, wearied by exertion and exercise, are rested in proportion to the amount of force expended, and the sleep that ensues is grateful indeed.

Inspanning our bullocks, we struck off to the westward, and re-crossed the river that we had passed on the previous afternoon, but several miles higher up. We then began ascending gradually until we came to the summit of a spur of the Kalonyanga range. The scene from here was very beautiful, and the atmosphere was so clear and rarified that objects at a great distance appeared comparatively close. One piece of scenery was well worthy the pencil of any artist. Far in the distance the wide, open veldt lay stretched like a huge carpet at our feet. It was intersected by numerous small streams, which wound their course from the hills beyond, and poured themselves into the Xuka River, eventually reaching the Great Bashee some few miles north of Clarkebury. Dotted here and there over the surface of this valley were numberless huts and kraals, and, from the herds of cattle and goats grazing around it certainly appeared that the owners were prosperous and thriving. A belt of hills formed almost a semi-circle from north to west, and these hills were clad with a dark covering of thick bush; from near the summit of one sprang a magnificent cascade, and even at the distance we were, the waters could be seen rushing and dashing in wild confusion from rock to rock; the sun lit up the misty spray, and caused a rainbow halo to hover over the scene. This wild piece contrasted strangely with the peacefulness below, and added a stirring background to the quiet landscape.

Certainly, the lot of the inhabitants of these valleys is cast in

pleasant places, and one cannot wonder at the dislike of the aboriginal to the advance of his fairer brethren. Where the white man places his foot, there also follow his follies and his vices; and as the pioneers of civilization are usually of the worst class, it cannot be wondered at that the native should acquire what is bad rather than what is good. The bane and one of the chief causes of his ultimate degradation and decimation, viz., brandy, has as yet not taken hold of the occupants and owners of this fair scene, and we trust that the missionary interest, which at present is here very considerable, will act as a barrier for many years to come between European example and the native inclination.

Turning from the contemplation of this pleasant picture we wended our way along the rocky intricacies of the "Kalonyanga" ridge; at each turn of the road different phases of scenery were presented to our view. The homely appearance of the lowland valley gave place to the more imposing highland views, and as we rounded the various turnings fresh pictures were added to our mental scrap-book. On accomplishing some four miles of this route we came suddenly in sight of the object of our day's search.

The mission station of "All Saints" lay below us a few miles distant nestled in a small clump of trees, at the foot of a mountain made memorable as being the hill to which Gangelizwe fled when defeated so ignominiously by Kreli. He remained on this elevation, with his chief counsellor, "Xelo," and a few of his followers, for three days, and it was only hunger that induced him at last to descend to the lower country.

From where we were situated we could trace the road winding by each rocky krantz until, finally diving into the swift waters of the "Xuka," it emerged again to end at the mission station itself. We began descending the road, and as we neared the river we were obliged to take more than ordinary precautions, for the "take off," to use a sporting term, was anything but prepossessing. Close to the stream the road became very crooked, and when a span of sixteen bullocks had to be piloted through its windings, great judgment was required. From rock it changed to sand, and as the wagon approached the drift, the wheels became embedded in the yielding soil. The heavy whip was plied mercilessly upon the backs and flanks of the unfortunate oxen, and invectives were showered in a strange tongue upon the devoted heads of these miserable quadrupeds.

At last, with one great united effort, they dragged the heavy vehicle through the river, and landed it high and dry upon the opposite shore. We outspanned upon the banks, and having pitched our tents, and placed the camp pot, filled with the necessary ingredients for dinner, upon the blazing wood fire, we made for the water and indulged in a most delicious bath, for the weather was intensely warm and our trek had been long and tedious. Whites, blacks, and even the poor cattle seemed to revive almost instantaneously under the cooling influence of this mountain stream; and though, of course, in a far less degree, we could realize the feelings of those composing a caravan, on nearing

that singular phenomenon of nature—an oasis—after a long and weary march over the vast sandy deserts so common in the north of this great continent.

Some of our party repaired at once to All Saints', and remained there for the night, preferring the luxuries of a good room and comfortable bed to the rougher apology of "a camp shakedown."

Early next morning we were up betimes, and, pushing on, we breakfasted at the station. It was more like what one meets at home than anything we had yet seen, and the genial welcome of the minister and his good wife was so genuine that we felt at home at once. Certainly "their lot is (for this wilderness) cast in pleasant places," and the mission station at All Saints' has a nearer resemblance to those rustic, ivy-clad vicarages, so often seen in the rural districts of England, than any we have yet met with in this country.

There was an air of cheerful, homely comfort that none but a careful and thrifty housewife can give, and everything was orderly and regular in the establishment.

Even in little things how a woman's character is discerned! The arrangement of her drawing-room, the books upon its table, the little nick-nacks that adorn the side-boards and mantle-piece; the tidiness of her kitchen, and the order of her nursery (if such an apartment be necessary!) everything tends to show her capabilities for domestic government. Certainly the mistress of All Saints' excelled in all these womanly qualities, and our visit will ever be remembered with pleasure. Mr. G—— himself is a great gardener, and, we believe, he can vie with any amateur between his station and Cape Town in the variety and productive qualities of his fruit trees and plants. It was quite a study to wander through his plantation. Every kind of fruit and flower found a place in these few acres. Pears, apples, gooseberries, strawberries, oranges, loquats, nectarines, peaches, and, in fact, almost every description you could mention, and all of the finest quality could be found here. It was quite an Eden in these wilds, and we wandered through its many shady walks, lost in admiration at the great profuseness, and its owner's charming taste.

About ten a.m. word was received that Dalazile, a powerful chief amongst the Tambookies, was on his road to meet Mr. Brownlee, and in an hour's time he appeared *in propria persona* at the head of some six hundred followers. A short time before his arrival a magnificent white bullock appeared at the gates of the mission station, sent as a present from Dalazile to our chief, with a message to the effect that he was sorry that the "calf" (as he was pleased to term it) was so poor, and hardly worth the acceptance. The gift of a white beast is amongst the Kafirs considered a mark of the greatest esteem and respect, and its presentation is regarded as the highest possible compliment that can be paid from one chief to another.

The meeting took place under some large trees in front of the station, Dalazile and his councillors sitting on chairs, provided for their use, in a circle opposite Mr. Brownlee and his party. The Tambookie warriors were ranged round and behind their chief all sitting.

Dalazile himself is a good-looking young man, rather short in stature, but well and strongly built. He has a fine, clear countenance, and one which inspires trust and respect. This is well verified from the fact that his already large tribe, or rather section of a tribe, is daily increasing, and becoming more powerful by additions from the ranks of those chiefs—notably Gangelizwe—who are less held in esteem.

Mr. Brownlee explained to Dalazile the object of his visit, and expressed himself much pleased at meeting a chief whose name was held in such respect amongst his own people. The chief's reply was couched in most friendly language, and evidently he recognized that his prosperity is to a great extent due to his peaceful relations with those around, for he firmly declined to assist Gangelizwe in his late war. After an hour's "palaver" the assembly was broken up, and Dalazile and his councillors remained for some time in the veranda of the Mission Station. Mr. Brownlee made them some presents, and they left soon after, much impressed with their meeting with "Chalis" or "Napakade," as they call our chief. It was certainly wonderful to see the influence he exercised over all the natives we had as yet seen; and the respect and esteem in which he is held makes us wonder how a single man can so powerfully influence and hold such sway over our dusky brethren.

Dismal Dan's Big Diamonds.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, BY HARRY LEMON.

"WHY did they call you Dismal Dan up on the Diamond-fields?" I asked of my erratic wandering friend, Mr. Daniel Norton, of Bee Cottage, Dalston, Surrey—"for if ever there was a misnomer in this world, 'Dismal Dan' was one, when applied to you my cheerful middle-aged human cricket on the hearth."

I spoke truly, for Norton was the merriest little fellow possible to conceive, and he looked, and was, or ought to have been, as happy as he was merry; for he was blessed with first-rate health, a pretty young wife, a baby, which, of course, was the finest in the world, being the first pledge of affection, a cosy income of £250 per annum, half a dozen sisters and brothers, and a freehold, one storey high, cottage, standing in its own garden, surrounded by struggling apple-trees, overgrown hollyhocks, blazing sunflowers, dog kennel with a dog, dove-cot without doves, a weather-cock out of order, a leaky water-butt, and such like appendages peculiar to a modern European suburban residence.

"They called me Dismal because I verily believe that for three long months no living creature ever saw me smile," replied Dan, shaking his head slowly, and sighing deeply.

"Ah, friend! those were awful days for some of us poor gentlemen diggers. When I shut my eyes and recall the gone-bye times, I

wonder how ever I managed to keep my brains properly balanced. I've often thought it was a marvel that I did'nt take a header down the big mine, or a farewell shot with a six-shooter, or a long stirrup cup of arsenic."

"You were very hard up at one time then, eh?"

"Hard up! look you, I was existing in a state of coma; I enjoyed life about as heartily as a toad embedded in granite, and had about as much hope as the imprisoned reptile of ever again relishing worldly comforts. Trouble had so completely crushed me that I appeared to have no remembrance of the past, no interest in the present, and perfectly heedless as to what the future would bring forth. I sorted from daylight to dusk in a mechanical dreamy manner, as though it was part of my nature, just for all the world like the automaton figure plays chess, or the pendulum of a clock swings to and fro."

"But fortune smiled at last Dan?"

"Yes; but change the subject. I hate to think of my luck; it always makes me feel feverish and choky-like, for if ever man was on the verge of becoming a lunatic it was the present proprietor of Bee Cottage when he turned up his 108 and 97 carat 'pure white' stones."

When I asked Dan to tell me about his diamond seeking experience, he at once flatly refused, but after a little coaxing, backed up by a very good glass of brandy and water, an excellent cigar, and by his pretty wife's special desire, he unfolded his tale in the following words:—

"Like all the rest—or perhaps I ought to say—like the majority of the young gentlemen diggers called kid-glovers, I went up to the Fields, thinking to make my fortune with rapidity and ease. I started a home-made tent, which would have done capitally for the Wimbledon fortnight, but which turned inside out and doubled up during the first stiff breeze we got. I appointed black overseers to look after my claims, treated my 'boys' in the most liberal manner, went in for every kind of improved sieve, patent bucket, windlass, whim, and cradle, until I discovered that I was enriching everybody in my service, and serenely sliding down to certain poverty myself; week after week my finds barely paid expenses, my 'boys' deserted, my gear got out of order, my credit became shaky, I had to look at shillings as I had looked at pounds; in fact, in less than two months I found myself a poor digger, whose worldly property consisted of a share in a tent, some tools, and half a claim in the all but deserted mine of old De Beer's. Bitterly I accused myself of foolhardiness in leaving my comfortable Government appointment in the Red Tape Office, in order to dig up a fortune. Day by day my energy relaxed, my pluck diminished, and my health broke. Sort, sort, sort, in the blinding dust and the heat, without finding a solitary carat weight even of 'bort.' I used to work away like one in a dream, taking no heed of time, and caring very little about what was going on around me.

I had few friends, and I did not seek to make any. I was a miserable unsociable bilious object, and it is no wonder the diggers called me Dismal Dan. One morning a young fellow named Bright, who worked a claim close to mine, stopped at my table, and clapping his hand on my shoulder, said, 'Dan, old fellow, where are you going to feed to-morrow?' As usual, I replied, 'Here; why do you ask?' 'Because, to-morrow being Christmas Eve, a few of us have clubbed together and are going to have a little spread at old Tupper's tent, and as everyone is expected to bring a friend, I thought that you would be my guest, if not otherwise engaged.'

"'Christmas time!' I asked, half talking to myself. 'Is this Christmas time?' What various emotions start up at the mention of the word, when it lights on the ear of one and another of us just now; how many slumbering memories answer to the call. 'No, no, Bright; I should be out of place, I should be a wet blanket, I'm not well or strong, I thank you heartily, but I cannot join your party.' Bright, who was a kind-hearted lad, urged me, but in vain, told me it was the duty of every Englishman to keep up Christmas, and that I could not expect to be lucky if I failed to show respect to the Merry King; but his words were of no avail. I flatly refused to accept the invitation, and he went his way, thinking me, no doubt, an ungrateful, surly, and stubborn jackass, more to be laughed at than pitied, and better to be avoided than sought after during the coming convivial season. 'What is Christmas to me?' I grumbled, as I continued my monotonous scraping. 'A merry time I'm likely to have of it with my never-leaving companions, ruin and despair, hob-nobbing over our cups of bitterness. Christmas, with its thousand phantoms of the past harrowing my weakening brain, and mocking me in my well-earned misery. What have I to do with Christmas? I have no glowing fireside to go to, nor kin to give *me* genial welcome, no pleasant meeting of loved ones to look forward to. No, no, I can only look for pleasure in the past; here, I am alone, uncared for by man, and *forgotten by Heaven*.' Yes, I used that rebellious expression; I, poor, foolish, peevish, fevered, abject mortal that I was, allowed myself to chafe in my chains and raise my pitiful weak voice against His will. 'Forgotten! No, no, I'm not so weak a coward as to give in yet!' I thought, for I felt very ashamed, aye, frightened, at having allowed such an expression to escape my lips. 'Luck must come if we have patience and stick to our work, and not get day dreaming of what was and what might have been. No, no, Dan; no turning back since you have gone so far.' Well, Lily, you may doubt me if you like, but, nevertheless, I speak the truth; a kind of soothing glow seemed to come over me, for all the world as though I had drunk off a bumper of your papa's very particular old port. My head seemed clearer, and my chest relieved of a very heavy weight. I could'nt account for the change, until raising my head, which I had rested on my hands, I discovered—what? A ghost? No. A fairy-wizard, or a witch, a demon or a sprite? No; nothing of the sort; although

what I did discover astonished me to no little degree, I can assure you. I found myself *crying like a child.* Aye! tears, long pent up, had found their way out; and, strange to say, I was not ashamed of them; for latterly I had seriously begun to think that I was in good truth and earnest a thorough ne'er do well, devoid of anything pertaining to the sensitive; and the briny drops proved that there still remained a little bit of kindly feeling in my knocked about constitution. I made up my mind that I would give up the claim and return to England, and bear the sneers of kind friends and relations, who are always ready to greet the unsuccessful adventurer, in their own peculiar way. I would finish this table full of stuff, put my traps on the market in the morning, and then good-bye to glorious Adamantia. I set to work in better spirits than I had been for many weeks; for when I've made up my mind to do a certain thing nothing can persuade me to hold back; and as I had decidedly determined to make tracks for home, I considered myself already on my journey; so, as I said before, to work I went as briskly as spider on his web. I could not help smiling when I discovered that the gravel was here and there moistened by the tears which had so unexpectedly fallen from my eyes, and as the scraper brushed the soil away it glistened in the fastly fading sunlight. On, on I went, wishing to get clear before old Sol had put his nightcap on, when, whist!—what's that?—a bright dazzling lump of brilliancy came spinning out of the rubbish and flashed before me, blinking and winking as though dazed at coming so suddenly into the world after having been buried, man knows not how long, in the bowels of the earth. At first I thought it was a trick of my heated imagination, and I feared to catch hold of it, for I believed it would melt away, or turn into a lump of clay, but when I did grasp it I laughed in a most idiotic fashion, indulged in a short *pas seul*, had another cry (not half such a good one as the first though), and behaved myself more like an inmate of Bedlam than a free-born full-grown Englishman. I sat down once more to my table, and scrambled through the nearly demolished heap, and whether the spirit of Christmas-tide had anything to do with it, or that the long welled-up tears were of a magic nature, when the table was cleared I was the possessor of no less than four diamonds, weighing 108, 97, 10, and $8\frac{1}{2}$ carats. There, my friend, a fortune in less than half an hour. Hooray for the glorious uncertainty of old De Beer's! I was rich. I was powerful and happy to a maddening extent. I wished to do impossible things in impossible short periods. If I could have had my way I would have gone home, sold the gems, married Lily, and settled down for life in half an hour. I actually groaned when I thought of the many miles I was from home, and of the hundreds of dangers that I might encounter ere I could see dear old London. I might be robbed; I might be murdered; the coach might be washed away by rivers. I felt afraid of myself, the diamonds seemed to be burning holes in my pockets, and would, no doubt, drop out and get lost, and then what was to become of me? I went into my tent, and

although pressed to eat by my rough companions, I refused, for the very idea of food made me feel sick and giddy. I drank two or three gulps of brandy, but the liquor had no effect whatever on me. I spoke of my intention of leaving the Fields, and I am bound to say that my proposed departure from my set was received with respectable approbation by my fellow diggers—they, no doubt, much preferring my room to my anything but cheerful society.

"I endeavoured to sleep, but my brain was too busy to permit me to glide away into the sweet realms of oblivion—as the poets call a sound snooze. My heart palpitated fitfully, and ever and anon some indescribable power forced me to rise and examine my big diamonds. I made up my mind, during the long hours of wakefulness, that I would clear out of the camp at the first streak of dawn, that I would trust no one with the secret of my luck, but would act the part of a hard-up adventurer, for safety's sake; a part which, by the way, I was pretty sure of being successful in, having had nearly three months' hard rehearsing. So at five o'clock I slipped out of the old tent, without disturbing my snoring messmates, feeling like a schoolboy running away from some educational institute, or going on board a mail steamer in sham whiskers and a false name. I can truly boast of being a strictly honest young man, but I underwent that morning all the agony and nervousness that has ever troubled the meanest spirited housebreaker or white hearted murderer in the *Newgate Calendar*. Before the sun had risen I had left Du Toit's Pan two miles behind me. It was a bright warm morning, and I should have, no doubt, enjoyed it, but the precious treasures that I carried made me timorous and heart sick. I hurried along the road, having settled upon no definite plan of reaching Cape Town. Wagon after wagon passed me, but I could not summon up courage enough to bargain with the proprietor for a passage, so the long day was passed in walking in the blazing sun. As the evening approached the diamonds felt like one intolerable nauseating burthen, not a dull stagnant weight, but a burthen bringing with it at every hour, almost at every moment, an acute, stinging, unbearable evidence of its pressure. At last, worn out with fatigue and hunger, for I had not even broken my fast, I made my way towards a blazing fire I saw, round which were seated some ten or twelve young fellows, who were keeping up Christmas Eve in a hearty and boisterous manner. The party was evidently bound for the Diamond-fields, for immediately I presented myself I was anxiously questioned as to the distance to the scene of fortune. When they learned that they were within a few hours' journey, they vowed that they would not move until the morning, but make a merry night of it. They, of course, asked me 'how I'd done up there?' 'Were diamonds really as plentiful as ever?' 'Were provisions so enormously dear?' and the usual queries asked by new comers. I replied, that I had had a hard time of it, was glad to clear out, was very hard up, that some were lucky, whilst others starved; and such like answers, all more or less true or false.

At their cheery invitation I joined them at supper, but after a pannikin or two of warm punch, complained of fatigue, and begged leave to turn into my blanket and sleep. I made myself as comfortable as possible under the wagon, which was situated about a dozen yards from the fire, whose ruddy glare served me with sufficient light to examine once more my precious burthen. I had wrapped the stones in a strong piece of soft leather, which I had stitched inside my belt purse. When I thought it safe I undid the package, and for a minute feasted my eyes upon the diamonds. How long I had been gazing at them I do not know, when the sound of a man's voice sent my heart up into my mouth, and made me clutch the gems with a death-like grip.

" ' Iv'e brought you a lanthorn, mate,' said the voice.

" I stammered out my thanks, and said I did not think I should require a light.

" ' You'd better have one,' replied the man, a tall black-bearded fellow, towering about six feet above my head.

" ' Good night.'

" ' Good night.'

" He turned to go, and then stopped, and briefly asked,—

" ' So you were very unlucky up there ? '

" ' Very.'

" ' Regular hard up, and obliged to tramp it ? '

" ' Yes.'

" ' Got no friends as would give you a help on the road ? '

" ' No ; no friends.'

" ' Suppose if you was to die out in the veldt, no one would be none the wiser, except the birds ? '

" I made no reply to this horrible query.

" I felt myself growing terribly frightened, and I could not breathe with freedom until he, after wishing me again good night, and telling me to keep my pecker up, strode away to join his companions. ' Great heavens,' I thought, ' what will become of me ! ' for I had no doubt that *he had seen my treasures*. What should I do? Make a run for it, and hide myself amongst the long grass until they had departed? Impossible. The moon was shining brightly. I was bound, at least, to wait until the morning. I could indistinctly hear the men round the fire talking, although I could not follow the tenor of their conversation, but I was certain of one thing, that it was of me they spoke. I strained my ears, but could not manage to string more together than that they spoke of *the great uncertainty of the Fields, big diamonds, and my helpless and friendless state;* then I heard one say, ' Let us do it to night, the poor devil will sleep the sounder.' ' No, let him bide till to-morrow, the better the day the better the deed.'

" I felt my limbs quivering ; I was possessed by such a gloom and horror that the thinking faculty seemed paralyzed within me altogether. As the night wore on I fell into half dozes, out of which I awoke with a start, my heart throbbing and my blood all chill. When no sounds from the fire were audible, I listened for them to

come, listened breathlessly, without daring to move. At last the agony of nervous prostration grew more than I could bear. I arose, and determined to make an effort to escape from my murderers—for so I looked upon the travellers. I noiselessly crawled from under the wagon, leaving my blanket arranged in such a shape as to resemble a sleeping form. I crawled along for a few paces, but when I endeavoured to stand, my legs gave way under me, and I fell to the ground a helpless cripple. The love of life, and fear of death combined, gave me strength to drag myself beneath the cover of some bushes which concealed me from sight, and then I gave myself up to the care of the kind heavens, for I was as helpless as a new-born babe. Ah! friend, never can I forget the awful hours that slowly dragged through the night. At times I prayed for daylight, and when I saw the first streaks of dawn I dreaded the coming day. What good were my diamonds now? I would gladly have given the whole of them for a drink of water and a few hours' rest from pain. When the sun was fairly up I saw the men hold a kind of council together, and after several times pointing to the empty blanket, three of the most ferocious looking of the party approached my late sleeping place. On finding I had disappeared they made a great noise, and spread out in all directions. Good heavens! they were going to search for me. My agony was fearful, but short, for one of them soon espied my hiding place. 'Here he is, I've found him. Get up old fellow,' and half fainting from pain they dragged me up, and then spoke the man who had brought the lanthorn in the night.

"'Mate, we are a lot of chaps as are going to try our luck up at Diamond-fields, we may make money, but we may not, we won't lose much, as we ain't got it to lose We here all have got good health, and be used to roughing it. Sailoring being our calling, we can always turn to the sea again, and only goes a digging as experimenting like. Now we comes across you, looking more like a starved ghost than a human Englishman, and we has a talk among ourselves that it ain't fit and proper as you should go adrift in this wild country as we've come through, so we have made up among ourselves this little purse, which we freely gives to help you on your road, as a Christmas present from mate to mate, not knowing how one and all of us may want a friend when we comes back from Tom Tiddler's ground yonder.'

"No one, I don't care how graphically he can wield his pen, could give the slightest degree of the relief and pleasure, surprise and happiness, that I felt. I spoke to them through my tears. I told them all my doubts, my fears, my weakness, and my fortune. The morose misanthropical nature which had so long set upon me fell off; I determined to return to the Fields with them, and leave for England in a better and more manly manner than I had intended to. The little bit of human benevolence which had shone through the dark clouds of selfishness which had so long surrounded me, made me more courageous,

thankful, wise, and better able to face the world, with its ever varying, ever fretful cares, trials, joys, and tribulations.

"My uncle soon got well, and within a week I was comfortably seated in one of Cobb & Co.'s passenger wagons, trotting out of Du Toit's Pan *en route* for Cape Town, no longer the nervous, grumbling, dismal individual I had been, but almost as happy as I am at the present minute, which is saying a good deal."

November 1, 1874.

The Transit.

On the 9th of December, what jolly good fun,
When bright little Venus
Means coming between us,
And trying her hand at eclipsing the sun!
Such crowds there will be
All running to see,
Abroad and at home, upon land and on ocean,
Stirr'd up in one grand astronomic commotion,
And hurrying forth
From the south and the north,
From lowland and highland,
From mainland and island,
To far foreign lands, when the day shall be comin' on,
To be in good places to catch the phenomenon.

What chivalrous zeal, what heroic devotion,
To compass such perils of earth and of ocean,
In regions so horrid,
Both icy and torrid,
Kerguelen, Japan,
Algiers, Astrachan,
Roderiguez, and lots
Of out-o'-way spots;
Great men of all nations,
Of high reputations,
But all with one object, all burning like fire,
All agog with a grand scientific desire
To see little Venus
Trip gaily between us,
And try to achieve an eclipse of the sun.

But, as to the fact, you know,
She'll never do that, you know;
Yet who would have thought the conceited young planet
(So small in appearance, a baby could span it),
Eclipse every beauty of earth as she may,
Would dream of eclipsing the bright orb of day?

What gammon it was of hers,
To chaff the philosophers,
When eclipse there was none,
Not a ghost of a one,
But a queer little dot passing over the sun!

My goodness me!
Already you see,
By scores half the *savans* are off on the spree.
What a lark it will be,
When the work is all done,
And we come to the fun,
To tell of that vain little dot and go one,
That pretended she'd make an eclipse of the sun!
She would if she could, but it couldn't be done.
She may, perhaps, some day, if trick'd up, in rig enough,
She swells out her sides, and her crinoline's big enough.

E. J.

The Rev. John Scott Porter on Professor Tyndall.

[Among the brilliant throng who heard the discourse of Professor Tyndall at Belfast, were two brothers, the Rev. John Scott Porter, the venerated Presbyterian minister of that city, and Mr. William Porter, for many long years the admired Attorney-General of this Colony. About a week after the delivery of the Professor's address, the Rev. Mr. Porter delivered a discourse in reply in his own church at Belfast. Two copies of this discourse have reached the Cape, and we have been favoured with the perusal of one of them. We make no apology for presenting the greater part of it to our readers in these pages, adding only this remark, that in many a passage of what will be found below one may imagine he hears the ringing eloquence and feels the generous humour and rich philosophy even of William Porter himself.—Ed.]

I begin by acknowledging Professor Tyndall's perfect right to discuss this or any other question that it may please him to bring forward; to advance any opinions whatsoever which he believes to be true; and to recommend them by any arguments that he may deem likely to promote their adoption. Something might be said respecting the place and the occasion which he chose for ventilating his theories; but that is a matter of taste of which he must judge for himself. *His right to form, hold, and promulgate his opinions, is absolute and indefeasible;* and, so far as I know, is disputed by no one. Certainly it will not be disputed by me for one moment. I have constantly argued and maintained in this pulpit that liberty to accept the truth of Christianity, or of any other dogma, means *freedom to reject it;* that where liberty exists, *diversity of opinion must be accepted as its inevitable companion;* and that there can be no security for the attainment or spread of truth *without the largest toleration for every species*

and degree of what is regarded as error. Were it needful, I should now, as on former occasions, endeavour to support these views by fair and manly argument; but as nobody now disputes or denies his right, to declaim in favour of it here would simply be to fill your mouths with moonshine. No one denies his right to maintain and propagate his opinions; but it is quite a different matter to adopt them. For my own part, I acknowledge his right absolutely; but I reject his leading doctrine *in toto*.

His leading doctrine is avowedly the same with that which was held in ancient times, by Democritus of Abdera, by Epicurus, and others among the Greeks; and at a somewhat later period, by the Latin poet Lucretius, a contemporary of Cæsar and Cicero; whose poem "on the Nature of Things," is certainly the most eloquent and able defence of the atomic atheism that has ever appeared. I must remark, however, that none of these, so far as I am aware, ever explicitly avowed himself as an atheist. On the contrary, Epicurus and Lucretius certainly (and in all probability Democritus, the father of the sect), professed to believe in the existence of certain beings whom they called Gods; and to these deities they pretended to pay homage and adoration. But inasmuch as they held that these Gods of theirs had nothing to do with the creation, the origin or regulation of the world,—took no cognizance of any thing that is done in it,—and lived a happy life of their own, far remote from all concern about the fate or character of men,—it was evident that they were atheists at heart; and only assumed the appearance of falling in with the religion of the time in order to escape the inconveniences that might have arisen from popular odium, had they kept aloof from the sacrifices and ceremonies, the festivals and lustrations that were observed in honour of the national deities. Readiness to encounter loss or danger for the sake of their opinions, never was a peculiarity of the Epicurean sect;—nor could it be so; for the fundamental principle of their ethical system was that man's highest good is pleasure; that pleasure is the object after which every man ought to strive; and whatsoever is inconsistent with the attainment of pleasure in this life,—and they looked for nought beyond this life,—is to be by all means detested and shunned. It will easily be perceived that this fundamental principle might very naturally lead to the practice of the grossest licentiousness. It does not appear, however, that it produced this effect in all cases. Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius are not charged with impurity of life. Epicurus especially, while strongly advocating the doctrine that pleasure is the supreme good, is said to have maintained that the pleasures of a virtuous life are the highest and most enduring; but it is certain that many of the adherents of his philosophy carried out his principles to their most licentious consequences. We may take Horace as a specimen, and a witness in the case. He is never tired of celebrating the impure vices in which he indulged; and in allusion to his own life and that of other members of the school to which he belongs, he calls himself "*a hog from the herd of Epicurus!*" And many writers,—Heathen as well as Christian,—trace the decline of public virtue, patriotism, and philanthropy, and the sad degeneracy of private morals, which occurred in the earlier period of the Roman Empire,—to the general prevalence of the Epicurean doctrine in the schools of philosophy.

After the age of the Antonines, the atomic theory declined. For a long time it lay dormant, and seemed to be extinct; but in the latter half of the sixteenth century it was revived, though without the objectionable ethical principles of the ancient Epicureans, by Giordano Bruno, a Do-

minican Monk, who, in the year 1600, was burnt to death for his opinions by the Inquisition at Venice. Still more recently it has been resuscitated, though with a similar reservation, by a number of writers who take to themselves the appellation of "*scientists*," that is, *scientific men;* leaving to those who differ from their views, the designation of *unscientific*, or at least *non-scientific* persons. At the head of these scientists, stands Professor Tyndall. He enumerates many eminent philosophers of modern times as agreeing in the atomic theory. If time permit, I shall be able to show that some of these great men have recorded a very decisive protest against all that is distinctive in the theory, (or hypothesis,) as held by the learned Professor.

It is to be regretted that Professor Tyndall has failed in one of the points which he has himself specified as characteristic of philosophical truth; namely, such a statement of his leading view as enables his reader to form a distinct image in his mind. But his doctrine can easily be gathered from the unqualified eulogium which he has pronounced upon some of the authors whom he quotes, and the dissent which he expresses from the sentiments of others. We have thus an intimation of what he approves and what he rejects. For example, Democritus is one of his favourites. Democritus, he says, held that "the only exisiting things are atoms and empty space. . . . The atoms are infinite in number, and infinitely various in form; they strike together, and the lateral motions and whirlings which thus arise are the beginnings of worlds. . . . The atoms of Democritus are individually *without sensation;* they combine in obedience to mechanical laws; and not only organic forms but the phenomena of *sensation and thought* are also the result of their combination." No Deity is acknowledged here. Epicurus is "the next dominant figure in the history of the atomic philosophy. . . . His philosophy was almost identical with that of Democritus. . . . Nature pursues her course in accordance with everlasting laws; the Gods never interfering." So too of Lucretius: "The mechanical shock of the atoms being, in his view, the all-sufficient cause of things, *he combats the notion that the constitution of nature has been in any way determined by intelligent design.* The interaction of the atoms throughout infinite time, rendered all manner of combinations possible: of these the fit ones persisted, while the unfit ones disappeared. . . . From all eternity they have been driven together, and after trying motions and unions of every kind, they fell at length into the arrangements out of which this system of things has been formed." Not one word of dissent does Professor Tyndall utter against the doctrines of these illustrious men. On the other hand, having occasion to refer to Sir Isaac Newton, who saw in the works of nature the proof of an Eternal and All-controlling mind, he tells us that that great man was, by the direction of his mind to other pursuits for so many years, rendered unfit for such inquiries; "not to speak of any natural disqualification." And so in the case of Mr. Clarke Maxwell: who holds that the atoms are the prepared materials, "the manufactured articles, which, formed by the skill of the Highest, produce by their subsequent interaction all the phenomena of the material world. . . . In his manufactured articles Professor Maxwell finds the basis of an induction which enables him . . . to take the logical step from the atoms to their Maker. . . . *I doubt the legitimacy of Maxwell's logic.*" Thus Professor Tyndall can record this protest against the arguments and the conclusions of the *theists;* but he has no word of dissent to utter against the doctrines of the philosophers who held the opposite views.

And here I cannot but notice a very strange and gross inconsistency in the learned Professor's speculations. Having given us to understand, in the plainest and most intelligible terms, that all organic and inorganic beings,—all things living and dead,—are produced by the concourse of lifeless and unconscious atoms, without any other cause of formative principle whatever, he at last acknowledges that his philosophy is insufficient to explain *the phenomena of life*. But he is as far as ever from accepting the solution of the problem which is offered by the Theist. Rather than admit an eternal and all-directing Mind, he prefers to declare that *no solution is possible*. "Considered fundamentally, it is by the operation of AN INSOLUBLE MYSTERY that life is evolved, species differentiated, and mind unfolded, from their pre-potent elements in the immeasurable past." What a concession by a philosopher who undertakers to explain to us the cause and origin of all things ; and yet feels himself obliged to declare *that, of the most important and interesting class of the phenomena under review*, he is utterly *unable to offer any explanation ;* and is compelled to consign them to the region of "*insoluble mystery !*" Even in this concession he is not consistent with himself, for he elsewhcre declares as follows:—'Abandoning all disguise, the concession that I feel bound to make bcfore you is, that I prolong the vision backward *across the boundary of the experimental evidence*, and discern in that *Matter*, which *we* in our ignorance and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." But apparently the learned gentleman is not quite satisfied with his own doctrine ; for after speaking disparagingly of the philosophy of Plato, he seems half disposed to seek a solution of the "insoluble mystery" in one of the wildest of the Platonic imaginations, that of a general life of the universe; a *Soul of the World*, from which men and animals derive their vitality, and all their active powers !

The doctrine which is propounded in these extracts may be thus briefly summed up. There existed from all eternity, an immense number of small particles of matter; so small as to be entirely incapable of division; hence called *atoms*, which means indivisible objects. These atoms, as they were not produced by any cause external to themselves, so, neither in their movements nor in their combinations are they subject to the control of any other being. They are devoid of sense, perception, intellect, or will ; but being from all eternity in a state of motion, they strike against each other, and rebound or adhere ; and thus, in the course of countless ages, they have formed all that we behold; in fact, all things that exist, and all that ever have existed; for as their movements never were regulated by any guiding mind, it is highly problable, if not absolutely certain, that innumerable universes were produced by the concourse of these atoms in space, before the present system of things appeared; though, not having any principle of permanence in themselves, any fitness for enduring, they could not survive, and so perished as fast as they arose. At last, in a fortunate hour, the atoms fell into that magnificent, harmonious and beautiful order of nature which we now behold; the sun, the moon, the stars; the earth, with its oceans, its continents, its mountains, plains and valleys; its rocks, its minerals; its soils, its forests, its fields, its flowers, its herbage, its fruits with their reproductive seeds; its countless tribes of animated beings; the fishes of the sea, the birds and insects of the air, the reptiles and quadrupeds of the land; with all their various forms, members, senses and instincts, perfectly fitted to the mode of life of each species ;

AND MAN HIMSELF, with an intellect that can span the heavens, weigh in the balance the enormous bodies that compose our solar system, calculate their mutual influence, and predict their precise positions for hundreds of years to come, or fix their positions as they stood long centuries ago. And all these varied creatures, or rather these varied beings (we must not call them creatures, for that implies that they had a Creator, and *Creator there was none*) were produced by the blind impulses of unconscious atoms, casually meeting and knocking together in space, myriads of ages ago, without any guiding power, any plan or purpose under heaven!

These are not exactly Dr. Tyndall words; but they are a fair paraphrase of his statements, in which I have introduced nothing that is not justified either by his own express assertions, or by the words of the writers—especially Lucretius—to whom he appeals, and whose sentiments he adopts. No one who has read his discourse attentively, will accuse me of misrepresenting his sentiments.

This hypothesis (for as I have said, it is no more) is propounded to us as the dictate of the highest philosophy yet reached by mortal man. It is, we are told, purely a scientific conclusion; and must be judged by scientific rules. Now the rules of scientific investigation are well understood. Among them are these, that man is simply the observer, recorder, and interpreter of the phenomena of nature; that in interpreting the teachings of nature, he is not to assign for any phenomenon more or fewer causes than are true, and sufficient to explain the effect; nor is he to refuse to accept any conclusion to which the observed phenomena naturally, resonably, and irresistibly lead. Now I have read Professor Tyndall's discourse attentively, with a view to discover *the facts* on which he relies as proofs of his doctrine of *the mindless origin of the world*, and the arguments which he adduces in his support. But facts, I can find none. He states his doctrine over and over again, with much variety and copiousness of expression. But of *observed facts*, proofs from experiment or observation, whether noted by himself or others, *he does not allege a single one!* If he could produce a single example of *a seed*, *an egg*, *an animal*, produced in the way in which he supposes the universe to have had its origin, by the fortuitous assemblage of motes floating in the sunbeam, he would have done more towards abolishing the idea of God than he will do by all the lectures he will deliver as long as he lives; and I am sure I do not wish his days to be shortened. Proof, therefore, we have got none from him. We have not got even *one analogous fact!* His doctrine, therefore, so far as he has expounded it, rests neither on admitted fact nor proved analogy. *It is a mere hypothesis.*

But although he has not favoured us with facts in support of his theory, he has so constructed his lecture as to *insinuate* rather than advance a certain sort of argument in its defence; and it is this:—that this godless atomic theory was embraced by Democritus, Epicurus, Lucretius, and Giordano Bruno; that these were very great men; and that we petty reasoners ought not to set up our judgment in opposition to theirs. He does not tell us so in so many words; but such is the impression left upon my mind. Why else indeed should he have dwelt at so much length on their talents, their labours, and their success? Mr. Tyndall adds to the list Empedocles; but that is a great mistake. Empedocles, as we learn from Diogenes Laertius in his *Lives of the Philosophers*, as well as from many other sources, was not an Epicurean, but a follower of Pythagoras; and was believed by some to be the author of the "*Golden Verses*,"

in which the Pathagorean philosophy is explained and defended. Lucretius, though he praises his poetic genius, expressly condemns the philosophical tenets of Empedocles. (*De Rerum Nat.* Lib. i. 717—742). The passage in which he does so, occurs in the very first book of Lucretius' poem; a book therefore which Professor Tyndall has either not read or cannot understand. But let that pass: I do not mention it as a matter of much importance. I will simply say that if the list had been twice as long, and if it could not be opposed, as it can, by a list of three times its length, comprising the names of Socrates and Plato, Aristotle and Zeno, Cicero and Seneca, all of whom were utterly opposed to the doctrines of Democritus and his school, still it would have no weight with me in the decision of such a question as that now before us. The deference that is due to great men can go no further than this; that the tenets which they held are presumably *deserving of attention*. We may respect their talents, but we are not bound by their opinions.

And I, for my part, respect their talents very highly. Of the ability of Lucretius, who is the only one of the ancient Epicureans mentioned by Professor Tyndall, whose writings have survived, I can speak from personal knowledge; and it is scarcely possible to speak of it too highly. The others were mentioned with high admiration by men of their own and succeeding times; and I doubt not, deservedly. I am not disposed to condemn with severity either their doctrinal errors or their ethical rules of life. Least of all can I condemn them for deviation from the Christian standard, with which they were unacquainted; or judge them by its rules. I go further. I conceive that the scepticism of the Epicurean school, erroneous as I deem it, was beneficial to the human race. Under the providence of God, it sapped, in many minds, the foundations of heathen superstition; and, as Professor Tyndall himself appears to admit that men in general will never rest contended with blank Atheism, I conceive that Epicureanism, by sweeping out of view the Gods of Olympus, prepared the way for Christianity, with its lofty and loving revelation of the "One God and Father of All, who is above all, and through all, and in us all." Professor Tyndall seems to me to speak regretfully of the growth of Christianity, as having caused or rather hastened the downfall of his favourite system. Well, I believe Christianity had a great deal to do with that catastrophe. In hastening it, the Gospel seems to me to have performed a good work: and I hope and trust it will do the work again, as often as the monster re-appears.

But do not misunderstand me as affirming that those who adopt the chemical theory of atoms, or the nebular theory of astronomy (which is essentially the same) are necessarily to be classed among the deniers of an All-wise Creator. Many truly pious men have held that, under the direction of the Divine Spirit of power and love, atoms were employed as the materials out of which the physical universe was built up. Sir Isaac Newton, for example, held that atoms were and are the ultimate constituents of existing bodies. But listen to his words:—"All things considered, it seems probable that *God in the beginning formed matter in solid, massy, hard, impenetrable, movable particles; of such sizes, figures, and with such other properties, and in such proportion to space as most conduced to the end for which he formed them;* and that these primitive particles, being solids, are incomparably harder than any porous bodies compounded of them: even so hard as never to wear or break in pieces; no ordinary power being able to divide what God himself made one in the first

creation." Here God is the Creator of the atoms; and formed them such as to fulfil a destined end.

The learned Professor passed over the names of Boscovitch and Priestley, who, though they held the atomic theory, were religious men; but he has placed Dr. Dalton, of Manchester, in his list. Now, every one who is acquinted with the life and character of Dalton must know that he was a truly religious man. He was a member of the Society of Friends, in full standing, to his dying day, and a man of earnest though unobtrusive piety. As to the nebular hypothesis, which has been held by many eminent men, both geologists and astronomers, I shall adduce a passage from the writings of a philosopher who did more than any other man in his generation to illustrate that theory and recommend it to the public mind: I mean the late Professor Nicholl of Glasgow. Hear what he says—"Apart from all speculation, surely the view of an actual order, whose beginnings are hid in what seems to our eye nothing less than eternity, cannot but elevate our thoughts of that Being, who amid change, alone is unchangeable; whose glance reaches from the beginning to the end, and whose presence occupies all things! If uneasy feelings are suggested, and I have heard of such, by the idea of a process which may appear to substitute progress for creation, and place *law* in the room of providence, their origin lies in the misconception of a name. Law of itself is no substantive or independent power; no causal influence sprung from blind necessity, which carries on events of its own will, and energizes without command. Separated from connexion with an Arranger, in reference to whose mind alone, and as expressive of the Creative Idea, it can be connected with the notion of control, Law is a mere name for a long order, an order unoriginated, unupheld, unsubstantial; whose floor sounds hollow beneath the tread, and whose spaces are all void; an order hanging tremblingly over nothingness; and of which every constituent, every thing and creature, fails not to beseech incessantly, for a substance and substratum in the idea of One who liveth for ever!"—(*Architecture of the Heavens*, 4th Ed., 1843, pp. 177–8.) A dozen passages equally decisive might be selected from the works of this learned and eloquent writer. But I must not overlook Mr. Boyle, who was mentioned along with Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Dalton, as a supporter of the atomic theory. In a certain sense he was so. But the deepest injustice is done to Mr. Boyle by simply recording that fact without stating his utter rejection of the further hypothesis associated with it by Proffessor Tyndall. In order to set Mr. Boyle right before you, allow me to recite the following extract from his will. He authorizes his executors and trustees "to settle an annual salary for some divine or preaching minister who shall . . . preach eight sermons in the year for proving the Christian faith against notorious infidels, viz., Atheists, Deists, Pagans, Jews and Mahometans, [but] not descending to any controversies that are among Christians themselves." I think it would have been only fair to the hearers of the lecture, and to the memory of Mr. Boyle,—yea, to the cause of truth itself, if Mr. Tyndall, in mentioning his honoured name, had taken some notice of this, his solemn protest against the leading doctrine propounded from the presidential chair of the British Association. I have in my library, and have carefully read the first Course of Lectures preached in accordance with Mr. Boyle's bequest. It was delivered by the celebrated Dr. Richard Bentley. It is upon "*the Folly of Atheism*," and from it I borrow two illustrations. After speaking of the mutual adaptation of the various parts

of the human frame, and the subservience of all to the well-being of the individual, he notices the theory that this admirable organization was produced by the fortuitous aggregation of minute particles of matter; and asks, "Who is so abandoned to sottish credulity as to think that *a clod of earth in a sack, may ever, by eternal shaking, receive the fabric of man's body?* Yet this is very near akin, nay, it is exactly parallel to the reasoning of Atheists about fortuitous production."—(*Sermons at Boyle's Lecture*, &c., pp. 161–2.) Another illustration he brings forward in the following sentence. "It hath been excellently well urged in this case, both by ancients and moderns, that to attribute such admirable structures to blind fortune or chance, is no less than to suppose that if innumerable figures of the twenty-four letters be cast abroad at random, they might constitute, in due order, the whole Ænéid of Virgil or the Annals of Ennius."—(*Sermons*, &c. p. 162.)

I extend the principle involved in Dr. Bentley's illustration to the entire framework of univeral nature: and I parallel it thus:—

You enter with me into one of the magnificent structures erected by the piety of a past generation,—or the present,—for the celebration of the glories of the Great Being who has made heaven and earth:—say the noble work of Sir Christopher Wren, the Church of St. Paul in the City of London. We survey its deep and soiled foundations,—its massive walls,—its lofty arches,—its painted dome, suspended, it would almost seem, in air;—the statues with which it is adorned without and within, and the inscriptions that record a nation's gratitude for its defenders and its benefactors. We hear the deep and thrilling tones of its organs; and are, perhaps startled from our astonished reverie by the boom of the great bell in the western tower, which announces to us that another hour of our brief life is gone and we are so much nearer to eternity. After some minutes passed in admiring contemplation, we leave the edifice; but halt on the steps which lead to it, expressing to each other the emotions excited within us by what we have beheld and heard; dwelling, as we cannot fail to do, on the genius of him who planned the stupendous fabric, arranged its parts in such perfect symmetry, and adapted the whole for the sacred purpose for which it is designed. While we are thus expressing our feelings, we are accosted by a stranger who has overheard our conversation, and who, with or without an appology for his intrusion, begs permission to set us right on some points, with respect to which we are greatly and grievously mistaken. He assures us that we are altogether wrong in speaking in such terms as he has heard us employ, "of the genius of the architect who designed the temple;" "of the ability of the sculptors and painters and artificers who have carried out his plan;" "of the musical and mechanical skill displayed in the construction of that grand organ whose tones are yet resounding in our ears;" and of "the beautiful adaptation of the whole building, and all its arrangements to the use for which it was intended." He assures us that "the stucture had *no architect, no contriver!* It was made *without a purpose, without a plan, without an end in view;* and, therefore, to talk of the skill and wisdom shown in rendering it suitable for any end or purpose is simply to talk nonsense." We ask him then to explain how the vast and beautiful fabric ever came into being; and this, he assures us, he can do quite easily and in a very few words. A long while ago, he tells us, a mighty whirlwind swept over the neighbourhood of London; it raised an enormous cloud of dust which extended miles upwards to the sky; for a time all was confusion, but the

storm subsided and the dark mass of dust and gravel, smoke and vapour, sank downwards to the earth and assumed the form which we so much admire. The hard and heavy materials arranged themselves into the shapes of foundations, walls, and pillars ; of domes, galleries, and turrets. The transparent particles of dust formed themselves into plates of glass and occupied the empty spaces of the window frames; the white and fine substances fell of their own accord into the shapes of marble statues, with suitable inscriptions ; the coloured particles attached themselves so as to produce a series of paintings representing the history of Saint Paul; other portions of the cloud of dust descended in such a shape as to construct a magnificent musical instrument, with its bellows and its wind-chest, its draw-stops, its keys and pedals, its pipes, its trackers and rollers, its palates and its pull-downs, its couplers and all its complicated mechanism, complete in every part. It was by continually knocking together that these particles of dust assumed the shape of a most perfect instrument for reproducing the sweetest melodies and most sublime harmonies of the great masters of the art of song! When we hear this explanation, we cast significant glances at one another: and it may be, one of our company respectfully inquires, "Pray sir, did you witness this whirlwind of which you speak?" "Oh, no," our guide, philosopher and friend replies, "it happened thousands of years before I was born." "Well, then, does any authentic history record the fact?" "No, the fact occurred before any history was written; but *science* makes it absolutely certain that such was really the case." "Just allow me to ask," says the questioner, "has any similar occurrence taken place within the sphere of your own observation, or of any other competent inquirer?" "No ; no observation has shown any analogous fact in nature; but scientific men—all at least who are worthy of the name, are convinced of it. *We know it, sir; we know it!* and if you dispute, or question, or deny its certainty, you are an enemy to science, you are a slave to superstition, you are a foe to liberty of thought, and opposed to the purest, highest and best interests of those aggregates of atoms which we call mankind!" Having heard the dialogue, we shrug our shoulders, turn aside, and whisper to one another, "*Poor fellow! he is as mad as a hare in March!*"

I must leave to yourselves the application of this parable. But if we charitably impute to an aberration of intellect the eccentricity which attributes the construction of a cathedral to the accidental concourse of a few grains of dust, what shall we say to the philosophy or science, so called, which ascribes the origin of the vast universe itself, with its myriad orbs, of which this globe is one of the smallest (and of this globe, St. Paul's itself an incommensurable speck, not so large as one grain of dust is, in comparison with the stately temple that we have surveyed, and in beauty, grandeur and harmony of structure, bearing no comparison whatsoever to the works of nature which are spread around it); what shall we say of the philosophy or science which ascribes the origin of the mind of Sir Christopher Wren, who planned the gorgeous temple, and the mind of Sir Isaac Newton, who helped us to understand "the mazy wheels of nature as they play," and the minds of Shakspeare, of Milton and of Locke, and of Scott and Edgeworth, to no higher source than the casual collision of senseless atoms, acting without plan, without order, without law? Is not a vain philosophy,—that which seeks to push God out of the world, and would leave the world a wilderness!

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